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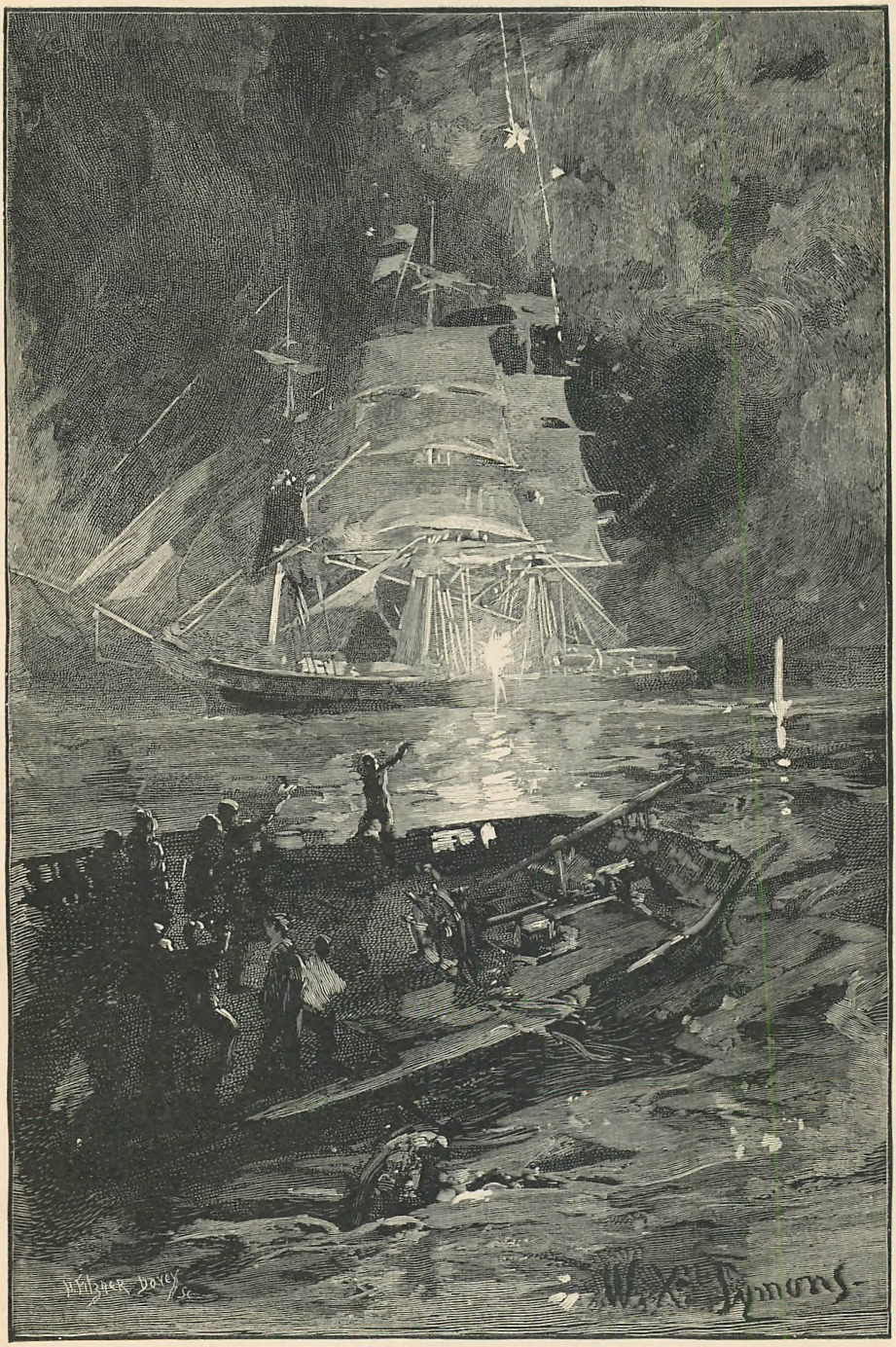

"A HUGE FLARE LIT UP THE SEA."

(*See page* 13.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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Red Lion and Blue Star.

A STORY OF TWO HOUSE-FLAGS.

By John Arthur Barry.

Author of "Steve Brown's Bunyip," "In the Great Deep," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A SEAMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"YAH! Don't talk to me about your new-fangled ships with their new-fangled patents!" exclaimed a stout-set, red-faced, grizzled man as he munched his cheese and biscuit and washed it down with copious draughts of rum and water. "Wood's good enough for me," he continued, in a rumbling, husky tone of voice. "I'm sick o' the sight o' your flash steel clippers with their double-barrelled yards and double-barrelled skippers."

"Meaning me and my ship, I suppose, Captain Bolger?" asked a tall, fair, gentlemanly-looking man dressed in a fashionably cut suit of tweed, tan shoes, and straw hat with broad blue riband.

"If you like to take the application to yourself you're welcome, Captain Wayland-Ferrars," retorted the other, with a snort, and a marked pause at the hyphen. "But there's lots more dandy sailors and dandy ships besides yours. Still, the *Turpsansicahurry's* a case in point. What is she but a cursed iron tank built out o' plates that a shark could shove his snout through? An' she's neither wholesome to look at nor good to sail, except by a fluke. Paint over iron-rust, steel an' iron and soft timber. London mixture—neither fish, fowl, nor red herrin'! Donkey engine amidships, an' monkey poop aft. Sheer like a Chinee junk; stiff as a bandbox and tender as a rotten tooth; broom-handles for yards, and marlinspike for bowsprit. Yah! Fair stinks, too, o' science all over. An' with it all, a poor thing; cheap and nasty. Why, I wouldn't swap the *Mary Johnson* for a baker's dozen of such."

"You're very insulting, sir," said the other man, flushing hotly, "and but that your age renders you privileged, and the liquor you've drunk has probably affected your brain, I should certainly call you to account for your words."

"Haw! haw!" roared the other, turning his fiery face round to the crowd in the bar. "D'ye hear him? Coffee an' pistols for two in the Botanic Gardens to-morrow morning. Five-an'-forty year, boy and man, I've used the sea. And now to be told that I'm drunk by a new-fangled whipper-snapper like that, whose scientific head can't stand nothing stronger than 'Haw, lemon squash, if you please, Susan.'"

"Oh, go on board your old tub, do," said the captain of the *Terpsichore*, angrily, "and don't come here to pick quarrels with your betters."

Flop, as he finished speaking, came the rum and water into his face, whilst the old sea-dog, struggling in the grasp of a dozen hands, was vainly endeavouring to get at the other, on his part going through the same performance.

And this was how the historic feud commenced between the two ships in the bar of the Custom House Hotel on the Circular Quay of Sydney, New South Wales.

Here, as the sun travelled over the fore-yard arm, sundry masters of craft lying near were accustomed to meet for a drink and a snack before the one o'clock gun called them to dinner. Men of the new seamanship, mostly, but with a sprinkling of others who, like Bolger, swore by their wooden clippers,

had been with difficulty induced to give double topsails a trial, but drew the line at two topgallant yards; and to whom the sight of a patent log, or a lead, or a Thompson compass, was like that of a red rag to a bull.

And where amongst other places the shoe pinched was in the fact that the *Terpsichore* had now, for the first time, beaten the *Mary Johnson* on the outward passage. They were both regular traders to Port Jackson; and, hitherto, luck had been on the side of the *Mary*—a fine specimen of the Aberdeen-built clipper, now nearly extinct under the Red Ensign, and as great a contrast to the *Terpsichore* as could be well imagined. The former belonged to a line known from the device on its house-flag as the "Red Lion." The steel ship was one of a fleet of cargo-carriers familiar to seafarers for a similar reason by the name of "Blue Star." But Captain Bolger's employers were in a very small way of business compared to their rivals of the Blue Star, who, in addition to sailers, owned a dozen big ocean tramp steamers.

Hence they could afford to underbid the Red Lions in the matter of freights. Through their Sydney agents they had, indeed, just done so; and that fact, added to the slow passage, had been chiefly responsible for old Bolger's outbreak of temper towards Wayland-Ferrars—a representative of that new school of shipmasters he so thoroughly disliked—apart from all considerations of rivalry between their respective employers. And, into the bargain, he regarded the captain of the *Terpsichore* as a mere fine weather sailor, one of those products of a training-ship and high-class Board of Trade examinations who know more theoretically about cyclone centres, ocean currents, hydrography, and kindred subjects than the practical part of their profession.

"D'YE HEAR HIM? COFFEE AN' PISTOLS FOR TWO."

And something of all this he muttered and growled as friends held him back whilst Wayland-Ferrars got away. The latter, although hurt and indignant at the insult put thus publicly upon him, knew that nothing was to be gained by fighting the old fellow, either there or at law. And, anyhow, stalwart six-and-twenty cannot with any grace punch the head of sixty, no matter how hot,

rash, and abusive the latter may be. So, actually, there seemed nothing to be done but grin and bear it, and keep as clear of the captain of the *Mary Johnson* as possible.

Not that Bolger had the reputation of being a quarrelsome man, even in his cups. On the contrary, he was respected and liked by most of those who had relations with him, and whose verdict amounted to "honest and good-hearted—if a bit rough." The fact of the matter was that Bolger was behind his time—a very sad situation for most men to be placed in, and a sailor perhaps more than all. And the old man was bewildered at the changes taking place around him. Visiting another ship, the chances were that things about the deck would catch his eye of whose uses, and very names even, he was totally ignorant—and preferred to remain so. Also men were masters now at ages that in his day would have been thought preposterous.

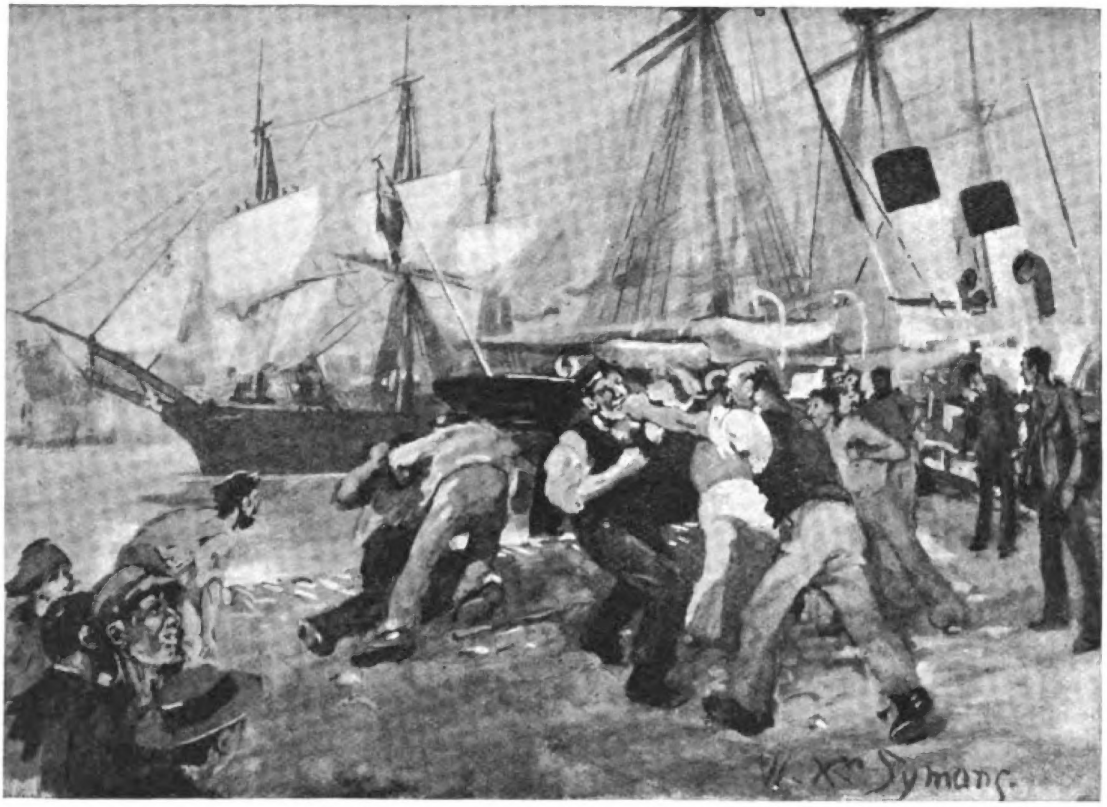
Of course, as was to be expected in "Sailor Town," the news of the row in the bar of the Custom House Hotel spread amongst the sea-folk living in their ships stuck about in the sequestered wharves and jetties that poke out into the harbour from Woolloomooloo Bay to Pyrmont Bridge. But inasmuch as there were very few men of the old order in port just then, the captain of the *Terpsichore* came in for much of the sympathy he undoubtedly deserved, with the result that old Bolger was practically sent to Coventry by the other skippers.

As it happened, the two vessels were lying at the north-west corner of the quay, and no distance apart. Also, *mirabile dictu*, the majority of their crews were British. And as was only natural, these men presently took sides, showing their partisanship in the only way possible to them, viz., assaulting each other at every decent opportunity. Not very often through the week did such chances offer, but on Saturday nights when the crews met, coming back in the small hours from "up town," the din of battle woke the whole quay, and brought men to see the fun from all the great English, French, and German mail steamers lying around.

The captain of the *Mary Johnson*, one imagines, was rather pleased than otherwise at this state of affairs. He had a more powerful crew than the *Terpsichore*—losing men, this latter ship, on account of her patent labour-saving appliances, for some of which she ought really to have been allowed extra hands. As for Captain Wayland-Ferrars, he seldom slept on board between Friday night and the beginning of the week; so he never saw his gangway nettings on the quiet Sabbath mornings full of incapable, and sometimes sorely pummelled, *Terpsichores*. Perhaps his officers should have reported the facts. But they refrained from doing so. And if the captain wondered how his usually quiet and peaceable chief mate appeared at times with black eyes; and noticed that the second mate and the boatswain, too, bore similar pugilistic marks and contusions, he asked no questions. All his spare thoughts and moments were occupied with the courtship he was carrying on at Springwood, in the mountains. Next trip they were to be married; and there was nothing particularly requiring his presence on board.

Presently the two vessels finished discharging, and hauling out into the stream began to preen themselves for the homeward flight.

The *Terpsichore* was a well-found ship, with no lack of white and red lead, oil, turps, and varnish in her paint-lockers. So that, with her pink composition bends running to topsides of a delicate grey, broken by a line of eighteen black and white ports, she soon began to look a fine spot of colour. All her spars with the exception of topgallant and royal masts, boom and gaff, were painted a deep buff. And land-people crossing Johnstone's Bay in the ferry-boats invariably exclaimed, "Oh, what a pretty ship!" taking no notice of the *Mary Johnson*. But seafarers seldom gave the *Terpsichore* a second glance, keeping their regards on the fine old clipper with her beautiful yacht-like lines, clean run, bright, tapering spars, and spacious poop and topgallant forecastle. By scraping and tarring and scrubbing and polishing, poor old Bolger did all he could. But even then she looked worn and weather-beaten for lack of that paint his employers had not thought themselves able to afford. Unable at length to stand it any longer, the old man bought the stuff out of his own pocket. And presently, as his vessel swung to her anchors, all dark, glistening green, with just a narrow gilt beading running around it, stem and stern, lower masts and yards of spotless white, her other spars scraped and oiled till the Oregon pine shone like mahogany, he felt easier in his mind. And looking up at the Red Lion blowing from the main royal pole, and then at the Blue Star yonder, showing black out of its white ground over the shimmering metal gimcrack with the outrageous name, he swore to make such a run home as would



"THE DIN OF BATTLE WOKE THE WHOLE QUAY."

let people know the difference between new-fangled ships commanded by new-fangled skippers with double-barrelled names and a skipper and ship of the good old-fashioned sort.

At last Bolger's agents had got him freight, and it seemed that both vessels would be starting for home about the same time. Fortunately they were loading at far apart wharves. But, still, whenever a Lion and a Star met, singly or in company, there would be ructions. Thus amongst the sea-folk along the foreshores the interest was kept alive, and not a few bets were made and taken on the possible race. Bolger, it appeared, had announced his intention to his few cronies at the midday lunch either to beat the *Terpsichore* home or lose his spars.

As for the latter's captain, he only laughed when told of this, taking no heed. He had other fish to fry up Springwood way. Since the day of the quarrel he had never set eyes on Bolger. Nor did he wish to. Neither for the *Mary Johnson* nor her skipper did he mean to bother himself; and he declined all wagers with respect to a race, saying, what was perfectly true, that he didn't care which ship got home first. All the same, he had privately made up his mind to break the record. But not on account of Bolger and his bragging; only because the quicker he was home and back again the sooner would the Springwood episode find fitting close.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTURE OF THE RED LION.

"It's the darkest night I ever remember seeing in my whole life," remarked Mr. Hopkins, the mate of the *Mary Johnson*.

"Same here," replied Captain Bolger; "it feels that thick, one could almost take a knife and cut chunks off it and throw 'em about."

The *Mary* had rounded Cape Horn, and was making good progress northabout, when, all of a sudden, she had, at eight bells that night, run into a windless patch of blackness the calmness and intensity of which were such as none on board remembered experiencing.

So thick was the darkness that captain and mate, standing almost touching, were utterly invisible to each other. Nor could any part of the ship be discerned, as she lay motionless without creak of truss or parrel or slightest lift of sail. Even the rudder was still, and the wheel-chains gave never a rattle. The only point of light came from the binnacle, a yellow blot that itself seemed choked by the woolly blackness surrounding it.

Presently, a man getting a drink at the

scuttle-butt let the tin dipper rattle, and the noise made men jump and stare aloft, thinking that a yard had carried away.

"Phew!" exclaimed Bolger, "dashed if it don't *smell* black! An' you can feel it in your throat, can't you, Hopkins?"

"Aye, sir," replied the latter, his voice sounding muffled and dull, "this beats my time. It's onnatural, to my way of thinking. A regular phenomener, that's what it is."

"Umph," grunted the other, crustily, "that's what whippersnapper-double-barrel 'ud call it, no doubt, if he were here. An' he'd put a name to it as long as his ship's. Well, I s'pose," he continued, and you could almost hear the grin of the old chap, "that he's flyin' along somewhere in the Nor'-east Trades afore this."

He had scarcely spoken when from away abeam came a noise sounding like the bark of a dog.

"Eh?" said Bolger.

"Seal!" said Hopkins.

"Your grandmother!" said the skipper. "What 'ud one be doing in twenty degrees south? It's a dog. There he is again. It's a ship run into this stinkin' patch o' black fog an' pitch"

Indistinct and dull though the sounds were, there presently seemed little doubt that they really proceeded from a dog.

"Skipper's bow-wow on the *Terpsic-curry*," hazarded the mate. "That big black-an'-white brute that collared the bo'sun the night we had the rumpus——"

"Aye, aye, like enough," interrupted Bolger, impatiently. "Anyhow, it's a long way off by the sound. If double-barrel's in here, all his dashed science won't get him out of it any faster than us."

"Isn't that a light, or the reflection of one?" asked the mate, sharply. "Why, it's aboard of us! Con——," but he had time for no more, when, with a dull, grating, rumbling sound, accompanied by one of snapping and crackling aloft, a great mass snugged up, as it were, alongside the *Mary Johnson* and remained there, whilst arose from many throats a wild chorus of shouts, threats, and curses, mingled with the furious barking of a dog.

"What on earth is it?" roared Bolger, dancing frantically along his poop, and peering with useless eyes, now aloft, now outboard, at the faint splash of yellow light alone visible. "Ship ahoy!" he hailed. "What the blazes are you doin' runnin' into me like that?"

"Ahoy, ahoy!" retorted a muffled voice, as more dull yellow blotches became visible through the black mist. "Isn't the sea wide enough for you, but that you must come blundering into people in such a fashion? Who the deuce are *you?*"

"*Mary Johnson*, of London, homeward bound from Sydney. Get your boats over and pull yourself out of our road afore you do more mischief. What sort of confounded sogers are you, anyhow? Clear off, now! What's *your* name?"

"Don't be in such a hurry," was what the reply sounded like. "Get your own boats out if you want to," followed by something suspiciously resembling laughter from the stranger.

"*Terpsic-curry*, or I'm a dago!" exclaimed Mr. Hopkins, as the carpenter came aft and reported a tight ship. "Chips," he continued, "serve out all the tomahawks you can find." Then, turning to the captain, he continued, "I think, sir, we'd better send some hands aloft to cut away. We're evidently fast up there."

"Do as you like," replied Bolger, wrathfully. "But they'll only chop their fingers off! Why, man," he exclaimed, in furious tones, "we might ha' well been born blind, like puppies an' kittens, for all the use our eyesight is to us!"

However, the mate had his way; and presently in the blackness could be heard voices and the noise of chopping as the men lay out on the yards and cut at intertwisted stays, lifts, and braces. Also it soon became evident that the other ship had its crew similarly employed. And in a while it seemed from the sounds of shouting and swearing up there in the smother that at several points the two parties had met.

The hulls, after the first impact, had separated, some dozen or so of feet now lying between them. But their yards and rigging being still foul, gave them a heavy list towards each other. Lights there were in plenty, but so feebly did they show through the thick, woolly darkness, dank now with heavy dew, that they were quite useless.

Still, there was no doubt whatever that the vessel was the *Terpsichore*, thus strangely hugging her rival in mid-ocean and midnight. And it was passing curious to hear the hailing of the hands for'ard from respective forecastle-heads and yards.

"Is that bricky-headed Shetlander aboard?"

"Aye, an' he'll be punchin' your heid if he got a chance agen, same as he done afore."

"Where's that farmer with the game leg?"

"'Ere, an' ready to use it on your ugly karkuss, whoever you is."

"Let's 'ear from the Irish soger as I give the father ov a thrashin' to that Saturday night on the quay. Or 'as 'e lost 'is voice through fright?"

"Arrah thin, me foine bhoy, if Oi had yez aboard here its singing an entoirely different kind av a song ye'd be—so ut wud."

Aft, old Bolger hurled defiance with a rough tongue and a vocabulary that never failed. But there was no response from the *Terpsichore's* poop. Which contemptuous silence made him more furious than ever.

And although no verbal answer was returned to his taunts and invective, that somebody appreciated them was evident; for, presently, he was hit in the face by a lump of canvas, dipped in tar, and rolled and tied into ball-shape.

"HE LET THE STEWARD GET THE TAR OFF HIS FACE."

At this, rushing to his cabin, he seized a gun, but luckily was unable to find any ammunition for it; so was fain to cool down and let the steward get the tar (which was of the variety known as "coal," and therefore burnt savagely) off his face. Meanwhile, the night wore on, black, breathless, damp. And inasmuch as nothing is ever perfectly motionless at sea, the ships drifted with their hulls still held apart by interlocking spars and gear. Finding the men aloft could neither see nor feel to do anything but further mischief, they had been recalled, and both vessels waited impatiently for dawn—if another one there was to be. For, as to this last matter, amongst the men was some doubt, none of them having ever in their using of the sea experienced anything like it.

But at last the darkness lifted, leaving, however, a thick fog behind it. At sunrise that also rose, disclosing an extraordinary spectacle, at least to a seafarer's eye.

Almost exactly abreast, the ships leaned over to each other with a considerable list, whilst all their top-hamper was intertwisted and commingled. The *Mary Johnson* had been lying with her yards braced well up on to the port tack, when the *Terpsichore* had floated so gently down and hugged her with

her own yards nearly square. The result was almost indescribable. The *Terpsichore's* upper fore and main topgallant yards had jammed in the corresponding rigging of the *Mary;* whilst the latter's lower topsail yardarm was driven through the *Terpsichore's* topmast rigging, and so on, and so on. All the lower yards were free.

It was exactly as if the two ships had been a couple of angry fighting women, and had seized each other by the hair, whilst keeping their bodies clear of each other. But so gently had the thing been done that, bar a few backstays, brace-pennants, and lifts carried away, no damage of much importance had taken place. Certainly, the least draught of air, a cat's-paw almost, just to fill the light sails, would result in ruin instant and wide-spread to both ships, all of whose topgallant and royal masts would go—if not some of the greater spars into the bargain.

Seeing this, there was little need to issue orders; and already men were pushing, pulling, and, in unavoidable cases, cutting, lanyards and seizings until, at last, and after a work of no little difficulty and danger, the clearing was effected, and with trailing gear each vessel, released, sprang back to an even keel again.

And whilst busy at repairs—rigging preventer backstays, splicing, fitting, and setting-up—the Homeric war of tongues between the crews commenced afresh.

Wayland-Ferrars was walking his poop whilst Bolger stumped the *Mary's*, pausing every now and then to roar out what he thought of the *Terpsichore*, her officers, crew, and owners. But of these compliments the other skipper took no notice, only anxiously looking up at the sky or overside at the water. The former, however, was cloudless, the latter like paint. And the ships were evidently coming together again. Never perhaps had there been a situation quite like it, even at sea, the home of curious happenings.

It would have been simple enough to have got a couple of boats over and towed the ships a fair distance apart. But, apparently, neither of their captains cared about being the first to start. Instead, fenders were placed in position and yards braced sharp up on opposite tacks, so as to do as little mischief as possible.

Bolger had hoisted the Red Lion, the other his Blue Star, and both house-flags hung from their halliards like dead fish in the stirless air.

Presently, having exhausted all the sea-

taunts he could think of, one of the *Mary Johnson's* men picked up a piece of coal from a bucket the cook was carrying, and threw it at a group on the *Terpsichore's* forecastle-head. It hit a man, drawing blood; and with a roar of anger a storm of missiles were sent hurling aboard the *Mary*. Now, it is not easy to procure things throwable on board of a ship, but the captain of the *Terpsichore* had before leaving, as it happened, laid in a big stock of Sydney sandstone to scour his decks with; and this, being presently broken up, made splendid ammunition. Volleys of these sharp-edged fragments were now poured on the men of the *Mary Johnson*, who could only retort expensively with lumps of coal, hanks, or such odd bits of scrap-iron as they might lay hands on.

Nor, as perhaps might have been expected, did Captain Wayland-Ferrars interfere. Although neither allowing himself nor his officers to reply to the abuse lavished on them by Bolger, Hopkins, and the other of the *Mary Johnson's* afterguard, he was actually very angry. Thus, when he saw his men possessed an immeasurable advantage over their opponents, he tacitly permitted them to go ahead. Which they did; for presently finding that the *Mary Johnson's* bulwarks afforded her crew too much shelter, they took ammunition into their tops and cross-trees, and thence pelted with effect.

As for Bolger, he simply foamed with impotent rage. Had there been firearms to be used, he undoubtedly would have used them. But there was neither powder nor shot to be found.

A lump of sandstone hit him on the shins, another bit broke in pieces against his shoulders. Every moment missiles struck the poop—the binnacle was badly dented, and some of the glass in the skylights cracked. Cursing bitterly, he picked up pieces and hurled them at his enemy standing on the *Terpsichore's* poop, calm and unconcerned, smoking, with his hands in his pockets. But the rain of stones grew so fierce that he had at length to seek shelter in the companion along with Hopkins, only emerging now and again to heave an empty bottle at the foe. Superiority in numbers on this occasion availed his crew nothing. And the *Terpsichores* were simply wild with delight, not only at the fun and excitement of the thing, but the chance that offered of paying off some old Sydney scores.

The *Mary Johnson's* cook ran aft to protest. There was none too much coal in the fore-

peak. A ton already must have been hurled on board the other ship. Supplies must be stopped, or there would be no more cooking done. Nor could the missiles of the enemy be used with any effect by their recipients, as, generally, the sandstone thrown from such a height smashed to atoms.

And presently the *Terpsichore's* topmen and those in her cross-trees had the *Mary Johnson's* decks fairly cleared, so sharp and true were their volleys.

"Haul down that rag!" roared the boatswain of the *Terpsichore*, standing on the rail and pointing to the house-flag, "or we'll come aboard and haul it down for ye!"

At which insult Bolger rushed from his shelter, and with a deftly thrown lemonade bottle—the last of a few dozen that the afterguard had been using—very neatly knocked the boatswain off his perch. And all the time the ships had drawn closer until almost in the same position as the night before.

"BOLGER VERY NEATLY KNOCKED THE BOATSWAIN OFF HIS PERCH."

The *Mary Johnson's* deck was deserted, and looked like a coal and sandstone quarry. Her galley funnel was bent and twisted, and all the glass bulls'-eyes of her deckhouses on one side were starred and fractured, whilst her paint and brass-work was scratched and bruised. If a man only showed his head now it was a signal for a shower of well-aimed stones; so everyone kept under shelter. Suddenly a man jumped on to her main yard-arm from the *Terpsichore's*—braced round to meet it—and, unperceived, ran along the spar and into the *Mary Johnson's* top. From here, reaching out, he cut the signal halliards, and hauling down the house-flag, tied it round his waist and regained his own ship, saluted by a burst of cheering that puzzled the others mightily.

Hardly had the Red Lion been hoisted at the *Terpsichore's* main skysail-pole under the Blue Star, when a faint air came blowing little ripples along the water. The light sails flapped and filled and fell, then rose and filled again. Growing stronger, the wind next caught the topsails and enabled the *Terpsichore* to make a stern-board, taking away a couple of the *Mary Johnson's* backstays as she went.

Cheer upon cheer arose as she cleared the *Mary*, whose men were now on deck gazing stupidly and unbelievingly at their house-flag standing out stiff to the breeze under that of their enemy.

Bolger nearly had a fit when he fully realized what had happened, raving about the littered decks like a madman, whilst Wayland-Ferrars waved him an ironical salute, and his men sent a last volley rattling about his ears.

CHAPTER III.

OIL UPON TROUBLED WATERS.

It is not putting it too strongly to say that the abduction of his house-flag cast not only a gloom over Captain Bolger's spirits, but

over those of the ship's company as well. Any sailor worth his salt believes in his ship, and the *Mary Johnson's* crowd felt their defeat and disgrace more keenly than the bruises and cuts which smarted so sorely on their bodies.

"We'll never have any luck," said Bolger, despondently, to his mate, "after letting a scowbank of a turnpike-sailor like that get to win'ard of us in such fashion. Why, cuss it, we'll be the laughin'-stock o' the Port o' London if the yarn gets about!"

"Well, we licked 'em ashore, anyhow," replied Hopkins, resignedly, "and if we'd only thought of laying in a ton or two o' holystones, we'd have done it again at sea. And, anyhow, sir, perhaps they won't be inclined to blow about their victory much, seein' as it's a police-court matter. Why, damme, it's piracy on the high seas—comin' aboard and stealing the company's flag that way!"

But Bolger refused to be comforted. Nor did it improve his temper when one day they met a big cargo steamer, with a blue star on her white funnel, whose skipper as she slipped by hailed from her bridge, amidst loud laughter from the crew:—

"There's a chap ahead, yonder, who wants an owner for a house-flag he's picked up somewhere. It's got a red lion on it, and they're using it for a tablecloth in the fok'sle, just at present, till the owner comes along."

Very poor wit, doubtless. But Bolger had no heart to retaliate otherwise than by shaking his fist at the steamer's men, grinning over weather cloths aft and rail for'ard.

"I'm done with the sea," he said to his chief mate. "This is my last trip. Thank the Lord, I've been able to put a bit aside, an' I've got a cottage an' an acre or two o' ground just outside o' Marget. An', anyhow, they were talkin', last time I was home, o' sellin' the *Mary* to the Norwegians. So let em. I don't want no more sea. It's got beyond my days an' ways."

"Old man's got his lemon down bad," remarked Mr. Hopkins to the second mate; "and I didn't want to trouble him by saying so; but if we'd stopped alongside o' the *Terpsic-curry* much longer she'd ha' curried us properly. When I took a squint, just before the breeze came, I saw 'em getting up steam in the donkey, and leading hose along the deck. You may bet they meant to try and wash us down with boiling water, or some treat like that. I couldn't stop to fairly make sure what their little game was, for I got a clout with a stone that knocked all the wind out of me."

After a while, it really seemed as if the captain of the *Mary Johnson's* presentiment of ill-luck was only too well founded; for one night, when running heavily off the Western Islands, she was brought by the lee, taken aback, and all three masts had to be cut away before she righted, a hopeless wreck in the most dreadful accident that can befall a ship. There was a tremendous sea on that constantly swept her decks and gave her crew a terrible night's work to clear the mess of spars and gear that threatened every moment to knock a hole in her sides. By a miracle almost, no one had been killed or carried overboard. But their case seemed hopeless when morning dawned and showed them the naked hull with only three jagged fangs—the tallest not 6ft. high—where so lately had appeared the stately grove of spars. Not a sound boat was left; and, to make matters worse, the carpenter presently reported 3ft. of water in the well.

The skipper setting an example, they went to the pumps, but the big seas that came aboard nearly washed them away from the brakes, rendering their efforts doubly severe and fatiguing. Still they worked on doggedly as only British seamen could have done, and the clank of the pumps sounded incessantly all that long morning watch, whilst the workers' ears eagerly listened for the "suck" that should tell of a dry ship below foot, whatever she might be above. With her naked bows lifted one moment in streaming protest to the shrieking sky, the next buried fathoms deep, the hull lurched and pitched, and rolled in such a shocking fashion as made the oldest sailor sick, and the hearts of all grow faint within them as they marked the wild straining plunges and frantic wallowings, seemingly enough to divorce any timbers ever put together by human hands.

"Three foot ten," said the carpenter, sounding as well as he was able at the end of the last long spell. "I'm afeared she'll never suck no more." And the captain, seeing no use in killing his men for nothing, ordered everybody aft into such shelter as could be found. The saloon was as yet comparatively dry. But nobody cared about staying there, what with the terrific hurly-burly, intensified below, and the knowledge that the ship was sinking. So life-lines being rigged fore and aft the poop, all hands secured themselves and stolidly watched the huge combers that burst across the fore-part of the doomed vessel, at times even sweeping over the poop itself and hurling the men together in half-drowned heaps as the lines slackened under the tremendous pressure.

"A TERRIBLE NIGHT'S WORK."

So the gloomy day wore on, the captain and his mates, at the risk of being swept overboard, twice bringing provisions and drink from the saloon and serving them out to the men.

"We'll drown better full-bellied than fasting," said the old skipper, grimly.

The water was over a man's knees in the saloon now; and the hull no longer tossed and tumbled like a cork, but sagged and floundered heavily and lifelessly amongst the topping seas that encompassed it, rising with difficulty, and seeming glad to sink wearily down between their green slopes.

Late in the afternoon, quite near them, hove up all of a sudden on the awful sea-mountains, they saw a ship; saw her for a minute and then lost her again, then saw her again. She was a big, painted-port vessel running under her two lower topsails and a staysail for'ard. And she evidently saw them, for she kept away three or four points and came straight towards the wreck. But the castaways rose no cheer, no hope came into their salt-incrusted faces. Human help in such a sea could avail naught.

The dusk of the evening was at hand, making objects indistinct. But some sailors know a ship they have even only once seen, as Australian bushmen do a horse; and a murmur rose from the crew of the *Mary Johnson*, lashed to their life-lines, as the stranger, thrown up on the brow of a great comber, leant over held by some invisible hand, as it seemed, a hundred feet above them, and they recognised the *Terpsichore*.

For a minute she hung there, then disappeared, hidden on the far side of the wall of water that rolled on and broke over the wreck in one great mass of spray and foam from stem to stern. Once more they saw her, topping another and a smaller roller, and noted that from her peak the red ensign now blew out rigid as if made of painted steel. Then a rain-squall hid her, and when it cleared the darkness had fallen.

"A cussed Rooshian or a Turk couldn't ha' done less," growled a sailor.

"Blow it, man," retorted another, bitterly, "what more cud he do only give us a last look at the old flag?"

"He might have stood by us," remarked Hopkins to the captain, close to whom he was lashed, "although, come to think of it, there wouldn't be much use in that, for I don't believe the poor old *Mary* 'll last the night. I wonder if he knew us."

"Aye, aye," growled Bolger. "He'd reco'nise us, right enough. But give the devil his due an' fair play. This weather takes a man all he can do to look out for his own ship without actin' hidey-go-seek around a sinkin' hull. You knows as well as I do that the Channel Squadron an' the Admiral to boot couldn't do us any good by stoppin'

to stare at us now. For my part, the sooner it's over the better."

As he spoke, a rocket cleft the murky sky astern of them, succeeded quickly by another and another. A stifled cheer that was half a groan broke from the men as they saw that, after all, they were not deserted. For although no one had acknowledged it, the sight of that vessel apparently leaving them had intensified the bitterness of the death they looked upon as inevitable.

"Why, damme, if he ain't wearin' ship to get to wind'ard of us!" shouted old Bolger. "Well, who'd ha' thought he'd had grit and nous enough to do that in such a sea? Come up all I have ever said agen the chap. See, there goes another rocket! Well, I don't know what good he can do us, even if we last till daylight. Still, it's company, an' puts heart into a man, anyhow. Let's have a drink round—to his health!"

They drank, handing the demijohn of rum from one to the other. And then, with new life in their souls, they made out to find and light a riding-lamp, which they lashed to the stump of the mizzenmast, all with infinite pain and difficulty. But they were rewarded when they saw red, blue, and green stars rise dead to windward, taking it as a sign their signal was understood. And, oh, the comfort through the dreary, dark hours of those other lofty harbingers of hope ascending now here, now there, as the *Terpsichore* manœuvred so skilfully in that terrible Atlantic weather to keep the weather-gauge. Sometimes she came so close that, but for the roar of the water and yell of the wind, they might have hailed each other; anon she would seem miles away. But always she returned, appearing almost at the same spot—a most noble exhibition of seamanship, that repeatedly brought praise to the lips of those who watched—sore though their plight was.

"Damme," remarked old Bolger, actually with a note of contrition in his hoarse voice, "the feller's a sailor after all, spite o' his haw-haw ways an' dandy togs! Well, who'd ha' thought it? Cuss me, if I ain't sorry that we had that bit of a shine in Sydney—time I give him free rum! However, he's got square for that since—*an'* boot. Gettin' lower, ain't she, Hopkins, this last hour or so?"

"Feet," answered the first officer, laconically. "She's like a Thames billyboy 'midships and for'ard."

"An' the win's as strong as ever," added the boatswain. "But hang me if I don't think the sea's gone down a bit!"

And, indeed, the great billows, in place of breaking as formerly, now came in upon them with rounded tops like rolling downs of darkness, lazily, and as if bereft of all their late spite and vigour.

"If she'd had a full freight o' wool she'd ha' floated for days yet, maybe," said the mate, throwing off his bowline. "But it's that infernal dead-weight o' copper ore an' lead an' antimony, an' the Lord knows what, that the water's got amongst, and is forcing its way through. However, sir, here's one who's going to have a swim for it in that smooth stuff. There's just a chance."

"Not me," replied old Bolger, "I'd sooner go down all standin'. But please yourself; it's a free ship now. Halloa, what's the illoomination for?" As he spoke a huge flare lit up the sea, showing the *Terpsichore* so close to that some of the men mechanically shouted at her whilst she hung on top of one of the sluggish rounded billows, a wondrous figure of a ship standing out silhouetted in yellow flame against the black background of inky sky.

"Why," shouted a man, "sink me, if 'e ain't got his fore-tawp'sl to the mast!"

"Dunder!" bellowed one of the only two foreigners of the crew, jumping in excitement. "He vos lower de boat! *Ach Gott*, der prave mans as ve vos fight mit!"

But before one could make quite certain, the ship was hidden again, just a yellow flush in the thick air showing where she lay.

When she rose again, however, it could be plainly seen that not one but two boats were in the water, whilst a fresh flare cast its light almost across the intervening stretch of sea, so close had the *Terpsichore* approached.

"Well, may I be drowned!" exclaimed Bolger, as he eyed with amazement the boats, looking like white flakes on hills of shining ink as they toiled up one huge slope, hidden from sight, then shot like arrows adown the next in full view of the watchers, who swore and cheered in their excitement.

"Heaving lines ready for the brave hearties!" shouted the mate; "they'll be smashed to splinters if they come alongside."

"Why, darn my rags!" exclaimed the boatswain, "if that ain't the skipper o' the *Terpsick-hurry* hisself at the steer oar o' the first boat." And with that a roaring cheer went up from those on the wreck, Bolger leading, as the skilfully-handled boats swept almost level with the lee poop-rail, and the bow oar in each, catching the lines flung to them, lay off from the heaving, crashing roll of the rising stern, to approach which meant instant destruction.

It was a twenty-foot jump—but there was nothing else for it, as the combers by this time were marching in procession clean over the vessel amidships, whilst where they lay the boats were in some sort sheltered. Still burning tar-barrels and oakum soaked in oil, the *Terpsichore* had drifted so near that one could see, each time she hove up, white faces eagerly gazing over her rail at the weird scene made almost as light as day—the wreck submerged almost to the break of the poop on which a crowd of men were gathered, the boats rising and falling on the smooth-topped billows moaning in sullen, checked ferocity as they rolled away into the darkness.

The first to jump was a little boy, under whose arms Bolger himself fastened the two lines, one from a boat and the other from the ship, and bade him be of good cheer, for that there was no danger.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the lad, boldly, and without pause leapt off the rail into the top of a comber, whilst those on board paid out and the boat's crew hauled in. It was ticklish work: but for the light would have been dreadful, and but for the tamed seas impossible.

Half-smothered, the youngster was dragged safely on board. Then another forecastle lad jumped. And then the men went in quick succession as both boats came into use. And most fortunate was it that the captain of the *Terpsichore* had brought his second life-boat, for, as Bolger, the last man to leave, was hauled in spluttering, gasping, and snorting, the *Mary Johnson* rose her stern perpendicularly, stayed in that position a minute, and then disappeared.

"Crumbs and scissors!" growled Bolger, as he found his breath. "What's come to the sea? Ugh! it's turned into a cursed oil-tank. I've swallowed quarts of it."

"And no wonder, after all we've used," replied somebody, laughing. "I expect the ship'll be on short allowance of paint from this to home."

"So that's the wrinkle, is it?" said Hopkins. "I've heard of it, but never saw it used before. Anyhow, it's saved a crowd from feeding the fishes this good night of our Lord."

The getting on board the *Terpsichore* was a difficult business. But it was over at last; and, as the davit-falls were made fast, old Bolger, bareheaded and dripping, pushed his way through the men to where her captain was standing, and, catching the other's hand in a great, hard grip, he shook it heartily, saying:—

"Captain Wayland-Ferrars, I've got to do afore all hands what I never thought could happen. An' that is to apologize fully to ye for everythin' I've done and said about ye and your ship. You're a gentleman, an', sir, you're what's more—an' that's a sailor—man. I'm only a rough old shellback myself, sir, as has lost his ship an' had his day; and I'll ask ye to make allowances. Sir, I'm proud to shake a man's hand who's proved himself able an' willin' to do what you've done this night for me an' mine, an' which there's very few others afloat, as I believe, could ha' done. Now, then, you *Mary's*," he continued, "a cheer for the *Terspic-curry* an' her skipper, an' all hands belongin' to her. Crack your throats, my bullies!"

"I'M PROUD TO SHAKE A MAN'S HAND."

And thus ended the feud between the Red Lion and the Blue Star—not yet by any means an old story upon the high seas.

Stilt-Racing.

By William G. FitzGerald.

THE casual visitor to Bordeaux and its neighbourhood is apt to remember the district merely as one where the horses wear hats and the donkeys trousers. I can't stop to explain these things, interesting though they are, because I am in a hurry and on stilts. In a way, I went to Bordeaux on stilts, and Her Britannic Majesty's Consul accompanied me into the Landes on the same high mission. 'Tis a topsy-turvy country.

To commence with, the Landes is so-called because it is no good as land, consisting mainly of vast prairies and marshes stretching to the horizon, and covered with heath, furze, reed, bracken, and broom, varied with clumps of sea-pine, acacia, oak, and cork. And the people live on stilts. Don't misunderstand me. They don't *eat* stilts; they merely pass most of their time upon them. No man (or woman) is above another in the Landes; the stilts being of equal length. The postman on his rounds, the peasant-woman going to market, the shepherd following his flocks, the resin-collector passing from one pine forest to another—all these, aye, and even the smallest children, may be seen mounted on stilts in the villages of this most interesting Department of France. So much for my introduction. Now for the races. They owe their origin to the enterprise of *La Petite Gironde*, the leading newspaper of the Sud-Ouest, and one of the ablest in all France.

The fact is, every leading journal in the country was, a few years ago, bursting to organize races of some sort. Accordingly the directors of *La Petite Gironde*, wearied with reports of horse, foot, and cycle races, aimed at something higher, something absolutely novel. Suggestions were then invited for the committee's consideration. One reader suggested a race "on the hands," but this was scouted as likely to provoke a riot. An offensive wag suggested a race between Roquefort cheeses, "*avancès*," and then the lists were closed. One day a Landais peasant came into Bordeaux on his stilts, and the idea of stilt races came into being.

The announcements were made two months in advance, to permit of the news

GOING UP TO THE STARTING-POINT.

percolating through the villages of the Landes. Suggestions and questions rained upon the committee—which, by the way, included Sylvain Dornon, the baker-stilter of Arcachon, and the hero of the journey from Paris to Moscow. Intending competitors became rather a bore. Were the stilts to be of a fixed length? Might one get off on the road? Was a man with wooden legs eligible to take part in the stilt race? and so on.

At last everything was settled, and on the appropriate morning of Ascension Day, 1892, the competitors and their friends trooped along the Avenue Carnot towards the starting-point, as is shown in the photo. reproduced on the preceding page. The course for men was from Bordeaux to Bayonne and Biarritz and back to Bordeaux (302 miles); and for women, from Bordeaux to Cérons and back (37 miles). The first prize in the big race was 1,000 francs and a silver-gilt medal; the second, 500 francs and a medal; and the third, 250 francs and a medal. To these must be added any number of class medals and money prizes offered by institutions and clubs, and a vast quantity of miscellaneous goods offered by tradesmen with an eye to advertisement.

The committee decided (1) That the stilts might be as long or as short as the competitor pleased. (2) He might carry a stick, clothes, provisions, repairing implements, or a change of stilts. (3) He might dismount now and then, but in such cases he must carry his stilts, and must, moreover, be mounted on them when he presented himself at the "control-posts."

There were control-posts (generally cafés or hotels) established at twenty-two villages *en route*, and each of these stations was manned by cyclist volunteers belonging to various great clubs. These gentlemen received the stilters as they passed through, and besides taking signatures and recording times, they acted as special correspondents for *La Petite Gironde*, dispatching descriptive telegrams at frequent intervals. Doctors were in waiting at some of the control-posts, and there were also representatives of "first-aid" societies to attend to stilters with cut or swollen feet.

Owing to the great number of entries, it was finally arranged that each Landais commune should elect its champion and pay his expenses right through. An expense fund was, however, started later on, so that each competitor was at least sure of receiving his railway fare to and from Bordeaux.

In the next photo. we see a party of competitors just arriving at the starting-point in the Avenue Thiers, Bordeaux. The interest taken in the race is manifested by the great crowd, who not only filled the streets but

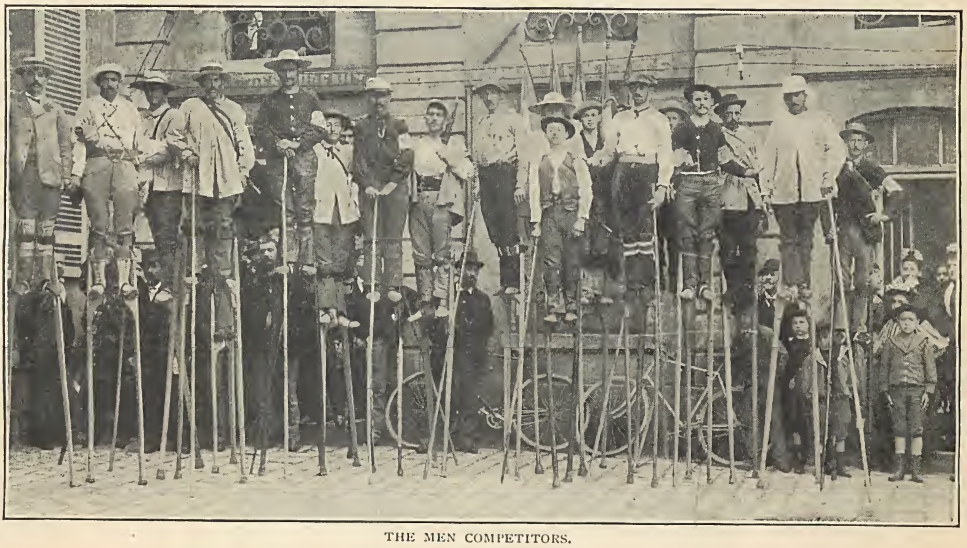
ARRIVING AT THE STARTING-POINT.

also the balconies and windows of private houses, cafés, and hotels.

I have already hinted that the tradespeople of Bordeaux made a brave show in the matter of gifts. A tailor on the Cours d'Alsace-Lorraine, announcing himself as a lover of all sports, offered *un magnifique costume, fait sur mesure.* Other sartorial artists followed suit—if I may say so—until at length it looked as though the peasants from the Landes would all return home in new clothes.

The Municipality of Bordeaux contributed 100 francs and two medals. One, Pelala, a merchant of Bergerac, offered "twelve bottles of my nourishing Anisette." A man at Barsac would give a glass of Haut Sauterne Podensac, who offered a prize of 50 francs for the *last* stilter who should arrive at the post before the closing of the race. ("*C'est l'échassier Michone,*" murmured the courteous editor of *La Petite Gironde*, "*qui a profité de cette aubaine inespèrée.*")

The accompanying photo. shows a representative group of competitors in real marching order. When on their native heath the long stick becomes a third leg, fitting into the stilter's back and supporting him on a sort of tripod, whilst with his disengaged hands he rapidly knits one of the footless stockings peculiar to the Landes. These fellows have great distances to cover; hence the stilts. The bracken and heather are often wet and the plains swampy; hence,



THE MEN COMPETITORS.

to each stilter, whom he would not detain more than five seconds. Considerate man! A bronze medal was offered to all competitors who, starting off on Thursday, May 26th, when the flag fell, returned to the starting-point, after having accomplished the journey, on Thursday, June 2nd, before 9 p.m., Paris time.

The number of medals offered by various bodies increased at quite an alarming rate. There was one for the *youngest* stilter who accomplished the journey in the specified time; and another for the oldest. There were medals offered by various towns *en route* for the first stilter to arrive there; and there were medals for the champion of the Departments of the Landes and Gironde. Nor must we omit mention of a M. Castéra, representing the firm of Lillet Frères, of

again, the stilts. The sheep are often concealed among the undergrowth; hence—for the third time—the stilts.

Really the preliminaries were almost as interesting as the race itself. The keeper of the Anglo-American bar offered to each competitor "two excellent ham sandwiches." A private enthusiast placed at the disposal of the winner a gorgeously-furnished flat, with the use of bath-room and masseur. Watch-makers, perfumers, boot-makers, hatters, and, in short, tradesmen of all kinds sent along or promised specimens of their wares to the valiant stilters.

There were in all eighty-one entries and sixty-nine starters; thus twelve forfeited the entrance-fee. In the interval between the first announcement and the race, intending competitors had gone into training. The

SOME OF THE STARTERS IN THE LADIES' RACE.

Petite Gironde correspondent, writing from Tartas (Landes), described several test races between as many as fifteen and twenty competitors.

Let me show you a few of the lady stilt-racers. Their course was one of thirty-seven miles only (Bordeaux-Cérons and back), and was intended to be run in the day, so that the women's homes might not suffer through their absence. When they heard of the men's race, they refused to be kept out in the cold. Altogether eighteen women entered.

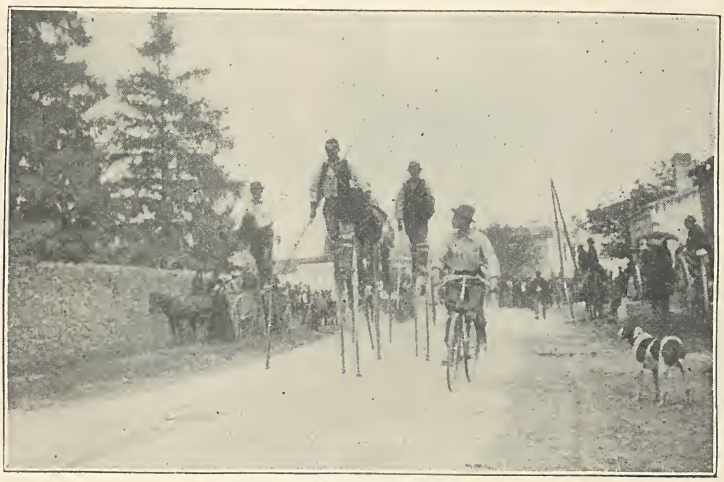
The rules which governed the men's contest applied equally to the women. They set off about a quarter of an hour after their male colleagues. The first prize in the women's contest, by the way, was 100 francs, the second 60 francs, the third 40 francs, and so on. There were ten consolation prizes of 10 francs each, and as there was no entrance-fee, things looked very promising for the ladies. Here I may as well point out the winners. The first woman, counting from the left-hand side of the photo., is Marie Pascal, of Lanton, who fairly romped in an easy first. The sixth in the line is Eline Bos, also of Lanton. She came in second. The strong-faced woman, standing third in the line, came from the same town, curiously enough. Her name is Jeanne Prévot, and she was the third to arrive.

"THEY'RE OFF!"

When at length all competitors were marshalled in line, a pistol was fired, and the queer cavalcade set off leisurely down the beautiful Cours de l'Intendance, or Regent Street of Bordeaux. We see them in the photo. at the bottom of the preceding page. The traders of the Sud-Ouest made special offers to the ladies. There were boxes of biscuits and sweets, cloth stuffs and bonnets; fans, lace fichus, and the like. One man offered—a little unfortunately perhaps—four cases of soap to the first four ladies—possibly a nasty allusion to the winner's condition.

The next photo. to be reproduced shows a typical scene *en route*. It was taken at Biarritz, Pierre Deycard, of Bilos (the first prize winner), was treated with an eau de Cologne and brandy friction by the head controller, who happened also to be a doctor.

During the progress of the race, there was but one question on the lips of the Bordelais: *Qui gagnera?* It was doubtful all through. The stilter seen most prominently in the last photo. we reproduced is a Landais shepherd named Dominique Roumègoux, of Ychoux. He held the lead for a long time and was terribly anxious to win, his master having promised him, in that event, 100 francs over and above everything else. On arriving at Dax, Roumègoux had a noticeable fixity of ex-



PASSING THROUGH A VILLAGE.

Bouscaut, thirteen kilomètres from Bordeaux. The cyclist is a member of the editorial staff of *La Petite Gironde*. But there were scores of other volunteer cyclist-referees who accompanied the stilters. Sometimes the stilts broke, although they were made of strong ash. The men would then halt for repairs and seize the opportunity of taking a meal—soup and fried eggs, perhaps, with coffee and white wine. The whole race was a triumphal progress for the lucky Landais, who certainly never before had had such a good time. First arrivals at various control-posts were presented with bouquets, laurel wreaths, and more substantial tokens in the shape of free rations and money. Others frankly touted for contributions in the towns, and made a grand thing of it.

Although the men had bits of rubber on the ends of their stilts to deaden concussion, they suffered greatly from a kind of paralysis of the legs, and also sore and chafed feet. Every care was taken of them, however. At

pression, through lack of sleep; whilst his immediate rivals (Dugrand and Peyserre) arrived quite gay, the latter dancing a *pas seul* on his stilts, after signing at the control-post, and exchanging news with great volubility and vivacity. Poor Jean Cailliard, the oldest man who took part in the race, was utterly done up when he arrived at Orthez, 185 kilomètres from the starting-point. He hustled off to bed, poor chap, and went home by the four o'clock train next day, cursing horribly. He told how, when he was, so to speak, on his last legs, the village wags cried, "*Avancez!*" "*Reculez!*" "*A droite!*" "*A gauche!*" and thought it the funniest thing in the world. If they had only known how little military celerity there was left in Jean Cailliard's aching limbs!

There was a vast deal of excitement in Bordeaux from day to day during the race. The palatial offices of *La Petite Gironde* were besieged day and night by a surging crowd, which eagerly read the telegrams and betted

ELINE BOS AND HER SISTER.

freely according to their fancy. In the office windows were shown a model pair of stilts and a support as used in the Landes by the shepherds and resin-gatherers. This model was made by the veteran *échassier* Sylvain Dornon, acting under instructions from the committee. The staying power of the ladies varied very much. Some fell out, discouraged, after the first few miles. Mlle. Eline Bos, however, was as earnest as she was experienced. She is shown in the accompanying photo. on the left-hand side, and she came in second in the race. This photo. was taken by an amateur, M. Réné Minier, of Bordeaux, to whom I am very greatly indebted for information and assistance.

The stilt race of 1892 demonstrated the wonderful endurance of the Landais peasants, both male and female. If one takes into consideration the great heat that prevailed, the hardness of the roads, the speed to be maintained if one aspired to win, and the scanty allowance of food, drink, and sleep, one cannot but marvel at the hardihood of these people. Out of sixty-nine male starters, thirty-two accomplished the enormous journey of 490 kilomètres in the fixed time of eight days and a half. Certainly many suffered great fatigue, and some complained of numbness; but none were seriously ill. One or two had at length to climb down and walk, vanquished by the fierce sun.

It is an interesting fact that at first the men's route was simply Bordeaux, Bayonne, and back; but the authorities at Biarritz begged that the course might be extended to their most beautiful town, particularly as they were just then entertaining His Majesty King Oscar II. of Sweden, and they wanted that monarch to see the stilters. The concession was granted. Another ten miles (16 kilomètres) were added to the course, and a proportionate time-allowance granted to the competitors. By way of a return compliment, the astute authorities of Biarritz contributed 150 francs towards the expenses, and offered the use of the Mairie as a control-post.

The winner of the ladies' race—Marie Pascal, of Lanton—is seen in the next photo. Notice that she is attended by an official pace-maker, or referee, mounted on a bicycle, besides a number of idlers in carts. Mlle. Pascal is passing through the village of Pont de la Maye in long, swinging strides, and already she feels pretty sure of winning not only the first prize, but also the

MARIE PASCAL, WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S RACE.

extra twenty-five francs offered by the municipality of Cérons to the first woman-stilter who should arrive at the control-post in that town. As a matter of fact, from first to last, the prizes had been steadily growing. "Le Veloce-Sport," "Le Sport du Sud-Ouest et du Midi," and a score of other big clubs came forward with offers of medals, money, and assistance as volunteer scouts and correspondents. Then, again, forfeited entrance-fees went to swell the prize list; and, lastly, there was a vast accumulation of merchandize, ranging from an enormous square of linoleum to a dainty pair of Russian-leather shoes.

The race was beautifully engineered by the promoters. There was a roll-call, or "dress-rehearsal," the day before the race, and there were at least two state processions of the mounted competitors round the boulevards of the city. There were several fine bands in attendance, many of these volunteered, and, of course, huge crowds of pleasure-loving Bordelais, the great event being held on a fête-day.

The next reproduction is from one of M. Réné Minier's photos. In it are seen, on

JEAN LAFONT AND ANTOINE DUGRAND.

the left, Jean Lafont, of Mias (Gironde), and next to him Antoine Dugrand, of Sore (Landes), respectively second and third in the Bordeaux-Biarritz race. They are plodding along together with amazing persistency. I fear these worthies and their comrades did not make such good time as they might have done, mainly by reason of the lavish hospitalities offered them. You must remember that each control-post was a *café* or an hotel, and the proprietors thereof (perhaps with an eye to business) were over-pressing with their wines and *consommations*. Then, again, private persons were equally generous, so that what with drink, the anticipation of winning, and the general uproar and excitement, the bewildered Landais peasants failed to put their best stilt forward through sheer inability to know what they were doing. Which reminds me of an interesting remark made to me by the mayor of La Teste. At Christmas, it seems the Landais folk get elevated in sense not connected with stilts. To speak plainly, they have been seen helplessly drunk, reeling about from one side of the road to the other—*on stilts!* How they manage to keep upright is a miracle.

But to return to Lafont and Dugrand. The former won a silver-gilt medal and 500 francs, and the latter a medal and 250 francs, besides a substantial share of miscellaneous prize money and goods. Roumègoux, the Landais shepherd who strove so earnestly to win, received a consolation prize of a medal and 125 francs. Lafont, at the close of the race, sold his stilts (which he made himself, as they all do) to a shop-keeper on the Cours de l'Intendance. Clearly the unsophisticated peasants "knew something"—to quote an expressive colloquialism. At any rate, Lafont had covered on his 112 kilomètres in sixteen hours. His number was nineteen, and of course—like the rest—he carried a book of rules for his guidance, as well as a map of the course. These maps, by the way, were sold to the public at fifty centimes each. Lafont is twenty-eight years of age. He finished the race on May 30th at 9.38 p.m., his time being 108hr. 16min.

Dugrand, Lafont's companion for the greater part of the way, reached the winning-post at twenty minutes past two in the morning of the 31st (112hr. 50min.). He arrived on his stilts with a firm and rapid step. He was accompanied by a crowd of cyclists and pedestrians, who sang and cheered him alternately. Dr. Tissié, one of the committee,

ELINE BOS COMING IN SECOND.

de la Maye, seven kilomètres from Bordeaux. Eline Bos, you will remember, came in second in the ladies' race. When the women-stilters had run their race, they remained in the city and had a "real good time" all the week. Their presence (on stilts) fanned the excitement of the populace to fever heat, until the sole topic of conversation was the *course des échassiers*—people could think of nothing else. The women had many relatives—husbands and brothers—in the great race; and since it cost the stilteresses nothing to live in Bordeaux, they waited there for the male competitors, and even went out many kilomètres from the boulevard to meet them.

received each stilter, and examined him to ascertain the state of his heart, his pulse, his legs, and general condition. Dugrand had only had eight hours' sleep since he left. After having signed the register and partaken of food, he went off in a *fiacre* with a self-seeking hotel proprietor, whose guest he was to be for some days. The carriage was escorted at a walking pace by a tumultuous crowd.

The next photo. shows Mlle. Eline Bos (in the big hat) and her sister, just after leaving the last control-post on the homeward journey. This is the village of Pont

In the next photo. is shown the arrival of the winner of the great long-distance race at the control-post at Langon. The referees sat under a big tree near the Café de Commerce. A table was spread here with roast and boiled chickens, soups, beefsteaks, and other substantial viands. The control-posts were decorated with announcement placards, flags, and lanterns. Here is a specimen

ARRIVAL AT A CONTROL-POST (MEN'S RACE).

despatch from one of these stations to the head offices of *La Petite Gironde*, in Bordeaux: "*Villandrant*, 28 *Mai. Dubet, premier échassier, passé a cinq heures trente cinq minutes. Reparti aussitôt. Légèrement blessé.*"

Dubet, by the way, had had rather a bad fall through the breaking of his left stilt when only a few hundred mètres from Villandrant. He was delayed some time making the necessary repairs. This man is seen in the next photo., which shows four stilters passing through a village very near Bordeaux.

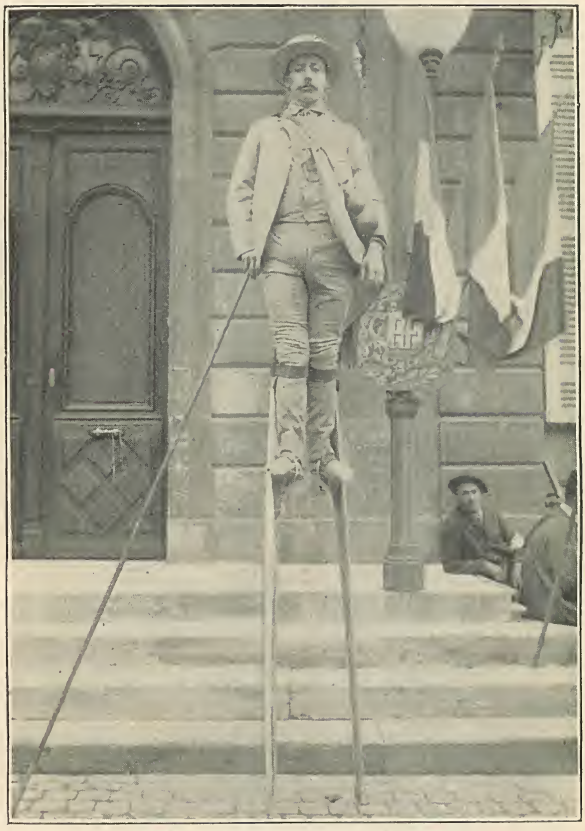
A LAST SPURT FOR HOME.

Dubet is the hatless and coatless man, third from the right. Behind are seen some of the women-folk on stilts, doubtless eagerly discussing the chances of their relatives and fellow-villagers. The stilt-walker (*échassier*) on the extreme right, silhouetted sharply against the sky, is the first prize winner and champion of all, Pierre Deycard, of Bilos, commune of Salles, Department of the Gironde. He won the most valuable of all the many medals, besides a thousand francs, and the lion's share of the minor prize money and gifts in kind. His number was fifty-one and his age thirty-one. He arrived on May 30th, at two minutes to five in the evening, only a few hours ahead of Lafont. His time was 103hrs. 36min., and his average, 4 kilomètres 938 mètres an hour, including stops. His progress was a veritable *tour de force*. He was terribly anxious to win. His short snatches of sleep were broken by dreams, in which he seemed to be buying cows with the prize money and settling down to married life with his sweetheart. At St. Vincent de Terosse he was followed by musicians, who played "La Marseillaise" with so great an effect upon the crowd, that one gave him ten francs, another twenty, and so on. At Dax he found 200 people waiting for him. He was too fatigued to notice them, and had to ask his cycling escort to roar at him in order to keep him awake. He even dozed on his stilts, still striding mechanically. Camphorated brandy frictions were tried, to get rid of the cramp that threatened him. Young girls came out to meet him with laurel wreaths and bouquets, and everywhere he was hailed like a conquering Roman general.

Deycard was at length signalled on the Toulouse road, sixteen kilomètres out of Bordeaux. Sixty cyclists rode forth to meet him, and hundreds of pedestrians also left the city. At last they met the champion. He was walking in the shade with a firm, regular step that bespoke rigid training, method, and experience. He wore a light jacket of flannel, and his head was enveloped in wet handkerchiefs. As he drew near the city the crowd increased to such an extent so that you could have stilted on the people's heads, to say nothing of the carriages. Children were almost crushed to death in the great concourse. After being photographed in the courtyard, he got off his stilts and went into a room set apart for him at the offices of *La Petite Gironde*.

"Pulse 129 beats, heart 120 per minute," said Dr. Tissié. "A little swelling in the right foot. Wiry, muscular man—grand type of the Landais."

Then followed cordials, a sponge bath, and a change of under-clothes. Next his self-appointed host claimed him, and bore him away in a carriage to the hotel, which was illuminated with coloured lamps in the shape of stilts. Deycard then partook of some chicken broth and old Burgundy (what a time !), after which he had 6¾ hours' sleep. Here is Pierre Deycard in full marching order. Asked what was his most remarkable experience *en route*, he said it was his being taken to an hotel, treated to a banquet of



PIERRE DEYCARD, CHAMPION AND FIRST.

fifteen courses, with choice wines, and then made to parade the town with a bank-note for 1,000 francs pinned on his chest.

There were other stilt races in subsequent years. In 1893 came one from Bordeaux to Montauban and back, 273 miles. There were 103 starters. The next year brought a complete change of plan. So great was the number of entries and the difficulty of keeping order in the city, that it was resolved to select champions from among the stilters who had distinguished themselves in 1892. This race was between three stilt-walkers, three pedestrians, and three horses. The winner was a horse named "Charlatan," who did the 273 miles in 62hrs. 27min. Next to arrive was the stilt-walker, Fauconneau. The third and fourth arrivals were also stilters (Dubet and Desarnaud). Fauconneau arrived only half an hour after "Charlatan." The first pedestrian, Dufour, of Rouen, took 108hrs. Only one horse and two pedestrians finished the race, whereas all three stilters came in well within the time limit.

It only remains for me to thank in the most cordial manner the British Consul in Bordeaux, Mr. Walter R. Hearn, whose invaluable assistance and kind hospitality I greatly appreciated during my stay in the city. Truly, Mr. Hearn's cheery presence, able counsel, and great experience are a priceless blessing to his "stranded" countrymen.

A Despot on Tour.

By George Gissing.

MR. HOWARD HAWKER'S company, touring with a brace of comedies which in London had long outworn their vogue, arrived at Wattleborough. They were to play two evenings, and the box-office made a fair report.

Not every actor who would enrolled himself in Mr. Hawker's company. The veteran left no one in doubt as to his estimate of this privilege; he uttered his views on the present state of the profession with a vigour and perspicuity which in part resulted from his failure to achieve distinction on the boards, and partly explained it. Managers, he declared, were nowadays mere shopkeepers; he loathed their respectability and their unscrupulousness. Of genuine actors, he asserted that the breed had all but died out; men and women on the stage aimed at nothing but pecuniary and social success. Naturally, he found it difficult to collect, and harder still to hold together, a company after his own mind. His crustiness was not mollified by the attacks of gout which, with other considerations, had led him to abandon acting; he merely commanded, and whoever enlisted under his banner, leading men or insignificant recruits, became subjects to a rigid discipline. Mrs. Hawker, the second of that name, a middle-aged but still handsome woman, alone preserved her independent dignity; the despot never allowed himself to criticise, and rarely suspected that her acting gave any opportunity for censure. If newspaper men chanced to think differently in this matter, he loudly condemned them to everlasting perdition.

The first night at Wattleborough was encouraging: a house nearly full, much applause, and Mrs. Hawker particularly well received. At ten o'clock next morning, as he and his wife were breakfasting together at their hotel, Mr. Hawker was told that a young lady wished to speak with him.

"A young lady? What name?"

"No name, sir. Wishes to see you in private."

The manager looked at his wife, and laughed.

"Stage-stricken damsel, ten to one. May as well see her."

The stranger was standing alone in the ladies' sitting-room, and his first glance assured Mr. Hawker that he had to do with no barmaid or milliner's assistant. A young lady, this, in the strict sense of the word; perfectly dressed, comely of countenance, and her age not more than seventeen. The manager made his stateliest bow.

"Madam, I am Mr. Howard Hawker. How can I be so happy as to serve you?"

A profound agitation made the young lady incapable of replying. Mr. Hawker placed a chair for her, and spoke a few more words of reassuring civility.

"I cannot tell you my name," said the other, at length, abruptly, but in a very pleasant voice. "I have come to ask you—to beg your advice. I wish to become an actress. Please don't think I have foolish ideas." Mr. Hawker smiled. "I know quite well that I should have to begin in the very humblest way. I am quite ready for that."

"You are aware, my dear young lady, that the profession is crowded?"

"Oh, yes, I know it very well. But so many people, I believe, go into the profession in the wrong spirit. They think it is the short cut to—to all sorts of things. It's quite different with me. I like acting for its own sake; I do, indeed—I have taken part in private theatricals, and people seemed to think I didn't do badly. I don't want to play *Juliet*." She laughed with pretty confusion. "I'm a very practical person—if you only knew, I'm ready to work hard for years, if necessary."

The manager's eyes twinkled with sympathetic interest.

"Ah! Come now! If you really mean that. That's the spirit. I wish to Heaven I heard more of that kind of thing."

The young lady reddened.

"You are willing to help me?" she exclaimed, eagerly.

"Wait. I mustn't inspire false hopes. I presume you are not of age yet?"

"Oh, dear, no! I shall be seventeen in a few days. Am I too young?"

The vivacity of her features, the quality of her voice, her modest yet spirited bearing, impressed the veteran very favourably indeed. He felt sure that the case was hopeless: an army of relatives lurked somewhere in the background, and would allow him no chance of enlisting this delightful girl, but he dallied with the tempting thought.

"Not a bit of it; the younger the better.

"ARE YOU FREE TO CHOOSE A PROFESSION?"

But—pardon these necessary questions—are you free to choose a profession?"

"I consider myself quite free," she answered, resolutely, and with a knitting of the brows. "I have only a little money, but, if it were impossible to support myself, I could—I feel sure I could—manage to live for a year or two."

Mr. Hawker reflected.

"I have a suggestion to make. As I'm rather busy, would you talk with my wife, with Mrs. Hawker? I think it would be the best way. Something might be——"

The young lady readily assented, her face glowing in delighted anticipation. Having withdrawn, the manager held a quick conversation with his wife, and Mrs. Hawker spent nearly an hour, privately talking with the aspirant.

"I know all!" she exclaimed, with burlesque profundity of note, on joining her husband again. "Just as you thought. Daughter of a big man—country house a few miles away—no mother—heavy father she can't get on with. Yesterday she came on a visit for a few days to friends in Wattleborough, and they were at the theatre last night. Before leaving home, she had made up her mind to bolt; but nobody knows. Packed her bag for the visit as full as it would hold, and thinks she can get it away from her friend's house."

"Yes. No good, of course. What's her father's name?"

"Major Saxby, Medlow House."

"By Gad, I'll go and see him! Who knows? He might consent——"

"Rubbish! She's the only child."

"I shall go and see him. In any case, it's the right thing to do. If we send her away, ten to one she'll take train for London. A determined little wench, and, by Gad, has the right stuff in her. Too risky to let her go off on her own hook. The Major likely to be at home?"

"I only know he was there yesterday."

They consulted a railway-guide. Medlow Station was some six miles away, and there was a train presently. Mrs. Hawker, they arranged, should take Miss Saxby round to the theatre, and amuse her for as long as possible, then bring her back to the hotel for luncheon.

"Of course, I promised her faithfully to keep the secret," said the actress.

"Oh, of course. I'll come round the Major. Always get on well with old military coves. He'll be glad enough to know she came to an honest man."

Mr. Hawker took the train to Medlow, and at about one o'clock walked up the drive, a noble avenue of beeches, which led to Major Saxby's house. To his satisfaction, the Major was at home; but, when he sent in a card—a professional one—the servant came back with an unfavourable countenance. "Would he make known his business?"

"To the Major himself," replied Mr.

Hawker, with sudden warmth; "certainly not to anyone else."

"Then I am afraid Major Saxby cannot see you; he is engaged."

"Young man, you will be good enough to tell your master that Mr. Howard Hawker has come from Wattleborough to see him on very special business—very special business, indeed."

The servant carried this message, and it

"IT WAS THE ENCOUNTER OF TWO POTENTATES."

was effectual. Mr. Hawker passed through the great hall, entered the library, and found himself face to face with a tall, thin, choleric-looking man, who spoke at once in a high voice not too studiously modulated.

"Now, sir, pray be as brief as you can. I am on the point of leaving for London, and have only five minutes to spare."

The manager, whose blood was already heated, glared at the peremptory gentleman.

"Sir, if you have no time to spare, my business had better be postponed. I am not in the habit of hurrying myself."

"Then be good enough to leave me," said the Major, with barely restrained wrath, "and, if you will, communicate with me in writing."

"Sir," shouted the manager, "I'll leave you quickly enough, but I'm bothered if I take the trouble of writing to you! Good morning."

It was the encounter of two potentates, peppery both of them, and neither accustomed to give way in a contest. Major Saxby despised the "actor fellow," and felt sure his alleged business was a mere pretence. Mr. Howard Hawker cursed the haughty aristocrat, and chuckled fiercely at the thought of his power to be revenged. It was all over in a moment. The manager, as no train served for his return, took a fly to Wattleborough, and vowed that Major Saxby should pay for it.

Tired, hungry, divided between wrath and glee, he reached the hotel, where Mrs. Hawker and Miss Saxby were at lunch in a private room. With an apology for his lateness, he sat down and ate heartily, addressing now and then a friendly word to his guest, who was nervous but exhilarated.

"Young lady," he said, at length, leaning back and assuming a grave visage, "are you still in the same mind?"

"Indeed, I am."

"Then"—he glanced at his wife—"allow me to make a suggestion. To-morrow is Sunday, and by the 9.15 we leave for Millington, where we shall give, as here, two performances. Now, I am able to offer you a

part—a very small part, but still a part—in the piece we give at Millington on Monday night. You will easily learn your words ; you come on only once, and there will be plenty of time for me to put you in the way of it. What do you say to this ? "

It took the girl's breath away, and had scarcely less effect upon Mrs. Hawker, who in vain tried to read her husband's face.

" You are very kind," faltered the aspirant.

" Do you shirk it, young lady? Are you afraid ? "

" No, no ; I accept, with gratitude ! "

" Good ! Consider it settled." He waved a royal hand. " Now pray tell me whether you live in Wattleborough. Should you prefer to remain here quietly at the hotel till to-morrow morning ? Or have you arrangements to make ? "

Miss Saxby, pale but self-possessed, was ready with her reply. She had friends in the town whom she must see, but she would return to the hotel to pass the night. This being approved, she took leave, with abundant thanks, and the manager was able to give his wife an explanation of what he had done. Walking about the room, he told the story of Major Saxby's insolent behaviour, and gloried in the revenge he was about to take. Miss Saxby should tread the boards of the Queen's Theatre, Millington, come of it what might. The stiff-necked old aristocrat had gone to London, where, if he stayed for a day or two, startling news would reach him.

Mrs. Hawker entered into the jest, but not without anxiety. The young lady's plan, she said, was to escape from her friends at Wattleborough on the pretence that she felt uneasy after a fit of ill-temper in which she had parted with her father, and must go home to make it up ; that she would get away by train, travel to London, where a friend would receive her, and there think of the next step. This, if Mr. Hawker could give her no help. After what had happened, she would somehow adapt the scheme to the circumstances, being a decidedly ingenious young woman.

Now, Miss Saxby's disappearance from the house of her friends, people living in a remote part of the town, had caused surprise and uneasiness, which was not diminished by the arrival of a telegram for her. This despatch was to inform her that her father had suddenly been called to London, and on opening it, which she did instantly, before uttering a word as to her singular behaviour, the young lady saw a good opportunity of gaining the end she had in view.

" I can't tell you what it is," she exclaimed, with a face which would have delighted Mr. Hawker, " but it's from father, and I must go home as soon as possible. Mysteries as usual, yes," she added, smiling. " All I can say is, that before I came away, father and I had one of our worst quarrels, and I think it'll be all right now if I go back this afternoon. No, I can't tell you where I have been this morning. Mysteries again. I'm the most mysterious person you ever knew."

She kept the telegram tight in her hand, and talked on as if suddenly relieved from some oppression of spirits. The friends had no choice but to let her depart ; she was, presently, accompanied to the station, and seen off to Medlow. Here she would gladly have alighted, to steal home and pack more of her possessions, for never was young lady of seventeen more desperately resolved to escape from domestic rule ; but, though her father had gone away, her severe aunts, two in number, reigned at Medlow House. So she had no choice but to travel farther on, to wait at an unknown station, and, long after nightfall, journey back to Wattleborough, where, with joy and tremors, she regained the hotel. There was now little danger of discovery before she had got away and begun her professional career — her professional career ! To-morrow morning, it being Sunday, she would easily, with a little veiling of the face, avoid all risks on the way to the station. And at Millington, twenty miles distant, not a soul knew her.

That same night, when he returned from the theatre, Mr. Hawker showed her the part she was to play at Millington. It consisted of some thirty words, uttered by half-dozens. She took the copy to bed, and did not sleep until she knew the speeches perfectly.

She was to be called Miss Woodward, a name of her choosing from a book she had recently read. With Miss Woodward the chief members of the company were next day made acquainted, as they travelled to Millington, and all of them knew that their manager had a joke in hand, though they were not permitted to taste its full flavour. The young lady tried to see these new friends in a light of sympathy and admiration, but, even before reaching the journey's end, she found herself regretting their faults of manner, their defective education. She was under Mrs. Hawker's wing, and everyone behaved to her with entire respect ; yet the result of this morning's experience was undeniable disillusion. Moreover, she had a slight headache, enough, of course, to account for

her not viewing the prospect quite so hopefully as yesterday.

At Millington, early in the afternoon, Mr. Hawker invited her to step round with him to the theatre, where they found two or three men lounging and talking amid a dim-lit wilderness which made her heart sink. After a word or two with these individuals the manager conducted her to a room, where there was, at all events, daylight, though the window seemed not to have been cleaned for years.

"Here we can have a quiet little rehearsal," he said, genially. "Afterwards, we'll go on to the stage, and you shall learn to walk. Yes, learn to walk, my dear young lady; or, rather, make a beginning of learning. You thought you *could* walk? Ha, ha! We shall see, we shall see."

The quiet little rehearsal lasted rather more than two hours, and was a more horrible ordeal than Miss Saxby had ever conceived. Altogether losing sight of the fact that he could not hope to retain her in his company, that he was merely anxious to exasperate her father, Mr. Hawker put the girl through his very severest drill. It annoyed him, to start with, when he found her by no means so bright as at their first meeting; he would make no allowance for the circumstances. Possessed by artistic fury, he insisted on drawing out, at once, all the ability he divined as lurking in her. The flatness and awkwardness with which she spoke her phrases—for the manager's stern aspect of business utterly disconcerted her—soon drove him out of patience. By the exertion of marvellous self-restraint, Mr. Hawker used no oaths, but his denunciation, his mockery, his attitudes which seemed to threaten personal violence, brought the victim all but to a fainting state. And at length she burst into tears.

"Come, come! Pooh, pooh." He shook her shoulder paternally. "What's all this? Was I rather rough?"

The miserable young lady pleaded her headache.

"Headache!" he echoed, reproachfully. "I hope you're not subject to that—kind of thing? We'll go on to the stage; the fresh air will do you good."

He led her out of the now dusky room into a darkness so complete that only by striking a match could he find his way. On the stage, by a yellow flare of gas, a carpenter was doing some sort of work, and another man, smoking a pipe, idly watched him. Before these people, Miss Saxby received her first lesson in deportment, which lasted an hour. It was an effort of heroism, for she felt scarcely able to stand; but the manager gave her a word of praise now and then, and behaved less violently than in the private room.

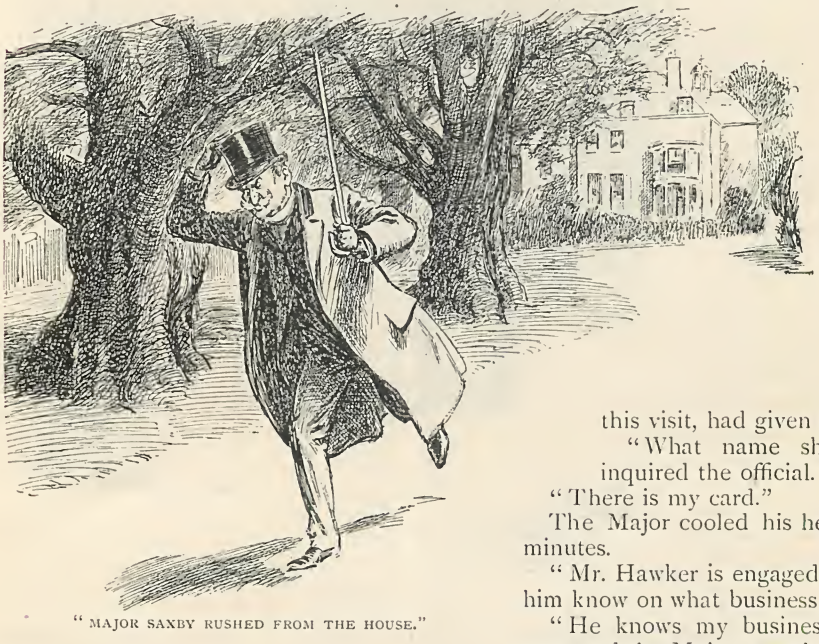
"SHE FELT SCARCELY ABLE TO STAND."

"Well, that'll do for the present," he said, at length. "To-morrow morning you will be here with the company at ten."

She returned to the hotel, drank a cup of tea, and went to bed. A coward hope that she might be too ill to get up to-morrow was her only consolation as she lay through the long hours, crying and suffering. But sleep came, and on Monday morning

Mrs. Hawker's kind attentions partly restored her to a hopeful frame of mind. It was a day of painful effort and harassing emotions. Before the whole company she had to go through her wretched little part; now shrinking with shame, now over-bold by mere force of desperation. The words grew hateful to her ears. A contemptuous smile on the face of the actress with whom her scene was played made her feel the meanest of mortals, and more than once she was sorely tempted to flee from the theatre, to escape and hide herself anywhere. But in the end the manager declared himself pretty well satisfied, and, haranguing the company, lauded her spirit of perseverance.

By this time it was known at Medlow House that Miss Saxby had disappeared from Wattleborough. On Monday morning, one of the aunts received a letter, in which an account was given of the young lady's sudden departure for home, with private comments on the singularity of her manner. In an hour or two her falsehoods were disclosed, and alarm was at its height. A telegram to the



"MAJOR SAXBY RUSHED FROM THE HOUSE."

Major at his London hotel remained unanswered; owing to his movements in town, he did not receive it till late at night. Travelling by the newspaper train on Tuesday morning, the enraged and anxious father reached home about nine o'clock. No news had arrived; no conjecture as to the girl's whereabouts could be formed. But at this moment came the postman, and among the letters delivered was one which Major Saxby read with tumultuous feelings.

"Sir," wrote his correspondent, "though your behaviour when I recently called upon you would be quite sufficient to excuse my silence, I will not leave you ignorant of the gratifying fact that your daughter makes her first appearance, this evening, on the stage of the Queen's Theatre, Millington. Her part is a small one, but you will understand that this could not be otherwise. The young lady shows an admirable spirit, and I have spared no pains in preparing her for her *début*. With perseverance, I have no doubt whatever that she may become an ornament of the noble profession she has adopted. Offering you my sincere congratulations,

"I am, sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"HOWARD HAWKER."

Thrusting this letter into his pocket, and without a word of information to the distracted ladies, Major Saxby rushed from the house. He drove post-haste into Wattleborough, and there caught a train for Millington. Before noon he arrived at the Queen's Theatre. The box-office was open, and he demanded the manager.

Mr. Hawker, anticipating this visit, had given his instructions.

"What name shall I say, sir?" inquired the official.

"There is my card."

The Major cooled his heels for some five minutes.

"Mr. Hawker is engaged, sir. Will you let him know on what business you have come?"

"He knows my business perfectly well," answered the Major, sternly. "Tell him so, and that I'm not in the mood to stand any nonsense."

"Yes, sir."

Of one thing Major Saxby was able to assure himself: the play-bill at the theatre did not exhibit his daughter's name. Possibly the old ruffian had told a mere lie. As he

stood fuming, the official came back and reported that Mr. Hawker could only spare a minute or two. The Major was led into a room, and the manager rose to receive him with cold dignity.

"Well, sir? Did you receive my letter this morning? Pray be as brief as possible; I am very busy."

"What is the meaning of this insolence?"

"Be careful, Major! One word too much, and I'll have you kicked into the street. What the deuce do you mean, sir, by talking about insolence? At considerable inconvenience to myself, I went from Wattleborough to your house to speak with you about your daughter, who had applied to me for advice and assistance. You remember, no doubt, how I was received. By Gad, sir, I am not accustomed to such treatment! Whether you know it or not, my position and my career entitle me to respect, even from a Major Saxby. And that respect I will have, sir, or know the reason why."

The Major began to recognise a kindred spirit, and the explanation of Mr. Hawker's call at Medlow House in a great measure disarmed him.

"There has been a grievous misunderstanding, Mr. Hawker," he said, quietly. "When you came to Medlow, you found me in a great hurry, and, I will add, in a very bad temper. I think, as you had brought news of such moment to me, you should have overlooked my hastiness; but of that we'll say no more. Have the kindness to explain this astounding letter of yours."

Deliberately and somewhat pompously, the manager made known all that concerned Miss Saxby.

"She played last night, Major," he added, "and played, I am bound to say, very well, everything considered. This young lady has a future; and, in my opinion, it would be unpardonable to interfere with her manifest vocation. I am prepared, Major Saxby, to——"

The listener could control himself no longer.

"What you are prepared to do, Mr. Hawker, does not in the least concern me. I must immediately see my daughter."

"By all means. You will find her at the Bull Hotel, where she is probably receiving instruction from Mrs. Hawker."

Fiery words quivered upon his tongue, but

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS INSOLENCE?"

the Major kept them back. He could not trust himself to say anything at all, and with merely a bow left the room. Mr. Hawker sat down and chuckled; but, foreseeing the issue of Miss Saxby's interview with her father, he also sighed over the loss of a more promising pupil than had for a long time come under his hands.

Major Saxby was detained at the hotel for nearly an hour. In the end, a cab conveyed him and his daughter to the station. Miss Saxby was weeping, not however inconsolably; the Major, perspiring freely, kept a grave, but not severe, silence.

Some Old Children's-Books.

By Alice Waters.

THE South Kensington Museum is a much-maligned institution. And yet, although to revile it seems fashionable, few will venture to deny two things—the interest of its contents and the courtesy and ability of its officials.

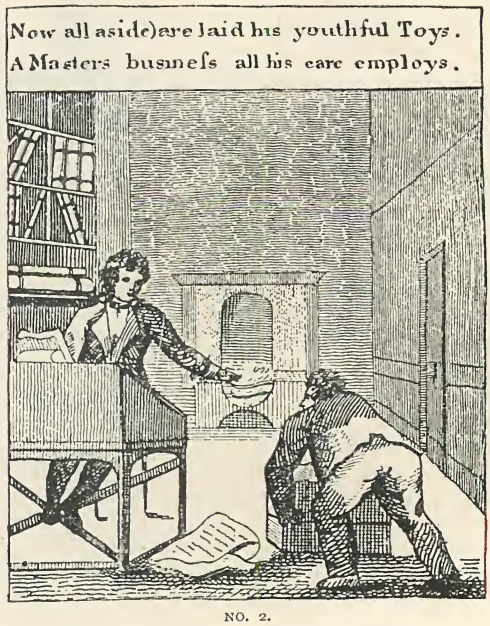
No doubt many of the South Kensington treasures are not exhibited so advantageously as they might be; but unless you expect the officials to provide new buildings out of their own pockets, you can't blame them for this.

Among the little-known possessions of the museum is a collection of Children's Books of bygone generations. These quaint publications, which date from the sixteenth century onwards, give one an excellent notion of the manners and customs and beliefs that prevailed among our ancestors; besides showing what kind of educational literature was provided for the instruction and amusement of the children of other days.

Here is reproduced the first of a set of four pictures illustrating various stages in the career of a Good Boy. The Bad Boy, of course, commences by thumping his sister in the nursery and winds up at the end of a rope in Newgate. These pictures are from a quaint little book called "The Edinburgh New Alphabet and Progress of Industry. Sixpence Plain; One Shilling Coloured." Nowadays it could be sold with profit at a farthing — another instance of the progress of industry; but this is by the way. The A B C contains four letters to the page, and is rather curious. "I" stands for Idiot —a weird figure astride a hobby-horse, with a fool's cap on his head (the idiot's, not the horse's) and an enormous ruff round his neck. "Z" stands for Zoologist. A benevolent person is sitting in a valley making notes. Lions, elephants, sea-serpents, and wild-fowl of that sort are looking over his shoulder, no doubt in order to see that their idiosyncrasies are properly described.

After the alphabet, the Progress of Industry. The Good Boy is introduced in the nursery stage (No. 1). He looks rather a repulsive young vagabond, so that his amiabilities must be taken for granted. So supremely perfect was our Good Boy, that we are told even "This Rocking horse, his merit did acquire."

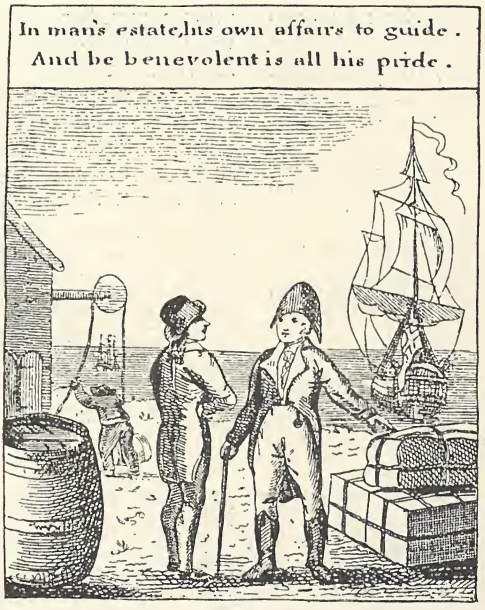
NO. 1.



NO. 2.

Observe, the animal is perfect, though it has been in his possession for years. The head and limbs are *not* knocked off; the gorgeous tail and mane are *not* plucked out to serve for make-believe moustaches; and you will look in vain for holes dug in the horse's body.

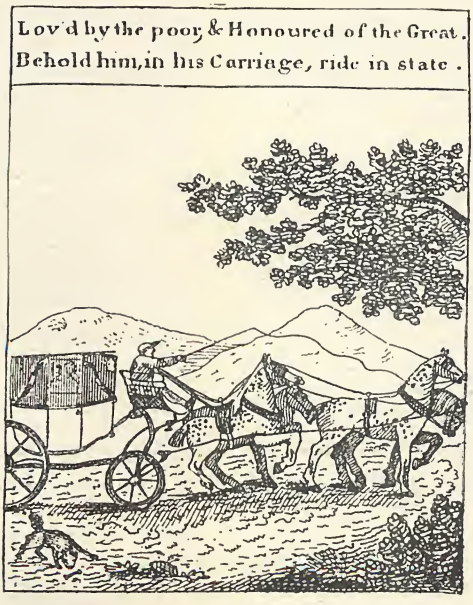
But the time comes when the rocking-horse has to be abandoned. The Good Boy "'as big things in 'is 'ed," as the classic song put it. In the stately words of the text, "Greater motives, now, his mind inspire." The scene changes. As the play programmes say, "Twenty years are supposed to have elapsed." The Good Boy has glided imperceptibly into a Good Man, much as you would into one in a fog. He has done with toys and has become a Master (No. 2). There are no useless baubles in the office—plenty of room to breathe, and next to no furniture. And observe that devoted, hard-working servant.



NO. 3.

You can *see* he is a great worker—an earnest person, living only to obey his master's commands, dashing here and there at the slightest call, and generally making himself an unmitigable nuisance.

Yet another stage in the Good Boy's career. He has by this time worked up a big export business (No. 3). A huge ocean-going sailer (drawing, one would say, about 18in. of water, so close is it to the beach) has brought in from the Indies an astoundingly meagre cargo, and the Good Man (in an impossible hat) is giving instructions as to its disposal. We thought as much. That earnest fellow has been ousted from his position as confidential servant, and his place taken by a supercilious individual, who considers himself at least as good as his master. But the earnest one was not exactly cleared out altogether. He was kept on as Crane-Man Extraordinary and Loader Plenipotentiary. He is fumbling about with a bale of goods in the background.



NO. 4.

In the last picture (No. 4) we see that the Good Man—now become a bald-headed person, greatly respected in the City—has made his pile and retired from business to ride about in a peculiar carriage, drawn, apparently, by four half-bred giraffes.

No doubt this impressive picture-story did appeal to the imagination of children a century or so ago, whatever may be thought of the obvious moral in these days of money-getting at any price. But, really, the artists intrusted with the work might have produced more imposing figures.

That children possessed a sense of the ridiculous, even in the age of saintly parable, is manifested in our next reproduction (No. 5). Here we see that the child into whose hands the book fell, far from being awe-struck by the two-headed and four-armed creature, has actually provided him with a big, old-fashioned hat, adorned with a smart feather. This defacing of school-book pictures by

pen-and-ink embellishments is by no means unknown in our own day.

Our reproduction is from the quaintest educational book imaginable. It is called—

THE VISIBLE WORLD;
OR,
NOMENCLATURE AND PICTURES OF ALL THE CHIEF THINGS THAT ARE IN THE WORLD.—AND OF MEN'S EMPLOYMENT THEREIN.
In Above 150 Cuts.
WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR IN LATIN AND HIGH DUTCH.
Being one of his last Essays, and the most suitable to Children's Capacities of any he hath hitherto made.
1717.

"Latin and High Dutch"... "Most suitable to Children's Capacities," etc.! But don't be under any misapprehension. The author knew as well as you that he had got hold of a stupendous theme. He is half afraid to begin. There are nine prefaces; as you turn these over you begin to think it's all preface, and the whole thing an eighteenth century joke. It is no joke, however, but a serious educational work put into the hands of teachers and children with the view of instructing them in everything, known and unknown, on the face of this planet. Preface No. 4 commences with this ambiguous aphorism: "Instruction is the means of expelling rudeness, *with which young wits ought to be well furnished in the schools.*" The italics are ours, but don't ask us to explain it. Possibly it is "Instruction... with which," etc., that is meant; but you must remember how overcome the author was with the magnitude of his subject, and forgive a little incoherence.

It is the page dealing with "Deformed and Monstrous People" that we have reproduced in No. 5. The three figures are supposed to embody every one of the strange and fearful afflictions that are given below. It is a peculiar anthropological lesson for children, such as even Sir William Turner himself could not have given. How exhaustive the definitions of "Monstrous and Deformed People"! How convenient are the reference numbers illustrating "the jolt-headed," "the blub-cheeked," and the rest. And how useful it must be when children grow up and go out into a truculent world to know the Latin for "wry-necked," "blubber-lipped," and "bald-pated."

XLVI.

Deformed and Monſtrous People. *Deformes & Monſtroſi.*

Monſtrous	*Monſtroſi*
and deformed *People are*	*& deformes* ſunt
thoſe which differ in the Body	abeuntes corpore
from the ordinary ſhape,	â communi formâ,
as are the huge Giant, 1.	ut ſunt, immanis *Gigas*, 1
the little Dwarf, 2.	nanus *(Pumilio)* 2.
One with two Bodies, 3.	*Bicorpor*, 3.
One with two Heads, 4.	*Biceps*, 4.
and ſuch like Monſters.	& id genus monſtra.
Amongſt theſe are reckoned,	His accenſentur,
The jolt-headed, 5.	*Capito*, 5.
The great-noſed, 6.	*Naſo*, 6.
The blubber-lipped, 7.	*Labeo*, 7.
The blub-cheeked, 8.	*Bucco*, 8.
The goggle-eyed, 9.	*Strabo*, 9.
The wry-necked, 10.	*Obſtipus*, 10.
The great-throated, 11.	*Strumoſus*, 11.
The crump-backed, 12.	*Gibboſus*, 12.
The crump-footed, 13.	*Loripes*, 13.
The ſteeple-crowned, 15.	*Cilo*, 15.
add to theſe	adde
The bald-pated 14.	*Calvaſtrum*, 14.

NO. 5.

Ah! There was no need for night schools and the like in those days. Consider the magnificently complete lesson on Serpents and Creeping Things which is next shown (No. 6). The habitat of each reptile is succinctly given. "The Adder in the Wood," "The Asp in the Fields," and "The Water-Snake"—curiously enough—"in the water." Even the most familiar objects of domestic life were not overlooked. "The Boa (or Mild snake) in houses"! Again, you can refer to each by its number in the picture. What priceless hint is given about the Salamander

XXXIII.

Serpents and Creeping Things.

Serpentes & Reptilia.

Snakes *creep*
by winding themſelves;
The Adder, 1.
in the wood;
The Water-ſnake, 2.
in the water;
The Viper, 3.
amongſt great ſtones:
The Aſp, 4. *in the fields.*
The Boa (*or* Mild ſnake) 5.
in Houſes.
The Slow-worm, 6.
is blind.
The Lizard, 7.
and the Salamander, 8.
(that liveth long in fire) have feet.
The Dragon, 9.
a winged Serpent,
killeth with his Breath.
The Baſiliſk, 10.
with his Eyes;
And the Scorpion, 11.
with his poiſonous tail.

Angues repunt
ſinuando ſe;
Coluber, 1.
in Sylvâ;
Natrix (hydra) 2.
in Aquâ;
Vipera, 3.
in ſaxis;
Aſpis, 4. in campis.
Boa, 5.
in Domibus.
Cæcilia, 6.
eſt cœca.
Lacerta, 7.
Salamandra, 8
(in igne vivax,) habent pedes.
Draco, 9.
Serpens alatus,
necat halitu.
Baſiliſcus, 10.
Oculis;
Scorpio, 11.
venenatâ caudâ.

NO. 6.

(that liveth long in fire—and that the Zoo hath never seen)? Why, that he hath feet. What would you? No. 8 in the picture shows him dancing a hornpipe and surrounded with a fiery nimbus. The Dragon, we are told, is a winged serpent that killeth with his breath. Look at him in No. 9. Next comes the deadly-eyed Basilisk and the Scorpion with his poisonous tail. But can it really be possible that such things were seriously taught in our schools?

"The Visible World" next goes on to give a queer list of European states. They include such unfamiliar countries as Croatia, Dacia, Sclavonia, Podolia, Tartary (!) Lithuania, Lisland, Muscovy *and* Russia. The writing lesson concludes: "Now we dry our writing with caliſsand out of a sand-box." The barber is said to perform some queer offices. After having "washed us in suds," "he openeth a vein with a pen-knife, whereat the blood spirteth out." Of the sick man we read: "Now the Physician he feeleth his pulse and then prescribeth a receipt in a bill that is made ready in an apothecary's shop, where drugs are kept in gallypots." "Diet and prayer is (*sic!*) the best physic," concludes the author, piously.

Even lawn tennis is described in this wonderful work. "This is the sport of noblemen who stir their bodies. The wind ball being filled with air by means of a ventil is tossed to and fro with the fist in the open air." An interesting game!

We next turn to an even more delightful educational work on the subject of etiquette for children. It was published in the very first year of the eighteenth century. Note that there are added to the Rules for Behaviour, "Some short and mixt

THE
SCHOOL
OF
MANNERS,
OR
RULES for Childrens Behaviour:
At Church, at Home, at Table, in Company, in Diſcourſe, at School, abroad, and among Boys. With ſome other ſhort and mixt Precepts.

By the Author of the *Engliſh Exerciſes*.

The Fourth Edition.

LONDON.

Printed for *Tho. Cockerill*, at the Three Legs and Bible againſt Grocers-Hall in the *Poultrey*, 1701.

NO. 7.

Precepts." Truly they are very "mixt." The work went into at least four editions. We are sure it would go into fourteen if someone brought it out again now. Besides the title-page (No. 7), we reproduce pages eight, nine, and fourteen of this most curious little work (Nos. 8, 9, and 10). Rule eight, on page eight, will surprise our own little well-bred ones.

The preface portentously tells us that "A scholar ill-bred in his behaviour . . . . is the fretting disease of his parents' discontented mind; who, if they be persons of good and ingenious breeding, cannot but be filled with heinous resentment, to observe in their children a carriage so hateful and unlike their own."

First comes "On behaviour at the church."

(8)

8. Feed thy ſelf with thy two Fingers, and the Thumb of the left hand.

9. Speak not at the Table; if thy Superiors be diſcourſing, meddle not with the matter.

10. If thou want any thing from the Servants, call to them ſoftly.

11. Eat not too faſt, or greedily.

12. Eat not too much, but moderately.

13. Eat not ſo ſlow as to make others wait for thee.

14. Make not a noiſe with thy tongue, mouth, lips, or breath, either in eating or drinking,

15. Stare not in the face of any one (eſpecially thy Superior) at the Table.

16. Greaſe not thy Fingers or Napkin, more than neceſſity requires.

NO. 8.

Here is one precept from this category: "Be not hasty to run out of the church when the worship is ended, as if thou wert weary of being there." The following is marked as important: "Smell not to thy meat nor move it to thy nose. Turn it not the other side upward to view it upon the plate. Throw not anything under the table. Gnaw not bones, but clean them with thy knife."

Some of the maxims were shrewd enough and applicable at all times. Under "Rules for behaviour in Company," we read: "If thy superior be relating a story, say not 'I have heard it before,' but attend as if it were to thee altogether new. *Seem not to question*

(9)

17. Bite not thy bread, but break it, but not with ſlovenly Fingers, nor with the ſame wherewith thou takeſt up thy meat,

18 Dip not thy Meat in the Sawce.

19. Take not ſalt with a greazy Knife.

20 Spit not, cough not, nor blow thy Noſe at Table if it may be avoided; but if there be neceſſity, do it aſide, and without much noiſe.

21. Lean not thy Elbow on the Table, or on the back of thy Chair.

22. Stuff not thy mouth ſo as to fill thy Cheeks; be content with ſmaller Mouthfuls.

23. Blow not thy Meat, but with Patience wait till it be cool.

24. Sup not Broth at the Table, but eat it with a Spoon.

NO. 9.

(14)

7. In coughing or ſneeſing make as little noiſe as poſſible.

8. If thou cannot avoid yawning, ſhut thy Mouth with thine Hand or Handkerchief before it, turning thy Face aſide.

9. When thou bloweſt thy Noſe, let thy Handkerchief be uſed, and make not a noiſe in ſo doing.

10. Gnaw not thy Nails, pick them not, nor bite them with thy Teeth.

11. Spit not in the Room, but in a corner, and rub it out with thy Foot, or rather go out and do it abroad.

12. Lean not upon the Chair of a Superior, ſtanding behind him,

13. Spit not upon the fire, nor ſit too wide with thy Knees at it.

14. Sit not with thy legs croſſed, but keep them firm and ſetled, and thy Feet even,

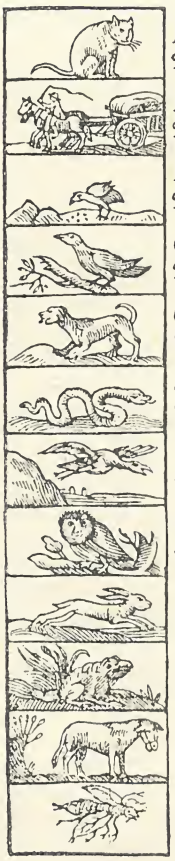
15. Turn not thy back to any, but place thy ſelf conveniently,

NO. 10.

the truth of it. If he tell it not right, snigger not, nor endeavour to help out or add to his relation."

The page we next reproduce (No. 11) was one of several in "The Visible World" which were intended (1) To teach the Alphabet; (2) To teach a little Latin; (3) To render children familiar with the forms of animals, etc.; and (4) To give the characteristics of each. How many birds did the sapient author try to kill with one stone?

There may be several opinions about the value of the information. The Cat crieth"; "The Chicken pippeth"; "The Cuckow singeth"; 'The Dog grinneth." These be helpful hints. Other pages gave even more startling facts. "The goose gagleth"; "the bear grumbleth." Who hath not met a grumbling bear? Again,



(4)

Felis clamat, *The Cat crieth.*	*nau nau*	N n
Auriga clamat, *The Carter crieth.*	*ò ò ò*	O o
Pullus pipit, *The Chicken pippeth.*	*pi pi*	P p
Cúculus cuculat, *The Cuckow ſingeth.*	*kuk ku*	Q q
Canis ringitur, *The Dog grinneth.*	*err*	R r
Serpens ſibilat, *The Serpent hiſſeth.*	*ſi*	S ſ
Graculus clamat, *The Jay crieth.*	*tac tac*	T t
Bubo ululat, *The Owl hooteth.*	*ù ù*	U u
Lepus vagit, *The Hare ſqueaketh.*	*va*	W w
Rana coaxat, *The Frog croaketh.*	*coax*	X x
Aſinus rudit, *The Aſs brayeth.*	*y y y*	Y y
Tabanus dicit, *The Breeze or Horſe-fly ſaith.*	*ds ds*	Z z

NO. 11.

"The snail carrieth about her snail-horn." Could anything possibly be more luminous?

Next come the title-page and two specimen pages (Nos. 12, 13, and 14) from an old Lottery Book, published in Edinburgh in the second decade of this century. Note that it is "Designed to allure Little Ones into a Knowledge of their Letters by way of Diversion." The author is "Tommy Trip, a Lover of Children." Tommy was a wonderfully prolific producer of children's educational toy-books. He was a mythical personage, somewhat analogous to Santa Claus. In the preface to his Lottery Book, Tommy lets the little ones into some of his secrets. He confesses to being a dwarf. He is, he says, always accompanied by his faithful dog Jowler, a wonderful quadruped, who serves him as

A NEW
LOTTERY BOOK,
ON
A Plan Entirely New;
Designed to allure *Little Ones* into a Knowledge of their Letters, &c. by way of Diversion.

BY TOMMY TRIP,
A Lover of Children.

EDINBURGH:
Printed and Sold Wholesale,
BY GAW AND ELDER, HIGH STREET.

1819.

Price Twopence.

NO. 12.

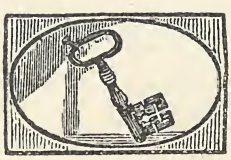
24 *A New*

I i J j	*I i* *J j*
IX Jay. 9	
K k	*K k*
X Key. 10	

NO. 13.

Lottery Book. 25

J Was a Jay,
that prattles and toys,



K Was a Key,
that lock'd up bad boys.

NO. 14.

Frontispiece to "Flowers of Instruction."

What is so hateful to the sight,
What can so soon deform
Features intended to delight,
As passion's angry storm?

NO. 15.

horse as well as dog. "When I have a mind to ride, I pull a little bridle out of my pocket, whip it upon honest Jowler, and away I gallop Tantwivy."

The manner of using the Lottery Book is as follows: "As soon as the child can speak, let him stick a pin through the page by the side of the letter you wish to teach him. Turn the page every time and explain the letter, by which means the child's mind will be so fixed upon the letter that he will get a perfect idea of it, and will not be liable to mistake it for any other. Then show him the picture opposite the letter, and make him read the name of it." After the letters and pictures come select one-syllable sentences, such as:—

The dog will fetch the sheep or cow,
Or turn the hog or drive the sow.

Thankless work for the friend of man!

Again:—

The goose gives down, on which we sleep,
Pens to write, and wings to sweep.

On the back of the last page is one of those old-fashioned drawings which give a different figure according to the way you view it.

A typical children's book of the early years of the century is "Flowers of Instruction," whereof the frontispiece is here reproduced (No. 15). This is a volume of simple poems on such subjects as Falsehood, Filial Duty, Curiosity, Gratitude, Disobedience, and so on. The verse beneath the frontispiece is from a poem called "Passion.'

The copper-plate engraving shows a dreadful quarrel between two little twin sisters—one passive and the other extremely active. "Passion's angry storm" has wrought great havoc. The toys are pitched about anyhow. The naughty girl's face is supposed to be so tear-stained, swollen, and disfigured, that dear, demure mamma is holding up a mirror in the hope that the passionate child may see her own frightful reflection, and desist in sheer horror at the sight.

Here is the first verse of "A Dunce's Difficulties" from the same book:—

Whatever Charles is told to do
Appears in such tremendous view,
One might suppose his friends unkind
So much to press upon his mind.

A page from the "Cries of London" is next reproduced (No. 16). It is a tiny picture-book published at York very early in the century.

CRIES OF LONDON.

Come buy my fine Writing Ink!

Thro' many a street and many a town,
The Inkman shapes his way,
The trusty ass keeps plodding on,
His master to obey.

NO. 16.

Ingenious COCKER! *(Now to Reſt thou'rt Gone*
Noe Art can Show thee fully but thine own
Thy rare Arithmetick *alone can ſhow*
Th' vaſt Sums of Thanks wee for thy Labour owe.

NO. 17.

At the top of each page is a line which gives a clue to the article sold, and underneath is given a verse on the same subject. That some queer things were formerly hawked in the streets of the Metropolis is made evident in the wood-cut here shown. It depicts the vendor of writing inks following his ass through the streets, the animal being laden with drums or kegs of writing fluid, most probably home-made.

The compiler of the little book is most anxious to point a moral whenever he can. At the top of one page we read, "Dainty sweet-briar. Rue, sage, and mint, a farthing a bunch." The picture shows a patriarchal person selling these herbs. Underneath are the lines :—

As thro' the fields he bends (*sic!*) his way
Pure Nature's works discerning ;
So you should practise every day
To trace the path of learning.

One old woman cries: "Diddle, Diddle, Dumplings, oh!" and another says, coaxingly: "Come buy my little Jemmies, my little Tartars ; but a halfpenny each." These are short canes for the purpose of castigation at home and in school. Children were not humoured and coddled in those days, nor did the magistrates issue summonses against irate teachers who wielded freely the "Jemmies" and "Tartars." When the child or his tutor had persevered unto the end of the "Cries of London," his attention was arrested by an artful little poem full of moral reflections, but concluding with this advice—obviously emanating from the publishing department:—

Which (*i.e.*, the book) you may for one penny buy ;
And when you've read it o'er
Go to the shop again and try
You may buy twenty more.

The frontispiece and title-page of an extremely rare and valuable work are next given (Nos. 17 and 18). This is the very first edition of "Cocker's Arithmetick," of which only three or four perfect copies are known. Everybody has heard the phrase, "according to Cocker," but not all know its origin. Cocker was considered a final arbiter, absolute and unquestionable. His opinion of himself was tremendous. Consider that sentence about his book : "Being that so long since promised

Cocker's
ARITHMETICK:

BEING

A plain and familiar Method, ſuitable to the meaneſt Capacity, for the full underſtanding of that incomparable Art, as it is now taught by the ableſt School-Maſters in City and Country.

COMPOSED

By *Edward Cocker*, late Practicioner in the Arts of Writing, Arithmetick, and Engraving. Being that ſo long ſince promiſed to the World.

PERUSED and PUBLISHED

By *John Hawkins*, Writing-Maſter near St. *George*'s Church in *Southwark*, by the Author's correct Copy, and commended to the World by many eminent Mathematicians and Writing-Maſters in and near *London*.

This Impreſſion is corrected and amended, with many Additions throughout the whole.

Licenſed, *Sept.* 3. 1677. *Roger L'Eſtrange.*

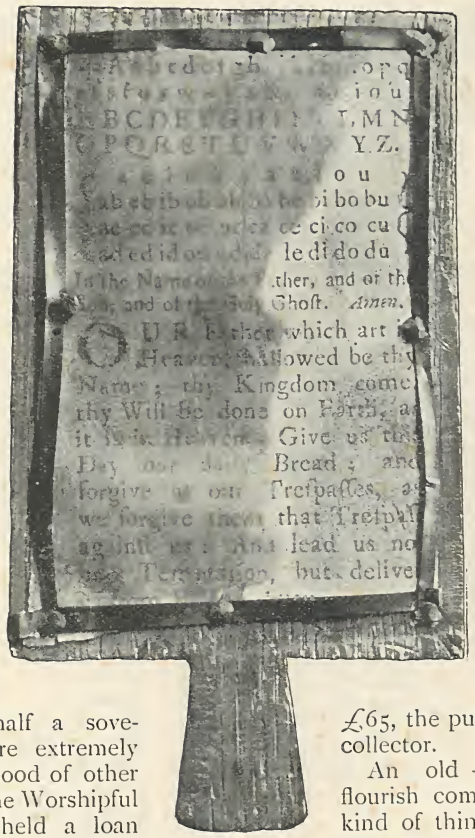
LONDON,

Printed by *R. Holt*, for *T. Paſſinger*, and ſold by *John Back*, at the black Boy on *London-Bridge*, 1688.

NO. 18.

to the World." He must have impressed his contemporaries. There are laurel leaves about his head in the picture. Then, again, look at the droll apostrophe beneath the portrait of the Master—a verse composed by a humble disciple, who also wrote the sonorous proem or preface. "Ingenious COCKER!" As who should say, "Illustrious Spoffkins!" It is hard to be a leader of men and yet bear the name of Cocker.

Next in our list comes a photographic reproduction of a Horn Book (No. 19)—a genuine specimen, dating from about 1750, and bought by the Museum for half a sovereign. Horn Books are extremely rare relics of the childhood of other days. In 1882, when the Worshipful Company of Horners held a loan exhibition at the Mansion House, the total number of Horn Books shown was eight, although special efforts were made to gather together every authentic specimen. Those "books" which had had gold and silver bindings were broken up for the sake of the metal. The Horn Book may be said to consist of a printed alphabet, Lord's Prayer, etc., pasted on a little square of wood, with a handle, and then covered with a thin sheet of horn, which, whilst protecting the "book" from injury or from being soiled, would yet admit of the words being easily read. The specimen shown here is one that has evidently seen much use. Some of the horn has been either broken away or worn away. The piece at the bottom right-hand corner is only held in position by the brass binding and nails.



NO. 19.

The earliest record of a real Horn Book, faced with horn, is in 1450. Shakespeare alludes to these things in the 1623 edition of "Love's Labour Lost." Horn Books were probably the happy thought of an over-taxed scribe, who loathed the job of perpetually re-writing the Alphabet. One specimen, known as "The Bateman Horn Book," was sold at Sotheby's in 1893 for £65, the purchaser being a Viennese collector.

An old-fashioned ornamental flourish comes last (No. 20). This kind of thing was a high art. One flourish taught by the old copy-books would be a lion, a Greek god, or something equally inspiring, done in whirling loops without lifting the quill from the paper.

Our reproduction is taken from "The Expeditious Instructor; or Reading, Writing, and Arithmetick, made plain and easy. Containing much more in quantity than any book of the kind or price; and expressed in so easy and familiar a manner that persons of the lowest capacity may learn without a master." A *vade mecum*, indeed! By its aid "persons ignorant of that art (writing) may learn in twenty-four hours without a master."

NO. 20.

I.

NASON FLOYD stood on the stoep of his store talking to the native chief Umsikilaki, or rather listening with all his ears to what that worthy was saying. His face grew very grave as the minutes dragged on. Presently his wife, who had been standing at the door of the house anxiously scanning his changing expression, came across to him, and linking her arm affectionately through his, asked:—

"What is it, dear? Is it bad news? The Basutos?"

Nason looked at his wife tenderly, and nodded, patting her hand, however, the while as if to reassure her. The three made a characteristic picture of South African life, as they stood there chatting in the sunlight.

Anna Floyd was approaching her fiftieth year, but her hair was as golden, her cheeks as soft and delicately rosy, her voice as gentle and loving and tender as when, thirty years ago, her husband, then a sergeant in the Seymour Troopers, had told her she reminded him of the roses that blew in the hedgerows of his native England. Nason Floyd was ten years older than his wife. His close-cropped hair was grey, like his moustache, but with that respectable grizzled look that suggests the soldier and hard service.

Umsikilaki was a fine specimen of a Hluba savage—old, sturdy, erect as an assegai. He had ever since Floyd's arrival in the Mandileni valley some six years previously been a warm and true ally to the trader. And now he brought the news so long and anxiously dreaded that a Basuto impi had gone off to Mount Frere, and that Floyd himself might at any hour expect his store to be looted.

"What do you think, mother?" asked Floyd. "Had we better cut and run, or put up the barricades and wait for the troops? We have heaps of ammunition, if only old Omsi here will lend us some men."

"But there's Loo, dear," murmured the mother, while her hand tightened on her husband's arm. "Thank God, the other girls are in Durban."

"Oh, Loo's all right," said Floyd, cheerfully, his eyes sparkling. "She is a perfect nailer with a rifle. Aren't you, Loo?" he shouted, as round the hut danced a girl.

"Aren't I what?" was the rejoinder, as careless of grammar as of correction, as she came forward and linked on to her mother, looking up at her lovingly as she whispered, "You great fat old *darling!*"

"What was your last score at 400, Loo?" asked Floyd.

"Two magpies, three bulls, one outsider, and—a sighter," said Loo, demurely. She

always called a miss a sighter. "But why?" she asked, quickly, noticing for the first time the air of gravity that overhung the group.

"Because we are discussing, little woman, whether to go before the Basutos get here or to wait and stand a siege."

"Oh, *do* let's have the siege," rejoined Loo, breathlessly, her face radiant with excitement. And a very piquante, irresistible face it was. Very fair in complexion, with riotous curly golden hair that utterly contemned all bonds, her features resembled her father's, blending with an indescribable charm and suggestion of womanliness and tenderness a look of firmness, endurance, and pride.

And, indeed, Loo Floyd was also a household name for many a mile beyond. She was one of the Veld's diamonds, a flawless stone, steeped through and through with sunshine, and radiating it again on all sides in unconscious sheer delight of living.

She disappeared now into the store to reappear again in a few moments with a bandolier over her white cotton frock, and a rifle brandished in her hand—with which she marched up and down the stoep, to the huge delight of the natives.

"Now then, Loo," said her father, "if you want to fight, get to work and stow all fooling. Go round and get the girls to send all the water into the store. And you," he said, turning to his assistants, the two Macraes, "go and get the waggons into the laager round the houses, and run the sheathing over the thatches. You might get everything ready, mother, for a move into the store, if that is to be necessary. I wish I could send in to Scanlan. But *that*, of course, is impossible now. I'd give anything to warn him."

As the party breaks up to fulfil his directions, Floyd surveys the scene in front of him. So beautiful, so intensely restful is it, it seems almost ludicrous to be preparing for the hubbub of war. Mile after mile the plain stretches out in front, green with the lambent flash of the young grass shooting through the rustling, rolling gold of last year's dying growth. To right and left, to back and front, rise tier on tier the mighty hills. For Mandileni is one of the real treasure haunts of South Africa—a peaceful valley, lying hushed and dream-woven between the arms of the grim and barren Drakensberg. There in front, mass on mass of granite, the Drakensberg Range, seeks the sky, its slopes as well as its peaks white and glittering with snow. All round as far as the eye can see is that white line, like a fringe of foaming lace dropped from the sky on ridge and rounded kopje, softening the sharp edges of ravine and donga, and mantling with mighty icicles the gaunt faces of giant kraazes. And beyond the snow lay the crystal bright sky, brilliant, bracing, full of breath and crisp, keen grasp of life. Up above the intense, gleaming, deepening, fathomless blue, and below that waving rolling gold of the Veld flecked with the lambent green of young grasses running right up to the very fringe of the snow, and the sun shining full in mid-heaven—warm, gentle, coaxing as a June day in England.

"How like a dream it all seems," thought Floyd, as his thoughts went off to his quondam friend.

Morris Scanlan was the magistrate at Mount Frere, and an Irishman. He was a young man, and added all the haste of youth to the natural heritage of a Celtic temper. But he was certainly attractive. Tall, with that lissom, agile build so distinctive of the Irish, he had lived a wild, roving life on the Veld, and was full of anecdote, and a humour, perhaps, occasionally over-grim. His bright blue eyes and yellow hair and beard contrasted keenly with the dark tan of his complexion. But his face was absorbing, powerful with that power that only comes of experience in restraint.

From the first moment Morris Scanlan had seen Loo he had fallen in love with her. That had been two years before, on his arrival at Mount Frere, and when Loo Floyd was but sixteen years old. Both Floyd and his wife took to him at once, and when a month later he boldly proposed to carry off their daughter, subject to the stipulation of waiting till she was older, they had no objection to offer.

When Scanlan came to approach Loo on the subject, there was about her so disconcerting an innocence of the slightest embarrassment that he found his task more difficult even than he had anticipated. Of sighs, of tenderness, of amatory innuendoes she was serenely oblivious, continuing with avidity her occupation of eating strawberries. Now, it is not easy even for an Irishman to make love to a girl of sixteen intent on strawberries, so that when at last Morris screwed up his courage to the point of gasping out his declaration, he felt savagely that it was a very lame proceeding. To make matters more sore, Loo had accepted it in a spirit of hilarious surprise, of girlish glee, whose very freedom from any shyness declared her heart as yet unreached. But she liked Morris, liked him very much, and she

accepted the idea of becoming his wife with an outburst of gratitude and devotion at once as careless and as rapturous as though she had received a present of a new horse.

"Won't it be ripping?" she had said to him, as she danced away up to the house, dragging him along with both hands. "Shall I live at the Residency? And may I come to the court and sit up by you when you try the prisoners? What glorious fun we shall have, sha'n't we?" And so she had rattled on, baffling poor Morris between the desire to kiss her into silence and comprehension, and the knowledge that he must wait awhile till the years unfolded further the bud of her womanhood. So it was a kind of unspoken engagement that had arisen and continued to exist between the two for over eighteen months.

But a few months previously, when Floyd and his family were spending a few days at Mount Frere, an incident had occurred which had created a violent quarrel between Scanlan and his guest. Nason had brought with him a dog—a valued and faithful hound, that insisted on accompanying its master everywhere. To all dogs Scanlan had a morbid aversion. For, like many Irishmen who have lived lonely and wandering lives, he had in him a kind of superstition soured by an alien cynicism. Indeed, except in his genuinely gay moments, Morris was a moody kind of a man, intensely suspicious of intended affronts, unforgiving, bitter, and inclined to jibe—and yet, in spite of all that, very lovable, for somehow, however nasty he might be, you always felt that deep down there was a great sensitive soul hiding wounds the world had made.

Scanlan's particular superstition was that his banshee took the form of a dog, which, when it wanted to express itself, did so by the aggravating process of howling at night under his window. As bad luck would have it, for two nights before the arrival of the Floyds at the Residency, Scanlan had been disturbed by this howling, and had been convinced it was a banshee foretelling death or disaster by the fact that he had been unable either to see the dog at the time, or trace its spoor in the morning. But about midnight, after the Floyds' arrival, the howling had commenced again, and Scanlan with his gun had again set out to seek proof, and this time to find sitting in the moonlight a great yellow cur with its jowl turning skywards in a dreary wail. "You brute!" he had muttered, and next moment a shot had rung out and the dog had howled its last.

But in the morning, when Floyd discovered that his faithful friend had been so wantonly slaughtered by his host, he would accept neither apology nor excuse — but immediately called his wife and daughter, and without further parley left the astounded and penitent magistrate gaping over his gate at the retreating figures of his guests.

But if the quarrel seemed for the moment to sever once and for all all chance of more intimate alliance between the two families, as a matter of fact it brought that chance nearer the realm of realization than it had ever been before. For with the sudden task of self-questioning it set to Loo, it brought an answer that had flushed her rosy cheeks with a carnation called forth by no exercise, an answer that had brought a new light to the lovely eyes, a new meaning to the lips that the same evening faltered their anxious questions to her mother. But in spite of maternal comforting, the quarrel did remain. And though Floyd had long ago now forgiven the act, he would not be the first to hold out the hand.

"No," he would say, "the bounder would

"THE PENITENT MAGISTRATE."

think I am throwing Loo at him." And Scanlan, like most Celts, being as obstinate as a pig when his pride was concerned, declined to stretch out twice a hand once refused.

Thus it was that Floyd found himself thinking now how the Basuto impi would find his friend prepared. For Mount Frere was practically deserted by all save the trader and the magistrate. The Basuto scare had driven the few inhabitants to flee into the fortified township of N'Tabankulu, across the Pondo border. Scanlan, indeed, was the object of the rising, his decision as to a question of boundary having been the immediate brand to light long-smouldering elements of revolt. Floyd knew that it was just Morris's stubbornness that caused him to remain at his post, instead of retiring, to return with the military.

He looked wistfully now towards the Devil's Cut, a great angular "V" in the mountain, where ran the little pass to Mount Frere. He would give anything, he felt, to be able to dash in and bring the magistrate back with him. His face lightened up as he thought of it. He was on the point of calling to his wife when Umsikilaki touched his elbow and pointed with his assegai to the plain in front.

II.

THE homestead at Mandileni was such as might be seen in many parts of Africa, as far as concerns the disposition of its mere externals. A low wall of mud sods inclosing in almost a square about an acre of land, and backed on the south and east by a triple row of black wattle and eucalyptus. In the centre of this area four or five large huts grouped together constituted the dwelling-rooms. Built of dahge, round, thatched with reed, with deep, overhanging eaves and small windows, they presented a picturesque contrast to the ungainly architectural pioneer of civilization which in the shape of a "tin shop" reared its ugly, corrugated iron head above them. For this "tin shop," as Floyd called it, was of brick and iron, roofed with the corrugated stuff so much used in the Colonies. It was a rectangular building with a stone stoep in front, a wool-packing shed in the rear, with its gable ends abutting, one on the dwelling houses, the other on a small hut used as a spare guest-room. Beyond this last again was the stone cattle kraal, wherein some twenty draught oxen, fine black brutes with huge horns, were now moving to and fro in that aimless, aggravating way which seems to possess cattle when kraaled. Between the store and the low sod-wall was a tennis court of gravel, across which the net was still slung; for Loo is the champion tennis player of that part of the Transkii. Between the larger of the dwelling huts and the store was a passage built of solid logs, and loop-holed. Through this the girls were now engaged in rolling small casks of water as fast as they could be filled from the huge tank outside. Others under Mrs. Floyd's directions were transferring into the larger hut the contents of the pantry and the kitchen, which lay some way down towards the southern wall.

At the moment when Umsikilaki called the attention of Floyd to the distant Veld, everyone seemed busy as possible, and the two Macraes came up with flushed faces and pointed to their work. Of this Floyd was particularly proud, it being his own idea. It consisted simply of four long pieces of corrugated iron which, when fitted on and clamped together, formed a perfect sheath over the thatch of each hut, thus forming a fire-screen against a flight of assegais with burning straw or grass attached.

"That's right, lads," he said, "we're just in time. Here they come thick as bees." And he pointed in the direction indicated by Umsikilaki. That worthy had vanished, he and his men having taken to their horses on the first alarm. The Basutos as yet, however, were a long way off. In the clear, keen atmosphere against the white background of the snow, they looked like a troop of giant ants crawling down the gentle slope that curved round the great elbow, whose bend encircled the northern valley of the Mandileni.

"They will be two or three hours yet," said Floyd. "Bustle up, boys, and get the wires set. There's plenty to do yet."

At the end of another hour the yard presented a strange and curious appearance. Between the two large huts was a bullock waggon timbered up with scantling and planks. Other bullock waggons were arranged to form, with the store and the huts, a hollow square, into which the cattle and horses were already driven. Outside of these, and between them and the wall, stretched taut about 2in. to 3in. from the ground, were crossed and recrossed lines of barbed wire, pegged indiscriminately here and there, with pegs having heads like reaping hooks.

Thus it was that when, towards evening, the Basutos, to the number of about 1,500, swept round the little homestead, the two horns of their long-extended line enveloping

it at about 400yds. distant at either side, Floyd, standing with his wife and daughter on the stoep, surveyed the scene with a certain sense of complacency.

"Ha! ha! my darling!" he said to Loo, pinching her soft cheek fondly. "Your old fol-de-lol, as you called me when you were a tiny dot, wasn't such a dashing sergeant in the Seymour for nothing."

"Will they attack to-night, dear?" asked Mrs. Floyd.

"I think not," Nason answered. "Besides, we are going to have a snow-storm, if I mistake not, in which case they certainly won't trouble us till the morning; but, to make sure, I will just get out the ammunition."

Turning into the store with these words, he did not notice Loo's face, its sudden violent flush, its equally swift deadly pallor. As his back was turned, the girl sprang to her mother's side, her lips parted, her eyes distended, her face frightened and white.

"Mother!" she gasped. "Mother! what shall we do? There is *no* ammunition!"

"WHAT SHALL WE DO? THERE IS NO AMMUNITION."

Mrs. Floyd's face, as she drew the sobbing girl to her arms, grew set and rigid, and grey, and old-looking. As her eyes wandered away to the Veld and that seething, savage line of blacks, her arms convulsively gathered her daughter closer to her breast. When, a few moments later, Floyd came out of the store, a puzzled look on his handsome face, and a careless, "Where on earth have you hid the ammunition, Loo?" on his lips, and met that picture of despair and grief, the truth burst on him without words, and his heart went like ice within him.

"Oh! my God!" he groaned, standing staring, blankly, numbly, in front of him, then realizing to the full the terrific significance of the silent drama on all sides presenting itself.

He needed to ask no questions. It was so simple—so glaringly explicable. Ever since the quarrel he had refused to have even official correspondence with the magistrate. But when the Basuto scare came, and ammunition and the necessary permit for it became unavoidable, he had delegated to Loo the task of getting it. And now he could only stand and curse the pride which had even held his lips from asking if it was obtained. He had given Loo the money and instructions. He had taken it for granted they had been fulfilled. And now—now they would all be done to death by that mob outside. His wife too! And his daughter!—his blue-eyed little Loo! All of them.

He looked out past them into the face of the setting sun that was sinking, red and angry and sombre, beyond the great snow-banked ranges of the Drakensberg. The wind came moaning up from the south—cold, fitful, with here and there a slash of sleet in it.

"If only there was a chance of getting through," he muttered; "through to the N'Taban and bringing help. It will snow like rugs presently! They will never attack to-night."

He looked at his wife and daughter. They seemed suddenly to have changed characters. It was Mrs. Floyd now who was crying and clinging; Loo who, upright, defiant, with her fairy elfin face almost grim, seemed to be comforting and persuading her mother.

She turned to her father as he came up—her eyes eager, yet resolute and commanding.

"Father," she said, "I am going to N'Tabankulu; I am the only one. You must stay and look after mother; we can't trust the Kaffirs, and the boys don't know the road."

"Rubbish! rubbish!" said Nason, sharply, angry at finding his own thoughts so articulated, and with a sudden cold grip of fear for her at his heart.

"It is *not* rubbish," Loo cried, and next minute her arms were round her father's neck, and she was compelling him to meet her gaze. "Ah! you *know* it's not, father! Dear! don't you see it's the only way for mother—for you—for me—for all? When it's dark I shall get through. I know every stone of the way. So does Bess. I shall, I shall! And it will save you, and" (she was sobbing now) "I am so sorry about the ammunition. But, indeed, dear, it wasn't my fault. He said there wasn't enough . . . but he would order it and send it as soon as it came. And I was afraid you would think he did it on purpose if I told you."

"What do you think, mother?" asked Floyd, hoarsely, not daring to look at his wife.

"I dare not say yes," she replied, "though it seems the only chance."

As Floyd turned moodily into the store to count out what ammunition there was, Loo slipped quietly into the house.

"I'm afraid it's the only way, mother," said Nason, as he reappeared in a few minutes. "There's barely 300 rounds of rifle and about 800 revolver cartridges. Enough to stave off one rush—and then——" Floyd's face expressed the rest.

By this time it was dark, and the circle of the enemy's fires could be seen glowing all round. They had drawn still further off, and were now about 800yds. from the homestead. The snow was driving a white chill mist before the wind, which was rising now to a gale.

"If she goes, dear, she ought to go at once," said Mrs. Floyd, "for no horse will get later through the Gap in this snow. But oh, Nason, *do* you think we ought to let her?"

"It's certain death otherwise," said Floyd, "for her as well as for us, mother—but where is she?"

"Here, father," and Loo stepped out from the shadow of the doorway.

"Well, I'm—blessed!" ejaculated Floyd, gazing at the figure in front of him. For Loo, knowing of old what a skirt meant in a snowstorm on horseback, had discarded feminine attire, and now in a pair of corduroy riding breeches, a thick pair of stockings, top boots, a buff jacket of her father's, and an old Seymour Trooper's hat, with a bandolier around her, a revolver at her side, and a carbine in hand, stood to attention before her father, in her face laughter and tears mingling in a touching strife for mastery. Next moment she was in the grip of a hug that made her pant with pain and pride.

"You're your father's own darling! You shall go, and may God help you, as I believe He will. Isn't she a dainty trooper, mother?" But Mrs. Floyd's eyes were blinded with tears, and Loo's lips, as she kissed her mother again and again, were not so firm

"LOO STOOD TO ATTENTION BEFORE HER FATHER."

and resolute and unfaltering as the brave heart within.

In a few minutes Loo's horse Bess, a fleet bay, was ready, saddled up and waiting under the shelter of the cattle kraal. The snow, driving full in the eyes of the enemy, effectually prevented all observation. The real moment of danger was when she should approach their lines.

As she swung herself into the saddle, and Floyd led her out of the gate, he said to her, "Take her quietly first, Loo. We will give you five minutes, and then we'll make a diversion on the far side with the rockets and Schneiders. The first shot you hear, go all you know — right through. Give me a kiss, dear, God bless you! There's a rocket in your saddle-bag. Send it off at the Gap."

For one moment her arms hung about her father's neck, the next she was swallowed up in the wind drift of sleet.

Dashing back, Floyd hurried with his little party to the rear of the house, where on the eastern wall his rocket-stand was already fixed. The time up, he fired half-a-dozen of these into the nearest group of the enemy, accompanying it at the same time with a rattling volley. The effect was magical—filling the night with a wild chorus of yells and shouts of terror, surprise and rally. They could see dim masses of natives moving up towards the spot attacked; another flight of rockets revealed in the moment's glare a scene of wild confusion, as though they were fighting with each other. At the same time from the stoep came the voice of Mrs. Floyd calling: "She's through, dear! She's through! I saw her turn and wave her hat, going full gallop. And some of them are after her!"

"Give them another lot, Bertie, and then get inside all of you to quarters," said Floyd, as he ran out to the front. But the snow was driving like a cloud across the plain and sight of anything was impossible. The rockets seemed but to illuminate the darkness.

"There will be no attack to-night, mother. You had better come in and lie down. For we shall want all our strength in the morning, if Loo is not back in time."

So the night settled down. And through the storm and darkness, in the teeth of the enemy rode Loo, with nearly forty miles in front of her, before help was reached.

III.

It was with a heart that beat wildly and loudly that Loo found herself getting every moment nearer the Basuto lines. Would the promised diversion never come? she thought. Each moment seemed weighted with dread of the next. She turned to look back. The snow drove in her face, choking her eyes and breath. There was no sign of the homestead. Suddenly a whizz that made her jump in the saddle hissed through the air, followed by a great curling snake of fire. She heard the startled yells of the Basutos, the clashing of shields and assegais. But she waited to hear no more. With head bent till she lay almost flat on the mare's neck, with spurs dug home in the flanks in a way Bess had never known before, she shot like an arrow through a ring of Basutos, knocking one down, trampling another under foot, and vanishing into the blackness beyond. Swift as she had been, several assegais whizzed past her, and she heard the shouts of a blind pursuit. Till the second flight of rockets went up she never moved her position, keeping on at that break-neck gallop. But then, she could not resist one turn and exultant shout of triumph, trusting they would see her in the second's glare from the house. And so they did, but so too did the Basutos; and her shout was answered by a yell no less exultant as seven or eight of the enemy dashed after her. There was no mistaking her path. The road to the Gap was the only road for the umlungi on such a night. But in such a chase numbers mattered little till the top was reached. For uphill there was but room for one at a time on the bridle-path. But on the ridge! Loo shivered as she thought how they would then spread out and envelop her. But gritting her teeth together she urged Bess on. And Bess knew this was no capricious bidding. She knew the meaning of those thick-throated yells behind, and at each stride carried her beloved mistress farther from her pursuers.

Through stream and ravine, rattling across the stones, swinging soundless over the velvety turf, spurning the flying shale, swerving here from a great overhanging rock, here gathering together each muscle for a leap in the dark, on, on, they go; the snow and wind and sharp, keen hail lashing them from behind. Up, and ever up, till the sounds of pursuit grow faint yet persistent still, and in the very glow of youth within a dozen yards from the top Loo lifts her head and shakes her loosened,

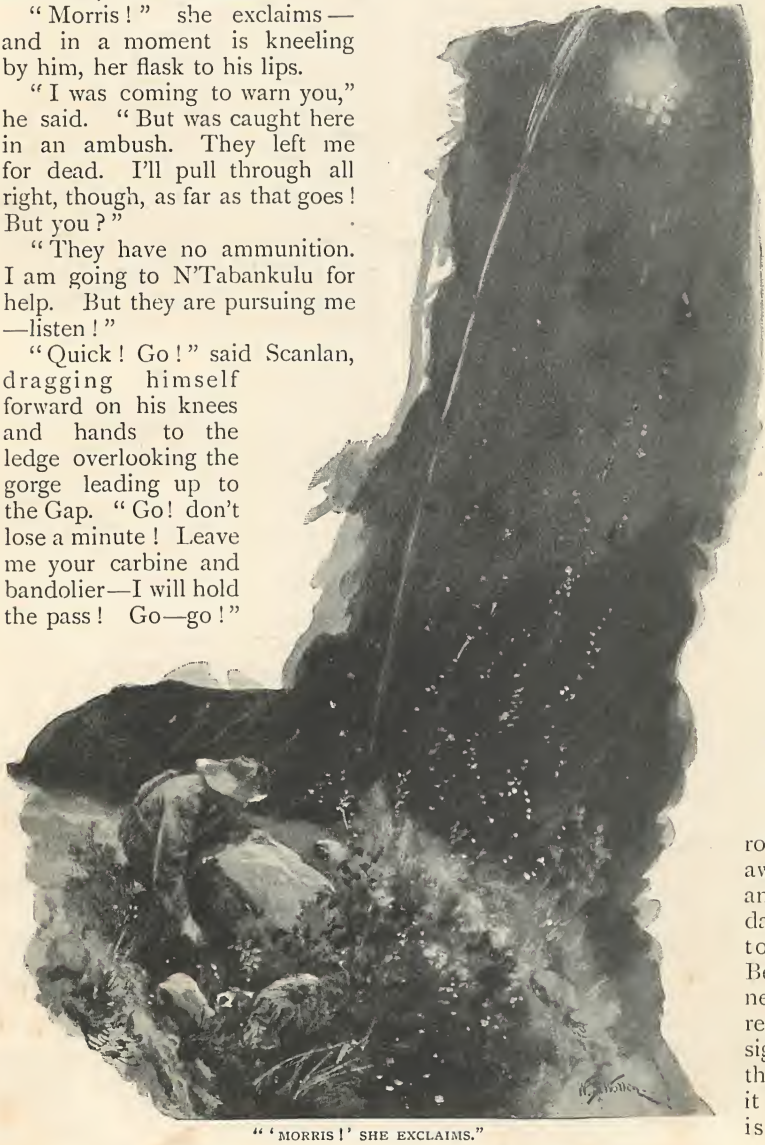
snow-drenched curls and laughs aloud, and in her glee gives forth a ringing cheer. With one final bound old Bess reaches the broad plateau of the Gap and stands panting. Loo swings herself off the saddle, plants the rocket in the ground and sets it alight; shakes the snow from her hat, and takes a drink from the flask her father had given her the last thing—then hanging over the ledge listens to the still approaching sound of pursuit. As she does so a slight moan meets her ear. She looks round anxiously, to see almost at her feet, half-hidden in the bush that grows along the ridge, the pale face of her lover, Morris Scanlan.

"Morris!" she exclaims—and in a moment is kneeling by him, her flask to his lips.

"I was coming to warn you," he said. "But was caught here in an ambush. They left me for dead. I'll pull through all right, though, as far as that goes! But you?"

"They have no ammunition. I am going to N'Tabankulu for help. But they are pursuing me—listen!"

"Quick! Go!" said Scanlan, dragging himself forward on his knees and hands to the ledge overlooking the gorge leading up to the Gap. "Go! don't lose a minute! Leave me your carbine and bandolier—I will hold the pass! Go—go!"



"'MORRIS!' SHE EXCLAIMS."

For one moment Loo hesitated, then, with a hot blush, bent forward, kissed him, and dashed off to her horse, vaulted into the saddle, and went off at a headlong gallop down the precipitous incline to the plains that led to N'Tabankulu.

She was under shelter now for nearly the whole way. Leaving Mount Frere away to the left, she swung round with the bend of the hills, dropping Bess into a long, swinging trot. Mile after mile slipped away. The moon came stealing out. The wind fell. All the voices of the night babbled around her. But she saw nothing, felt nothing, thought nothing. In front of her was only one scene. A far-off picture like a dream, with two parts in it. Her father and mother gazing into the darkness from the stoep of the old homestead, ringed round by that cruel circle of savages; and on the other hand, the gleaming lights of the camp at N'Tabankulu, the clink and clank of sabre and spurs; the ring of the bugles, and the round, cheery face of her old friend, Lieutenant Hawes. Not once did she draw rein. And Bess didn't ask for it. Mile after mile, veld and road and ravine slipped by. The boundary lines were passed. The great rolling upland glided away into the darkness, and suddenly before her danced the lights of the township. Ah! how Bess stretched out her neck and drew her reeking flanks up at the sight, up the last slope they mount. To her it seems that the pace is terrific. A few

privates wandering from the canteen wonder what jaded beast is this staggering in in such fashion. One moment she stops at the camp to shout a passing word to the watch; the next with a sharp turn to the left, a few more strides, and she tumbles off at the door of the officers' mess-hut, which she throws open and staggering in says, in a voice that sounds to herself rather funny and that. They had wanted her not to return with them; but, when she insisted, they voted her commanding officer, and when she rode out an hour later at the head of fifty troopers and a Maxim, she felt that life could hardly hold a prouder moment. And though it was no record march, that return journey, they were, as Hawes had predicted, in plenty of time to

"SHE RODE OUT AT THE HEAD OF FIFTY TROOPERS."

a long way off, though she tries to keep it firm:—

"Lieutenant Hawes, the Basutos have surrounded the house at Mandileni, and father has no ammunition and you are to go at once, please. And Mr. Scanlan's at the Gap and he is——"

And then it seems to her that the officers there all begin to waltz round her, and she remembers no more till she wakes to find her throat burning, and old Lieutenant Hawes, who had danced her on his knee from a baby, laughing and sobbing over her and kissing and hugging her, and saying, again and again:—

"Well, I'm blowed if it isn't little Loo!"

It was an unforgettable triumph for Loo, pick up Scanlan, who, as his own presence testified and the bodies of five dead Basutos, had safely held the Gap, and to relieve the Mandileni household before dawn. Indeed, the Basutos did not wait for the impact. The rattle of sabres, two volleys, and the swish of the Maxim's leaden hail awoke the uneasy slumbers of the little garrison to the view of an enemy in full flight, and to the joys of a meeting too tender for my rough pen to depict.

But it was Loo who, in her uniform, presided at the breakfast later on, and who, in replying under compulsion to the toast in her honour, concluded it by looking shyly at the Mount Frere magistrate, and calling upon him to answer her toast to a "Brother in Arms."

How a Ship Founders.

By W. E. Ellis.

WE all know what a wreck is, but very few of us have had an opportunity of seeing one with our own eyes. We are glad, therefore, to have an opportunity of presenting a unique little set of photographs, illustrating the various stages in the foundering of a large ocean-going steamer. The photos. were taken by Mr. Cecil Lightfoot, of the Linde British Refrigeration Company, Lower Shadwell, E. This company provided the doomed vessel with her refrigerating machinery, and Mr. Lightfoot was making the first trip in her, for the purpose of explaining to her crew the action of that machinery.

Here is the whole story. The Osaka Steam Navigation Company of Japan placed an order in England for the construction of a passenger steamer, of elegant lines and high speed. This ship, afterwards named the *Tai-Hoku*, was built at Sir Railton Dickson's yard at Middlesbrough, and engined by Richardsons, of Hartlepool. In due time the vessel was ready to be handed over to her owners; and accordingly she was provided with a British captain and enough hands to take her over to Antwerp, where she was to pick up a mixed cargo, consisting largely of cast-iron pipes. The *Tai-Hoku* was also under orders to take up the remainder of her crew at Antwerp. Altogether, there were forty-nine hands, including Japanese, niggers, Belgians, Swedes, and Germans—a very mixed lot indeed.

THE DESERTED SHIP—FILLING RAPIDLY.

The fifth day out from Antwerp was the one on which the disaster occurred. It was a Sunday, and a frightfully foggy Sunday at that. This was July 11th, 1897. Here we had better let Mr. Cecil Lightfoot take up the story.

"We positively could not see from one side of the vessel to the other. Our horns and sirens were hooting and screeching like mad. It was about nine o'clock at night, and we were twelve miles to the north-west of Cape Espichel, on the Portuguese coast. I was sitting in one of the main saloons, and the ship was forging steadily but slowly ahead, when, without a moment's warning, there was a truly frightful crash, and I was thrown half-way across the room. I picked myself up, and dashed out without a moment's delay into the alley-way. I waited there for a moment, and then gained the deck in record time. I distinctly saw the outlines of a great steamer slowly dropping astern. She continued to scrape the *Tai-Hoku*, and as she cleared, she struck our ship a kind of parting blow on the poop. Perhaps you can imagine into what a state of confusion our mixed crew were thrown. Our captain, however, was a splendid fellow, and when he saw the other ship about to strike him, he put his helm hard down, so that the blow was much less severe than it might otherwise have been. Furthermore, he restored absolute order in the ship within half an hour of the collision.

"The next step taken was the letting down of the officers in slings for the purpose of examining the sides of the ship. After careful inspection, however, they reported that there was very little apparent damage, beyond a few started plates. Not content with this, Captain Conradi ordered the carpenter to report every half-hour. At a little after ten o'clock, 5ft. of water was reported in the fore-hold. Now, it was the captain's intention to make for Malta,

"DOWN BY THE HEAD."

but when 7ft. was reported at eleven o'clock, he decided to make for Lisbon instead. An anxious night, you may be sure. At half-past four in the morning the inexorable carpenter reported 16ft. of water!

"The ship was slowly sinking; there could be no doubt of that; already she was noticeably down by the head, and her forward compartments were slowly but surely filling.

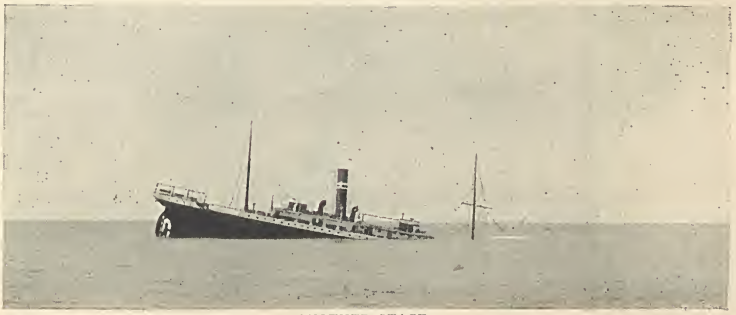
"Everything was managed splendidly. When 18ft. was reported, the boats were lowered, and each given its proper complement of provisions, instruments, and flags. All through the fatal Sunday, and all night also, the fog was of extraordinary density. Sirens and horns, other than our own, were heard very frequently, but one could see nothing.

"At last the carpenter reported 22ft. of water, and then the captain ordered everybody into the boats at a minute's notice. I dashed downstairs to see if I could save any of my belongings, but the only thing I could find at the moment was my little hand camera. I passed the strap about my shoulders in such a way that the instrument in no way impeded my movements.

"After taking to the boats, we remained very near the ship—within a hundred yards or so. By this time day had dawned, and I was able to take the first two photographs. There was, however, a considerable interval between them. After two or three hours, a large vessel, which proved to be the *Millfield*, of Whitby, bore down upon us, in response to our flag-signal 'N. C.'—which, according to the International code, means 'in distress—require assistance.' The captain of this ship conferred with our own commander as to the desirability of towing the *Tai-Hoku*, and Captain Conradi and some of the officers once more went on board their ship to make the necessary arrangements. Immediately afterwards, however, the sinking steamer began to roll heavily, and the attempts at towing had to be abandoned.

"At our request, the *Millfield* left us immediately after this, she being in a hurry to get home. It was our intention to row up the Tagus to Lisbon, but the crew being of very poor quality, this proved a pretty difficult matter. At any rate, we determined to see the last of our ship. The end was now very near. One extraordinary occurrence that hastened it was the displacement of the engines, which, as the *Tai-Hoku's* head began to go down, and her stern to come up, fell right through the ship with a rumbling sound like distant thunder, and doubtless made another great breach in the bow.

"After another period of anxious waiting, the bridge fell forward, at the same time jerking the cords that communicated with the sirens, and causing them to send a weird scream over the face of the waters. The next moment—having, so to speak, wished us farewell—the huge ship dived deliberately head-foremost into 300ft. of water, and was never seen again. As the sea rushed into the



ANOTHER STAGE.

LAST FEW MOMENTS.

furnaces, steam and water-gas were generated; and these, rushing up through the smoke-stack, caused a kind of explosion, which is very plainly seen in the last photograph I took, just as the ship was disappearing. The upward rush of steam carried a great quantity of soot from the flues, and this caused a dark cloud to hover over the place where the *Tai-Hoku* sank. There was no whirlpool of any kind. When this great vessel of 3,100 tons took her last dive, the little flotilla of boats could not have been more than 150yds. distant. Standing by after her disappearance, we saw pathetic bits of wreckage coming slowly to the top—hen-coops, a boat, fire-buckets, seats, life-belts, and so on.

"When we had seen the last of our ship we set to work to row to Lisbon. As I have hinted before, there was not much work to be got out of the crew. For one thing, they were rather scared by the sharks, which abound in those waters, and of which we saw three. At about two miles from land, a vessel bore down upon us, and met us at Cascaes Bay, a little to the north of the River Tagus. She proved to be a Portuguese pilot-cutter, and from her appearance we date the commencement of a further chapter of troubles.

"You would have thought that, considering our condition, we might at least have been allowed to land. Not so, however. You see, we had no doctor on board to give us a clean bill of health. We were kept waiting for hours in a blazing sun with nothing to drink except a little water, which was positively hot.

"At the Custom House we were examined by doctors, and were then allowed to go to an hotel, but were actually forbidden to take any of our belongings with us from the boats!

"I forgot to mention that on our way up the Tagus we passed the ship which had been the cause of all our misfortunes.

"This was the *Eastbourne*, Smyrna to Hull, and she it was who had run down the *Tai-Hoku* on the night of July 11th, afterwards disappearing in the fog.

"I came home in the Royal Mail steam-packet *Nile*, which called at Lisbon on its way from Pernambuco. I afterwards learned that the beautiful *Tai-Hoku* was, with her cargo, insured for £100,000."

Of course, the destruction of the Japanese vessel led to an important action at law. This was decided on October 30th last, at the High Court of Justice, before Mr. Justice Barnes and the Trinity Masters. The *Eastbourne* proved to be a vessel of 2,240 tons gross, with a general cargo, and a crew of twenty-three hands. The case was all against her. She was proved to have been going too fast, considering the state of the weather, and not to have taken adequate precautions in the way of look-out and whistle-sounding.

FINAL PLUNGE—BOILERS EXPLODING.

From a] AGE 12 MONTHS. *[Photograph.*

MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

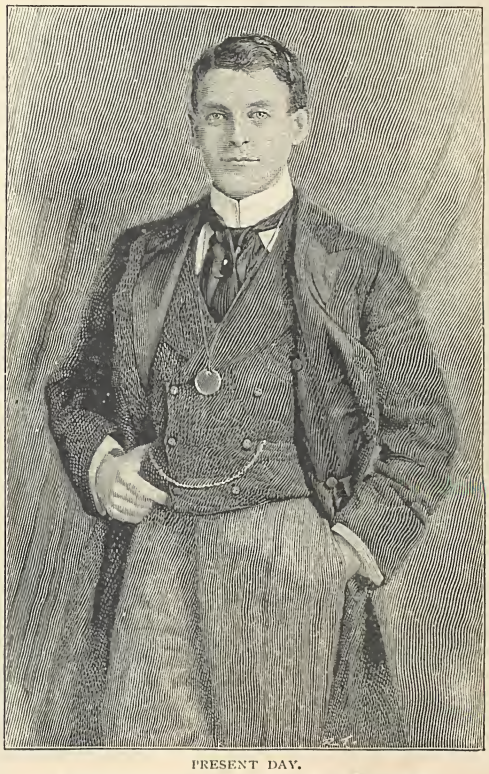
BORN 1862.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE is an old Carthusian. He emigrated to America, and went in for sheep-farming, but soon gave it up to become an actor. He first appeared on the stage in the United States in 1883, and after some rough experiences in the Wild West, he returned to England and

AGE 10.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

played at the Criterion in the following year. He was next engaged at the Gaiety and the Vaudeville, where he made a hit in "Joseph's Sweetheart" and "That Doctor Cupid." During the last nine years he has played many successful parts at the principal London theatres. In aristocratic "old man" parts, he is admitted to stand alone. Since Mr. Maude, in conjunction with Mr. Frederic Harrison, has taken over the management of the Haymarket Theatre, he has produced three successful plays, "Under the Red Robe," "A Marriage of Convenience," and "The Little Minister." He is married to Miss Winifred Emery.

AGE 18.
From a Photo. by J. W. Lindt, Melbourne.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

From a] AGE 18. *[Painting.*

GENERAL MILMAN.

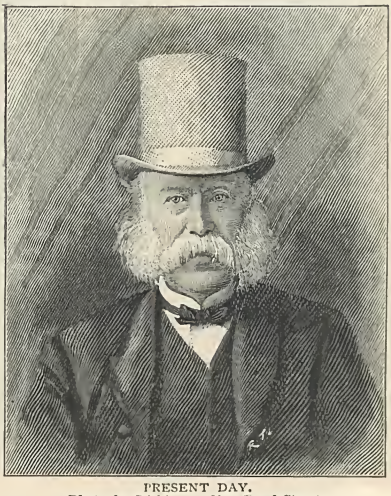
BORN 1822.

LIEUT.-GEN. GEORGE BRYAN MILMAN, C.B., was educated at Eton, and became, in 1839, 2nd Lieutenant of the 5th Fusiliers. He served with his regiment for twenty-six years in the Ionian Islands, Gibraltar, Mauritius, and in India during the Mutiny. On his arrival in India he was sent up-country to Cawnpore, and there joined Sir Hope Grant's force going from Delhi to Lucknow. He was present at the action of Marigunge, at the relief of Lucknow under Sir Colin Campbell, and at the attack on and taking of the Dilkovrhu and Martinière Palaces. He was mentioned in the despatches for his gallantry, and after serving with Outram at Ahimlagh, all the operations of the succeeding months, the retaking of Lucknow in March, 1858, and in the Oudh campaign, he received the Indian medal with two clasps, and was made a C.B. General Milman has the unique distinction of being the only living holder of the Royal Humane Society's gold medal. The medal has only been awarded twice, and the first to receive it was Grace Darling. It was whilst he was a lieutenant in Mauritius that General Milman won the coveted distinction, by an act of the greatest bravery, in saving the lives of five of his brother officers. He retired on half-pay in 1866, and four years later he was appointed Major of the Tower of London, by Sir John Burgoyne, the Constable.

From a] AGE 32. *[Daguerreotype.*

AGE 49.
Photo. by J. De Beerski, Aldershot.

Photo. by] AGE 63 *[Maull & Fox.*

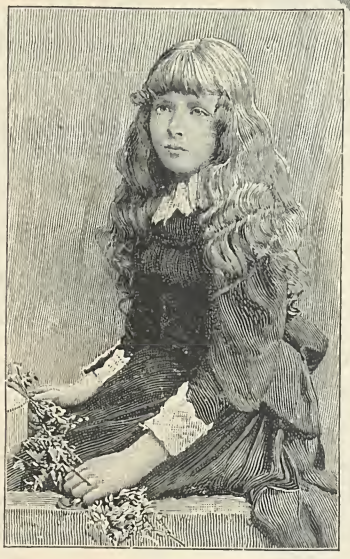


PRESENT DAY.
Photo. by Dickinson, New Bond Street.

MISS MABEL LOVE.

MISS MABEL LOVE has gained an enviable and well-merited reputation for her gracefulness and charm as a dancer, and has recently displayed very considerable histrionic ability as *La Comtesse de Candale* with Mr. Lewis Waller in "The Marriage of Convenience." Miss Love made her first appearance, when only twelve years of age, in "Alice in Wonderland," at the Prince of Wales's, and since then her success has been not less emphatic than rapid. It will be remembered, however, that her experience has been an exceptionally varied one, for she has appeared in pantomime, burlesque, comic opera, grand opera, farcical comedy, drama ("Harbour Lights"), and in high comedy, so that nothing is wanting in her experience of the stage save tragedy, and it is understood that Miss Mabel Love has no Shakespearean longings. She has toured through the provinces and the United States, and has appeared on the Parisian stage. At one provincial town, whilst playing the nurse in "Lord Tom Noddy," she received many presents from professional nurses in recognition of her presentation of the character. She is to be congratulated on the many successes which she has achieved, and the position she has gained in the affections of a very large public.

AGE 3.
From a Photo. by Deneulain & Blake, Strand.



AGE 9.
From a Photo. by G. Goodman, Margate.

AGE 13.
From a Photo. by Barraud.

AGE 15.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey, Ebury St.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

From a] AGE 5 *[Drawing.*

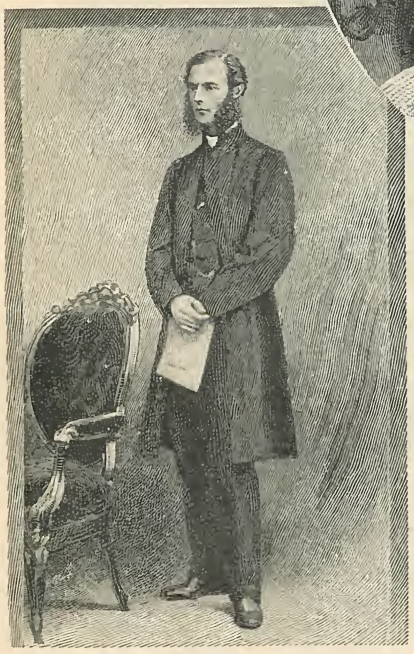
From a] AGE 45. *[Photograph.*

THE BISHOP OF HULL.

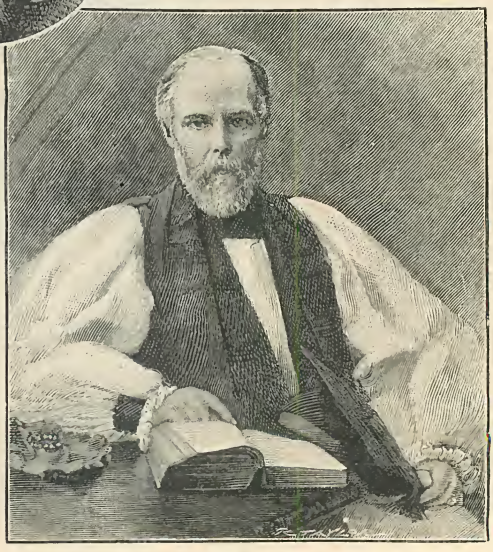
BORN 1833.

THE RIGHT REV. RICHARD FREDERICK LEFEVRE BLUNT, D.D., after studying law for six years entered the Theological Department at King's College, London. He was curate in 1857, and sixteen years later he was appointed Archdeacon of the East Riding. Dr. Blunt is a Rural Dean in the diocese of York, a Fellow of King's College, London, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and a Canon Residentiary at York. He delivered a course of lectures on Pastoral Theology at Cambridge, and has been Bishop of Hull since 1891.

AGE 20
From a Photograph.



AGE 29.
From a Photo. by Kilburn.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by S. Walker.

Glimpses of Nature.

VII.—THE FIRST PAPER-MAKER.

By Grant Allen.

THE civilized world could hardly get on nowadays without paper; yet paper-making is, humanly speaking, a very recent invention. It dates, at furthest, back to the ancient Egyptians. "Humanly speaking," I say, not without a set purpose: because man was anticipated as a paper-maker by many millions of years; long before a human foot trod the earth, there is reason to suppose that ancestral wasps were manufacturing paper, almost as they manufacture it for their nests to-day, among the sub-tropical vegetation of an older and warmer Europe. And the wasp is so clever and so many-sided a creature, that to consider him (or more accurately her) in every aspect of life within th space of a few pages would be practically impossible. So it is mainly as a paper-manufacturer and a consumer of paper that I propose to regard our slim-waisted friend in this present article.

It is usual in human language to admit, as the Latin Grammar ungallantly puts it, that "the masculine is worthier than the feminine, the feminine than the neuter." Among wasps, however, the opposite principle is so clearly true—the queen or female is so much more important a person in the complex community, and so much more in evidence than the drone or male—that I shall offer no apology here for setting her history before you first, and giving it precedence over that of her vastly inferior husband. *Place aux dames* is in this instance no question of mere external chivalrous courtesy; it expresses the simple truth of nature, that, in wasp life, the grey mare is the better horse, and bears acknowledged rule in her own city household. Not only so, but painful as it may sound to my men readers, and insulting to our boasted masculine superiority, the neuter in this case ranks second to the feminine; for the worker wasps, which are practically sexless, being abortive females, are far more valuable members of the community than their almost useless fathers and brothers. I call them neuter, because they are so to all intents and purposes: though for some unknown reason that seemingly harmless word acts upon most entomologists like a red rag on the proverbial bull. They will allow you to describe the abortive female as a worker only.

1.—FAMILY PORTRAITS OF THE WASPS.

In No. 1, therefore, I give an illustration of a queen wasp; together with figures of her husband and of her unmarriageable daughter. The queen or mother wasp is much the largest of the three; and you will understand that she needs to be so, when you come to learn how much she has to do, how many eggs she has to lay; and how, unaided, this brave foundress of a family not only builds a city and peoples it with thousands of citizens, but also feeds and tends it with her own overworked mouth—I cannot honestly say her hands—till her maiden daughters are of age to help her. Women's rights women may be proud of the example thus set them. Nature nowhere presents us, indeed, with a finer specimen of feminine industry and maternal devotion to duty than in the case of these courageous and pugnacious insects.

But I will not now enlarge upon the features of these three faithful portraits, "expressed after the life," as Elizabethan writers put it, because as we proceed I shall have to call attention in greater detail to the meaning of the various parts of the body. It must suffice for the moment to direct your notice here to that very familiar portion of the wasp's anatomy, the sting, or ovipositor, possessed by the females, both perfect and imperfect—queens or workers—but not by those defenceless creatures, the males. The nature of the sting (so far as it is not already well known to most of us by pungent experience) I will enter into later; it must suffice for the present to say that it is in essence an instrument for depositing the eggs, and that it is only incidentally turned into a weapon of offence or defence, and a means of stunning or paralyzing the prey or food-insects.

The first thing to understand about a community of wasps is the way it originates. The story is a strange one. When the first frosts set in, almost all the wasps in temperate countries like England (they delude us into calling our own climate "temperate!") die off to a worker from the effects of cold. The chill winds nip them. For a few days in autumn you may often notice the last straggling survivors crawling feebly about, very uncomfortable and numb from the cold, and with their tempers somewhat soured by the consciousness of their own exceeding weakness. In this irritable condition, feeling their latter end draw nigh, they are given to using their stings with waspish virulence on the smallest provocation; they move about half-dazed on the damp ground, or lie torpid in their nests till death overtakes them. Of the whole populous city which hummed with life and business but a few weeks earlier, no more than two or three survivors at the outside struggle somehow through the winter, to carry on the race of wasps to succeeding generations. The colder the season, the fewer the stragglers who live it out; in open winters, on the contrary, a fair number doze it through, to become the foundresses of correspondingly numerous colonies.

And who are these survivors? Not the lordly and idle drones; not even the industrious neuters or workers; but the perfect females or queens, the teeming mothers to be of the coming communities. Look at the royal lady figured in No. 1. As autumn approaches, this vigorous young queen weds one of the males from her native nest. But shortly afterward, he and all the workers of his city fall victims at once to the frosts of October. They perish like Nineveh. The queen, however, bearing all the hopes of the race, cannot afford to fling away her precious life so carelessly. That is not the way of queens. She seeks out some sheltered spot among dry moss, or in the crannies of the earth—a sandy soil preferred—where she may hibernate safely. There, if she has luck, she passes the winter, dormant, without serious mishap. Of course, snow and frost destroy not a few such solitary hermits; a heavy rain may drown her; a bird may discover her chosen retreat; a passing animal may crush her. But in favourable circumstances, a certain number of queens do manage to struggle safely through the colder months; and the wasp-supply of the next season mainly depends upon the proportion of such lucky ladies that escape in the end all winter dangers. Each queen that lives through the hard times becomes in spring the foundress of a separate colony; and it is on this account that farmers and fruit-growers often pay a small reward for every queen wasp killed early in the spring. A single mother wasp destroyed in May is equivalent to a whole nest destroyed in July or August.

As soon as warmer weather sets in, the dormant queen awakes, shakes off dull sloth, and forgets her long torpor. With a toss and a shake, she crawls out into the sunshine, which soon revives her. Then she creeps up a blade of grass, spreads her wings, and flies off. Her first care is naturally breakfast; and as she has eaten nothing for five months, her hunger is no doubt justifiable. As soon, however, as she has satisfied the most pressing wants of her own nature, maternal instinct goads her on to provide at once for her unborn family. She seeks a site for her nest, her future city. How she builds it, and of what materials, I will tell you in greater detail hereafter; for the moment, I want you to understand the magnitude of the task this female Columbus sets herself—Columbus, Cornelia, and Cæsar in one—the task not only of building a Carthage, but also of peopling it. She has no hands to speak of, but her mouth, which acts at once as mouth, and hands, and tools, and factory, stands her in good stead in her carpentering and masonry. She does everything with her mouth; and therefore, of course, she has a mouth which has grown gradually adapted for doing everything. The monkey used his thumb till he made a hand of it; the

elephant his trunk till he could pick up a needle. Use brings structure; by dint of using her mouth so much, the wasp has acquired both organs fit for her, and dexterity in employing them.

The first point she has now to consider is the placing of her nest. In this, she is guided partly by that inherited experience which we describe (somewhat foolishly) as instinct, and partly by her own individual intelligence. Different races of wasps prefer different situations: some of them burrow underground; others hang their houses in the branches of trees; others again seek some dry and hollow trunk. But personal taste has also much to do with it; thus the common English wasp sometimes builds underground, but sometimes takes advantage of the dry space under the eaves of houses. All that is needed is shelter, especially from rain; wherever the wasp finds a site that pleases her, there she founds her family.

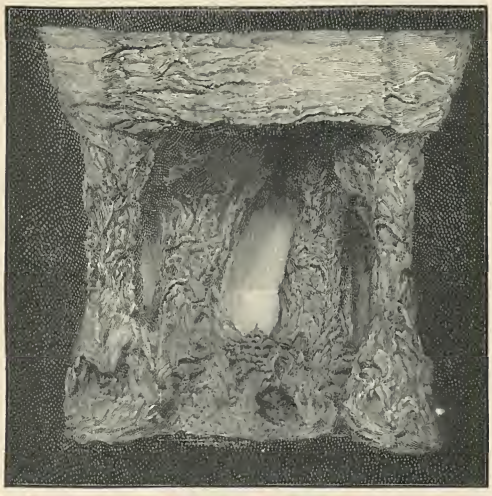
Let us imagine, then, that she has lighted on a suitable hole in the earth—a hole produced by accident, or by some dead mole or mouse or rabbit; she occupies it at once, and begins by her own labour to enlarge and adapt it to her private requirements. As soon as she has made it as big as she thinks necessary, she sets to work to collect materials for building the city. She flies abroad, and with her saw-like jaws rasps away a paling or other exposed piece of wood till she has collected a fair amount of finely-powdered fibrous matter. I will show you later on the admirable machine with which she scrapes and pulps the fragments of wood-fibre. Having gathered a sufficient quantity of this raw material to begin manufacturing, she proceeds to work it up with her various jaws and a secretion from her mouth into a sort of coarse brown paper; the stickiness of the secretion gums the tiny fragments of wood together into a thin layer. Then she lays down the floor of her nest, and proceeds to raise upon it a stout column or foot-stalk of papery matter, sufficiently strong to support the first two or three layers of cells. She never builds on the ground, but begins her nest at the top of the supporting column. The cells are exclusively intended for the reception of eggs and the breeding of grubs, not (as is the case with bees) for the storing of honey. We must remember, however, that the original use of all cells was that of rearing the young; the more advanced bees, who are the civilized type of their kind, make more cells than they need for strictly nursery purposes, and then employ some of them as convenient honey-jars. The consequence is that bee-hives survive intact from season to season (unless killed off artificially), while the less prudent wasps die wholesale by cityfuls at the end of each summer.

Having thus supplied a foundation for her topsy-turvy city, our wasp-queen proceeds in due course to build it. At the top of the original column, or foot-stalk, she constructs her earliest cells, the nurseries for her three first-born grubs. They are not built upward, however, above the foot-stalk, but downward, with the open mouth below, hanging like a bell. Each is short and shallow, about a tenth of an inch in depth to begin with, and more like a cup, or even a saucer, than a cell at this early stage. The Natural History Museum at South Kensington possesses some admirable examples of such nests, in various degrees of growth; and my fellow-worker, Mr. Enock, has obtained the kind permission of the authorities at the Museum to photograph the cases which contain them, for the purposes of these articles. They represent the progress of the queen-wasp's work at two, five, and fifteen days respectively (Nos. 2, 3, and 4), and thus admirably illustrate the incredible rapidity with which, alone and unaided, she builds and populates this one-mother city.

2.—THE CITY, TWO DAYS OLD.

As soon as the first cells are formed, in their early shallow shape, the busy mother, sallying forth once more in search of wood or fibre, proceeds to make more paper-pulp, and construct an umbrella-shaped covering above the

three saucers. In each of the three she lays an egg; and then, leaving the eggs to hatch out quietly by themselves into larvæ, she goes on cutting—not bread and butter, like Charlotte in Thackeray's song—but more wood-fibre to make more cells and more coverings. These new cells she hangs up beside the original three, and lays an egg in each as soon as it is completed. But a mother's work is never finished; and surely there was never a mother so hardly tasked as the royal wasp foundress. By the time she has built and stocked a few more cells, the three eggs first laid have duly hatched out, and now she must begin to look after the little grubs or larvæ. I have not illustrated this earliest stage of wasp-life, the grubby or nursery period, because everybody knows it well in real life. Now, as the grubs hatch out, they require to be fed, and the poor, overworked mother has henceforth not only to find food for herself and paper to build more cells, but also to feed her helpless, worm-like offspring. There they lie in their cradles, head downward, crying always for provender, like the daughters of the horse-leech. Forgive her, therefore, if her temper is sometimes short, and if she resents intrusion upon the strawberry she is carting away to feed her young family by a hasty sting, administered, perhaps, with rather more asperity than a lady should display under trying circumstances. Some of my readers are mothers themselves, and can feel for her.



3.—THE CITY, FIVE DAYS OLD.

Nor is even this all. The grubs of wasps grow fast—in itself a testimonial to the constant care with which a devoted mother feeds and tends them: and even as they grow, the poor queen (a queen but in name, and more like a maid-of-all-work in reality) has continually to raise the cell-wall around them. What looked at first like shallow cups, thus grow at last into deep, hollow cells, the walls being raised from time to time by the addition of papery matter, with the growth of the inmates. In this first or foundation-comb—the nucleus and original avenue of the nascent city—the walls are never carried higher than the height of the larva that inhabits them. As the grub grows, the mother adds daily a course or layer of paper, till the larva reaches its final size, a fat, full grub, ready to undergo its marvellous metamorphosis. Then at last it begins to do some work on its own account: it spins a silky, or cottony, web, with which it covers over the mouth or opening of the cell; though even here you must remember it derives the material from its own body, and therefore ultimately from food supplied it by the mother. How one wasp can ever do so much in so short a time is a marvel to all who have once watched the process.

4.—THE CITY, FIFTEEN DAYS OLD.

While the baby wasps remain swaddled in their cradle cells their food consists in part of honey, which the careful mother distributes to them impartially, turn about, and in part of succulent fruits, such as the pulp of pears or peaches. The honey our housekeeper either gathers for herself or else steals from bees, for truth compels me to admit that she is as dishonest as she is industrious; but on

the whole, she collects more than she robs, for many flowers lay themselves out especially for wasps, and are adapted only for fertilization by these special visitants. Such specialized wasp-flowers have usually small helmet-shaped blossoms, exactly fitted to the head of the wasp, as you see it in Mr. Enock's illustrations; and they are for the most part somewhat livid and dead-meaty in hue. Our common English scrophularia, or fig-wort, is a good example of a plant that thus lays itself out to encourage the visits of wasps; it has small lurid-red flowers, just the shape and size of the wasp's head, and its stamens and style are so arranged that when the wasp rifles the honey at the base of the helmet, she cannot fail to brush off the pollen from one blossom on to the sensitive surface of the next. Moreover, the scrophularia comes into bloom at the exact time of year when the baby wasps require its honey; and you can never watch a scrophularia plant for three minutes together without seeing at least two or three wasps busily engaged in gathering its nectar. Herb and insect have learnt to accommodate one another; by mutual adaptation they have fitted each part of each to each in the most marvellous detail.

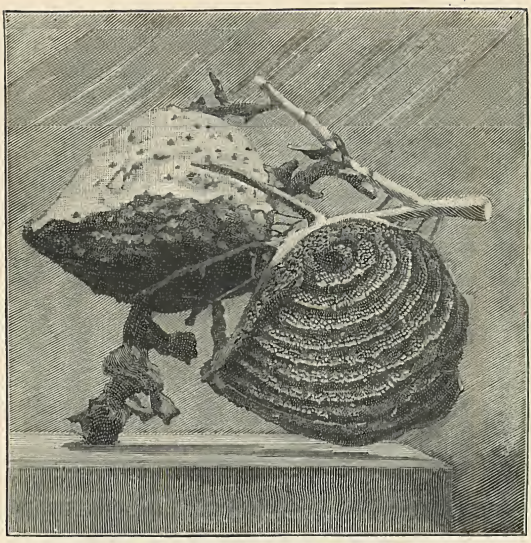
It is a peculiarity of the wasps, however, that they are fairly omnivorous. Most of their cousins, like the bees, have mouths adapted to honey-sucking alone—mere tubes or suction-pumps, incapable of biting through any hard substance. But the wasp, with her hungry large family to keep, has to be less particular about the nature of her food; she cannot afford to depend upon honey only. Not only does she suck nectar; she bites holes in fruits, as we know to our cost in our gardens, to dig out the pulp; and she has a perfect genius for selecting the softest and sunniest side of an apricot or a nectarine. She is not a strict vegetarian, either; all is fish that comes to her net: she will help herself to meat or any other animal matter she can find, and will feed her uncomplaining grubs upon raw and bleeding tissue. Nay, more, she catches flies and other insects as they flit in the sunshine, saws off their wings with her sharp jaws, and carries them off alive, but incapable of struggling, to feed her own ever-increasing household.

By-and-by the first grubs, which covered themselves in with silk in order to undergo their pupa or chrysalis stage, develop their wings under cover, and emerge from their cases as full-grown workers. These workers, whose portrait you will find on a previous page, are partially developed females, being unable to lay eggs. But in all other respects they inherit the habits or instincts of their estimable mother; and no sooner are they fairly hatched out of the pupa-case, where they underwent their rapid metamorphosis, than they set to work, like dutiful daughters, to assist mamma in the management of the city. Like the imagined world of Tennyson's *Princess*, no male can enter. If ever there was a woman-ruled republic in the world, such as Aristophanes feigned, it is a wasp's nest. The workers fall to at "tidying up" at once; they put the house in order; they go out and gather paper; they help their mother to build new cells; and they assist in feeding and tending the still-increasing nursery. The first comb formed, you will remember, was at the top of the foundation column or foot-stalk; the newer combs are built below this in rows, each opening downward, so that the compound house or series of flats is planned on the exactly opposite system from our own—the top stories being erected first, and the lower ones afterward, each story having its floor above and its entrance at the bottom. At the same time, the umbrella-shaped covering is continued downward as an outer wall to protect the combs, until finally the nest grows to be a roughly round or egg-shaped body, entirely inclosed in a shell or outer wall of paper, and with only a single gateway at the bottom, by which the busy workers go in and out of their city.

5.—NEST OF TREE-WASP, WITH PAPER PARTLY REMOVED.

The nest of the tree-wasp, which we

have also been kindly permitted to photograph from the specimens at the Natural History Museum (Nos. 5 and 6), exhibits this final state of the compound home even better and more graphically than does that of our commonest English species.



6.—NESTS OF TREE-WASP, EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR.

By the time the workers have become tolerably numerous in the growing nest, the busy mother and queen begins to relax her external efforts, and confines herself more and more to the performance of her internal and domestic duties. She no longer goes out to make paper and collect food ; she gives herself up, like the queen bee, exclusively to the maternal business of egg-laying. You must remember that she is still the only perfect female in the wasp hive, and that every worker wasp the home contains is her own daughter. She is foundress, queen, and mother to that whole busy community of 4,000 or 5,000 souls. The longer the nest goes on, the greater is the number of workers produced, and the faster does the queen lay eggs in the new cells now built for her use by her attentive daughters. These in turn fly abroad everywhere in search of nectar, fruits, and meat, or gather honey-dew from the green-flies, or catch and sting to death other insects, or swoop down upon and carry off fat, juicy spiders ; all of which food-stuffs, save what they require for their own subsistence, they take home to the nest to feed the grubs, from which, in due time, will issue forth more workers. It is a wonderful world of women burghers.

As long as summer lasts, our queen lays eggs which produce nothing else than such neuter workers. As autumn comes on, however, and the future of the race must be provided for, she lays eggs which hatch out a brood of perfect females or queens like herself. It is probable that the same egg may develop either into a queen or a worker, and that the difference of type is due to the nature of the food and training. A young grub fed on ordinary food in an ordinary cell becomes a neuter ; but a similar grub, fed on royal food and cradled in a larger cell, develops into a queen. As with ourselves, in fact, royalty is merely a matter of the surroundings.

Last of all, as the really cold weather begins to set in, the queen wasp lays some other eggs from which a small brood of males is finally developed. Nobody in the nest sets much store by these males : they are necessary evils, no more, so the wasps put up with them. It is humiliating to my sex, but I cannot avoid mentioning the fact, that the production of males seems even to be a direct result of chill and unfavourable conditions. The best food and the biggest cells produce fertile queens ; the second best food and smaller cells produce workers ; finally, the enfeeblement due to approaching winter produces only drones or males. We cannot resist the inference that the male is here the inferior creature. These facts, I regret to say, are also not without parallels elsewhere. Among bees, for instance, the eggs laid by very old, decrepit queens, or by maimed and crippled queens, produce males only ; while among tadpoles, if well fed, the majority become female frogs ; but if starved, they become preponderantly male. So, too, starved caterpillars produce only male butterflies, while the well-fed produce females. Little as we men may like to admit it, the evidence goes to show that, in most instances, superabundant reproductive energy results in female offspring, while feeble or checked reproductive energy results in male offspring. I know this is the opposite of what most people imagine ; but, then, science not infrequently finds itself compelled to differ in opinion from most people.

The drones, or males, are thus of as little account in the nest of wasps as in the hive of bees. In both, they only appear for a short time, and for the definite purpose of

becoming fathers to the future generations. When they have fulfilled this their solitary function, the hive, or the nest, cares no more about them. The bees, as you know, have a prudent and economical habit of stinging them to death, so as not to waste good honey on useless mouths through the winter. The wasps act otherwise. They are not going to live through the winter themselves, so they don't take the trouble to execute their brothers: they merely turn the young queens and males loose and then leave the successful suitors to be killed by the first frost without further consideration.

And now comes the most curious part of all this strange, eventful history. We do not love wasps; yet so sad a catastrophe as the end of the nest cannot fail to affect the imagination. As soon as the young queens and males have quitted the combs, the whole bustling city, till now so busy, seems to lose heart at once and to realize that it is doomed to speedy extinction. Winter is coming on, when no worker wasp can live. So the community proceeds with one accord to commit communal suicide. The workers, who till now have tended the young grubs with sisterly care, drag the remaining larvæ ruthlessly from their cells, as if conscious that they can never rear this last brood, and carry them in their mouths and legs outside the nest. There they take them to some distance from the door, and then drop them on the ground to die, as if to put them out of their misery. As for the workers themselves, they return to the nest and starve to death or die of cold; or else they crawl about aimlessly outside in a distracted way till the end overtakes them.

7.—HEAD OF QUEEN WASP, MOUTH WIDE OPEN: FRONT VIEW.

There is something really pathetic in this sudden and meaningless downfall of a whole vast cityful; something strange and weird in this constantly repeated effort to build up and people a great community, only to see it fall to pieces hopelessly and helplessly at the first touch of winter. Yet how does it differ, after all, from our human empires, save in the matter of duration? We raise them with infinite pains only to see them fall apart, like Rome or Babylon.

So, by the time the dead of winter comes, both males and workers are cleared off the stage; and universal waspdom is only represented by a few stray fertilized females, who carry the embodied hopes of so many dead and ruined cities.

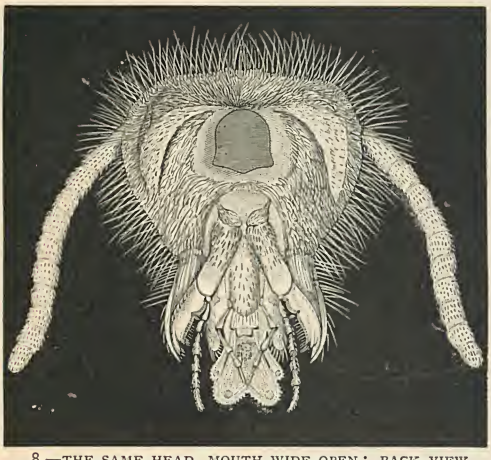
And now that I have traced the history of the commune from its rise to its fall, I must say a few words in brief detail about the individual wasps which make up its members.

And first of all as to the wasp's head. You will have gathered from what I have said that the head of the insect is practically by far its most important portion. All the work we do with our hands, the wasp does with its complicated mouth-organs. And the wasp's head is such a wonderful mechanism that some little study of the accompanying illustrations, though they may not at first sight look very attractive, will amply repay you. I will try to explain the uses of each part with as little as possible of scientific technicalities.

In No. 7 you get the head of a queen wasp, seen full face in front, with the mouth-organs open. The three little knobs in the centre up above are the simple eyes or eyelets (*ocelli*, if you prefer a Latin word, which sounds much more learned). The large kidney-shaped bodies on either side of the head (here seen as interrupted by the antennæ or feelers) are the compound eyes, each of which consists of innumerable tiny lenses, giving the wasp that possesses them a very acute sense of vision. We do not know exactly what is the difference in use between the simple eyes and the compound ones; but either sort has doubtless its own special part to play in this complex personality. The antennæ, or feelers, again, with their many joints and their ball-and-socket base, are beautiful and wonderful objects. The various parts of the mouth are here seen open; conspicuous

among them are the great saw-like outer jaws, used for scraping wood and manufacturing paper; the long, narrow shield; the broad tongue; and the delicately jointed palps, or finger-like feeders. Notice how some of these organs are suitable for cutting and rasping, while others lend themselves to the most dainty and delicate manipulation.

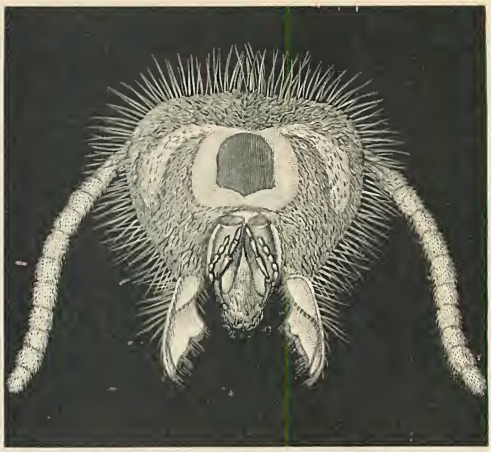
No. 8 shows us the same head, decapitated,



8.—THE SAME HEAD, MOUTH WIDE OPEN: BACK VIEW (DECAPITATED).

and seen from behind. The shield-like space in the very middle represents the point of decapitation—the cut neck, if I may use frankly human language. Below is the hollow or receptacle into which all the organs can be withdrawn when not in use, and packed away like surgical knives and lancets in an instrument case. Observe in the sequel how neatly and completely this can be done: how each has its groove in the marvellous economy of nature.

9.—THE MOUTH CLOSING: TONGUE WITHDRAWN: BACK VIEW.



10.—MOUTH ALMOST CLOSED: ATTITUDE FOR SCRAPING WOOD: BACK VIEW.

In No. 9 you see the organs closing (also a back view), the tongue having been now drawn in, while the saw-like jaws and the delicate feeling palps are still exposed and ready for working. No. 8 on the contrary is the feeding attitude.

In No. 10 (another back view), the palps have been turned back into their special groove, and the saw-like jaws are seen free

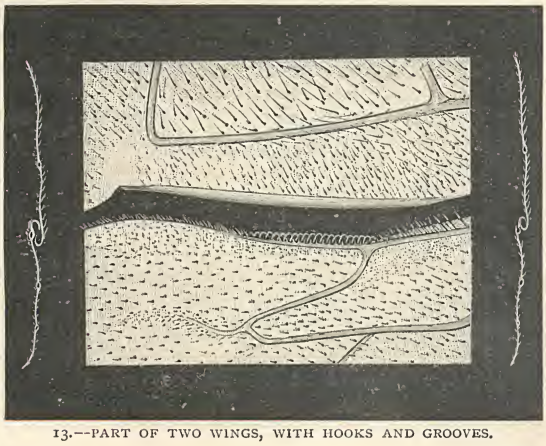
11.—MOUTH QUITE CLOSED: ATTITUDE FOR SCRAPING WOOD: END OF ONE MOVEMENT.

for working. This is the attitude in which the wasp attacks a park paling, in order to scrape off wood-fibre for the manufacture of paper. Here, as you see, the jaws are open. In No. 11 they are closed, at the end of a scrape. These two last attitudes are, of course, alternate. One shows the jaws opened, the other closed, as they look at the beginning and end of each forward and backward movement. You will notice also that, as usual, the insect's jaws work sideways, not

up and down like those of man and other higher animals. If you examine closely this series of wasp's heads in different postures, you will see how well the various parts are adapted, not only for rasping and manufacturing paper, but also for the more delicate work of wall and cell-building.

12.—QUEEN WITH FOLDED WINGS, AND ONE WING TO SHOW FOLDING.

Almost as interesting as the head are the wings of wasps, of which there are four, as in most other insects. But they have this curious peculiarity: the two front wings have a crease down the middle, so that they can be folded up lengthwise, like two segments or rays of a fan, and thus occupy only half the space on the body that they would otherwise do. It is this odd device that makes the transparent and gauzy wings so relatively inconspicuous when the insect is at rest, and the same cause contributes also to the display of the handsome black-and-yellow-striped body. No. 12 shows us a queen with her wings folded: below is one upper or front wing, folded over on itself, and then laid across the under wing. No. 13 introduces



13.—PART OF TWO WINGS, WITH HOOKS AND GROOVES.

us to a more characteristic feature, common to wasps with the whole bee family.

All these cousins possess by common descent the usual four wings of well-regulated insects. But it so happens that the habits of the race make strong and certain flight more practically important for them than the mere power of aërial coquetting and pirouetting possessed by the far less business-like butterflies. Your wasp and your bee are women of business. They have therefore found it pay them to develop a mechanism by which the two wings on either side can be firmly locked together, so as to act like a single pinion. No. 13 very well illustrates this admirable plan for fastening the fore and hind wings together. On top you see the back portion of the front wing, with a curved groove on its inner edge. Below, you get the front portion of the hinder wing, with a series of little hooks, microscopic, yet exquisitely moulded, which catch into the groove on the opposite portion. When thus hooked together, the two wings on the right act exactly like one. So do the two on the left. But they can be unhooked and folded back on the body at the will of the insect. To either side of No. 13 you will notice sections of the two wings, which will help you to understand the nature of the mechanism. On the right, the wings are seen hooked together; on the left, they are caught just in the act of unhooking.

14.—POISON BAG, SHEATH, DARTS, AND PALPI.

Last of all, and most important of all to ordinary humanity, we come to the sting, with its appendage the poison-bag. It is well represented in No. 14. The main object of the sting, and its original function by descent, is that of laying eggs; it is merely the ovipositor. But besides the grooved sheath or egg-layer (marked *S* in the illustration) and the two very sharp lances or darts (marked *D*) which pierce the flesh of the enemy, it is provided with a gland which secretes

15.—DARTS MAGNIFIED 300 DIAMETERS.

that most unpleasant body, formic acid; and when the wasp has cause to be annoyed, she throws the sting rapidly into the animal that annoys her, and injects the fluid with the formic acid in it. In No. 15 the darts are shown still more highly magnified. In the queen wasp, the sting is used both for laying eggs and as a weapon of offence; but in the workers, which cannot lay eggs, it is entirely devoted to the work of fighting.

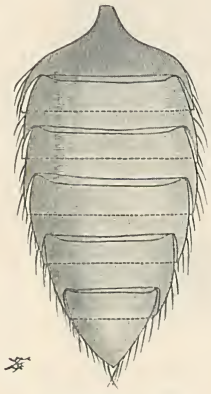
Two other little peculiarities of the wasp, however, deserve a final word of recognition. One of these is the elaborate brush-and-comb apparatus or antennæ-cleaner, drawn in a very enlarged view in No. 16. Whatever the sense may be which the antennæ serve, we may at least be certain that it is one of great importance to the insect; and both wasps and bees have therefore elaborate brushes for keeping these valuable organs clean and neat and in working order. They always remind me of the brushes I use myself for cleaning the type in my typewriting machine. The antennæ-brush of the wasp is fixed on one of her legs; its precise situation on the leg as a whole is shown in the little upper diagram; its detail and various parts are further enlarged below. To the left is the coarse or large-tooth comb; to the right is the brush; and above the brush, connected with the handle by an exceedingly thin and filmy membrane, is the fine-tooth comb,

16.—WASP'S BRUSH AND COMB, FOR CLEANING ANTENNÆ.

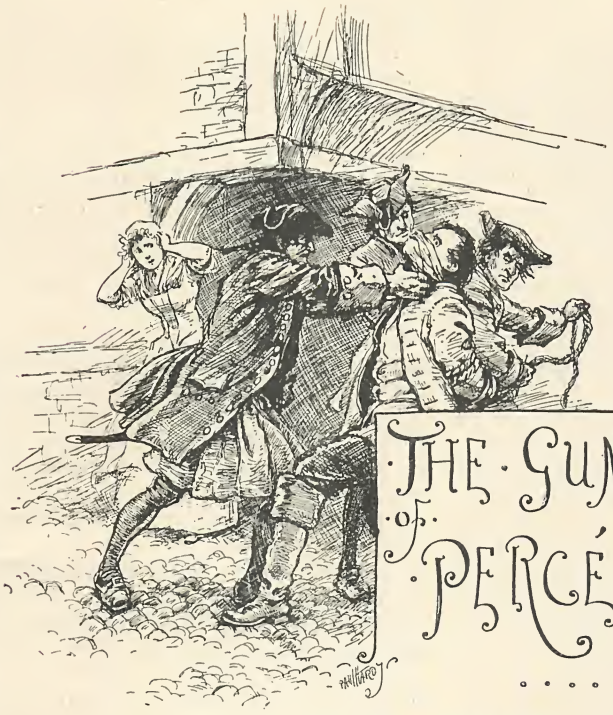
used for removing very small impurities. With this the wasp cleans her precious feelers much as you may have seen flies clean their wings when they have fallen in a jam-pot; only the wasp's mechanism is much more beautiful and perfect.

Almost equally interesting with the brush and comb are the series of tucks in the wasp's body or abdomen, delineated in No. 17. By means of these extraordinarily flexible rings, each held in place or let loose by appropriate muscles, the wasp can twist her body round so conveniently that, no matter how carefully and gingerly you hold her, she will manage to sting you. They are models of plate-armour. They work upward, downward, and more or less sideways, so that they enable her to cock her body up or down, right or left, at will, with almost incredible flexibility.

Adequately to tell you all about the wasp, however, would require, not an article, but a very stout volume. I have said enough, I hope, to suggest to you that the wasp's history is quite as interesting as that of her over-lauded relation, the little busy bee. Indeed, I suspect it is only the utilitarian instinct of humanity that has caused so much attention to be paid to the domestic producer of honey, and so relatively little to that free and independent insect, the first paper-maker.



17.—TUCKS IN THE SEGMENTS.



THE GUNNER OF PERCÉ ROCK

By Gilbert Parker.

THE Rock was a wall, and the wall was an island that had once been a long promontory, like a battlement, jutting out hundreds of yards into the gulf. At one point it was pierced by an archway. Its sides were almost sheer; its top was flat and level. Upon the sides there was no verdure; upon the top the centuries had made a green field. The wild geese as they flew north, myriad flocks of gulls, gannets and cormorants, and all manner of fowl of the sea, had builded upon the top until it grew rich with grass and shrub. The nations of the air sent their legions here to bivouac. The discord of a thousand languages might be heard far out to sea or far in upon the land. Millions of the feathered races swarmed there; sometimes the air above was darkened by clouds of them. No fog-bell on a rock-bound coast might warn mariners more ominously than these battalions of adventurers on the Percé Rock.

No human being had ever mounted to this eyrie, nor scaled the bulwarks of this feathered Eden. Three hundred feet below shipbuilders might toil and fishermen hover, but the lofty home of the marauders of the air had not yet suffered the invasion of man. It was a legend that this mighty palisade had once been a bridge of rock stretched across the gulf, builded by the gods of the land who smote with granite arms and drove back defeated the appalling gods of the sea.

Generations of fisherfolk had looked upon the yellowish, reddish limestone of the Percé Rock with an adventuring eye, but it would seem that not even the tiny, clinging hoof of a chamois or of a wild goat might find a foothold upon the straight sides of it. Three hundred feet was a long way to climb hand over hand, so for centuries the Percé Rock in the wide St. Lawrence Gulf remained solitary and unconquered.

But there came a day when man, the spoiler, single-handed and alone, should assail it.

This is the tale that is told of it: A hundred years and more ago, when the English

were fighting the French, the French squadron, fresh from destroying the fishing stations on the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, was lying off the coast of Gaspé, near to this vast rock called Percé. Just beyond it, in Mal Baie, was good shelter, but because of the fishing-posts at Percé, where they could get fresh fish and food, Richery, the French Admiral, chose to lie in the tideway before Percé Rock. The master gunner of the Admiral's ship was a Jersey man, who, being in St. Malo, had been pressed into the service. In vain he had protested. There was his Norman accent, his captors said; that was evidence enough, and if he was not a citizen of France he should be. So he was carried off in the *Invincible*, and with her sailed the seas looking for a British ship to fight.

His name was Antoine Robichon, and he had owned a fishing brig called the *Charming Nancy*, which sailed year after year to this very port of Percé, bringing Jersey fishermen, and carrying away again the dried cod to Europe. When he was pressed at St. Malo, his brother, who was first mate of the *Charming Nancy*, took her on to Gaspé on his brother's business, just the same as if the brother himself were sailing her.

Now Antoine was waiting in the tideway where he had come and gone ten years, seeing on the shore the fishing-posts of the great company, where he had so often eaten hard tack, drunk juniper tea, and danced with the master's daughters.

The first day the squadron arrived off Percé, Antoine, as he leaned on his great gun, looking out to the shore, wondered if the daughters were there now; whether Minois, the youngest—Minois the madcap, Minois the hunter, who shot deer like a Mohican—was still there. It was now two years since he had seen this bay of Percé; she was seventeen then, she was nineteen now—Minois Carnaval, the master's youngest daughter. He had asked her for a kiss when he bade her good-bye last, and she had laughed in his face; but he also remembered that she had waved her red 'kerchief from the roof of the fishing-post as the *Charming Nancy* sailed away, and that she had remained on the roof so long as the *Charming Nancy* could be seen.

Was she still there? And if she was, what would she think of him—a gunner now on a French ship? He might be ordered to bombard the very house where she lived; might, indeed, fire the shot which should kill her! She was French, but she was Canadian, and her country was now England. Two generations had nearly passed since Canada had been yielded up to the English, and in that time Jersey Normans, more English than the English, had chiefly occupied the land.

Antoine studied the matter hard, and the more he thought of it the harder to crack the nut seemed. His patriotism was not of that sort which smiles at martyrdom. He was of the easy-going kind who do things because they are expected to do them, from whom habit takes a load of responsibility. He was quite as well treated in this French ship as he would be in an English ship, and he could be on easier terms with his present comrades, because he spoke English badly; but these sailors could understand his language and he theirs. He had stubbornly resisted being pressed, but he had been knocked on the head, and there was an end to it! What was the good of being knocked on the head again or being hung at the yard-arm, if one could help it? He was an expert gunner, for he had served four years with the artillery at Elizabeth Castle in Jersey. When he was pressed for the *Invincible* he had asked to become a gunner, and did such excellent work against some Spanish privateers that the Admiral, delighted—for expert men were scarce—gave him a gun, and presently, because of his great skill, made him master gunner.

He grew fond of one great gun. He called her *ma couzaine*,. for everything that a Jersey man comes to love he calls his cousin. His comrades, like himself, did not have much concern with questions of loyalty or patriotism. They were ready to fight, but that was because it was expected of them, and it would make little difference to them whether it was against the English or against the Turks, or even against another French ship. Fighting was their trade, and they were expected to fight the old *Invincible* in action for all that she was capable.

Yet Antoine had what was almost like a thrill when he saw the British flag run up on the posts of the Fishing Company as they sailed into the bay. His heart, too, thumped a little. Involuntarily he looked up to the French tricolour flying over his head. It was curious that there should be such a difference in two pieces of linen—or was it silk?—No, it was linen. Just a little different arrangement of colour, and yet this flag on the roof of the big fishing-shed seemed to rouse his pulses to a heat.

"*Man doux d'la vie!* There is the flag of old Carnaval!" he said. "P'r'aps Minois put it up—that English flag!"

Whoever put it up, there was the English flag defiantly flying on the huts of the great fishing-shed, and — yes! there were two old twenty-pounders trained on the French squadron.

"Oh, my good! *Oh, mai grand doux!*" said Antoine, with a low, rolling laugh. "Oh, that is very dam funnee!"

The sight of the British flag loosened his tongue in English. It was undoubtedly ridiculous, those two twenty-pounders training on a whole fleet. Presently there was more defiance—the Jersey flag, a nice oblong piece of white linen with two diagonal red stripes; it was hoisted on the house of the master.

"Oh, my good!" said Antoine, again; "it will be the old man and the three boys next. What, what? Million thunders, look at that!"

He laughed uproariously, forgetful of discipline, of everything save the sight of old man Carnaval, his three sons, and his three daughters—marching with muskets from the house to the great shed.

Antoine heard a laugh behind him. He looked round, then straightened himself and stood at attention. It was Admiral Richery, laughing almost as loudly as Antoine himself had done.

"That's a big splutter in a little pot, gunner," said he. "Petticoats, too!" He put his telescope to his eye. "And, son of Peter, scarce out of their teens. The Lord protect us, they are going to fight my squadron!" He laughed again till the tears came. "The glory of Heaven, but it is droll, that! It is a farce *au diable!* They have humour, these fisherfolk—eh, gunner?"

"Old man Carnaval will fight just the same," answered Antoine, bridling up.

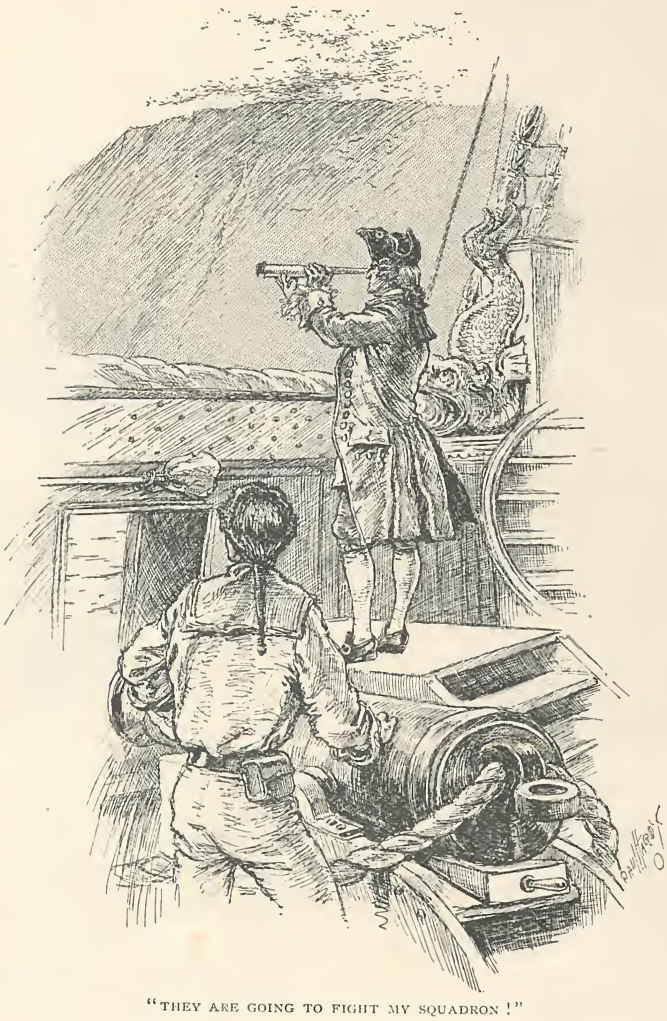
"Oh, ho, you know these people, my gunner?" said the Admiral.

"These ten years, Excellency," answered Antoine; "and by your leave, Excellency, I will tell you how."

And, not waiting for permission (after the manner of a Jerseyman), he told the Admiral the story of his old life, and of his being pressed.

"Very good," said the Admiral, coolly, "you Jersey folk used to be Frenchmen; now that you are a Frenchman again, you shall do something for the flag. You see that twenty-pounder yonder behind the wall? Very well, dismount it. Then we'll send in a flag of truce and parley with 'old man Carnaval,' for his jests are worth attention and politeness. There's a fellow at the gun—no! he has gone. Take good aim and dismount it in one shot. Ready, now—you have a good range."

The whole matter went through Antoine's mind as the Admiral spoke. If he refused to fire the gun, he would be strung up to the yard-arm; if he fired and missed, perhaps other



"THEY ARE GOING TO FIGHT MY SQUADRON!"

gunners would fire, and, once started, they might raze the fishing-post. If he fired and dismounted the gun, the matter would be only a jest, for as such, so far, the Admiral regarded it. In dismounting the gun and furthering the jest, he would be saving the Carnavals, and helping England too.

Well, to think that he must fire against the place where he had got his living these ten years! Why, he and Minois had many a time sat gossiping on this very gun that he was asked to dismount!

There was no time to weigh the matter further; the Admiral was frowning. So Antoine smiled as though the business was pleasing him, and prepared to fire.

He ordered the men to cast away the tackle and breechings, took off the apron, pricked a cartridge, primed, bruised the priming, and covered the vent. Then he took his range steadily, quietly. There was a brisk wind blowing from the south—he must allow for that; but the wind was stopped somewhat in its course by the Percé Rock—he must allow for that. He knew the wall behind which it was, its weakest part—he must take that into account. He had got what he thought was the right elevation; the distance was considerable, but he believed that he could do the business. He had a cool, somewhat stolid head, but his eye was quick and well trained.

"THE GUN WAS DISMOUNTED.'

He was ready. Suddenly a girl appeared running round the corner of the building, making straight for the gun. It was Minois! He himself had taught her how to fire that very gun. She was going to be gunner now. One of her brothers was running towards the other gun, a second was following her. Antoine started. He had not taken this into account.

"Fire, you fool!" cried the Admiral, "or you'll kill the girl."

Antoine laid a hand on himself, as it were. Every nerve in his body seemed tingling, his legs trembled, but his eye was steady. He took the sight once more, coolly, then blew on the match. The girl was within thirty feet of the gun—the madcap Minois! He blew on the match again and fired!

When the smoke cleared away, he saw that the gun was dismounted, and not fifteen feet from it stood the girl as if she had been turned into stone, looking—looking dazedly at the gun.

He heard a laugh behind him. There was the Admiral walking away, his telescope under his arm. Presently he saw a boat lowered, even as one of the twenty-pounders on the shore replied impudently to the shot Antoine had fired. The officers were laughing with the Admiral, and pointing towards Antoine.

"A good shot!" he heard the Captain say.

"Was it?" said Antoine to himself. "Was it? Then it would be the last that he would ever fire against the English." The sight of that girl upon the shore had decided him, had quickened some feeling in him. He looked over the side, and saw the boat drawing away with the white flag of truce in the hands of a midshipman. He wished he was in that boat; he then could see Minois face to face. There she was, talking to her father, and stamping her foot, too. She had a temper, had Minois! Never mind, she was the finest girl in all the world.

He would desert to-night. No—not desert, that was not the word; he would escape, and go ashore to Minois! He would go back to the English flag, no matter what happened.

As he sponged the gun, his *ma couzaine*, he

made his plans. Swish-swash, the sponge staff ran in and out; he would try to steal away at dog-watch. He struck the sponge smartly on *ma couzaine's* muzzle, cleansing it. He would have to slide into the water like a rat and swim so softly—so softly! He reached for a fresh cartridge, and thrust it into the throat of *ma couzaine* as far as he could reach, and as he laid the seam downwards, he said to himself, "If they see me, one minute I can hold my breath under water; in one minute I can swim a hundred yards; good!" He lovingly placed the wad to the cartridge, and, in three strokes of the rammer, drove wad and cartridge home with the precision of a drill. It was a long swim to shore, but if he got a fair start he thought he could do it. As he unstopped the touch-hole and tried with the priming-wire whether the cartridge was home, he pictured to himself being challenged, perhaps by Minois, and his reply. Then he imagined how she would say, "Oh, my good!" in true Jersey fashion, as he had taught her, and then—well, then, he hadn't got any further than that. Thinking was hard work for Antoine.

By the time he had rammed home wad and shot, however, he had come upon a fresh thought; and it stunned him. The Admiral would send a squad to search for him, and if he wasn't found they would probably bombard the post—"swab the caboose," he said to himself. As he put the apron carefully on *ma couzaine*, he almost burst his head with hard thinking. No, it wouldn't do to go to Percé village and take refuge with the Carnavals. And it wouldn't do to make for the woods of the interior, for the old Admiral might take his revenge out of the post. And no wonder, for, he said to himself with a simple vanity, he, Antoine Robichon, was a fine gunner, and *ma couzaine* would never behave so well with anyone else. *Ma couzaine* had been used to playing ugly pranks at times, especially if it was blowing fresh. She had once torn her tackle out of the ring-bolt in the deck, and had killed more than one sailor in her mad debauch of freedom. She had always behaved well under his hand, and it seemed to him that when he blew on the match to fire her, the muzzle gaped in a grin of delight. Of course the fleet would be furious at losing him, and *ma couzaine* there, the biggest gun in the fleet, without her master! So they would pepper the place if they did not find him. Decidedly, he must not go to old man Carnaval's. No harm should come to Minois's people that he could prevent. What was he to do?

He leaned his arms on the gun and shook his head helplessly at the village; then he turned his head away from the land. All at once his look seemed to lose itself in a long aisle of ever-widening, ever-brightening arches till a vast wilderness of splendour swallowed it. It was a hole in the wall, the archway piercing the great Rock. He raised his eyes to the Rock. Its myriad inhabitants shrieked and clattered and circled overhead. The shot from *ma couzaine* had roused them, and they had risen up like a cloud, and were scolding like a million fishwives over this insult to their peace.

As he looked, Antoine got a new idea. If he could get on the top of that massive wall, not a hundred fleets could dislodge him, nor an army follow him. A dozen stones would prevent that; one musket could defeat any forlorn hope. He would be the first man that ever gave battle to a whole fleet. Besides, if he took refuge on the Rock, there would be no grudge against Percé village or the Carnavals, and the Admiral would not attack them!

There, he had worked it out, and it was now a question between him and the Admiral and his fleet; the Carnavals were out of it. There was the young sous-lieutenant now on the shore with his flag of truce, talking to "ol' man Carnaval." There was Minois not ten feet away, and there was the young sous-lieutenant bowing and scraping to her. "*Man doux d'la vie*, what did he mean by that?" reflected Antoine. It was all right between old man Carnaval and the sous-lieutenant—that was clear. There, they all were shaking hands now. It was surer than ever that he, Antoine, must carry on a campaign independent of the Carnavals. If he didn't succeed, why then he would be hung to the yard-arm or shot. But if he stayed where he was on the *Invincible*, he was in just as much danger from a British gun in battle.

"*Bà sú!*" Antoine said to himself; the only thing was to try and climb Percé Rock. What a thing to tell if he did it and came safe out of the scrape! It would increase the worth of the *Charming Nancy* at least 50 per cent. Certainly he must do it. He had pointed out to Minois two years ago the spot where he thought it could be done. Just at this point the wall was not quite so steep, and there were narrow ledges and lumps of stone, and natural steps and foot-holds, and little pinnacles which the fingers

could grip, and where a man might rest. The weather had been scorching hot too, the rocks were dry as a bone, and there would be no danger of slipping.

Yes, he would try it in any case. He would be deserter, patriot, adventurer, gunner, master of the *Charming Nancy*, and Jerseyman, all in one. He would need—what? If he got to the top, he would need twine for hauling up rope—the Carnavals would give him rope when the time came. He would need stone and flint, and he also had some matches. A knife, a hammer, and one quilt—he must have the quilt for the nights, though he well knew what it would mean in climbing. Then there was food. Well, perhaps he should starve to death up there, but he would take what was left of to-day's rations, of which he had eaten very little; there was about a half-pound of biscuit, near half a pint of pease, a half-pint of oatmeal, and two ounces of cheese. He could live on that for at least three days. He also had a horn of good arrack. When that was gone—well, he was taking chances; if he died of thirst, it was no worse than the yard-arm. The most important thing was a few hundred feet of fine strong twine, and he knew there was plenty in the store-room amongst the cordage. He would get that at once and conceal it, for it was the one thing he could not do without.

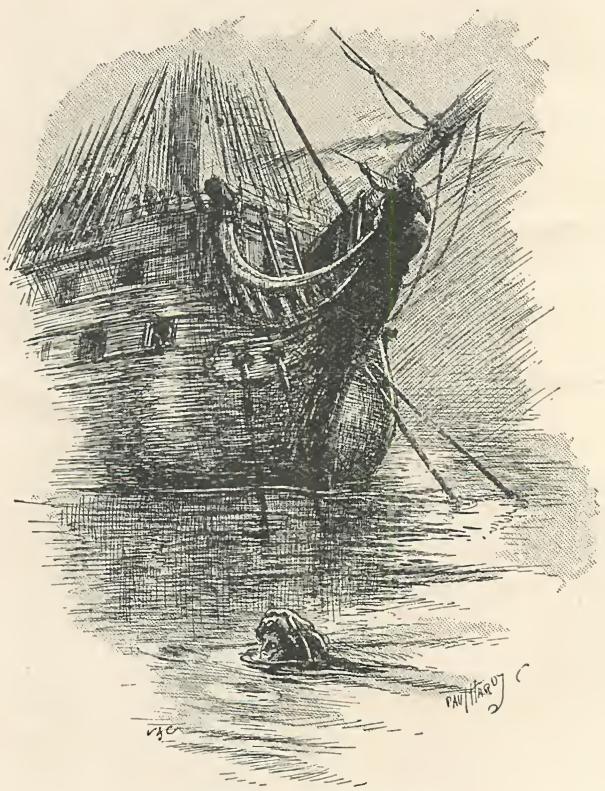
There was the sous-lieutenant coming back to the *Invincible*: he was waving his hand towards Minois. It was all very fine, he reflected, fretfully, to be a sous-lieutenant and wear a gold-handled sword; but he, Antoine, would climb Percé Rock, and the fleet and Minois and the sous-lieutenant should see him do a thing that had never before been done!

But how should Minois know who it was, perched on Percé Rock? He had not thought of that. What signal was there? There was none that he knew. Well, if he got away safely from the *Invincible* he would go to ol' man Carnaval's, let her know, and then go straight on to Percé Rock. Though it would be moonlight, the path of ascent was on the south side, out of the view of the fleet.

Very well, that settled it. He patted *ma couzaine* tenderly. He was sorry to leave her, but it had to be.

He was, however, a man of habit. The rest of the day he did his duty as faithfully as though he expected to be at his post the next morning. He gave the usual instructions to the gunsmith and armourer; he inspected the small-arms; he chose a man, as was his custom, for the gunroom watch; and he ate his supper phlegmatically when the hour came.

It was the last quarter of the moon, and the neap tide was running low, when Antoine let himself softly down into the water. He had the blanket tied on his head, the food, matches, etc., were inside the blanket, and the twine was in his pocket. He had not been seen, and he dropped away quietly astern. Another ship lay in his path, and he must be careful in passing her. He had got clear of the *Invincible* while the moon was partially obscured. Now, however, it was shining, but not very brightly. He came so near the other ship that he could see the watch, and he could smell the hot tar and pitch which had been used on the seams after



"ANOTHER SHIP LAY IN HIS PATH.

caulking. There was no sea and very little wind, and the watch was not alert. He was so close at one moment that he could hear the laughter of the young foremast-men as they turned in. He moved his arms very gently, propelling himself chiefly by his legs. At last he was clear of the fleet. Now it was a question of when his desertion would be discovered. All he asked was two clear hours. By that time the deed would be done, if he could climb Percé Rock at all.

He touched bottom; he was so far safe. He was on the Percé sands. His blanket was scarcely wetted. He wrung the water out of his clothes, and ran softly up the shore. Suddenly he was met by a cry of "Halt!" and a "Who goes there?" and he stopped short at the point of a bayonet. He recognised the voice: it was ol' man Carnaval's.

He said "'Sh!" and gave his name—Antoine Robichon, of the *Charming Nancy*. The old man knew his voice. He nearly dropped his musket in surprise. Antoine's tale of his misfortunes was soon given, but he had not yet told of his plans when he heard a quick footstep, and Minois was at her father's side. Unlike the old man, she did drop her musket, and with an exclamation, impulsively threw her arms round his neck and kissed him on the cheek.

"There!" she said, "that's for the captain of the *Charming Nancy*, who's come in through a fleet of Frenchmen!" She thought he had stolen into the harbour with his little ship under the very nose of the Admiral and his squadron.

Ruefully Antoine had to tell her the truth. She trembled with excitement at the story of how he had been pressed at St. Malo, and all that came after, until this very day, when he had dismounted the gun not fifteen feet from where she stood.

"Man alive!" she said; "it was you, Antoine—it was you that dismounted that gun and nearly killed me!"

"It was hard work not killing you," he answered.

"Go along with Minois," said ol' man Carnaval. "Moise is at the house; he'll help you get away into the woods."

That was not Antoine's plan, but he did not intend it for Carnaval's ears. Time was short, his position was perilous. He offered no explanation to the old man, but hurried away with Minois, telling her his purpose as he went. Suddenly she stopped short.

"Antoine Robichon," she said, "you're a fool! You cannot climb the Percé Rock. No one has ever done it, and you mustn't try; you'll be safe where Moise will hide you. You sha'n't climb the rock—ah, no! no!" She did not understand his reasons.

"THAT'S FOR THE CAPTAIN OF THE 'CHARMING NANCY.'"

He pointed towards the post.

"They would not leave a stick standing there if you hide me. No, I'm going to the top of Percé, or break my neck—*v'là!*"

Here was a revelation! She had never thought Antoine capable of so much thinking. For a moment she could only say, "*Mon doux terrible! Mon doux terrible!* Just think of that—to save us all and to climb Percé Rock!"

Then his intention suddenly inspired her.

"Antoine," she said, clutching his arm, "if you go to the top of Percé Rock, so will I!"

In spite of his anxiety, he laughed.

"*Ah, bah*, all right!" he said, "but I must get up first. Then I'll drop a cord, and you'll tie on a small rope if you've got enough. You'll tie it round your waist and come on, and then if you slip or get tired, I'll hold you safe with the rope. But see—but see," his voice dropped, "you can't stay up there with me all alone, Minois—and besides, it wouldn't do—the Admiral'd be firing on you too!"

"I can't stay alone with you, *mon doux!*" She was angry now. She could have slapped his face. "I'd like to know why I can't. If you ever want me to kiss you again in all your life, Antoine Robichon, you'll thump that stupid brain of yours for more sense to say. Come now, am I going up or not?"

"Yes," he said, "you can go up if you'll go down again when I tell you."

"I'll go down when you ask me, silly!" she said.

"Then I'll go straight to the Rock now," said Antoine. "When they miss me there'll be a pot boiling, I can tell you!" He unloosened the blanket from his head. "If I get up," he said, "I'll let the string down for the rope, and you'll tie this blanket on to the rope. I'll have to run my chance of their not missing me before that. Once on top they can't hurt me—nothing at all. . . . *Ah, bah!* Good-bye, Minois."

"Oh, my good! Oh! my good!" said the girl, with a sudden change of mood. "To think you have been gone two years, and now you come back like this! And perhaps——" But as he was about to put his arms round her, she pushed him away, dashed the tears from her eyes, and bade him go.

He had a new confidence in his enterprise. Hadn't Minois kissed him? Hadn't she wiped the tears out of her eyes? Hadn't she wanted to come with him to the top of Percé Rock? She was the sort of girl to be the wife of the master of the *Charming Nancy!* Without doubt she was. But if she came to Percé Rock, if she got up—well, he'd get up himself first, and then he'd try and think out the rest of it, but thinking was terribly hard work. It was more than fighting a ship to leeward of the enemy.

The tide was now well out; the moon was shining very brightly. He reached the point where, if the Rock was to be scaled at all, the ascent must be made. For a distance there was shelving where a fair foothold might be had by a fearless man, with a steady head and sure balance. After that came about 100ft. where he would have to draw himself up hand over hand, where was no natural pathway, where crevices must be found for feet and hands. Woe be to him if his head grew dizzy, his foot slipped, or his strength gave out: his body would be broken to pieces on the hard sand below. If that second stage were passed, the ascent thence to the top was easier; for though nearly as steep, it had ledges and offered fair advantage to a man who had a foot like a mountain goat. Antoine had been aloft all weathers, and his toes were as strong as another man's foot, and surer.

He started. Those toes of his caught in the crevices, held on to ledges, glued themselves to smooth surfaces; the knees clung like a rough-rider's to a saddle; the big hands, when once they got a purchase, fastened like an octopus or an air-cup. Slowly, slowly up, foot by foot, yard by yard, until one-third of the distance was climbed!

The suspense and strain were immeasurable: it was like bringing the *Charming Nancy* alone through a gale with a windward tide, while she yaws and quivers over twice the length of her bilge: or it was like watching a lower-deck gun straining under a heavy sea, with the lanyards and port tacks flying, and no knowing when the great machine would fly from her carriage and make havoc of the ship and the crew. But he struggled on and on, and now at last he had reached a jutting piece of rock with a sort of flying pinnacle, like a hook for the gods to hang their shields on, if shields they carried.

Here Antoine ventured to look below. He half-expected to see Minois, but there was only the white sand, and the only sound was the long wash of the gulf. He drew the horn of arrack from his pocket and drank. He had 200ft. more to climb, and the next hundred—that would test him, that would be the ordeal!

There was no time to lose. While he hung there a musket-shot could pick him off from below, and there was no telling how soon his desertion would be discovered. He hoped it would not be till morning. He started again. This was travail, indeed. His rough fingers, his toes, which were almost like horn, began to bleed. Once or twice he swung quite clear of the wall, hanging by his hands to catch a surer foothold to right or left, and just getting it by an inch, or less, sometimes. The strain and tension were terrible. His head appeared to swell and fill with blood; on the top it hurt him so much that

it seemed to him it must burst. His neck was aching horribly with the constant looking up, the skin of his knees was gone, his ankles were bruised. But he must keep on till he got to the top, or until he fell.

He was toiling on in a kind of dream, which was quite apart from all usual feelings of this world. The earth itself seemed far away, and he was toiling among vastnesses, himself a giant with immense frame, and huge, sprawling limbs. It was like the dreams which come in sleep, when the body is an elusive, stupendous mass that falls into space after a confused struggle with immensities. It was all mechanical, vague, almost numb —this effort to overcome a mountain. Yet it was precise and hugely expert too; for though there was a strange mist on the brain, the body felt its way with a singular certainty, as might some molluscan dweller of the sea, which is sensitive like a plant, with intuition like an animal. Yet sometimes it seemed that this vast body overcoming the mountain would let go its hold and slide away into the darkness of the depths. There was a strange convulsive shiver in every nerve. God have mercy, the time was come now!

"HE WAS TOILING ON IN A KIND OF DREAM."

No, not yet. At the very instant when it seemed this panting flesh and blood would be shaken off by the granite force repelling it, the fingers like great antennæ touched horns of rock, jutting out from ledges, on the third escarpment of the wall. Here was the last point of the second and worst stage of the journey. Slowly, heavily, the body drew up to the shelf of limestone, and crouched in an inert bundle. There it lay for a long time.

While the long minutes went by, a voice kept calling up from below — calling, calling, at first eagerly, then anxiously, then with terror. By-and-by the bundle of life stirred, took shape, raised itself, and was changed into a man again, a thinking, conscious being, who now understood the meaning of this sound coming up from the earth — or was it the sea? — below. It was a human voice which had at last pierced the awful exhaustion, the deadly labour, the peril and strife which had numbed the brain of a man, while the body in its love of life still clung to the rocky ledges. It had called the man back to earth — he was no longer a great animal, and the rock a monster with skin and scales of stone.

"Antoine! Antoine! Ah, Antoine!" called the voice.

Now he knew. He answered down :—

"All right! All right, Minois!"

"Are you at the top?"

"No, but the rest is easy."

"Hurry, hurry, Antoine! If they should come before you reach the top!"

"I'll soon be there. Ah, but, Minois, it was awful!"

"Are you hurt, Antoine?"

"No, but my fingers are in rags. I am going now, *à bi'tot!*"

"Antoine!"

"'Sh! do not speak. I am starting."

There was silence for what seemed hours to the girl below. Foot by foot the man climbed on, no less cautious because the ascent was easier, for he had become weaker. But he was on the monster's neck now, and soon he should set his heel on it—he was not to be shaken off.

At last the victorious moment came. Over a jutting ledge he drew himself up by sheer strength and the rubber-like grip of his lacerated fingers, body, legs, knees, and now he lay flat and breathless upon the ground.

How soft and cool it was! This was long, sweet grass that touched his face, which made a couch like down for the battered, wearied body. Surely this travail had been almost more than mortal. And what was this vast fluttering over his head, this million-voiced discord round him, like the buffetings and cries of spirits who welcome another to their torment? He raised his head and laughed in triumph. These were the cormorants, gulls, and gannets on the Percé Rock.

Antoine Robichon had done what man had never done before him: he had done it in the night, with only the moon to lighten the monstrous labour of his incredible adventure; he had accomplished it without help of any mortal sort.

Legions of birds circled over him with wild cries, so shrill and scolding that at first he did not hear Minois's voice calling up to him. At last, however, remembering, he leaned over the cliff and saw her standing in the moonlight far below.

Her voice came up to him indistinctly because of the clatter of the birds: "Antoine! Antoine!" She could not see him, for this part of the rock was in shadow.

"*Ah, bah*, all right!" he said, and, taking hold of one end of the twine he had brought, he let the roll fall. It dropped almost at Minois's feet. She fastened the rope she had got at the post to the end of it, and called to Antoine. He drew it up quickly. She had found no rope long enough, so she had tied three together. Antoine must splice them perfectly. Once more he let down the twine, and she fastened it to his blanket. It was a heavy strain on the twine, but the blanket and the food inclosed were got up safely. She called for him to lower again, and this time he hauled up tobacco, tea, matches, needles, cotton, a knife, and a horn of rum. Now she called for him to splice the ropes properly. There was no time to do that, but he tied them firmly together and let the great coil down. This time were drawn up a musket and ammunition, and another blanket. Again it was let down, and he drew up a crowbar, a handspike, and some tin dishes, which rattled against the side of the great Rock derisively. Again the rope went down, and two bundles of sticks and fagots were attached, with flint and steel, also a small roll of coarse cotton, and a bear-skin. Last of all came a small tent and a bundle of woman's clothes.

The rope did not come down again at once.

"Antoine! Antoine!" called the girl.

He was untying the bundle of woman's clothes, and trying to make out what they were, by holding them up in the moonlight. Suddenly he dropped them with an exclamation of surprise.

"Oh, my good!" he said. "*Oh, dame du guiable!*"

"Antoine! Antoine! Antoine, *méchant*," she called.

"'Sh, 'sh! Not such a row!" he answered.

"Let down the rope; I'm coming up," she said.

"You can't get up," he answered.

"You'll help pull me up — quick, the rope!"

"My hands are bleeding!"

"*Bûzard*—black *bûzard!*" she cried, angrily. "You lied to me!"

"I'll let down your clothes to you," he said.

"If you don't let down the rope, I'll climb up without it, and if I fall and break my neck, it'll be your fault. Quick, for I'm going to start!"

This frightened him. He tied the ropes still more firmly together, made a loop, and let the coil drop slowly. The loop fell into Minois's hands.

"Don't start yet," he called down. "I'll pull when it's all ready. He fell back from the edge to a place in the grass where, tying the rope round his body, he could seat himself and brace his feet against a ledge of rock. Then he pulled on the rope.

Minois began climbing, and Antoine pulled steadily. Twice he felt the rope suddenly jerk when she lost her footing, but still the rope came in steadily, and he used a nose of rock as a sort of winch. He knew when she was more than one-third of the way up by the greater weight upon the rope, by the more frequent jerking when she slipped. Yet this was no labour and monstrous struggle such as Antoine's climbing — this was the

scaling of a conquered wall by the legions of the victorious.

She was nearly two-thirds of the way up when a cannon-shot boomed out over the water, frightening again the vast coveys of birds, which shrieked and honked till the air was a maëlstrom of cries. Then came another cannon-shot.

Antoine's desertion was discovered.

Upon the other side of the Rock boats were putting out towards the shore. Antoine knew perfectly each movement as well as if he were watching them. The fight was begun between a single fisherman and a fleet of French warships.

His strength, however, could not last much longer. Every muscle of his body had been strained and tortured, and even this easier task tried him beyond endurance. His legs stiffened against the ledge of the rock, the tension on his arms made them numb—he wondered how near she was to the top. Suddenly there was a pause, then a heavy jerk. Love of God! the rope was shooting through his fingers, his legs were giving way. He gathered himself together, and then with teeth, hands, and body rigid with enormous effort, he pulled and pulled. He could not see. A mist swam before his eyes. Everything grew black, but he pulled on and on!

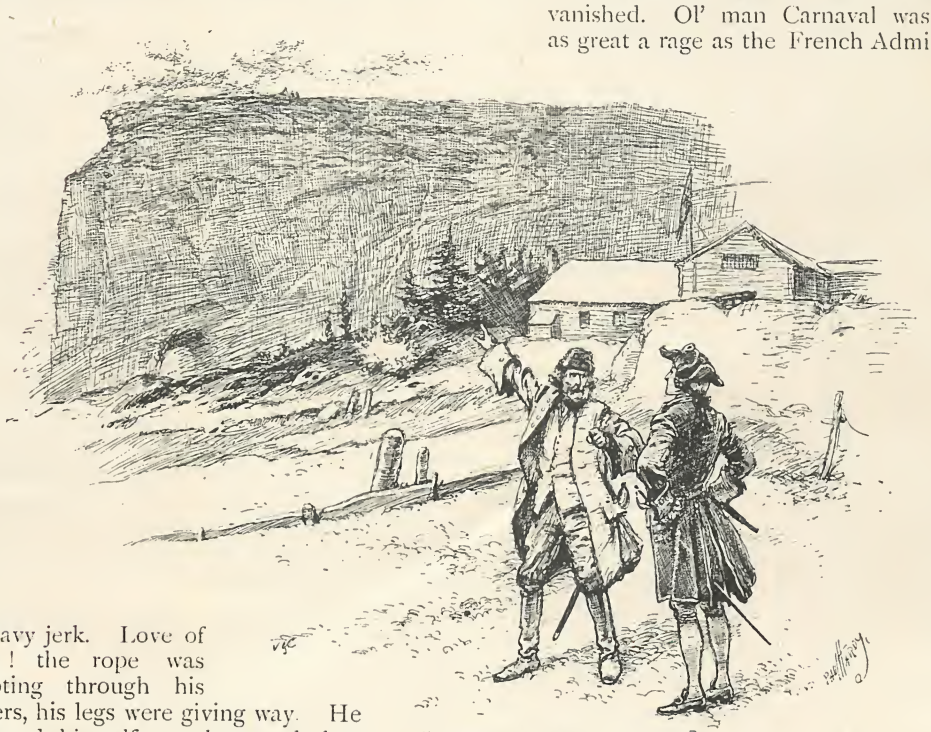
He never knew just when she reached the top. But when the mist cleared away from his eyes, she was bending over him, putting rum to his lips as he sat just where he had stiffened with effort.

"What a cat I was!" she said. "What a wild-cat I was to make you haul me up! I didn't know it was so bad. It was bad for me with the rope round me—it must have been awful for you, my poor *ésmanus*—my poor scarecrow Antoine!"

Scarecrow indeed he looked. His clothes were nearly gone, his hair was tossed and matted, his eyes were bloodshot, his huge hands were like pieces of raw meat, his feet were covered with blood.

"My poor scarecrow!" she said, and she tenderly wiped the blood from his face where his hands had touched it. Meanwhile, bugle-calls and cries of command came up to them, and in the first light of morning they could see the Frenchmen and the Carnavals hurrying to and fro.

When day came clear and bright, it was known that Minois as well as Antoine had vanished. Ol' man Carnaval was in as great a rage as the French Admiral, who was as keen to hunt down one Jersey-Englishman as he had ever been to attack an English fleet—more so perhaps.



"NOBODY WAS EVER THERE. LOOK AT IT! LOOK AT IT!"

Meanwhile the birds kept up a wild turmoil and shrieking. Never before had anyone heard them so clamorous. More than

once ol' man Carnaval had looked at Percé Rock curiously, but whenever the thought of it as a refuge occurred to him, he put it away. No, it was impossible. No human being since the world began had ever stood on that mysterious, lonely, and impregnable place, sacred to the birds and the invisible dwellers of the air.

Yet what was that? His heart thumped under his coat. There were two people on the lofty island wall—a man and a woman. He caught the arm of a French officer near him: "Look, look!" he said. The officer raised his glass and looked.

"It's the gunner!" he cried, and handed the glass to the old man.

"It's my Minois!" said Carnaval, after a moment, in a hoarse voice. "But it's not possible. It's not possible!" he added. "Nobody was ever there. My God! look at it! Look at it!"

It was a picture, indeed. A man and a woman were outlined against the clear air, putting up a tent as calmly as if it were on a lawn, thousands of birds wheeling over their heads, with querulous, fantastic cries.

A few moments later, ol' man Carnaval was being rowed swiftly to the French flag-ship, where the Admiral himself was swearing viciously as he looked through his telescope. He had recognised the gunner.

He had prepared to bombard the fishing-post, and wipe it out of existence if Carnaval did not produce Antoine. Well, here was Antoine duly produced, and insultingly setting up a tent on this sheer rock, "with some snippet of the devil," said the Admiral, and defying a whole French fleet! He would set his gunners to work. If he had in his ship as good a marksman as Antoine himself, the deserter should drop at the first shot. "Death and the deuce take his impudent face!"

He was just about to give the order, when Carnaval was brought to him. The old man's story annoyed him beyond measure.

"He's no man, then!" said the Admiral, when Carnaval had done, and an officer had added that all sides of the rock presented an almost perpendicular face. "He must be a cursed fly to do it! And the girl—*sacré moi!* he drew her up after him! I'll have him down out of that, though, or throw up my flag," he added, and, turning fiercely, gave his orders.

For hours the French ships bombarded the lonely rock from the north. The white tent was carried away, but the cannon-balls flew over or merely battered the solid rock: and no harm was done. But now and again the figure of Antoine appeared, and a half-dozen times he took aim coolly with his musket at the French soldiers on the shore. Twice his shots took effect: one man was wounded and one was killed. Then whole companies of marines returned a musketry fire at him, to no purpose. At his ease he hid himself in the long grass at the edge of the cliff, and picked off two more men.

Here was a ridiculous thing: one man and a slip of a girl fighting, and defying a whole squadron! The smoke of battle covered miles of the great gulf. Even the sea-birds shrieked in ridicule.

This went on for three days at intervals. With a fine chagrin the Admiral and his fleet saw a bright camp-fire lighted on the Rock, and knew that Antoine and the girl were cooking their meals in peace. A flag-staff, too, was set up, and a red petticoat waved defiantly in the breeze. At last the Admiral, who had watched the business from the deck of the *Invincible*, burst out laughing at the absurd humour of the situation. He sent for ol' man Carnaval.

"I've had enough," said he. "How long can he last up there?"

"He will have birds' eggs in plenty: there's wild berries, too, besides ground rats and all them. If I know my girl, too, there's rations gone aloft!" and he shook his head ruefully.

"Come!" said the Admiral, with mock indignation on his red face and a twinkle of the eye. "Come, I've had enough!"

He gave orders to stop firing. When the roar of cannon had ceased, he said:—

"*Sacré moi!* There never was a wilder jest, and I'll not spoil the joke. He has us on his toasting-fork. I shall give him the honour of a flag of truce, and he must come down. The scoundrel shall marry your daughter, fisherman, or we'll know the reason why." He was a fat, coarse, high-living Admiral, and his big lower lip shook with laughter.

And so it was that a French fleet sent a flag of truce to the foot of Percé Rock, and a French officer, calling up, gave the word of honour of his Admiral that Antoine should suffer nothing at the hands of a court-martial, and that he should be treated as a prisoner of war.

"As a prisoner of war!" quoth Antoine—that meant that he was to be treated like an English belligerent and not like a French deserter. He hemmed and hawed, and backed and filled, and made a function of

the business, and insisted on this as a condition and that as a concession, but at last he accepted the terms, though Minois stormed and said that she would stay in spite of all. At last she would go only on condition that she also should be treated as a prisoner in Antoine's company.

Antoine was easily able to make these terms, and she was lowered by the rope. Antoine then fastened the rope-end to one point of rock, and then to another, and himself descended, and was conducted with Minois to the Admiral with all the honours of war.

There was no court-martial. After Antoine had told the tale of the ascent at the Admiral's command, all the officers standing near, his fate was pronounced. The Admiral said :—

"No one but an Englishman would be fool enough to attempt such a thing, and no one but a fool could have been lucky enough to succeed. You have proved, gunner, that you are no Frenchman."

"Then I am no deserter, Excellency," said Antoine.

"You are a fool; but even a fool can get a woman to follow him, and so this flyaway followed you, gunner. But we'll have no more philanderings 'twixt Heaven and earth, and——"

Minois flew at the Admiral as though to scratch his eyes out, but Antoine held her back.

"ANTOINE HELD HER BACK."

"And you are condemned, gunner," continued the Admiral, drily, "to marry the said maid before sundown, or be carried out to sea a prisoner of war."

So saying, he laughed loudly and bade them begone to the wedding.

And it was done as the Admiral commanded, and the Fishing Post of Percé was saved to England, and Antoine and Minois sailed the sea in the *Charming Nancy* for many a year.

Curious Clipped Trees.

By Herbert Matthews.

MOST of us have heard of trees clipped into curious shapes and devices, and the microscopic minority that reads the gardening papers may possibly have seen drawings of some quaint examples of "verdant sculpture" or "topiary work," to give the thing its technical name. However, this is the first time that actual photographs have been taken of these wonderful trees for reproduction in a popular magazine.

These curious clipped trees may even yet be found at many old country mansions, but their quaint shapes are, generally speaking, only maintained because they are a relic of the past. "Topiary," writes Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, "is *not* appreciated by the great critics." It isn't. Somehow, they think it isn't quite natural, though why it shouldn't be, any more than, say, cutting a lawn, or trimming a hedge, one doesn't know.

The photograph reproduced on this page gives a capital idea of the extraordinary spectacle presented by one of these old topiary gardens. It is a general view taken in the grounds of Captain Bagot's magnificent residence, Levens Hall, near Kendal, in Westmorland. A glance at this photograph enables one to understand the following plaintive lines:—

> There likewise mote be seen on every side
> The shapely yew, of all its branching pride
> Ungently shorn, and, with preposterous skill,
> To various beasts and birds of sundry quill
> Transformed, and human shapes of monstrous size.
> Also other wonders of the sportive shears,
> Fair Nature misadorning, there were found:
> Globes, spiral columns, pyramids, and piers
> With spouting urns and budding statues crowned;
> And horizontal dials on the ground
> In living box, by cunning artists traced;
> And galleys trim, or on long voyage bound,
> But by their roots there ever anchored fast.

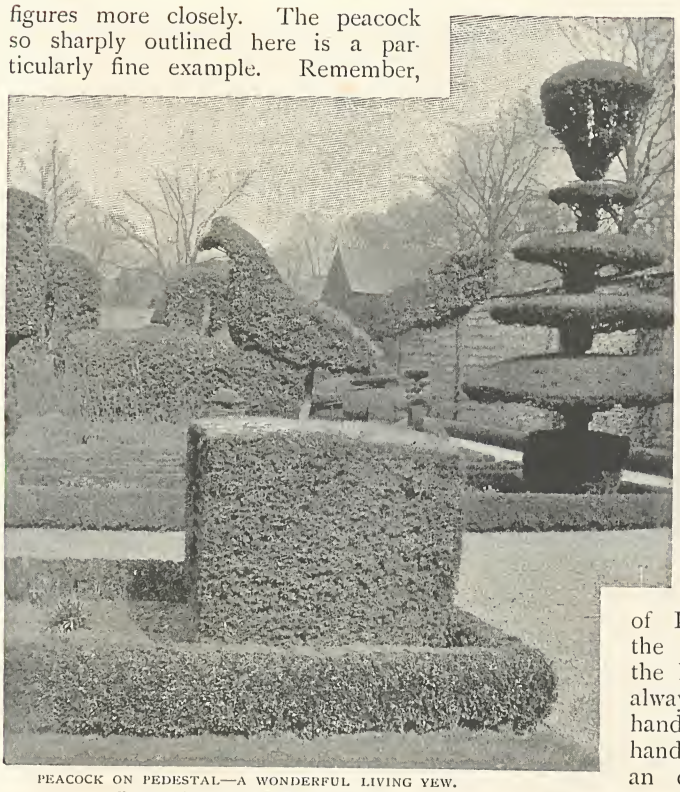
"Architecture as applied to living trees" is many centuries old. Our old friend Pliny had the grounds of his Tuscan villa decorated in this way—rows of bristly sentries and the initials of ladies cunningly clipped in box. Down to the commencement of the eighteenth century, the leading Italian gardens were full of verdant sculpture. That inveterate gossip, Evelyn, tells us he saw at Genoa an extensive grove of yews cut to resemble a flock of sheep, together with their shepherd, and a few wild beasts of no particular species, but of menacing appearance.

The Royal Gardens of Holland, designed during the reign of William III., contained a number of trees clipped into geometrical figures—junipers shaped into pyramids; marshmallows as sun-dials; and big yews cut and trained so as to form complete summer-houses. Many capital examples of this sort of thing may be seen in the foregoing photo.—pyramids, urns, small arbours, and sundry miscellaneous ornaments, all clipped in the living foliage.

From a Photo. by] TOPIARY GARDEN AT LEVENS HALL. *[J. H. Hogg, Kendal.*

But nothing will give you a better idea of this curious form of gardening than the photo. next reproduced. We have had a general glance at the gardens of Levens Hall; we now come to examine the individual

figures more closely. The peacock so sharply outlined here is a particularly fine example. Remember,



PEACOCK ON PEDESTAL—A WONDERFUL LIVING YEW.
From a Photo. by J. H. Hogg, Kendal.

the whole is *one living yew tree*—pedestal, stick, and bird. The border of the bed is box. So fine a figure as this requires periodical trimming, otherwise the peacock, after gradually undergoing fearful transmogrifications, would fade right away in the ordinary course of nature. In other words, it would grow completely out of shape.

When glancing at this photo., one should not overlook the curiously clipped tree on the right-hand side, which is intended purely for an ornamental figure. Peacocks seem to have been the favourite figure of the verdant sculptors. Now, in the case of the queer birds at Haddon Hall, one can understand and appreciate the choice, for a peacock forms part of the crest of the ducal family of Rutland. At Haddon, by the way, there is also a boar's head, rather grown out of shape. The lawn at The Durdans, Lord Rosebery's Epsom seat, is adorned with a couple of leafy geese, two Dutch hens, and a peacock; and Lady Warwick has at Easton a peculiar sundial, clipped in yew and box—hour-figures, dial, and all.

One of the quaintest groups of clipped trees in the country is at Packwood House, in Warwickshire. On a huge mound is a big yew clipped in the form of a cross. Paths branch off from this central spot in various directions, and are bordered with hedges of box. The mound is called the Mount of Olives, and close by are the "Four Evangelists" — four large yews clipped in the shape of square canisters. Smaller yews, dotted about on the lower ground, represent (according to the quaint design) a mixed multitude listening to one of the Evangelists preaching. And to this strange place hundreds of pilgrims resorted in bygone days!

The photo. next reproduced shows that tree in the grounds of Levens Hall which is called the "Cup and Saucer." Notice the little sprig of foliage that is always retained to do duty as the handle of the cup. Without this handle the figure might pass for an old-fashioned hat, whilst the

THE "CUP AND SAUCER."
From a Photo. by J. H. Hogg, Kendal.

lower part of the tree resembles a mushroom.

The French taste in this direction was at the summit of its fame during the reign of Louis XIV., who employed an eminent landscape-gardener named Le Notre, to decorate the gardens at Versailles in such a manner "that the nation and the Court might be dazzled and enchanted by its novelty and singularity." M. Le Notre succeeded. He went so far in the topiary way that the very branches of the trees were clipped to represent the architecture of different periods. Greyhounds in full cry after a stag were represented in clipped box — a remarkable exhibition, which caused a shrewd English writer to remark that "such hunting shall not waste your corn, nor much of your coyne." At the same time, however, it still calls for a little "coyne" to keep up a topiary garden, unless you want your "living statuary" to become ragged and finally fade away altogether. So much animosity was at one time felt against this curious work, that one wonders why no society was started for its suppression. Even Pope grumbled about it:—

"A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of converting them into giants, like those of the Guildhall!" By the way, why hasn't somebody thought of using verdant sculpture for advertising purposes? A couple of birds and a rabbit or two in pots, placed outside a restaurant door, would be certain to attract a crowd. And one of our informants, Mr. Donald McDonald, of Carter's famous seed warehouse (to whom we are greatly indebted for assistance), tells us that a Belgian nurseryman devotes a large area in his grounds to the training and cutting of yews into grotesque shapes solely for the English market. From which it is clear there must still be some demand for these curiosities. But clipped trees can be useful as well as ornamental. The "Judge's Wig" seen in the accompanying illustration is both. It is formed of a number of good-sized yews, and lives admirably up to its name so far as appearances go, the close foliage and perfect cutting completing the illusion. But besides this the "Judge's Wig" forms the pleasantest summer-house you could imagine. Five o'clock tea in the Wig is a novel and delightful experience; the table and seats you can see for yourself in the photograph.

From a Photo. by] THE "JUDGE'S WIG." *[J. H. Hogg, Kendal.*

Trees of this kind cannot be grown in a year —scarcely in a century. Thus it is that we find the best examples of topiary work only in the ancestral seats of the nobility, where these curiosities have been the delight of generations. There are likewise a number of quaintly clipped trees at Elvaston Castle, the splendid country residence of the Earl of Harrington, near Derby. We are greatly indebted to Lord Harrington for his kind permission to photograph these trees. The photograph here reproduced shows a particularly plump and perky

From a Photo. by] A WELL-GROOMED BIRD. *[W. W. Winter, Derby.*

peacock mounted on a highly elaborate pedestal. As yew is an evergreen, these extraordinary objects retain their shape all the year round.

Fashions in gardening change, just as do fashions in dress. Ask our leading landscape gardeners — Mr. Milner, of Victoria Street, or Mr. McClean, of Derby—and you will learn how indifferent people are nowadays towards verdant sculpture as an ornament to the grounds about a mansion. Most of the working gardeners, even, are averse from what they consider an unnatural mutilation of trees. The thing is entirely a matter of taste. Certainly to the ordinary person a topiary garden, such as the one shown in the view reproduced on the first page of this article, is far more interesting than a mere ordinary park or flower-garden. And many noblemen and others who possess gardens like those at Elvaston, usually find the clipped trees a perennial source of interest to their guests.

Churches fortunate enough to possess verdant sculptures also find these curious trees an attraction. Cyclists and others will recall the great double peacock that forms so remarkable an arch in front of the porch of the parish church of Bedfont, a delightful little village near Staines. One of these immense birds (both are clipped in venerable yews) bears the date, "1704," outlined in the foliage; whilst the other peacock has below it the initials of a former vicar and churchwardens, "J. H.," "J. G.," "R. T."

CHINESE PAGODA AND CROWN.
From a Photo. by W. W. Winter, Derby.

The next illustration conveys a good notion of the bizarre arboreal decorations in the grounds of Elvaston Castle. Here we see what is intended to represent a Chinese pagoda, surmounted with an Imperial crown. The ornamentation at the corners is curiously elaborate; and it will be noticed that the entire strange edifice is thrown across the path, so that from some little distance it looks not unlike a lych-gate.

THE HEN "IN EXCELSIS."
From a Photo. by W. W. Winter, Derby.

The remarkable fowl seen in the accompanying reproduction is intended to be a hen. Her beak has either withered away or been broken off. The position of that penetrating eye is not, one fears, precisely true to Nature, and as the foliage of the tree happens to be a little thin, the moulting season irresistibly suggests itself. Still, this is a good specimen of verdant sculpture, the curiously wrought pedestal rearing the hen aloft in such a

From a Photo. by] A MARVELLOUS ARBOUR. *[W. W. Winter, Derby.*

way that she is clearly silhouetted against the sky. The yew tree on the right, clipped with extraordinary precision, would be termed a dome by the "sculptors."

Yet another of the very remarkable clipped trees at Elvaston is shown here. In fact, on looking at this photograph, it is very difficult indeed to realize that this symmetrical arbour is a living tree at all. The principal trunk and all the ramifying branches are completely hidden beneath the very close green foliage; and it is only by going inside that one is enabled to get "behind the scenes," so to speak.

Take the peacocks at Bedfont Church. If you walk towards the church through the arch formed by the above-mentioned birds, and stand well behind the two ancient yews out of which they are formed, you will see no shape whatever—merely two ordinary trees whose branches interlace overhead. And when inspecting various items of verdant sculpture, many astonished people carefully explore the "statues" and arbours in this way, solely in order to satisfy themselves that these amazing structures are in reality living trees.

The quaint effect of the arbour shown in the last illustration, by the way, is heightened by the two peacocks that rise, one above the other, behind it. The tails of the birds are a little thin, but this must be expected in places.

These clipped trees are not by any means well known. Many well-to-do people who see them for the first time ask whether such trees are grown for sale anywhere. They are. Anyone who likes may send over to Rotterdam and buy "arboreal outrages" of any design — human figures, elephants, chairs and tables, and so on. The cottagers round about Rotterdam let their fancy run riot among their yews and box, and eventually send their most successful productions to a certain big local nurseryman.

The next reproduction shows a peacock mounted upon a dome-like base. In all cases the whole consists of one tree, cunningly trained and clipped with a pair of shears by some Elizabethan gardener, whose patience only equalled his ingenuity. In the case of nearly all the foregoing photographs, the operator took up a point of view which only embraced the extremely close surface and outline of the foliage, and

From a Photo. by] PEACOCK MOUNTED ON DOME. *[W. W. Winter, Derby.*

the resulting photos. revealed scarce a single branch of the tree itself. Here, however, we can see the smaller branches in the peacock's tail. Possibly this destroys the illusion a little, but still it enables one to see that these are really trees.

But the whole internal economy of the tree is pretty well laid bare for us in the next reproduction, which shows us the clipped yew known as the "Open Umbrella" in the gardens at Levens Hall, near Kendal. And well may this curious old tree be styled an umbrella. One might sit on the seat beneath it during the heaviest shower, and hardly a drop of rain would percolate through the close leaves. A little farther away is seen a pyramidical-shaped tree, crowned with a little cupola. On the right and left will be noticed other curious specimens of verdant sculpture, all of which would begin to look deplorable were it not for the constant and unremitting attention they receive at the hands of the head gardener.

THE "OPEN UMBRELLA."
From a Photo. by J. H. Hogg, Kendal.

The last photograph to be reproduced in this article shows a corner of the gardens at Elvaston Castle. Truly, it suggests a nightmare rather than a group of venerable, respectable old yew trees! Here are represented a number of nondescript birds, apparently guarding a quaint little arbour. But it should be remembered that these birds grow just like other birds; and when they are young and unformed it is difficult to classify them. And those persons who cavil at verdant sculpture, such as Messrs. Gilbert and Onslow Ford never dreamt of, should always remember that it is a form of landscape gardening which delighted our ancestors, much as the century-old dwarf trees in flower-pots delight the Japanese at the present day.

From a Photo. by] GROUP OF CURIOUS CLIPPED TREES AT ELVASTON. *[W. W. Winter, Derby.*

The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

Introduction.—That a secret society, based upon the lines of similar institutions so notorious on the Continent during the last century, could ever have existed in the London of our day may seem impossible. Such a society, however, not only did exist, but through the instrumentality of a woman of unparalleled capacity and genius, obtained a firm footing. A century ago the Brotherhood of the Seven Kings was a name hardly whispered without horror and fear in Italy, and now, by the fascinations and influence of one woman, it began to accomplish fresh deeds of unparalleled daring and subtlety in London. By the wide extent of its scientific resources, and the impregnable secrecy of its organizations, it threatened to become a formidable menace to society, as well as a source of serious anxiety to the authorities of the law. It is to the courtesy of Mr. Norman Head that we are indebted for the subject-matter of the following hitherto unpublished revelations.

I.—AT THE EDGE OF THE CRATER. Told by Norman Head.

IT was in the year 1895 that the first of the remarkable events which I am about to give to the world occurred. They found me something of a philosopher and a recluse, having, as I thought, lived my life and done with the active part of existence. It is true that I was young, not more than thirty-five years of age, but in the ghastly past I had committed a supreme error, and because of that paralyzing experience, I had left the bustling world and found my solace in the scientist's laboratory and the philosopher's study.

Ten years before these stories begin, when in Naples studying biology, I fell a victim to the wiles and fascinations of a beautiful Italian. A scientist of no mean attainments herself, with beauty beyond that of ordinary mortals, she had appealed not only to my head, but also to my heart. Dazzled by her beauty and intellect, she led me where she would. Her aims and ambitions, which in the false glamour she threw over them I thought the loftiest in the world, became also mine. She introduced me to the men of her set—I was quickly in the toils, and on a night never to be forgotten, I took part in a grotesque and horrible ceremony, and became a member of her Brotherhood.

It was called the Brotherhood of the Seven Kings, and dated its origin from one of the secret societies of the Middle Ages. In my first enthusiasm it seemed to me to embrace all the principles of true liberty. Katherine was its chief and queen. Almost immediately after my initiation, however, I made an appalling discovery. Suspicion pointed to the beautiful Italian as the instigator, if not the author, of a most terrible crime. None of the details could be brought home to her, but there was little doubt that she was its moving spring. Loving her passionately as I then did, I tried to close my intellect against the all too conclusive evidence of her guilt. For a time I succeeded, but when I was ordered myself to take part in a transaction both dishonourable and treacherous, my eyes were opened. Horror seized me, and I fled to England to place myself under the protection of its laws.

Ten years went by, and the past was beginning to fade. It was destined to be recalled to me with startling vividness.

When a young man at Cambridge I had studied physiology, but never qualified myself as a doctor, having independent means; but in my laboratory in the vicinity of Regent's Park, I worked at biology and physiology for the pure love of these absorbing sciences.

I was busily engaged on the afternoon of the 3rd of August, 1894, when Mrs. Kenyon, an old friend, called to see me. She was shown into my study, and I went to her there. Mrs. Kenyon was a widow, but her son, a lad of about twelve years of age, had, owing to the unexpected death of a relative, just come in for a large fortune and a title. She took the seat I offered her.

"It is too bad of you, Norman," she said; "it is months since you have been near me. Do you intend to forget your old friends?"

"I hope you will forgive me," I answered; "you know how busy I always am."

"You work too hard," she replied. "Why a man with your brains and opportunities for enjoying life wishes to shut himself up in the way you do, I cannot imagine."

"I am quite happy as I am, Mrs. Kenyon," I replied; "why, therefore, should I change? By the way, how is Cecil?"

"I have come here to speak about him. You know, of course, the wonderful change in his fortunes?"

"Yes," I answered.

"He has succeeded to the Kairn property, and is now Lord Kairn. There is a large rent-roll and considerable estates. You know, Norman, that Cecil has always been a most delicate boy."

"I hoped you were about to tell me that he was stronger," I replied.

"He is, and I will explain how in a moment. His life is a most important one. As Lord Kairn, much is expected of him. He has not only, under the providence of God, to live, but by that one little life he has to keep a man of exceedingly bad character out of a great property. I allude to Hugh Doncaster. Were Cecil to die, Hugh would be Lord Kairn. You have already doubtless heard of his character?"

"I know the man well by repute," I said.

"I thought you did. His disappointment and rage at Cecil succeeding to the title are almost beyond bounds. Rumours of his malevolent feelings towards the child have already reached me. I am told that he is now in London, but his life, like yours, is more or less mysterious. I thought it just possible, Norman, that you, as an old friend, might be able to get me some particulars with regard to his whereabouts."

"Why do you want to know?" I asked.

"I feel a strange uneasiness about him; something which I cannot account for. Of course, in these enlightened days he would not attempt the child's life, but I should be more comfortable if I were assured that he was nowhere in Cecil's vicinity."

"But the man can do nothing to your boy!" I said. "Of course, I will find out what I can, but——"

Mrs. Kenyon interrupted me.

"Thank you. It is a relief to know that you will help me. Of course, there is no real danger; but I am a widow, and Cecil is only a child. Now, I must tell you about his health. He is almost quite well. The most marvellous recuperation has taken place. For the last two months he has been under the care of that extraordinary woman, Mme. Koluchy. She has worked miracles in his case, and now to complete the cure she is sending him to the Mediterranean. He sails to-morrow night under the care of Dr. Fietta. I cannot bear parting with him, but it is for his good, and Mme. Koluchy insists that a sea voyage is indispensable."

"But won't you accompany him?" I asked.

"I am sorry to say that is impossible. My eldest girl, Ethel, is about to be married, and I cannot leave her on the eve of her wedding; but Cecil will be in good hands. Dr. Fietta is a capital fellow—I have every faith in him."

"Where are they going?"

"To Cairo. They sail to-morrow night in the *Hydaspes*."

"Cairo is terribly hot at this time of year. Are you quite sure that it is wise to send a delicate lad like Cecil there in August?"

"Oh, he will not stay. He sails for the sake of the voyage, and will come back by the return boat. The voyage is, according to Mme. Koluchy, to complete the cure. That marvellous woman has succeeded where the medical profession gave little hope. You have heard of her, of course?"

"I am sick of her very name," I replied; "one hears it everywhere. She has bewitched London with her impostures and quackery."

"There is no quackery about her, Norman. I believe her to be the cleverest woman in England. There are authentic accounts of her wonderful cures which cannot be contradicted. There are even rumours that she is able to restore youth and beauty by her

"SHE HAS BEWITCHED LONDON WITH HER IMPOSTURES."

arts. The whole of society is at her feet, and it is whispered that even Royalty are among her patients. Of course, her fees are enormous, but look at the results! Have you ever met her?"

"Never. Where does she come from? Who is she?"

"She is an Italian, but she speaks English perfectly. She has taken a house which is a perfect palace in Welbeck Street."

"And who is Dr. Fietta?"

"A medical man who assists madame in her treatments. I have just seen him. He is charming, and devoted to Cecil. Five o'clock! I had no idea it was so late. I must be going. You will let me know when you hear any news of Mr. Doncaster? Come and see me soon."

I accompanied my visitor to the door, and then, returning to my study, sat down to resume the work I had been engaged in when I was interrupted.

But Mrs. Kenyon's visit had made me restless. I knew Hugh Doncaster's character well. Reports of his evil ways now and then agitated society, but the man had hitherto escaped the stern arm of justice. Of course, there could be no real foundation for Mrs. Kenyon's fears, but I felt that I could sympathize with her. The child was young and delicate; if Doncaster could injure him without discovery, he would not scruple to do so. As I thought over these things, a vague sensation of coming trouble possessed me. I hastily got into my evening dress, and having dined at my club, found myself at half-past ten in a drawing-room in Grosvenor Square. As I passed on into the reception-rooms, having exchanged a few words with my hostess, I came across Dufrayer, a lawyer, and a special friend of mine. We got into conversation As we talked, I noticed where a crowd of men were clustering round and paying homage to a stately woman at the farther end of the room. The marked intelligence and power of her face could not fail to arrest attention, even in the most casual observer. At the first glance I felt that I had seen her before, but could not tell when or where.

"Who is that woman?" I asked of my companion.

"My dear fellow," he replied, with an amused smile, "don't you know? That is the great Mme. Koluchy, the rage of the season, the great specialist, the great consultant. London is mad about her. She has only been here ten minutes, and look, she is going already. They say she has a dozen engagements every night."

Mme. Koluchy began to move towards the door, and, anxious to get a nearer view, I also passed rapidly through the throng. I

"HER EYES MET MINE."

reached the head of the stairs before she did, and as she went by looked her full in the face. Her eyes met mine. Their dark depths seemed to read me through. She half smiled, half paused as if to speak, changed her mind, made a stately inclination of her queenly head, and went slowly down stairs. For a moment I stood still, there was a ringing in my ears, and my heart was beating to suffocation. Then I hastily followed her. When I reached the pavement Mme. Koluchy's carriage stopped the way. She did not notice me, but I was able to observe her. She was bending out and talking eagerly to someone. The following words fell on my ear :—

"It is all right. They sail to-morrow evening."

The man to whom she spoke made a reply which I could not catch, but I had seen his face. He was Hugh Doncaster.

Mme. Koluchy's carriage rolled away, and I hailed a hansom. In supreme moments we think rapidly. I thought quickly then.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"No. 140, Earl's Terrace, Kensington," I called out. I sat back as I spoke. The horror of past memories was almost paralyzing me, but I quickly pulled myself together. I knew that I must act, and act quickly. I had just seen the Head of the Brotherhood of the Seven Kings. Mme. Koluchy, changed in much since I last saw her, was the woman who had wrecked my heart and life ten years before in Naples.

With my knowledge of the past, I was well aware that where this woman appeared victims fell. Her present victim was a child. I must save that child, even if my own life were the penalty. She had ordered the boy abroad. He was to sail to-morrow with an emissary of hers. She was in league with Doncaster. If she could get rid of the boy, Doncaster would doubtless pay her a fabulous sum. For the working of her schemes she above all things wanted money. Yes, without doubt, the lad's life was in the gravest danger, and I had not a moment to lose. The first thing was to communicate with the mother, and if possible put a stop to the intended voyage.

I arrived at the house, flung open the doors of the hansom, and ran up the steps. Here unexpected news awaited me. The servant who answered my summons said that Mrs. Kenyon had started for Scotland by the night mail—she had received a telegram announcing the serious illness of her eldest girl. On getting it she had started for the north, but would not reach her destination until the following evening.

"Is Lord Kairn in?" I asked.

"No, sir," was the reply. "My mistress did not like to leave him here alone, and he has been sent over to Mme. Koluchy's, 100, Welbeck Street. Perhaps you are not aware, sir, that his lordship sails to-morrow evening for Cairo?"

"Yes, I know all about that," I replied; "and now, if you will give me your mistress's address, I shall be much obliged to you."

The man supplied it. I entered my hansom again. For a moment it occurred to me that I would send a telegram to intercept Mrs. Kenyon on her rapid journey north, but I finally made up my mind not to do so. The boy was already in the enemy's hands, and I felt sure that I could now only rescue him by guile. I returned home, having already made up my mind how to act. I would accompany Cecil and Dr. Fietta to Cairo.

At eleven o'clock on the following morning I had taken my berth in the *Hydaspes*, and at nine that evening was on board. I caught a momentary glimpse of young Lord Kairn and his attendant, but in order to avoid explanations kept out of their way. It was not until the following morning, when the steamer was well down Channel, that I made my appearance on deck, where I at once saw the boy sitting at the stern in a chair. Beside him was a lean, middle-aged man wearing a pair of *pince-nez*. He looked every inch a foreigner, with his pointed beard, waxed moustache, and deep-set, beady eyes. As I sauntered across the deck to where they were sitting, Lord Kairn looked up and instantly recognised me.

"Mr. Head!" he exclaimed, jumping from his chair, "you here? I am very glad to see you."

"I am on my way to Cairo, on business," I said, shaking the boy warmly by the hand.

"To Cairo? Why, that is where we are going; but you never told mother you were coming, and she saw you the day before yesterday. It was such a pity that mother had to rush off to Scotland so suddenly; but last night, just before we sailed, there came a telegram telling us that Ethel was better. As mother had to go away, I went to Mme. Koluchy's for the night. I like going there. She has a lovely house, and she is so delightful herself. And this is Dr. Fietta, who has come with me." As the boy added these words Dr. Fietta came forward and peered at me through his *pince-nez*. I bowed, and he returned my salutation.

"HE RETURNED MY SALUTATION."

"This is an extraordinary coincidence, Dr. Fietta!" I exclaimed. "Cecil Kenyon happens to be the son of one of my greatest friends. I am glad to see him looking so well. I am fortunate in having the honour of meeting so distinguished a savant as yourself. I have heard much about Mme. Koluchy's marvellous occult powers, but I suppose the secrets of her success are very jealously guarded. The profession, of course, pooh-pooh her, I know, but if one may credit all one hears, she possesses remedies undreamt-of in their philosophy."

"It is quite true, Mr. Head. As a medical man myself, I can vouch for her capacity, and unfettered by English professional scrupulousness, I appreciate it. Mme. Koluchy and I are proud of our young friend here, and hope that the voyage will complete his cure, and fit him for the high position he is destined to occupy."

The voyage flew by. Fietta was an intelligent man, and his scientific attainments were considerable. But for my knowledge of the terrible past my fears might have slumbered, but as it was they were always present with me, and the moment all too quickly arrived when suspicion was to be plunged into certainty.

On the day before we were due at Malta, the wind sprang up and we got into a choppy sea. When I had finished breakfast I went to Cecil's cabin to see how he was. He was just getting up, and looked pale and unwell.

"There is a nasty sea on," I said, "but the captain says we shall be out of it in an hour or so."

"I hope we shall," he answered, "for it makes me feel squeamish, but I dare say I shall be all right when I get on deck. Dr. Fietta gave me something to stop the sickness, but it has not had much effect."

"I do not know anything that really stops sea-sickness," I answered; "but what has he done?"

"Oh, a curious thing, Mr. Head. He pricked my arm with a needle on a syringe, and squirted something in. He says it is a certain cure for sea-sickness. Look," said the child, baring his arm, "that is where he did it."

I examined the mark closely. It had evidently been made with a hypodermic injection needle.

"Did Dr. Fietta tell you what he put into your arm?" I asked.

"Yes, he said it was morphia."

"Where does he keep his needle?"

"In his trunk there under his bunk. I shall be dressed directly, and will come on deck."

I left the cabin and went up the companion. The doctor was pacing to and fro on the hurricane-deck. I approached him.

"Your charge has not been well," I said, "I have just seen him. He tells me you have given him a hypodermic of morphia."

He turned round and gave me a quick glance of uneasy fear.

"Did Lord Kairn tell you so?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Head, it is the very best cure for sea-sickness. I have found it most efficacious."

"Do you think it wise to give a child morphia?" I asked.

"I do not discuss my treatment with an unqualified man," he replied, brusquely, turning away as he spoke. I looked after him, and as he disappeared down the deck my fears became certainties. I determined, come what would, to find out what he had given the boy. I knew only too well the infinite possibilities of that dangerous little instrument, a hypodermic syringe.

As the day wore on the sea moderated, and at five o'clock it was quite calm again, a welcome change to the passengers, who, with the permission of the captain, had arranged to give a dance that evening on deck. The occasion was one when ordinary scruples must fade out of sight. Honour in such a mission as I had set myself must give place to the watchful zeal of the detective. I was determined to take advantage of the dance to explore Dr. Fietta's cabin. The doctor was fond of dancing, and as soon as I saw that he and Lord Kairn were well engaged, I descended the companion, and went to their cabin. I switched on the electric light, and, dragging the trunk from beneath the bunk, hastily opened it. It was unlocked and only secured by straps. I ran my hand rapidly through the contents, which were chiefly clothes, but tucked in one corner I found a case, and, pulling it out, opened it. Inside lay the delicate little hypodermic syringe which I had come in search of.

I hurried up to the light and examined it. Smeared round the inside of the glass, and adhering to the bottom of the little plunger, was a whitish, gelatinous-looking substance. This was no ordinary hypodermic solution. It was half-liquefied gelatine such as I knew so well as the medium for the cultivation of micro-organisms. For a moment I felt half-stunned. What infernal culture might it not contain?

Time was flying, and at any moment I might be discovered. I hastily slipped the syringe into my pocket, and closing the trunk, replaced it, and, switching off the electric light, returned to the deck. My temples were throbbing, and it was with difficulty I could keep my self-control. I made up my mind quickly. Fietta would of course miss the syringe, but the chances were that he would not do so that night. As yet there was nothing apparently the matter with the boy, but might there not be flowing through his veins some poisonous germs of disease, which only required a period of incubation for their development?

At daybreak the boat would arrive at Malta. I would go on shore at once, call upon some medical man, and lay the case before him in confidence, in the hope of his having the things I should need in order to examine the contents of the syringe. If I found any organisms, I would take the law into my own hands, and carry the boy back to England by the next boat.

"INSIDE LAY THE DELICATE LITTLE HYPODERMIC SYRINGE."

No sleep visited me that night, and I lay tossing to and fro in my bunk longing for daylight. At 6 a.m. I heard the engine-bell ring, and the screw suddenly slow down to half-speed. I leapt up and went on deck. I could see the outline of the rock-bound fortress and the lighthouse of St. Elmo looming more vividly every moment. As soon as we were at anchor and the gangway down, I hailed one of the little green boats and told the men to row me to the shore. I drove at once to the Grand Hotel in the Strada Reale, and asked the Italian guide the address of a medical man. He gave me the address of an English doctor who lived close by, and I went there at once to see him. It was now seven o'clock, and I found him up. I made my apologies for the early hour of my visit, put the whole matter before him, and produced the syringe. For a moment he was inclined to treat my story with incredulity, but by degrees he became interested, and ended by inviting me to breakfast with him. After the meal we repaired to his consulting-room to make our investigations. He brought out his microscope, which I saw, to my delight, was of the latest design, and I set to work at once, while he watched me with evident interest. At last the crucial moment came, and I bent over the instrument and adjusted the focus on my preparation. My suspicions were only too well confirmed by what I saw. The substance which I had extracted from the syringe was a mass of micro-organisms, but of what nature I did not know. I had never seen any quite like them before. I drew back.

"I wish you would look at this," I said. "You tell me you have devoted considerable attention to bacteriology. Please tell me what you see."

Dr. Benson applied his eye to the instrument, regulating the focus for a few moments, in silence; then he raised his head, and looked at me with a curious expression.

"Where did this culture come from?" he asked.

"From London, I presume," I answered.

"It is extraordinary," he said, with emphasis, "but there is no doubt whatever that these organisms are the specific germs of the very disease I have studied here so assiduously; they are the micrococci of Mediterranean fever, the minute round or oval bacteria. They are absolutely characteristic."

I jumped to my feet.

"Is that so?" I cried. The diabolical nature of the plot was only too plain. These germs injected into a patient would produce a fever which only occurs in the Mediterranean. The fact that the boy had been in the Mediterranean even for a short time would be a complete blind as to the way in which they obtained access to the body, as everyone would think the disease occurred from natural causes.

"How long is the period of incubation?" I asked.

"About ten days," replied Dr. Benson.

I extended my hand.

"You have done me an invaluable service," I said.

"I may possibly be able to do you a still further service," was his reply. "I have made Mediterranean fever the study of my

"DR. BENSON APPLIED HIS EYE TO THE INSTRUMENT."

life, and have, I believe, discovered an antitoxin for it. I have tried my discovery on the patients of the naval hospital with excellent results. The local disturbance is slight, and I have never found bad symptoms follow the treatment. If you will bring the boy to me I will administer the antidote without delay."

I considered for a moment, then I said: "My position is a terrible one, and I am inclined to accept your proposition. Under the circumstances it is the only chance."

"It is," repeated Dr. Benson. "I shall be at your service whenever you need me."

I bade him good-bye and quickly left the house.

It was now ten o'clock. My first object was to find Dr. Fietta, to speak to him boldly, and take the boy away by main force if necessary. I rushed back to the Grand Hotel, where I learned that a boy and a man, answering to the description of Dr. Fietta and Cecil, had breakfasted there, but had gone out again immediately afterwards. The *Hydaspes* I knew was to coal, and would not leave Malta before one o'clock. My only chance, therefore, was to catch them as they came on board. Until then I could do nothing. At twelve o'clock I went down to the quay and took a boat to the *Hydaspes*. Seeing no sign of Fietta and the boy on deck, I made my way at once to Lord Kairn's cabin. The door was open and the place in confusion—every vestige of baggage had disappeared. Absolutely at a loss to divine the cause of this unexpected discovery, I pressed the electric bell. In a moment a steward appeared.

"Has Lord Kairn left the ship?" I asked, my heart beating fast.

"I believe so, sir," replied the man. "I had orders to pack the luggage and send it on shore. It went about an hour ago."

I waited to hear no more. Rushing to my cabin, I began flinging my things pell-mell into my portmanteau. I was full of apprehension at this sudden move of Dr. Fietta's. Calling a steward who was passing to help me, I got my things on deck, and in a few moments had them in a boat and was making rapidly for the shore. I drove back at once to the Grand Hotel in the Strada Reale.

"Did the gentleman who came here to-day from the *Hydaspes*, accompanied by a little boy, engage rooms for the night?" I asked of the proprietor in the bureau at the top of the stairs.

"No, sir," answered the man; "they breakfasted here, but did not return. I think they said they were going to the gardens of San Antonio."

For a minute or two I paced the hall in uncontrollable excitement. I was completely at a loss what step to take next. Then suddenly an idea struck me. I hurried down the steps and made my way to Cook's office.

"A gentleman of that description took two tickets for Naples by the *Spartivento*, a Rupertino boat, two hours ago," said the clerk, in answer to my inquiries. "She has started by now," he continued, glancing up at the clock.

"To Naples?" I cried. A sickening fear seized me. The very name of the hated place struck me like a poisoned weapon.

"Is it too late to catch her?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, she has gone."

"Then what is the quickest route by which I can reach Naples?"

"You can go by the *Gingra*, a P. and O. boat, to-night to Brindisi, and then overland. That is the quickest way now."

I at once took my passage and left the office. There was not the least doubt what had occurred. Dr. Fietta had missed his syringe, and in consequence had immediately altered his plans. He was now taking the lad to the very fountain-head of the Brotherhood, where other means if necessary would be employed to put an end to his life.

It was nine o'clock in the evening, three days later, when, from the window of the railway carriage, I caught my first glimpse of the glow on the summit of Vesuvius. During the journey, I had decided on my line of action. Leaving my luggage in the cloak-room, I entered a carriage and began to visit hotel after hotel. For a long time I had no success. It was past eleven o'clock that night when, weary and heart-sick, I drew up at the Hotel Londres. I went to the concierge with my usual question, expecting the invariable reply, but a glow of relief swept over me when the man said:—

"Dr. Fietta is out, sir, but the young lord is in. He is in bed—will you call to-morrow? What name shall I say?"

"I shall stay here," I answered; "let me have a room at once, and have my bag taken to it. What is the number of Lord Kairn's room?"

"Number forty-six. But he will be asleep, sir; you cannot see him now."

I made no answer, but going quickly upstairs, I found the boy's room. I knocked; there was no reply, I turned the handle and entered. All was dark. Striking a match I

looked round. In a white bed at the further end lay the child. I went up and bent softly over him. He was lying with one hand beneath his cheek. He looked worn and tired, and now and then moaned as if in trouble. When I touched him lightly on the shoulder, he started up and opened his eyes. A dazed expression of surprise swept over his face; then with an eager cry he stretched out both his hands and clasped one of mine.

"HE WAS LYING WITH ONE HAND BENEATH HIS CHEEK."

"I am so glad to see you," he said. "Dr. Fietta told me you were angry—that I had offended you. I very nearly cried when I missed you that morning at Malta, and Dr. Fietta said I should never see you any more. I don't like him—I am afraid of him. Have you come to take me home?" As he spoke he glanced eagerly round in the direction of the door, clutching my hand still tighter as he did so.

"Yes, I shall take you home, Cecil. I have come for the purpose," I answered; "but are you quite well?"

"That's just it; I am not. I have awful dreams at night. Oh, I am so glad you have come back, and you are not angry. Did you say you were really going to take me home?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"Please do. I am—stoop down, I want to whisper to you—I am afraid of Dr. Fietta."

"What is your reason?" I asked.

"There is no reason," answered the child, "but somehow I dread him. I have done so ever since you left us at Malta. Once I woke in the middle of the night and he was bending over me—he had such a queer look on his face, and he used that syringe again. He was putting something into my arm—he told me it was morphia. I did not want him to do it, for I thought you would rather he didn't. I wish mother had sent me away with you. I am afraid of him."

"Now that I have come, everything will be right," I said.

"And you will take me home to-morrow?"

"Certainly."

"But I should like to see Vesuvius first. Now that we are here it seems a pity that I should not see it. Can you take me to Vesuvius to-morrow morning, and home in the evening, and will you explain to Dr. Fietta?"

"I will explain everything. Now go to sleep. I am in the house, and you have nothing whatever to fear."

"I am very glad you have come," he said, wearily. He flung himself back on his pillow; the exhausted look was very manifest on his small, childish face. I left the room, shutting the door, softly.

To say that my blood boiled can express but little the emotions which ran through my frame—the child was in the hands of a monster. He was in the very clutch of the Brotherhood, whose intention was to destroy

his life. I thought for a moment. There was nothing now for it but to see Fietta, tell him that I had discovered his machinations, claim the boy, and take him away by force. I knew that I was treading on dangerous ground. At any moment my own life might be the forfeit, for my supposed treachery to the cause whose vows I had so madly taken. Still, if I saved the boy nothing else really mattered.

I went downstairs into the great central hall, interviewed the concierge, who told me that Fietta had returned, asked for the number of his private sitting-room, and, going there, opened the door without knocking. At a writing-table at the farther end sat the doctor. He turned as I entered, and, recognising me, started up with a sudden exclamation. I noticed that his face changed colour, and that his beady eyes flashed an ugly fire. Then, recovering himself, he advanced quietly towards me.

"This is another of your unexpected surprises, Mr. Head," he said, with politeness. "You have not, then, gone on to Cairo? You change your plans rapidly."

"Not more so than you do, Dr. Fietta," I replied, watching him as I spoke.

"I was obliged to change my mind," he answered. "I heard in Malta that cholera had broken out in Cairo. I could not therefore take my patient there. May I inquire why I have the honour of this visit? You will excuse my saying so, but this action of yours forces me to suspect that you are following me. Have you a reason?"

He stood with his hands behind him, and a look of furtive vigilance crept into his small eyes.

"This is my reason," I replied. I boldly drew the hypodermic syringe from my pocket as I spoke.

With an inconceivably rapid movement he hurried past me, locked the door, and placed the key in his pocket. As he turned towards me again I saw the glint of a long, bright stiletto which he had drawn and was holding in his right hand, which he kept behind him.

"I see you are armed," I said, quietly, "but do not be too hasty. I have a few words to say to you." As I spoke I looked him full in the face, then I dropped my voice. "*I am one of the Brotherhood of the Seven Kings!*"

When I uttered these magical words he started back and looked at me with dilated eyes.

"Your proofs, instantly, or you are a dead man," he cried, hoarsely. Beads of sweat gleamed upon his forehead.

"Put that weapon on the table, give me your right hand, and you shall have the proofs you need," I answered.

He hesitated, then changed the stiletto to his left hand, and gave me his right. I grasped it in the peculiar manner which I had never forgotten, and bent my head close to his. The next moment I had uttered the pass-word of the Brotherhood.

"La Regina," I whispered.

"*E la regina*," he replied, flinging the stiletto on the carpet.

"Ah!" he continued, with an expression of the strongest relief, while he wiped the moisture from his forehead. "This is too wonderful. And now tell me, my friend, what your mission is? I knew you had stolen my syringe, but why did you do it? Why did you not reveal yourself to me before? You are, of course, under the Queen's orders?"

"I am," I answered, "and her orders to me now are to take Lord Kairn home to England overland to-morrow morning."

"Very well. Everything is finished—he will die in one month."

"From Mediterranean fever? But it is not necessarily fatal," I continued.

"That is true. It is not always fatal acquired in the ordinary way, but by our methods it is so."

"Then you have administered more of the micro-organisms since leaving Malta?"

"Yes; I had another syringe in my case, and now nothing can save him. The fever will commence in six days from now."

He paused for a moment or two.

"It is very odd," he went on, "that I should have had no communication. I cannot understand it." A sudden flash of suspicion shot across his dark face. My heart sank as I saw it. It passed, however, the next instant; the man's words were courteous and quiet.

"I of course accede to your proposition," he said: "everything is quite safe. This that I have done can never by any possibility be discovered. Madame is invincible. Have you yet seen Lord Kairn?"

"Yes, and I have told him to be prepared to accompany me home to-morrow."

"Very well."

Dr. Fietta walked across the room, unlocked the door and threw it open.

"Your plans will suit me admirably," he continued. "I shall stay on here for a few days more, as I have some private business to transact. To-night I shall sleep in peace. Your shadow has been haunting me for the last three days."

"'YOUR PROOFS, INSTANTLY, OR YOU ARE A DEAD MAN,' HE CRIED."

I went from Fietta's room to the boy's. He was wide awake and started up when he saw me.

"I have arranged everything, Cecil," I said, "and you are my charge now. I mean to take you to my room to sleep."

"Oh," he answered, "I am glad. Perhaps I shall sleep better in your room. I am not afraid of you—I love you." His eyes, bright with affection, looked into mine. I lifted him into my arms, wrapped his dressing-gown over his shoulders, and conveyed him through the folding-doors, down the corridor, into the room I had secured for myself. There were two beds in the room, and I placed him in one.

"I am so happy," he said, "I love you so much. Will you take me to Vesuvius in the morning, and then home in the evening?"

"I will see about that. Now go to sleep," I answered.

He closed his eyes with a sigh of pleasure. In ten minutes he was sound asleep. I was standing by him when there came a knock at the door. I went to open it. A waiter stood without. He held a salver in his hand. It contained a letter, also a sheet of paper and an envelope stamped with the name of the hotel.

"From the doctor, to be delivered to the signor immediately," was the laconic remark.

Still standing in the doorway, I took the letter from the tray, opened it, and read the following words:—

"You have removed the boy, and that action arouses my mistrust. I doubt your having received any communication from madame. If you wish me to believe that you are a *bonâ-fide* member of the Brotherhood, return the boy to his own sleeping-room immediately."

I took a pencil out of my pocket and hastily wrote a few words on the sheet of paper, which had been sent for the purpose:—

"I retain the boy. You are welcome to draw your own conclusions."

Folding up the paper I slipped it into the envelope, and wetting the gum with my tongue, fastened it together, and handed it to the waiter, who withdrew. I re-entered my room and locked the door. To keep the boy was imperative, but there was little doubt that Fietta would now telegraph to Mme. Koluchy (the telegraphic office being open day and night) and find out the trick I was playing upon him. I considered whether I might not remove the boy there and then to another hotel, but decided that such a step would be useless. Once the emissaries of the Brotherhood were put upon my track, the case for the child and myself would be all but hopeless.

There was likely to be little sleep for me that night. I paced up and down my lofty room. My thoughts were keen and busy. After a time, however, a strange confusion seized me. One moment I thought of the child, the next of Mme. Koluchy, and then again I found myself pondering some abstruse and comparatively unimportant point in science, which I was perfecting at home. I shook myself free of these thoughts, to walk about again, to pause by the bedside of the child, to listen to his quiet breathing.

Perfect peace reigned over his little face. He had resigned himself to me, his terrors were things of the past, and he was absolutely happy. Then once again that queer confusion of brain returned. I wondered what I was doing, and why I was anxious about the boy.

Finally I sank upon the bed at the farther end of the room, for my limbs were tired and weighted with a heavy oppression. I would rest for a moment, but nothing would induce me to close my eyes. So I thought, and flung myself back on my pillow. But the next instant all present things were forgotten in dreamless and heavy slumber.

I awoke long hours afterwards, to find the sunshine flooding the room — the window which led on to the balcony wide open, and Cecil's bed empty. I sprang up with a cry; memory returned with a flash. What had happened? Had Fietta managed to get in by means of the window? I had noticed the balcony outside the window, on the previous night. The balcony of the next room was but a few feet distant from mine. It would be easy for anyone to enter there, spring from one balcony to the other, and so obtain access to my room. Doubtless this had been done. Why had I slept? I had firmly resolved to stay awake all night. In an instant I had found the solution. Fietta's letter had been a trap. The envelope which he sent me contained poison on the gum. I had licked it, and so received the fatal soporific. My heart beat wildly. I knew I had not an instant to lose. With hasty strides I went into Fietta's sitting-room: there was no one there; into his bedroom, the door of which was open: it was also empty. I rushed into the hall.

"The gentleman and the little boy went out about half an hour ago," said the concierge, in answer to my inquiries. "They have gone to Vesuvius—a fine day for the trip." The man smiled as he spoke.

My heart almost stopped.

"How did they go?" I asked.

"A carriage, two horses—best way to go."

In a second I was out in the Piazza del Municipio. Hastily selecting a pair-horse carriage out of the group of importunate drivers, I jumped in.

"Vesuvius," I shouted, "as hard as you can go."

The man began to bargain. I thrust a roll of paper-money into his hand. On receiving it he waited no longer, and we were soon dashing at a furious speed along the crowded, ill-paved streets, scattering the pedestrians as we went. Down the Via Roma, and out on to the Santa Lucia Quay, away and away through endless labyrinths of noisome, narrow streets, till at length we got out into the more open country, at the base of the burning mountain. Should I be in time to prevent the catastrophe which I dreaded? For I had been up that mountain before, and knew well the horrible danger at the crater's mouth—a slip, a push, and one would never be seen again.

The ascent began, and the exhausted horses were beginning to fail. I leapt out, and giving the driver a sum which I did not wait to count, ran up the winding road of cinders and pumice, that curves round beneath the observatory. My breath had failed me, and my heart was beating so hard that I could scarcely speak, when I reached the station where one takes ponies to go over the new, rough lava. In answer to my inquiries, Cook's agent told me that Fietta and Cecil had gone on not a quarter of an hour ago.

I shouted my orders, and flinging money right and left, I soon obtained a fleet pony, and was galloping recklessly over the broken lava. Throwing the reins over the pony's head I presently jumped off, and ran up the little, narrow path to the funicular wire-laid railway, that takes passengers up the steep cone to the crater.

"Just gone on, sir," said a Cook's official, in answer to my question.

"But I must follow at once," I said, excitedly, hurrying towards the little shed.

The man stopped me.

"We don't take single passengers," he answered.

"I will, and must, go alone," I said. "I'll buy the car, and the railway, and you, and the mountain, if necessary, but go I will. How much do you want to take me alone?"

"One hundred francs," he answered, impertinently, little thinking that I would agree to the bargain.

"Done!" I replied.

In astonishment he counted out the notes which I handed to him, and hurried at once into the shed. Here he rang an electric bell to have the car at the top started back, and getting into the empty car, I began to ascend up, and up, and up. Soon I passed the empty car returning. How slowly we moved! My mouth was parched and dry, and I was in a fever of excitement. The smoke from the crater was close above me in great wreaths. At last we reached the top. I leapt out, and without waiting for a guide, made my way past, and rushed up the active cone, slipping in the shifting, loose, gritty soil. When I reached the top a gale was blowing, and the scenery below, with the Bay and Naples and Sorrento, lay before me, the most magnificent panorama in the world. I had no time to glance at it, but hurried forward, past crags of hot rock, from which steam and sulphur

were escaping. The wind was taking the huge volumes of smoke over to the farther side of the crater, and I could just catch sight of two figures as the smoke cleared for a moment. The figures were those of Fietta and the boy. They were evidently making a *détour* of the crater, and had just entered the smoke. I heard a guide behind shout something to me in Italian, but I took no notice, and plunged at once into the blinding, suffocating smoke that came belching forth from the crater.

I was now close behind Fietta and the boy. They held their handkerchiefs up to their faces to keep off the choking, sulphurous fumes, and had evidently not seen me. Their guide was ahead of them. Fietta was walking slowly; he was farthest away from the crater's mouth. The boy's hand was within his; the boy was nearest to the yawning gulf. A hot and choking blast of smoke blinded me for a moment, and hid the pair from view; the next instant it passed. I saw Fietta suddenly turn, seize the boy, and push him towards the edge. Through the rumbling thunder that came from below I heard a sharp cry of terror, and bounding forward I just caught the lad as he reeled, and hurled him away into safety.

"THE DOCTOR FELL HEADLONG DOWN."

With a hoarse yell of baffled rage, Fietta dashed through the smoke and flung himself upon me. I moved nimbly aside, and the doctor, carried on by the impetus of his rush, missed his footing in the crumbling ashes and fell headlong down through the reeking smoke and steam into the fathomless, seething caldron below.

What followed may be told in a few words. That evening I sailed for Malta with the boy. Dr. Benson administered the antitoxin in time, and the child's life was saved. Within a fortnight I brought him back to his mother.

It was reported that Dr. Fietta had gone mad at the edge of the crater, and in an excess of maniacal fury, had first tried to destroy the boy, and then flung himself in. I kept my secret.

Marvels in Match-boxes.

By S. L. Neville-Dixon.

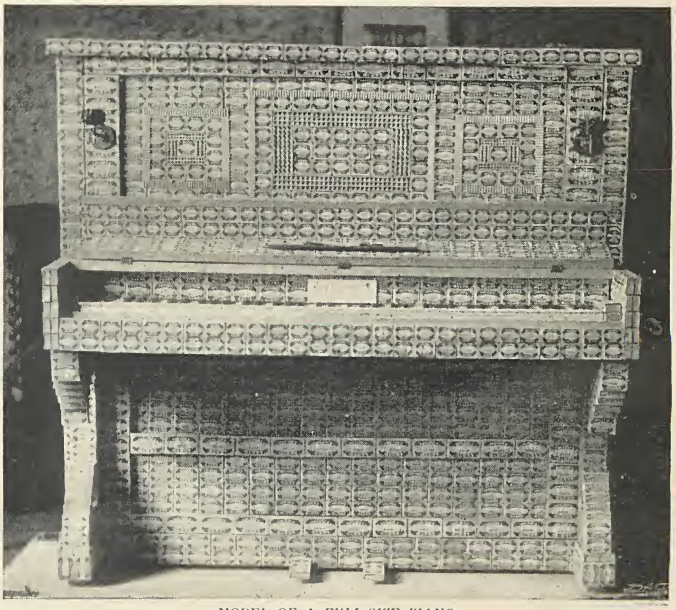
THESE pages are an eloquent testimony to the extraordinary skill and ingenuity of artisans and others in the Midland districts. Two or three years ago a particularly enterprising firm of match-manufacturers, Messrs. S. I. Moreland and Sons, of Gloucester and Birmingham, hit upon the excellent idea of getting up public competitions on entirely original lines. Of course, the firm's primary motive was the sale and general advertisement of their wares; but they also considered how they should best tap the wonderful fund of originality which they knew the average British workman *does* possess, no matter what his traducers say.

It was at length resolved that the competition should take the form of model-making—"the greatest novelty of any sort that can be made with not less than 1,000 of our match-boxes." The conditions were widely advertised in Birmingham and its environs. Competent judges—architects, chiefly—were appointed. The first prize was £50, the second £25, third £10, and then came three other prizes of £5 each. In subsequent competitions, however, the amounts were slightly varied, but in all cases the prize-money aggregated £100. Models were to be sent carriage paid to Messrs. Moreland and Sons' Birmingham depôt, 155, Great Charles Street, and those winning a prize became the absolute property of the firm. Later on Messrs. Moreland hired a shop in Birmingham for the express purpose of exhibiting to the public the prize-winning models.

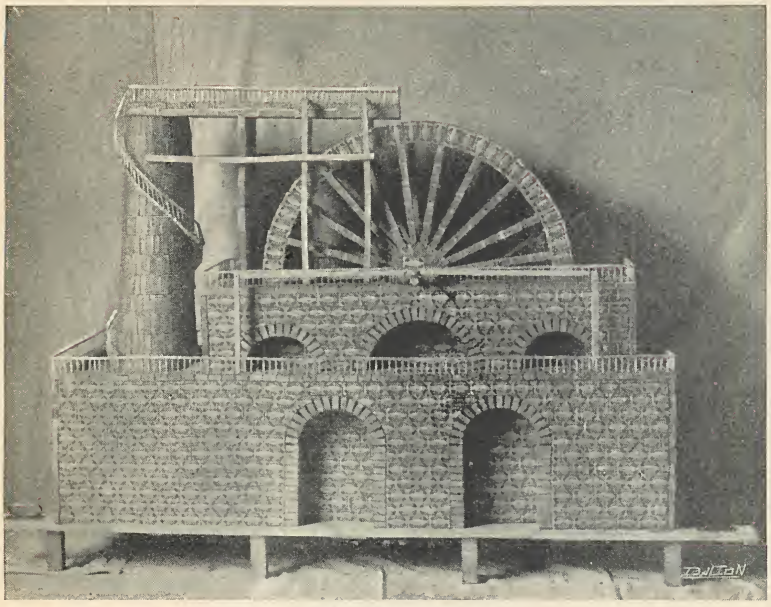
In this article, then, will be found a representative collection of photographs of these "marvels in match-boxes." In some cases the model occupied the spare time of its creator for six months or more; and the effect of the whole was heightened by clock-work arrangements and similar contrivances.

It is to Messrs. Morelands' Birmingham manager, Mr. George Blakely, that we are indebted for most of the photographs.

The wonderful piano seen in the first photograph is actually full size, being 5ft. in height, and constructed entirely of match-boxes, which, according to the rules of the competition, must have contained Messrs. Morelands' wares. The instrument was awarded first prize in the third competition, so that it may be said to have fetched the price of a real cottage piano. The judges were Messrs. Gately and Parsons, well-known architects in Birmingham. The maker of the piano was Mr. G. W. Roberts, of 2 Wenman Street, Birmingham. Mr. Roberts served as tuner for many years with the well-known house of Broadwood, so that a piano suggested itself naturally to him. He tells me that he used upwards of 3,200 ordinary match-boxes, and 576 boxes that had contained small wax-vestas. The only other thing he used was 5lb. of glue.



MODEL OF A FULL-SIZE PIANO.

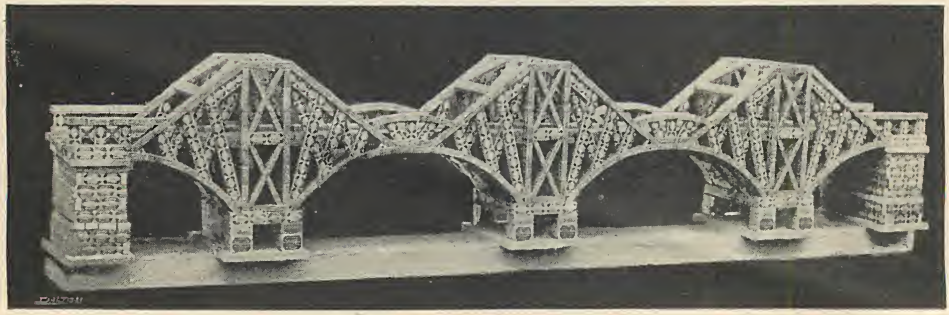


THE LAXEY WHEEL, ISLE OF MAN.

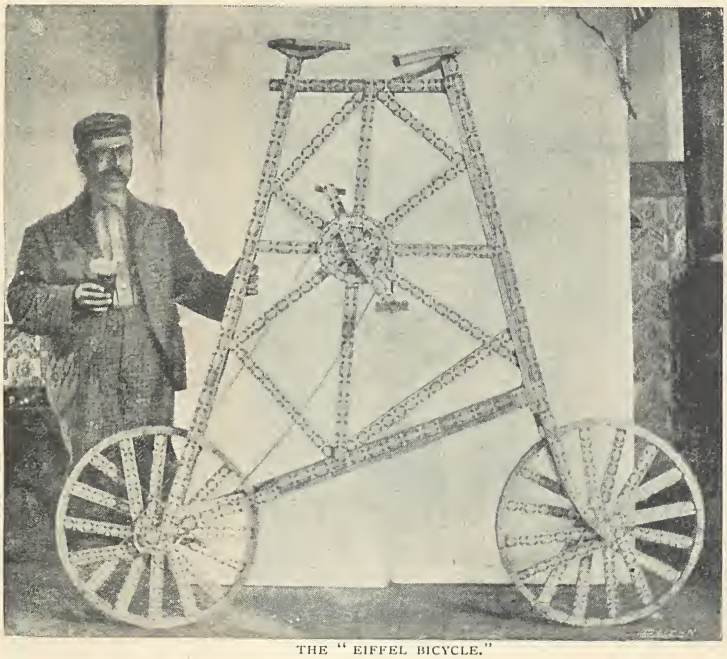
Originality seems to run in the Roberts family, for we next show a marvellous model of the great Laxey Wheel, in the Isle of Man, made by Miss L. W. Roberts, sister to the designer of the piano. "The Laxey Wheel," writes Mr. Roberts, "was 6ft. in length and 4ft. high. It took a little less than six months to make, and used up about 3,000 match-boxes."

In some cases more than one competitor took the same original for his model. For instance, the Laxey Wheel was also adopted by Mr. James Shaw, of 56, Dickinson Street, Nottingham. Mr. Shaw's model, which won the first prize, was no less than 6ft. 7½in. in height, 2ft. in depth, and 8ft. in length. It contained 4,500 boxes, and took five months to complete. The wheel itself was 5ft. 6in. in diameter, and went by clockwork. Another competitor, Mr. Lewis Sheldon, of 49, Foundry Road, Winson Green, Birmingham, constructed a double-masted turret ship-of-war, 8ft. 3in. long. The completeness of this model was astonishing; the ship carried fifteen guns (all made out of match-boxes), and there were six life-boats.

The next two models shown are the work of Mr. F. Marshall, of 13, Manor Avenue, Sneinton, Nottingham. The first of Mr. Marshall's models depicted gained the third prize in the second competition. It is a very faithful reproduction of the Forth Bridge, and is, of course, made entirely out of match-boxes. The height of the model is 1ft. 10in., the width 12in., and the length no less than 10ft. 6in. The model contained about 3,000 boxes. I may here repeat the statement, that according to the rules governing the competitions models were to contain *at least* 1,000 boxes. "Other than match-boxes," writes Mr. Marshall, "no material whatever is used in the construction of the bridge—not even in the stays. When completed it stood the test of 42lb. weight in the centre of either arch. I never saw the original bridge, but got an idea of it from a lithograph in a railway guide. The model contains 241 stays and twelve principal pillars. Seven rows of match-boxes form the roadway over the bridge, and on this roadway are laid the sleepers and rails."



THE FORTH BRIDGE.

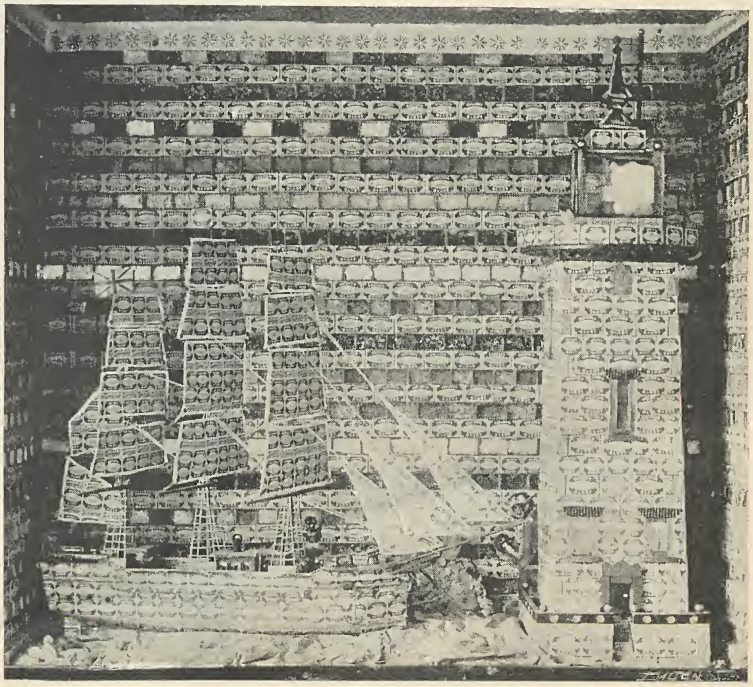


THE "EIFFEL BICYCLE."

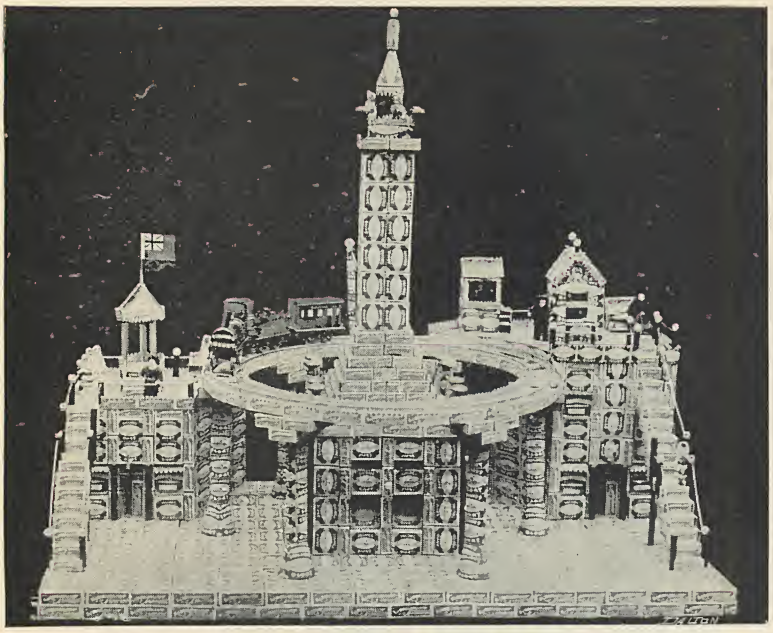
Mr. Marshall's second model is what is known as an Eiffel bicycle. When complete, this model was in full working order. It contains 1,100 match-boxes, and stands a little more than 6ft. in height. The diamond stays are two boxes thick. The driving chain is 9ft. long, and was made from the sides of the match-box-drawers glued on to tape. The wheels are 24in. in diameter. Another model of Mr. Marshall's was a reproduction of the lighthouse near New Brighton. This model was fitted with a revolving lantern, and the whole contained 2,900 match-boxes.

The next model reproduced is a highly elaborate affair, made by Mr. Grubb, of Grendon Terrace, Atherstone. This is supposed to represent Nelson's famous ship *Victory* passing a large lighthouse. As will be seen, the ship, the lighthouse, and the entire background, with its wings, are all composed of match-boxes. Working three hours a night, Mr. Grubb finished his model in five months. The ship is 3ft. 6in. long; and the lighthouse, 5ft. 2in. high, and nearly 2ft. square. To build a circular lighthouse, with the awkward material at his disposal, was a little beyond Mr. Grubb. The designer, it should be said, is very well acquainted with nautical matters, having served as steward for some years on board a little vessel of 400 tons. Thus it will be seen that each competitor prudently followed his own bent.

The next match-box model shown is an even more elaborate and ambitious original design, worked out by Mr. Joseph Bray, of Coleshill Street, Atherstone. Mr. Bray



NELSON'S SHIP "VICTORY" PASSING A LIGHTHOUSE.

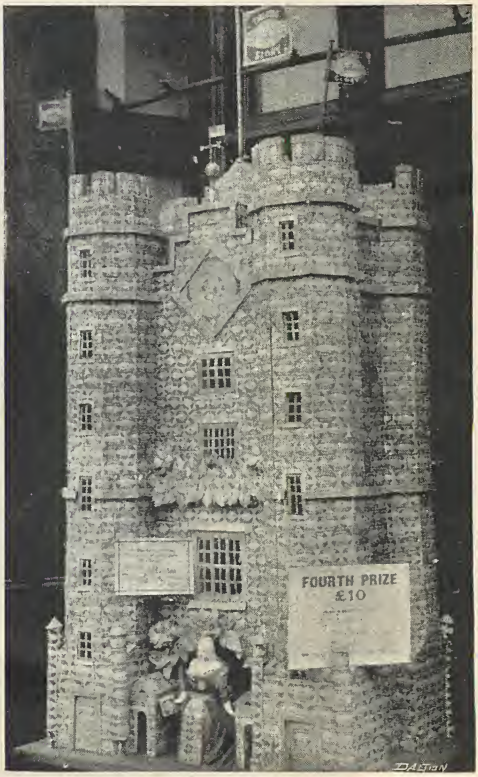


TOWER WITH ELEVATED CIRCULAR RAILWAY.

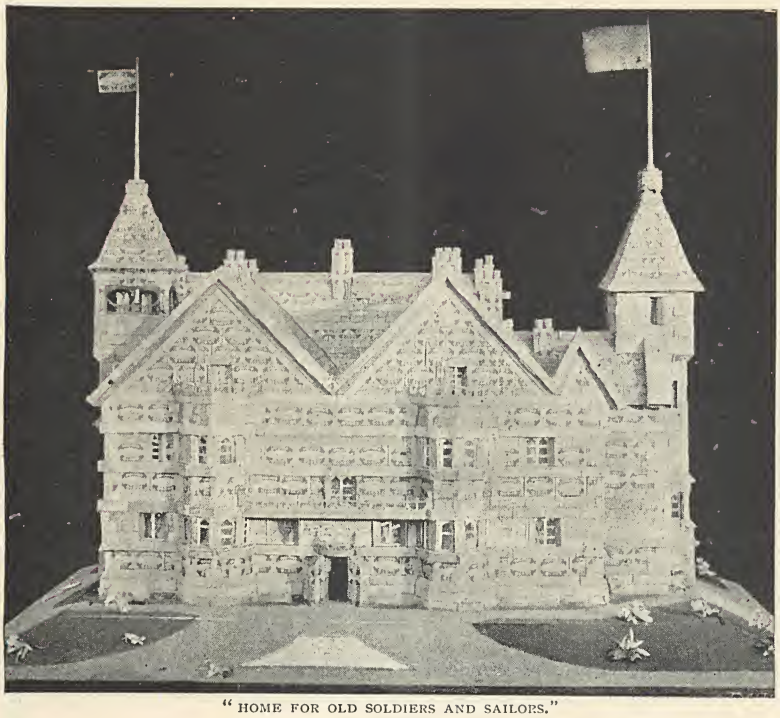
writes as follows: "I am sending you a photograph of my model of a tower with elevated circular railway, made with 1,120 empty match-boxes. This was entered in Messrs. Morelands' competition held last January, and gained the fourth prize of £10. The model was 36in. long, 39in. high, and 24in. wide. The boxes were put together with glue, and the model was very firm and substantial. I worked upon it at night after I had finished my day's work. You will see that even the foundation of the platform is made of match-boxes. The bottom of the tower is supposed to contain shops; and it has four entrances and sixteen windows. The railway track around the tower was laid with rails and sleepers, and a clockwork train was run upon it at intervals. The platform for the station is on the right-hand side of the model, where I also built a booking-office and signal-box with levers. On the left-hand side are a promenade, a band-stand, and a refreshment-room. Railway-station, promenade, etc., were all worked round with brass wire, so as to represent railings, and the whole model had small lamps for electric lights."

The next match-box model to be shown is one representing the stately old red-brick gateway of St. James's Palace, as viewed from St. James's Street. You will see from the label that it gained the fourth prize of £10. It is the work of Mr. J. H. Round, of Holly Hall, Dudley.

Mr. Round writes to say that his model contains 2,380 common match-boxes and 620 wax-vesta boxes. He took particular note of the time occupied in its construction—106 hours. From the ground to the top of the flag on the tower measured no less than 6ft. 4in. The clock was a very real one, working twenty-four hours with one winding. The dial was 8in. in diameter. The very dial figures and hands were made of parts of the inevitable match-box. There was a motto surrounded by flowers, "Long live the



THE OLD TOWER OF ST JAMES'S PALACE.



"HOME FOR OLD SOLDIERS AND SAILORS."

Queen." It only remains to be said that both the letters and flowers were made from bits of match-box or the paper covering thereon.

Yet another of these wonderful little models. This design is an ideal one, and is supposed to represent a desirable "Home for Old Soldiers and Sailors." Upwards of 3,000 match-boxes were used in the construction of this model, and it was made in its designer's spare time after he had worked ten hours a day at his own occupation. This model is the work of Mr. Evan H. Jordan, of Oakamoor Mills, near Cheadle, Staffs. Mr. Jordan says, "It took me about a thousand hours; the only things I used were an old razor and a pot of glue."

Another fancy design was sent in by Mr. J. Leavesley, of Nottingham, and it gained the second prize of £20. This was supposed to represent, on a small but perfectly accurate scale, Messrs. Morelands' new premises. The model contained 6,000 empty match-boxes, the sand-papered edges of the boxes themselves forming the stone dressings of the building. Other striking instances of ingenuity were that the front of the boxes went to make the red brick façade; whilst the tiling on the roof was composed of the blue and amber of the insides of the boxes. This model was nearly 6ft. square.

A particularly good and accurate representation of the Great Wheel at Earl's Court is next reproduced. This model gained a first prize of £50.

Mr. S. Jennings, of 32, Richmond Street, Walsall, was the designer. The wheel contains 2,110 match-boxes, every one of which had to be cut, carved, and dove-tailed into shape. The wheel has twenty-four cars, and each car has eight windows made out of mica. By a clockwork arrangement the wheel will work for fifteen minutes after being wound up. The model is 4ft. high; and Mr. Jennings tells me that no fewer than 500 of his neighbours came to see it at his house.

THE GREAT WHEEL, EARL'S COURT—FIRST PRIZE, £50.

Insect Strength.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.

THAT insects generally are possessed of tremendous strength is a fact which has often been expressed in odd newspaper paragraphs; but I do not remember ever seeing the subject treated pictorially: hence the present illustrated article is offered to the reader.

I intended to utilize three familiar kinds of insects for the purpose of experiment in this connection, viz.: a house-fly, an earwig, and a house-spider; but although I succeeded in harnessing one of the latter species, I hesitated about applying him to any hard work, for the truth is that his waist (which would have been subject to the strain) is so slender that it would probably have broken and divided him into two pieces, and this sort of cruelty I wished to avoid. So I contented myself with the house-fly and the earwig, whose efforts will, I think, astonish the reader.

As a draught animal I did not find the house-fly at all noteworthy—he preferred to use his wings instead of his legs. That these latter appendages are, however, endowed with enormous power may be understood by a reference to the drawings.

I caught a fly who, for a certainty, must have stolen my sugar and other delicacies at some time or other, and, as some recompense for my loss in that direction, I persuaded him to "try his strength." He was not allowed to do so to his utmost capacity, but to perform what were comparatively easy tests.

My table was strewn with various squares of rather stout blue paper, such as incloses drawing-cards in stationers' shops. Each square differed in dimensions from the remainder, and the scavenger, held by his wings, was permitted to grasp with his claws and pads any piece that he chose. It was a very amusing sight, for when he raised a square he turned it about in all directions. Of course, he was endeavouring to walk over it, but only succeeded in making the paper travel beneath him, which perhaps pleased him just as well as though his desire had been fulfilled.

The square of paper which tested his strength the most fairly, being neither too easy to manipulate nor too difficult to support without straining his legs, was about twenty-five times larger in area than the length of his own body. Fig. 1 will convey some idea of its comparative size. I calculate that for a man 5ft. in height to equal this feat it would be necessary for him to lift an exceedingly stout and stiff carpet capable of completely covering a room 25ft. (over 8yds.) square. As a matter of fact, the fly lifted the paper by the aid of his feet alone, and did not grasp it by encircling it with his legs. As I before said, he also caused the substance to undergo various evolutions; and whether the feat be regarded as a test of leg strength or a test of the glueing power of the pads which enable him to promenade our ceilings, it still remains a wonderful performance.

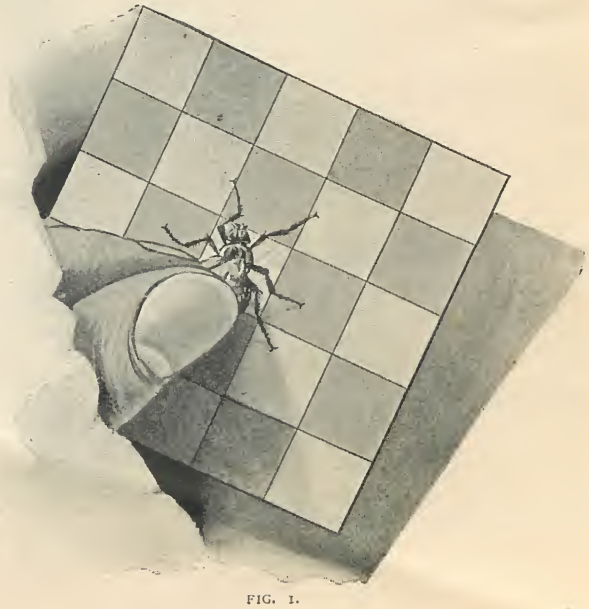


FIG. 1.

Perhaps Fig. 2 will convey a better notion of the fly's strength. It must be remembered that it was an entirely optional matter for the fly to release his hold of the material when he became tired or obstinate, or in the event of the strain on his wing connections becoming at all painful.

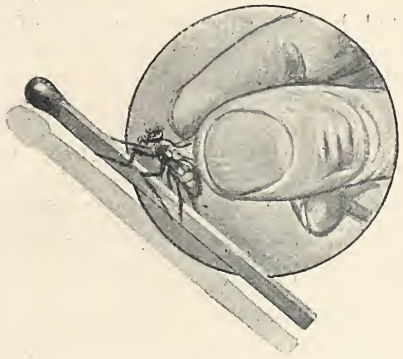


FIG. 2.

He easily lifted an ordinary unused safety match, seven times longer than himself. The fly in the illustration is rather large in proportion to the piece of wood he is supporting; so it will be seen that I have not exaggerated my subject. Comparatively speaking, the match would represent to the average man a balk of timber about 35ft. long, and of a thickness almost identical with that of his own body. He would consider it an abnormal feat of strength, I believe, were he powerful enough to carry a beam conforming to these dimensions under one arm, using the fellow-limb to facilitate the task. Naturally, there cannot be any strictly accurate comparison, on account of the difference in structure between flies and men; but my playful remarks have been substantiated, as well as possible, by very careful observation. I wish to impress upon the reader the fact that the insect could lift two or more matches when they were tied together; but as I desired to show ordinary capabilities, and not Sandowian performances, I depict but one match as being manipulated. The man in Fig. 3 is carrying a length of timber five times that of his own length, to conform to Fig. 2. But it must be remembered that the match was actually *seven* times longer than the fly.

For the exhibition of the third stage of strength I selected a fresh fly, and after much struggling with the energetic legs I managed to tie a piece of cotton to one of them (Fig. 4). It is necessary to point out, in order to defend myself against possible charges of cruelty, that a fly's limbs are covered with tremendously long bristles, to be compared to pitchfork prongs issuing from a human arm or leg. These prevent a loosely-tied loop from slipping off the leg. A man fastens his collar round his neck much tighter than I attached the "rope" to the fly.

FIG. 4.

Well, the creature and the cotton, the latter a foot in length, were deposited upon the table. It then put its wings into vigorous action, but quite failed to raise itself. So I cut a portion of the cotton away. Still there was no appreciable upward motion, and I therefore continued to shorten the material. Presently he showed signs of satisfaction, but it was not until the "rope" had been curtailed to a length of about twelve times that of the fly's body that it gracefully soared aloft. The weight was just sufficient to keep the ærial dwarf in sight — an impossible matter under circumstances where the fly has entire freedom of movement.

Now, in comparison, the cotton would be to a sailor (supposing him to be 5ft. in height) a length of cable much thicker than his thigh, and 60ft. long. I hazard the opinion that he would encounter extreme difficulty in striving merely to lift so immense a coil, without being called upon to fly through the air with it.

I will tell the reader how I arrived at the

FIG. 3.

proper proportion of the coil shown in Fig. 5, in order that he may follow my remarks. The sailor is 5ft. in height. I drew circles within circles according to the following dimensions, dividing the sailor into five pieces :—

One circle was	two-fifths	of the sailor, making	6ft.	circumference
,, ,,	three-fifths	,, ,,	9ft.	,,
,, ,,	four-fifths	,, ,,	12ft.	,,
,, ,,	five-fifths (1)	,, ,,	15ft.	,,
,, ,,	six-fifths ($1\frac{1}{5}$)	,, ,,	18ft.	,,
	Total.....		60ft.	

The circles were connected to form a continuous coil. If the weight of the cotton carried be compared with such a coil's weight, the sailor would have the hardest task as a mere lifter; but we must remember that the fly was careering through space with *his* burden.

FIG. 5.

I have thought it more convenient, for the purpose of rendering the previous comparisons effective, to give them in area; but the weight of the substances concerned is equally surprising. I made a small pair of scales, using as weights little pieces of cardboard, each cut to balance a fly or an earwig as required.

The piece of paper shown in Fig. 1 was about ten times heavier than the fly which supported it; the match weighed four times as much as the fly; and the cotton, half a fly.

For tremendous muscular power, however, the beetle tribe are far in advance of other insects. As I wished my illustrations to be reproduced as nearly life-size as possible, so that a true conception of the experiments would be formed, I selected a few earwigs—blackbeetles were too large. It may form amusing reading to be told of some facts in connection with one of my beasts of burden. I held him down by means of a strip of paper covering his back, the ends being pinned to the table. Then I encircled his horny body with a piece of cotton; but before I could manage to satisfy my desire he had wriggled himself free. Several times I employed this method; and several times I failed to harness him properly. I could not very well hold him in my fingers and secure him to the reins simultaneously; nor could I find anyone possessing sufficient courage to act as a substitute—although it is really abhorrence and not want of nerve which deters people from handling insects. After many vain endeavours I threw the cotton on to the table in despair, and allowed the earwig to do as he liked. It chanced that the cotton fell in the form of a loop, and I was considerably diverted by the subsequent antics of the curious insect. When within half an inch of the cotton it suddenly stopped, erected its nippers menacingly, and turned tail, running hurriedly in the opposite direction, only to repeat its stoppage, and retreat when within half an inch distance of another portion of the cotton. After indulging for several minutes in this eccentric occupation, it began gyrating around itself somewhere near the middle of the loop, continually raising the back half of its body, and apparently trying to nip its own neck. It appeared to be quite frantic, and I have no doubt that it regarded the cotton as a gigantic snake trying to devour it. After feeding it I again strove to harness it, and this time succeeded in doing so. It slowly accustomed itself to the cotton—became "broken-in" as it were; and then I proceeded with the experiments.

I had previously made a cart 1in. long and $\frac{3}{4}$in. wide, formed with a piece of cardboard, having its sides bent down, between which two pieces of lead-pencil (after the lead had been removed therefrom) were pivoted by means of a couple of needles. To this conveyance I attached the farther end of the cotton connected to the earwig, and then patiently awaited the service of the insect. After having fully investigated the peculiar "snake" which encircled it, it showed signs of vigour, and made off at what I suppose must be called a trot, dragging the cart quite easily behind it. Then a match was loaded upon the waggon, making apparently but little difference to the earwig. Matches were successively added until the load comprised an accumulation of eight (Fig. 6). At this point the insect showed signs of a faint struggle, such as a horse does when slipping about the roadway with a somewhat heavy burden.

Although he managed to propel a heavier load than this, it would be equivalent to overwork if he dragged more than eight.

I placed the eight matches upon the scales, and found that their combined weight was twenty-four times that of the insect. Each piece of timber was four

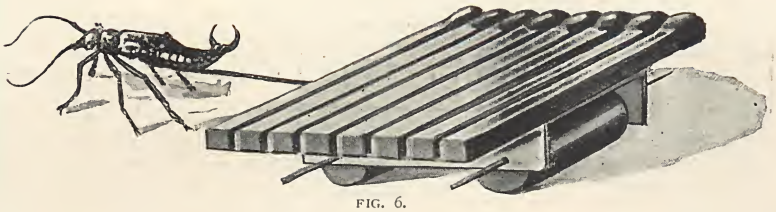


FIG. 6.

times longer than the carrier, making in all a load of wood thirty-two times longer than the earwig. A horse is thicker in depth than breadth; whereas an earwig's breadth exceeds that of its depth. In length (proportionately) there exists little noticeable difference; so that, for the purpose of description, it may be assumed that, except for the difference in the number of legs, a horse corresponds in proportions to an earwig. I have pictorially represented in Fig. 7 a front view of a horse laden with pieces of timber, each of the comparative length of a match. There would be eight of these huge beams;

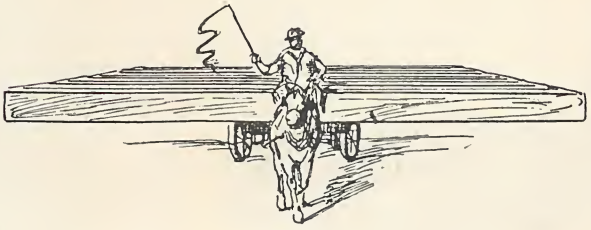


FIG. 7.

and I think it may be fairly doubted whether an ordinary horse (or even a pair of horses) would be endowed with sufficient strength to enable it to shift the load, without expecting the animal to drag it with tolerable ease.

If the timber were cut up into quarter lengths, to match the width of the cart, an exceedingly long vehicle would be required for its support, and its comparative appearance would resemble that portrayed in Fig. 8. Eight matches were an *ordinary* load to the untrained earwig, who naturally disfavoured the proceedings, and was not aware, as a horse is, that its toiling was to be followed by a repast. As for the earwig's *extraordinary* burden, a glance at Fig. 9 will explain what that means.

I inclined a medium-sized slate by inserting a pencil between one of its ends and the table, and then let the earwig loose upon it, fettered to the waggon, which he literally "played" with. Then I loaded it with an 1894 penny. "Ah!" I thought, "that will stop you." But, no: being on the down-hill path it managed, with much difficulty I must acknowledge, to drag even that proportionately tremendous burden. In saying

FIG. 9.

that the waggon remained still and did not roll downwards when the earwig stopped, it is implied that the insect was not very advantageously assisted in his work, for the "hill" was not steep enough for the cart to travel along by its own weight. The exact inclination is shown in Fig. 10, wherein a horse is depicted carrying a load of timber of equal comparative weight. I am enabled to furnish this drawing by having ascertained the number of matches necessary to properly balance an 1894 penny, which I found to be eighty-three. As a match is four times *longer* than an earwig, we must

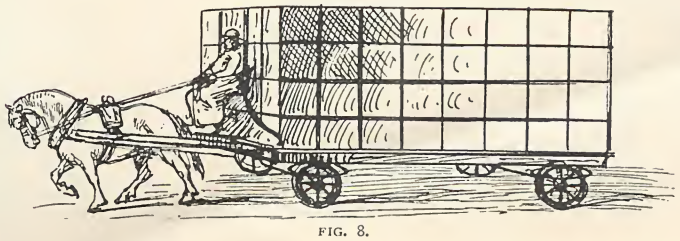


FIG. 8.

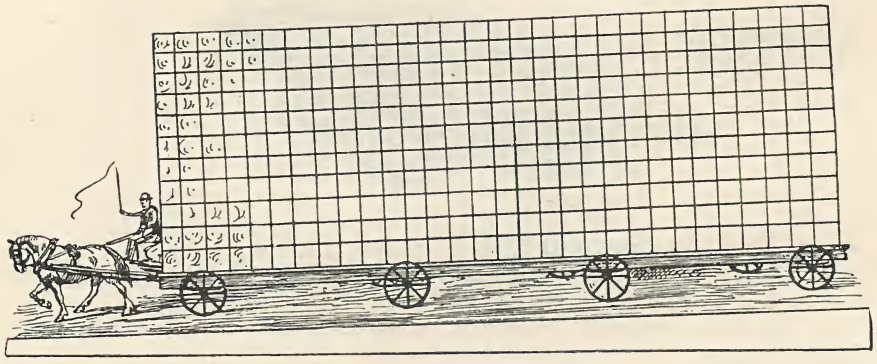


FIG. 10.

divide our timber into lengths equal to that of a horse, which I am supposing to be proportionate in bulk and length, as a member of the larger animal world, to what the earwig is as a creature of the insect world. An easy calculation provides us with the astounding fact that quite 330 (I use round numbers) solid pieces of timber, each as long and thick as himself, will be needed if he were required to carry a proportionate load to that carried by the earwig on a sloping roadway resembling, say, Fleet Street.

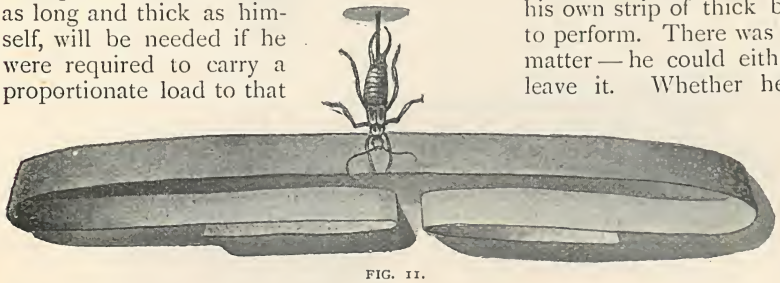


FIG. 11.

Another view of the matter is equally surprising, and will serve to give some idea of this exceedingly powerful performance if we remember that one or two horses constitute a load for another horse, as may often be observed in the streets when a knacker's cart passes by. The penny is equal to no fewer than 250 earwigs: therefore, a horse, to exhibit the same power of traction on the same gradient, would need to carry, not two, but 250 other horses in this way.

Hitherto I have supposed both the carts used by the horse and the earwig to be proportionate in weight, but, as a matter of fact, the earwig should be accorded a more praiseworthy triumph in this direction. The cart of cardboard, having solid wheels of blacklead pencil, weighed *forty-six* times more than himself—a wonderful load in itself.

The last feat which I invited my precious insect to favour me with is shown in Fig. 11. I held him aloft and allowed him to select his own strip of thick blue paper with which to perform. There was no compulsion in the matter — he could either take the paper or leave it. Whether he was proud of his strength, I do not know; but he vigorously tugged at a strip twenty times longer than himself, and quite as broad. Special attention is directed to the fact that he employed but two feet in the process. Unlike his companion, the house-fly, he refused to gyrate his load, but grimly held it poised in a tenacious grip.

I weighed the paper and found it equal to twelve times his own weight. I have pictorially represented a similar task, weight-for-weight, being accomplished by a man. In Fig. 12 are shown a dozen men being upheld by another. The rope which would be necessary to bind one to another for the purpose of so risky (and, of course, impossible) an experiment need not be counted, for the earwig lifted heavier pieces of paper than that referred to.

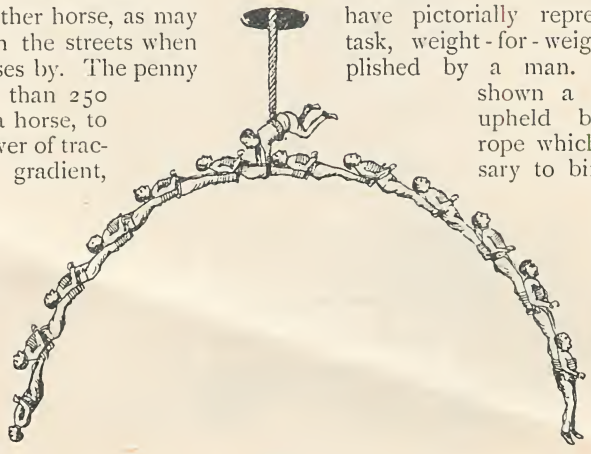


FIG. 12.

From the French of Daniel Riche.

SOLITARY, by the sea-shore, in a cottage which the rough winds from across the ocean shook like a worn-out and abandoned ship, lived the aunt of Belle Yvonne; who was beautiful as a spring day, with the gold-glint of her hair, her eyes as blue as the cloudless sky, and her skin as fair as the hue of the lilies growing by the margin of the well.

But though she was beautiful enough to surprise a King, Yvonne was very unhappy. Her old witch of an aunt, who lived by theft and the spoils of wrecked mariners gathered from the shore, beat her much more often than complimented her on her good looks.

The little one never complained, however. Merely to live was a delight to her, and while listening to the songs of the birds on the heath, and breathing the sweet scent of the furze-flower, she forgot all the ill-treatment of which she was the daily victim.

Now, one afternoon, when the old woman had sent Yvonne to gather mussels on the shore, a handsome carriage, drawn by six white horses, stopped at the cottage door.

All the people of the village followed it, wonderingly, expecting that some charming Prince would alight from it. But to their great astonishment the person who descended was only a little man—not taller than a distaff—with a head as big as a lion's, and a great black beard, which he wore plaited down to his waist, round which it was coiled like a belt.

The dwarf was dressed in silk, satin, and gold; rings and jewels sparkled on all his fingers, and the knob of his cane was composed of a single diamond.

He entered the miserable cottage, and the old woman was so overcome by the sight of him that she threw herself upon her knees before him in sign of humility and deference.

"Rise, woman," said the dwarf, in a thin little voice, like the tone of a flageolet; "I have to speak with you on a matter of importance."

As she was rising, in obedience to his command, she received full in the nose a purse filled with gold pieces; but, far from complaining, her face brightened into a hideous smile, and she asked, humbly:—

"What can I do to satisfy you, my lord?"

"I have noticed," he replied, "your niece, Yvonne, agile as a young goat, flitting about the rocks: she is so beautiful that I have come to ask for her hand."

The old woman clapped her legs three times with her hands, which with her was a sign of utter stupefaction.

"You, a rich lord, who have a carriage drawn by six white horses, and so many purses full of gold pieces that you throw them to old women—you wish to marry my niece?"

"It is my dearest wish, supposing she will consent."

"She refuse such an honour?" squeaked the old woman; "I would eat her liver if she dare!"

From a distance Yvonne perceived the assembled village, and though she could not imagine what it meant, the concourse of people about her aunt's door alarmed her so much that her rosy cheek became pale.

She was obliged to go home, however. Slowly, and bending under the weight of the load of mussels she had gathered, she made her way towards the cottage. On seeing her approach the curious crowd opened to let her pass, crying:—

"Here she is—here she is!"

The poor child felt her heart contract more and more.

When she learned that her hand was sought by the dwarf, Belle Yvonne burst into tears. She would have preferred to remain unmarried all her life than to wed such a frightful creature!

Seeing this, the old witch of an aunt begged his lordship to come again the next day, assuring him that her niece would then be ready to accept him; and when next day the dwarf returned, Yvonne received him with smiles.

What had the old woman said to bring about this change? Had she dazzled her with the prospect of riches, or terrorized her by force or threats?

No; the old witch had caused her unsuspectingly to eat the brain of a mole strangled with three fern-stalks on a moonless night under a tree in which an owl was hooting. This charm, the power of which lasted two days, made all men who met her sight appear beautiful as the heroes of a dream.

She, therefore, received the dwarf with joy, and, on the second day, they were married, and he conducted her across wide lands and through dark forests to her new home.

Once arrived in the great hall of her magnificent castle, lit by four torches held in golden sockets, the charm came to an end, and poor Yvonne trembled with fear on hearing her dwarf-husband say to her:—

"Madam, I know that I am neither big nor beautiful, in spite of my long beard; and, as I am very jealous, I warn you that you will never be allowed to go beyond the limits of my domain. You will see no other man besides myself. With those exceptions, pray understand me, gentle wife, your every desire, every dream, shall be accomplished."

Yvonne was at first greatly distressed by her complete solitude. Youth needs noise and movement for the expenditure of its excess of strength; it needs, also, in provision for the days of its old age, to store up pictures, thoughts, and facts, to be revived when the time comes when activity is replaced by a quiet seat in an old arm-chair by the fireside.

A sense of deadly weariness weighed upon her. But as the years made no change in her situation, she determined to make the best of it, by diverting herself by all means possible, in company with her servant, Marie-Jeanne, a good, rough girl, fond of laughing and chattering.

At the close of an autumn day the two women were sitting at a window watching the setting sun, when some portions of a ballad, sung by two delicate and fluent voices, reached their ears.

This song, thrilling the dusky calm, touched and delighted the two recluses, and, when the voices ceased, both leaned out of the window to get sight of the troubadours, but saw, under their balcony, only two dwarfs, so exactly like Yvonne's husband that they could not repress an exclamation of bewildered astonishment. Like him, they were not taller than a distaff; like him, they had each a head as big as a lion's; and, like him, each had a long plaited beard coiled round his waist.

Recovered from their astonishment, the two young women were moved to laughter by this curious resemblance. Then Marie-Jeanne, who was always on the look-out for distraction for her mistress, proposed:—

"Suppose we asked these two musicians to come and amuse us a little?"

"How can you think of such a thing? What if my lord should return?"

"Oh, never fear, madam! He will not return till late in the evening; you will have plenty of time to amuse yourself with their songs."

It did not need much pressing to induce the poor recluse to accept this tempting

offer, and, clapping her hands with pleasure, she permitted Marie-Jeanne to make a sign to them to come up.

In the course of a few moments the two dwarfs sang, accompanying themselves on the viol; and the lady and the servant, who for so long had not had any amusement of any kind, danced till they were out of breath.

"THEY DANCED TILL THEY WERE OUT OF BREATH."

Suddenly, while they were in the full enjoyment of their new-found pleasure, the sound of footsteps gritting on the gravel-walk in the court of honour fell upon their ears.

"Heavens! My husband!"

"Your husband?"

"We are lost!"

"Don't give way to despair so quickly," said Marie-Jeanne, who was not readily alarmed. "Chickens don't allow their necks to be wrung without screeching loud enough to make themselves heard. We'll find some way."

"Do you think it possible?"

Marie-Jeanne did not answer this question, but hurried across the room to a large coffer, the lid of which she raised.

"Quick! hide yourselves in this chest," she said to the musicians. "The master is very spiteful, and if he discovers you in this house, he will be sure to cut you into little pieces and feed his dogs with them."

Terrified out of their wits, they instantly obeyed, and Marie-Jeanne shut down the lid, seated herself upon it, and coolly set to work knitting.

Not a moment too soon; for she had hardly made a dozen loops when the little lord entered the room. The discomposure of his wife was at once observed by him.

"What is the matter with you, Belle Yvonne? You are as pale as a corpse."

"I, my lord!" she stammered; "I am feeling a little weak this evening, that is all."

"That comes of your not being allowed to go abroad, perhaps," said Marie-Jeanne, boldly.

"The park is large, my beloved, it must suffice for your walks." Then, changing the subject to avoid a discussion which had many times been re-opened, he added: "I have mislaid here the little box of pistoles, of which I have need, and have returned in search of it."

"Search, search, my lord," said Belle Yvonne; adding, in a tone scarcely louder than the breath of the summer air, "The company of my lord is always agreeable."

Leisurely he examined all the furniture, felt in all the drawers, hoping by chance to discover what it was his wife was hiding from him—for that she was hiding something from him he felt certain; but neither seeing nor hearing anything unusual, he kissed her hand, and with his coffret under his arm quitted the room.

When they had seen him cross the drawbridge Marie-Jeanne hurried to the great chest and raised the lid. Alas! the little lord had stayed too long, and the two musicians, deprived of air, had both been suffocated.

Belle Yvonne and the well-meaning servant wept. It was abominable that two such gay and well-bred little singers, who had made them dance so delightfully, should lose their lives in so miserable a manner.

When they became somewhat calmer, Yvonne wondered what would come of this pitiful adventure. Had they done wrong in indulging in a little recreation, in disobedience to the will of the lord and master, and had this accident occurred to punish them?

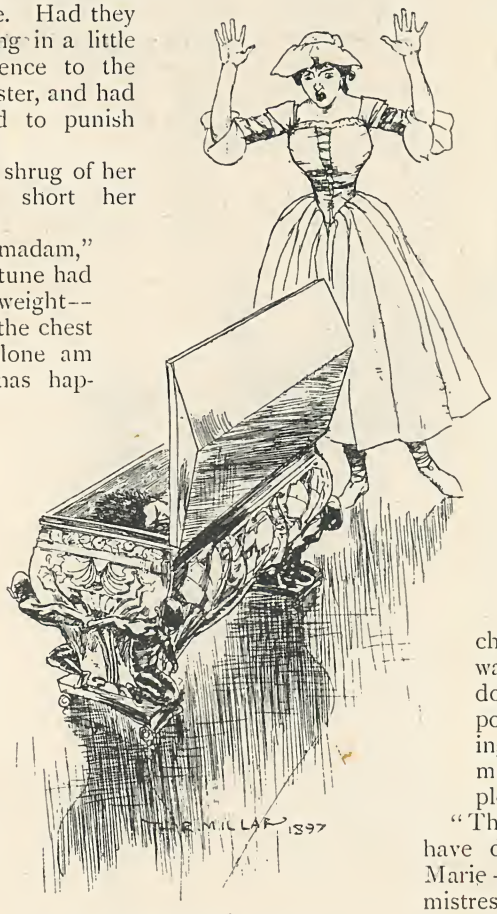
Marie-Jeanne, with a shrug of her broad shoulders, cut short her mistress's lamentations.

"Don't be downcast, madam," she said; "this misfortune had only one cause—my weight—which made the lid of the chest air-tight; so that I alone am responsible for what has happened. It is for me, therefore, to find some way of getting rid of the proofs of our disobedience before your husband returns."

For a long time she cudgelled her brains. Night was closing in upon the castle and filling its halls with sinister gloom, when she suddenly cried, in tones of triumph:—

"I have it!"

"Speak quickly!" exclaimed Yvonne, glad exceedingly to have a servant so resourceful.



"THE TWO MUSICIANS HAD BOTH BEEN SUFFOCATED."

"This is my plan," replied Marie-Jeanne, unhesitatingly: "In the wildest depths of the forest there lives by himself an honest woodman. He knows nobody, and does not even suspect that he is the vassal of your noble husband. I will go and ask him to relieve me of these two poor little musicians, and for a trifle he will be sure to do us this piece of service."

"Do you think he will not be astonished?"

"Don't worry yourself on that account, my dear mistress, but leave all to me," replied Marie-Jeanne, hurrying off, for time pressed.

In his hut Marie-Jeanne found old Guido, whose hair and beard had so long been left untrimmed as to cover his entire face. Squatting before a fireless hearth, the woodman was seeking the solution of the difficult problem—how to live on nothing.

Astonished at receiving a visitor, he hastily rose and offered a plump fagot as the only substitute for an armchair he was able to command.

"To what do I owe the honour of your presence, demoiselle?" he asked.

"The lady châtelaine, of whom I am the servant," replied Marie-Jeanne, boldly, "this morning admitted to the castle a frightful little starveling, and, moved by compassion—for she has a tender soul—she had a meal set before him, of which he ate so gluttonously as to choke himself and die of it."

"The clumsy fool!" said Guido, wishing that such a chance might fall in his way. "He would have done better to fill his pockets instead of choking himself, so that he might have doubled his pleasure next day."

"That is what he ought to have done, wasn't it?" said Marie-Jeanne. "Well, my mistress having invited this poor wretch in the absence of her lord, and fearing his anger, has sent me to beg you to come and take away the body, for which service she will give you three pistoles."

Guido closed his eyes, and under the close-pressed lids saw a river of gold. Three pistoles! Never had he possessed such a fortune! He replied:—

"What the lady châtelaine desires is an order. I will immediately come for your gormandizer and throw him into the sea."

"That's it," cried Marie-Jeanne.

Running back to the castle, she drew one of the dwarfs from the chest and descended with it to the grand vestibule, and waited against one of the thousand marble columns

which supported the antique dwelling till she was joined by the old woodman, to whom she simply said :—

"Here is your load."

"Good, good," he said, taking it upon his shoulder; "in five minutes I shall be back, and, by that time, your glutton will be in the stomach of a shark."

So Guido went off, and Belle Yvonne's cunning maid returned upstairs to her mistress, who waited in a corner of the room farthest from the fatal chest.

"There's one got rid of."

"Yes, but there is the other," tremulously said her mistress.

"Don't distress yourself as to that; we'll get rid of it quite as easily." And drawing the body from the chest, she descended with it to the vestibule as before. The sea was only a short distance from the castle, and Marie-Jeanne soon saw the woodman coming back for his reward. Then, with her two hands planted on her hips, and putting on an air of indignation, she cried :—

"Upon my word!—you've a pretty way of executing the commissions intrusted to you!"

"What do you mean?" stammered the woodman.

"Why, that five minutes ago, our glutton returned here and fell dead at my feet!"

"Impossible! I saw him sink."

"How could he be here, at this minute, then?" demanded Marie-Jeanne, pointing to the second little musician.

"If I did not see it with my own eyes, I would not believe it, for I swear to you I threw it into the sea from the top of the rock."

"The proof!"

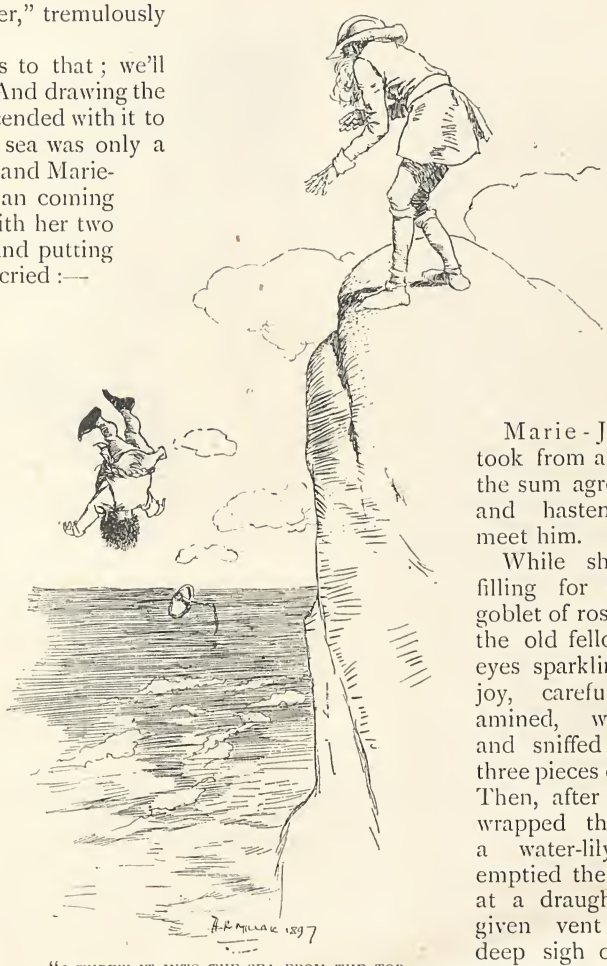
Greatly irritated at being taken for an incompetent, Guido threatened the lifeless body of the poor little musician :—

"Son of a sorcerer, this time I will weight your carcass with stones, and I promise you shall never come to the surface again!"

And shouldering his burden, he once more set off without having the least suspicion of the trick which was being played upon him.

Marie-Jeanne, delighted by the success of her stratagem, went back to her mistress, who could not help smiling at the relation of the old woodman's indignation on finding the second dwarf at the place whence he had taken the first.

But time passed and Guido did not return. At last, in their uneasiness concerning him, they were wondering whether he might have fallen into the sea with his load, when they saw him approaching, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.



"I THREW IT INTO THE SEA FROM THE TOP OF THE ROCK."

Marie-Jeanne took from a casket the sum agreed on, and hastened to meet him.

While she was filling for him a goblet of rosy wine, the old fellow, his eyes sparkling with joy, carefully examined, weighed, and sniffed at the three pieces of gold. Then, after having wrapped them in a water-lily leaf, emptied the goblet at a draught, and given vent to a deep sigh of satisfaction, he said :—

"Take my word for it, demoiselle, that devil's cub gave me some trouble!"

"Yes, obliged you to make two journeys."

"Three!—for in spite of my having filled the sack he was in with heavy stones, the little man escaped again!"

Marie-Jeanne's eyes opened wider than

ever they had opened before in her life. She was bewildered.

"What do you mean?" she asked, as soon as she regained the use of her tongue.

"I was coming back here for the money you promised, fully convinced that I had finally got rid of your embarrassing visitor, when, close to the portcullis, what should I see but my little man walking in front of me, quietly, this time, with a small box under his arm."

Guessing the nature of the mistake, Marie-Jeanne, a little pale, inquired:—

"What happened then?"

"My blood was up!" exclaimed the old woodman. "A mere nothing like him—a thing not taller than a distaff—had no right to snap his fingers at an honest woodman like me. So snatching up a thick stick, and giving him no time to make even so much as a gesture, I brought him down with a single blow, saying, as I planted my cudgel on his head, 'To slip from the trap once might do, but to slip from it twice is once too many!'"

Without asking leave, Guido helped himself to another goblet of wine, then concluded:—

"Now, if he comes back, I hope this drink of wine may choke me! To your good health, demoiselle!"

Without saying a word, Marie-Jeanne let him depart; then, when the heavy iron-bound door had closed behind him, she rushed to her mistress, crying:—

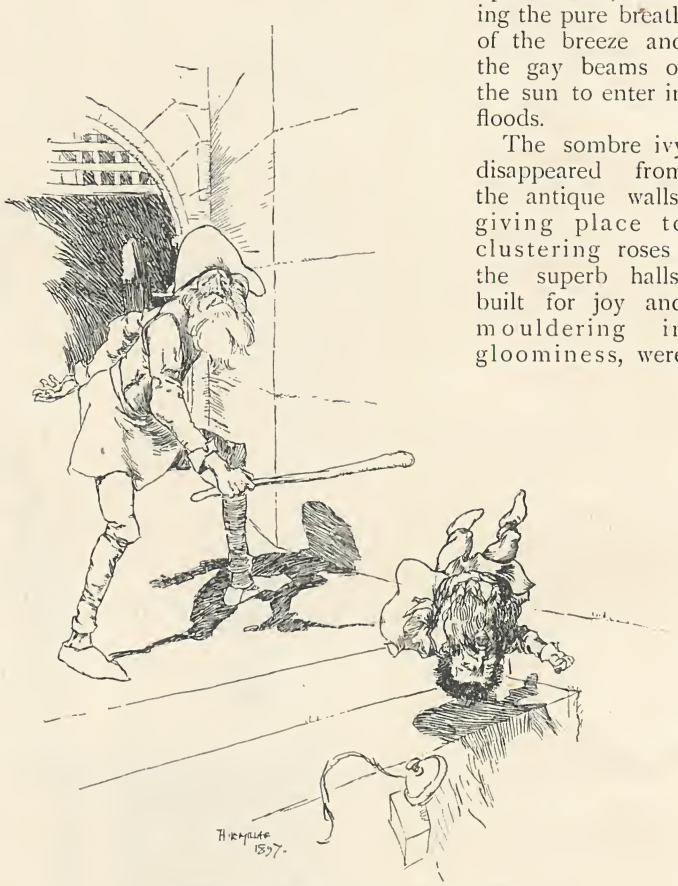
"Lady, put on a black veil; your lord is dead and buried!"

A low cry escaped from the lips of Belle Yvonne, and she fainted—without Marie-Jeanne knowing whether her swoon was owing to grief or joy.

The charming widow did not take long to console herself. The windows of the ancient manor-house, closed for so many years, were opened wide, allowing the pure breath of the breeze and the gay beams of the sun to enter in floods.

The sombre ivy disappeared from the antique walls, giving place to clustering roses; the superb halls, built for joy and mouldering in gloominess, were once more illuminated brightly, and Yvonne—omitting an invitation to her aunt—gave there sumptuous entertainments.

At the end of a year of widowhood, the beautiful châtelaine allowed herself to be loved by the King's son, who married her, and made her so happy—so happy that she never grew old.



"I BROUGHT HIM DOWN WITH A SINGLE BLOW."

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

WHAT THE RATS DID.

They just gnawed this great big chunk out of a heavy lead water-pipe, the lead being fully half an inch thick. The length of the hole is exactly 7in.; and we can see in the photo. that very little more gnawing was required to cut the pipe completely through. This curiosity we have received from The Laundry, Charterhouse School, Godalming. Mr. G. Tipping, the engineer, who sends the photograph, says

From a Photo. by Chas. Waller.

that the gnawing must have been done during the dry weather of last summer, as the baths in which the pipe was are only used during the football season. This curiosity is now in the school museum.

THE BIGGEST SEE-SAW IN THE WORLD.

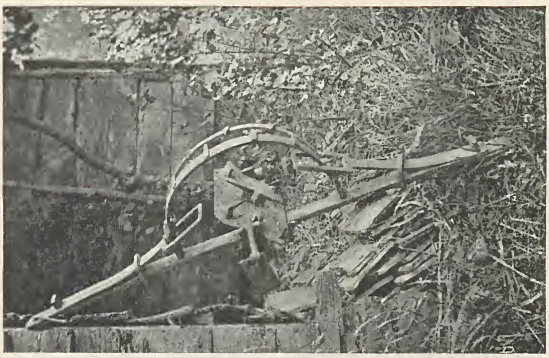
It was built for the Tennessee Centennial Exhibition at Nashville. The See-Saw rests upon a tower 100ft. high, and is 200ft. long, thus giving a maximum elevation of nearly 200ft. The structure is made entirely of steel, and rests upon a stone foundation. An electric motor at the top of the tower supplies the power for oscillating the beam. A magnificent view is obtained from the top of the car. The photo. was sent in by Mr. Calvin S. Brown, of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, U.S.A.

QUEER PET FOR A CHILD.

Mr. William Cross, junr., sends in this very pretty photo. It shows little Madge Burgess nursing a lion cub four months old. The lion has been brought up on a feeding-bottle, and loves its little play-mate, romping on the bed with her, and running up and down the stairs after her. The lion even follows the child about in the streets, and is very jealous of her. It is one of a litter of five, and its brothers and sisters all died through a partition falling upon them. It is now the pet of Cross's wonderful Wild Beast Emporium at Liverpool.

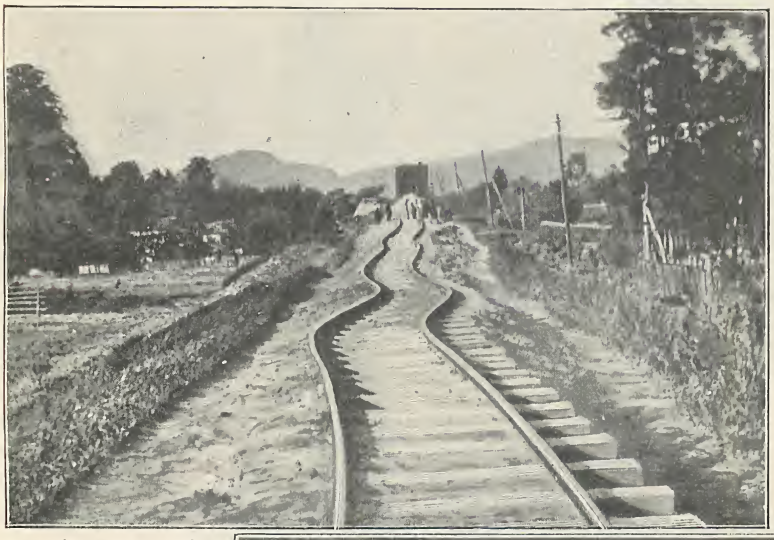
A TRAP FOR CATCHING MEN.

We are indebted for this curiosity to Mr. A. W. Dollond, of 20, High Street, Swanley, Kent. Mr. Dollond recently came across this relic of the "bad old times" at Ightham, a quiet little Kentish village. The trap is merely a very large edition of the ordinary iron-jawed rat-trap. When set the jaws lie flat upon the ground in a wood or elsewhere, and would not be noticed among the leaves. The trigger platform is provided with spikes intended to pierce the foot of the trespasser and hold it until the jaws make a snap at him. The notice "Beware of man-traps and spring-guns" was something more than an empty threat when this specimen was in use.



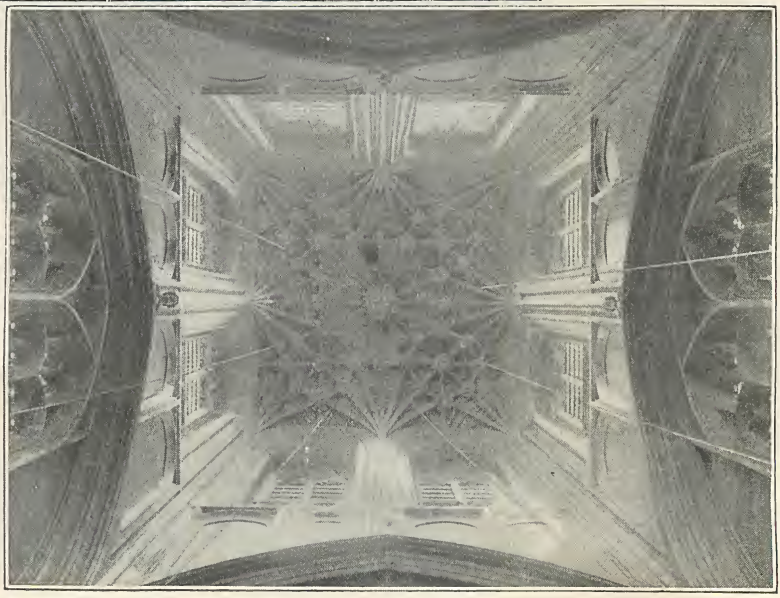
"AN UNPERMANENT WAY."

This wonderful photo., for the use of which we are indebted to the Church Missionary Society, was taken after the great earthquake of Japan, Oct. 28th, 1891. The number killed was 2,347, and the injured 3,668. In one district there were 62,091 houses demolished. Our photo. shows a long stretch of railway line near Gifu. "It was like a tobogganing road with its devious undulations, twisted far out of the ordinary line. Here and there bridge and rails were suspended 20ft. in the air. The contorted rails were twisted and curved. In places they formed a letter S, and then went up and down like plough ruts, the earth beneath having occasionally subsided 10ft. or 12ft. Sleepers were splintered and rivets smashed. So well was the road laid, however, that in many cases bridges were suspended in mid-air by the bolted rails. As is usual in Japan, fire followed the earthquake, and burned to death hundreds of poor creatures who were pinned down under the ruins of their houses.



LOOKING UP A CHURCH TOWER.

A photographic curiosity this. Taken, of course, with the camera pointed up the tower at the beautiful groined church spire, which, in this case, happens to be that of Saint Botolph's Church, Boston, Lincs. The gentleman who sent in this photo. was Mr. E. Wightman Bell, F.C.S., of High Bridge, Spalding.



J. E. MUDDOCK, F.R.G.S.,
SAVAGE CLUB.

THE LAURELS,
VALLEY ROAD,
SHORTLANDS, KENT

TELEPHONE ADDRESS
MUDDOCK, SHORTLANDS.

This bottle was thrown overboard from the S.S. Sarnia (Dominion Line) on her passage from Montreal to Liverpool by J. E. Muddock on July 12th 1892, in
Lat. 55. 34 } N.
Long 59. 49 } W.

Should the bottle be picked up the finder will greatly oblige by forwarding this paper to Mr. Muddock, at the above address, with a statement as to when and where the bottle was found. The finder will receive a reward of 10/- or if he desires it the 10/- will be sent to any Charitable institution for Sailors, or the Widows and orphans of Sailors, that the finder likes to name

J. E. Muddock F.R.G.S.
12th July 1892
Atlantic Ocean

A BOTTLE THAT TRAVELLED THREE THOUSAND MILES.

At noon on the 12th of July, 1892, Mr. J. E. Muddock, the well-known novelist, then on his way home from Canada in the *Sarnia*, threw into the icy Straits of Belle Isle a soda-water bottle containing a message, which, together with the bottle, is here shown. Exactly 485 days afterwards Mr. Muddock had a letter from Norway saying that his bottle had been picked up by a poor fisherman at the entrance to the Sogne Fiord, 2,500 miles in a straight line from the place where it was committed to the sea. Had it not been picked up it would have gone into the Arctic regions. This experiment was of real scientific value, since it was the means of settling certain matters relating to ocean currents.

A RAILWAY CARRIAGE AS SECOND STORY.

Mrs. Edith Holding, of Belvedere, Eastern Villas Road, Southsea, sends us the above photograph. Some years ago, when the narrow gauge of the G.W.R. was changed to the broad gauge, carriages were sold, being no longer of use. It then occurred to an ingenious man living in a little Hampshire village that he might convert one of the carriages into a dwelling-house. He improved on his original scheme, however, by placing his big railway carriage upon an ordinary one-storied cottage, thus converting the latter into quite an imposing residence, of which he is very justly proud.

THE SMALLEST ALMANAC EVER PRINTED.

This wonderful little book is a relic of the Queen's reign, it being published specially in honour of Her Majesty's accession. It is called the English Bijou Almanac of 1838, and was adorned with "poetical illustrations." This is the actual size of the little book, and on the left-hand side will be seen a tiny parchment case with gilt lettering, into which the almanac was placed. The little case is also actual size.

A TREE ON A COTTAGE PORCH.

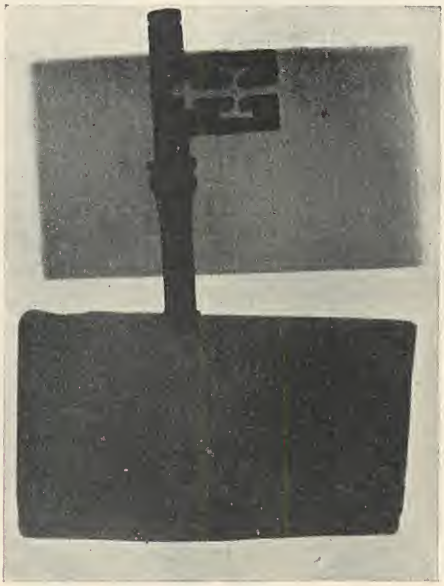
At Clynnog, Carnarvonshire, a little village near the coast, there is an old church dating from Henry VII. Close by it is a cottage which was formerly a country inn. On the roof of the porch, as may be seen in the photo., a fine sycamore tree is growing, which has been there at least fifty or sixty years. It is supposed to owe its existence to a seedling blown from the sycamore in the churchyard, and which must have taken root in the soil that collected on the porch. But since the soil is far too meagre to support so large a tree, it is supposed that the roots have struck down through the interior of the wall into the earth. No trace of a root is, however, visible. Sent in by Master Maurice Davidson, 2, Gambier Terrace, Liverpool.

FIRE PHOTO. TAKEN AT NIGHT.

"Inclosed please find a curio," writes Dr. L. D. Carman, of 1351, Q Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., U.S.A. "The photo. represents the burning of the power-house of the Capital Traction Company of Washington, on the night of September 29th last. The photo. was taken by Mr. E. R. Meyers, with an exposure of six seconds. The fire had then been raging about half an hour. Of course, it is ordinarily impossible to obtain a photograph of a fire at night, but the intense heat producing incandescence of a vast quantity of metals probably accounts for this successful result."

AN X-RAY FREAK.

It was sent in by Mr. T. R. Clapham, of Austwick Hall, Clapham, Lancaster. "I placed a door-key upon a photographic plate protected from ordinary light. Over the handle end I placed a piece of good plate-glass, whilst over the ward end of the key I placed a piece of bog oak, ½in. thick. I then submitted the whole to the influence of the X-rays. Strangely enough, not a trace of the handle of the key is seen through the plate-glass, whilst the end covered with the oak is seen quite sharply."



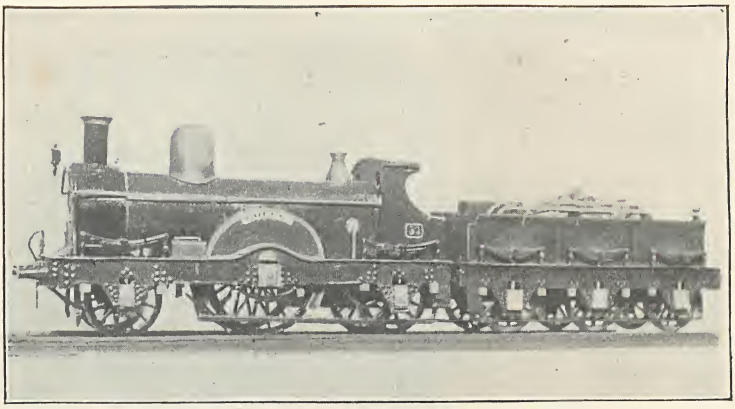
HOW A DATE-PALM IS TAPPED.

We are indebted for this photo. to the Baptist Missionary Society. It was taken in Bengal, where a great quantity of juice is extracted from the date palms, for making sugar and various kinds of sweetmeats, of which the natives are very fond. In the flowering season, when the sap is abundant, the leaves on one side of the tree are cut off, and the rind pared down to the woody fibre. Notches are then cut and a peg inserted, so that the

juice may be conducted into the calabash suspended below. Curiously, the juice runs more freely at night, that which exudes during the day being allowed to run waste as being of little value. Where there are a great number of trees being tapped, watch is kept all night for fear of thieves and poachers, who wait their opportunity and climb the trees very early in the morning to steal the juice.

EARLIEST MENTION OF GOLF.

This curious old picture may be said to be the earliest known representation of the game of golf. Two men are seen "putting" at the hole, whilst hard by a third is addressing himself to his ball at the tee. Thus in essentials the game has been unaltered for nearly 400 years. The illustration given here is taken from an early Flemish manuscript of undoubted authenticity, and the date is about the year 1500. The game itself, of course, goes back into antiquity far beyond this date.

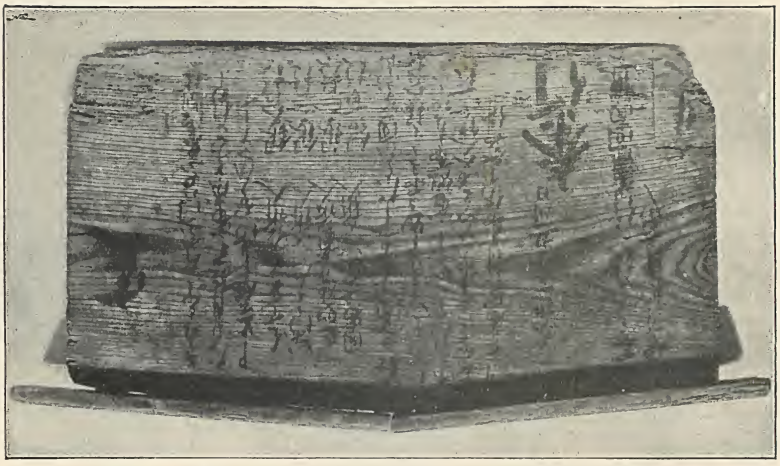


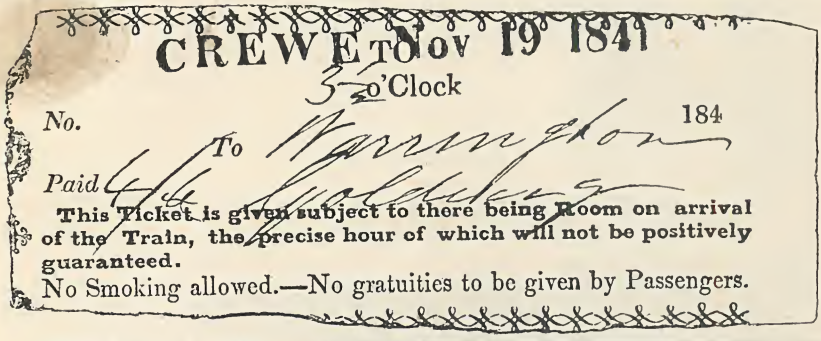
A WONDERFUL MODEL.

This model engine is an exact reproduction of the Great Western "Queen," No. 35. It was made by Mr. E. J. Redworth, of 3, Castle Street, Slough. Every part has been made to correspond exactly with the original. The model runs on a small line of its own, and in the driver's "cab" will be found the same appliances—levers, taps, etc.—that are seen in the original engine. The model is 1ft. 9in. long and 3in. wide, and is constructed almost entirely of cardboard. The only tools Mr. Redworth used were a penknife and a pair of scissors. The engine is even painted in the colours of the Great Western Company. Mr. Redworth has always taken a great interest in locomotive engines, and he made this one in his holidays, four years ago, when he used to go down to Slough Station to meet the original of this engine. He made several drawings of each section for his guidance.

JAPS EDICT AGAINST CHRISTIANS.

In the early part of the seventeenth century there were a million Christians in Japan, but fifty years later came a fanatical upheaval which ruined this flourishing church. More than 200 pastors suffered martyrdom. The stamping out of Christianity was a root-and-branch affair, assisted by spies and infamous ordeals. Our photo. shows a notice-board ordering these measures. These notices were exhibited in the streets of Japan as late as 1870.





CREWE TO Nov 19 1841

3½ o'Clock

No. 184

To Warrington

Paid 4/4 Goldberg

This Ticket is given subject to there being Room on arrival of the Train, the precise hour of which will not be positively guaranteed.

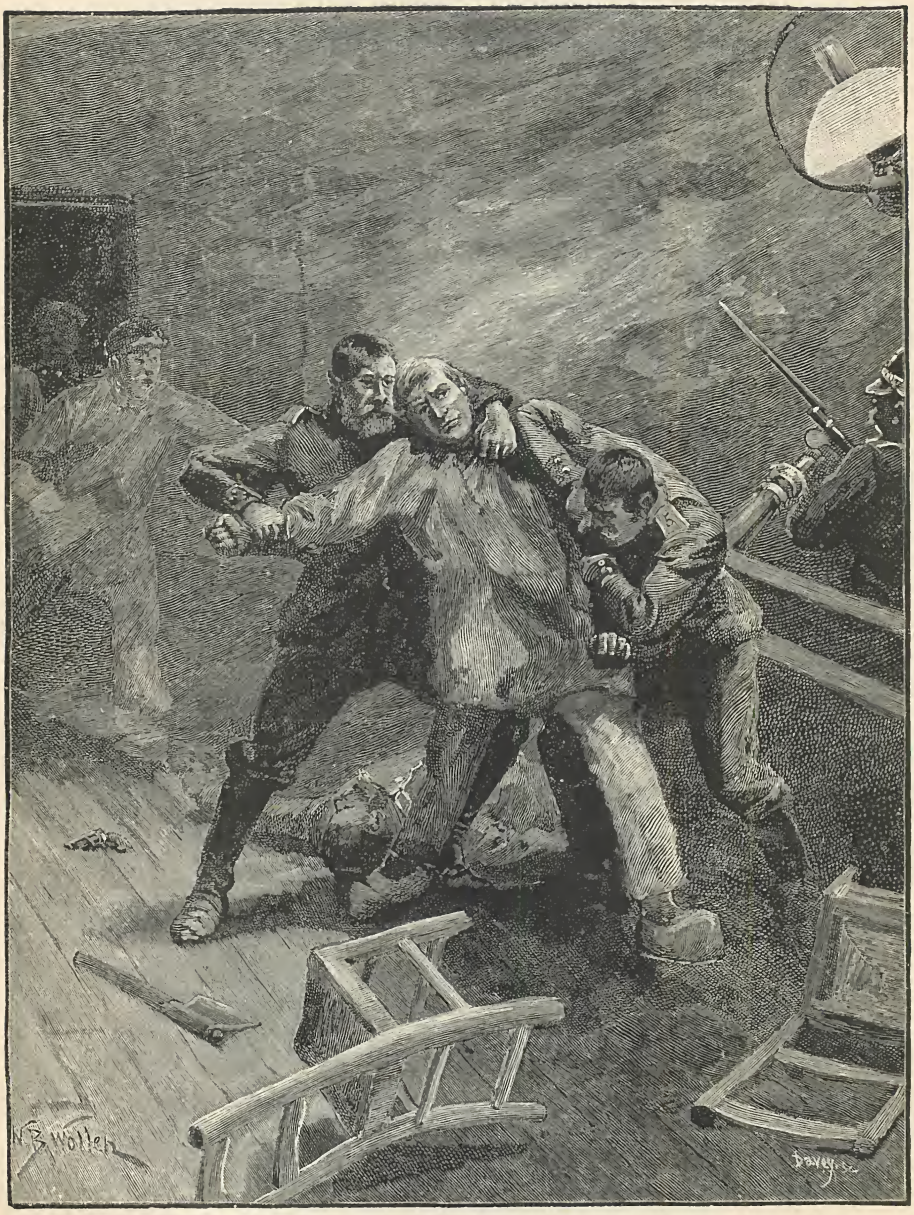
No Smoking allowed.—No gratuities to be given by Passengers.

A VERY EARLY RAILWAY TICKET.

This queer little railway ticket was issued as far back as 1841, and is probably the only one of its kind in existence. From this specimen it is evident that the poor booking-clerk had in all cases to write the price on each ticket, besides filling in the name of the station. He had also to sign his own name in each case. Just think of this system at Waterloo, or any other large station nowadays! Note the quaint wording. "This ticket is given subject to there being room on arrival of the train, the precise hour of which will not be positively guaranteed." Those were not days of cheap travelling. The journey from Crewe to Warrington now costs rather less than half the amount. We are indebted for this curiosity to Mr. J. Bevan, station-master Norton Bridge, Stone, Staffs.

A PICTURESQUE TEMPLE.

This extremely striking photograph represents a stupendous wooded rock in the great Yang-tze River, China, not far from the Po-yang Lake. As will be seen in the photo., a large Buddhist temple has been erected on the very summit. The river at this point is from one and a half to two miles wide. We are indebted for this interesting photo. to the courteous secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, Furnival Street, E.C.



"HE SHOOK THEM AS A WILD BOAR SHAKES A PACK OF HOUNDS."

(*See page* 129.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xv. FEBRUARY, 1898 No. 86.

"*Fearless.*"

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES MARY.

I.

HE had come to be called "Fearless" because of his strength and bravery; his real name was Martin Régereau. He was a tall, stout young fellow, with plump, rosy cheeks, light blue, tender eyes, and blonde hair, cut very short, descending in three regular points on a forehead as white as that of a woman. His robust shoulders, broad without heaviness, revealed a force about which opinion had long been settled in the village of Aisements. When he passed along the street, strangers from the country, who did not know him, said:—

"That's a strong young fellow!"

"That's Martin Régereau. There's not a lad in the Ardennes who can throw him in a wrestling bout. One day Farmer Vial's bull rushed furiously at little Céline. Martin took him by the horns, and compelled him to back, step by step, with his muzzle between his hoofs, into the stable, roaring savagely all the time. At the last fair of Saint-Nicholas he laid a wager with the young fellows of Lannoy, Dommery, and Bellevue that, with twenty strokes of an axe, he would cut down a fifteen-year-old poplar."

"And he won his bet?"

"At the fifteenth stroke the poplar crack — bent, then came crashing down. Ah, Martin Régereau is as strong as thunder, monsieur—and yet timid as a sheep."

Timid he was to a degree that nobody could understand. He was turned thirty-two in 1870, and he had never talked of getting married, though the forty or fifty thousand francs left him by his father assured him an independent position, and permitted him to aspire to the hand of the richest girl in the county. Why did he not marry? The question was debated in Aisements; but when anybody broached the subject to Martin he blushed to the roots of his hair, and turned the conversation into a jest.

He had received some education at the school at Charville; but function or calling he had none. Fully occupied in doing nothing, he passed his life in rendering services to others, never asking any for himself. When his neighbours needed help, he was ever ready to aid them. Carelessness was in his life, not idleness — carelessness content with itself, and always free from egotism.

His home was a little cottage, surrounded by a big garden, on the outskirts of Aisements, whence he could see the roofs of the farm-inn of Mazures, belonging to Daddy Vial. He spent his life in raking the somewhat too symmetrical paths of his garden and lovingly tending the flowers with which the beds were filled without much order. To see him slouching about, his great, gentle head bent upon one of his broad shoulders, he might have been taken for a man living in the clouds, or for a misanthrope heedless of the things about him; he was neither the one nor the other, neither gay nor sad: he was living peaceably without thinking, that was all. He was a miser in regard to the riches of his garden; one person only might plunder it without reproof: it was Céline Vial, the daughter of the farmer of Mazures. She was twenty years of age, and his god-daughter.

He loved Céline; he had long loved her. She was small and weak, and her weakness drew her towards him. She had no suspicion of this, and whenever she happened to look him in the face, he cast down his eyes, embarrassed by her childlike simplicity of bearing. He was twelve years older than she: was their union possible? Would it not be laughed at in the village?

It was a love tender and persistent, a constant idea that was a part of his aimless life. At the school where he had received such education as he had he had learned to play the harmonium, and on Sundays he played the organ in the church at Aisements: when he studied at home the religious pieces he was to execute, he could see from his window, going and coming at Mazures, his little Céline, with her bare arms, her streaming hair, and her apron over her tucked-up skirt. Then he would remain for hours contemplating her.

One day, in the month of May, 1870, he put on his overcoat, clapped his broad-brimmed straw hat on the edge of his ear, and set off for the farm, resolved not to return home before he had declared himself frankly. The situation weighed upon him; and then, Céline was of an age to marry, though she did not appear to think about the matter. Daddy Vial had thought about it, however, and the names of several young farmers in easy circumstances had been suggested to him. Hitherto he had done nothing, but the subject had now become pressing. Martin's heart, as he went along, felt as if it were being crushed in a vice; the blood mounted throbbingly to his head.

The sun was setting, and the rays from its hidden disc rose redly from behind the sombre line formed on the horizon by the forest of Ardennes. The farm hands were returning to Mazures as he came near. Daddy Vial was taking the horse out of a waggon, and, on catching sight of him, called out:—

"Come on quickly and hear the news!"

News? What had happened at Mazures to make the farmer so joyous? Released from the waggon the horse went off to his stable without guidance, and Daddy Vial, taking Martin's arm, hurried him into the big room of the inn, where Céline was getting supper ready. As soon as she saw Martin, she blushed and ran out; which made her father laugh gaily.

"WHAT IS THE NEWS YOU HAVE TO TELL ME?"

"What is the news you have to tell me?" asked Martin, a feeling of vague uneasiness coming upon him.

"Do you know Bénoît Bret?"

"Yes. He is the son of a farmer at Dommery."

"Well, I'm going to marry Céline to Bénoît Bret."

Martin looked at Daddy Vial with a quivering eye. For a moment he thought the old man was joking him—had guessed that he

loved Céline, and was putting him through a sort of trial. The sudden flight of Céline confirmed him in this idea.

"Yes," Vial continued; "we are going to marry her to Bénoît Bret. It is a very good match, and Céline is content."

The farmer spoke so seriously, that it was quite impossible to misunderstand him a second time.

"Ah! Céline is content," repeated Martin, without knowing what he was saying.

The blow was a hard one. He trembled from head to foot, and his kind face became white. Even while he tried to smile, a sob rose in his throat.

"This marriage does not displease you, lad, does it? I shall be glad to have your advice. Céline is very fond of you; you have rights over her, as her godfather, and I would not dispose of her life against your wishes."

"Oh! so long as Céline is content——" replied Martin, who felt his reason deserting him.

At that moment Céline returned. Fearless was strongly inclined to fly, but his feet were nailed to the floor. The young girl came to him.

"He has told you, godfather?" she asked.

"Yes—he has told me."

"And you don't object?"

"Not since—you are content."

"And at the wedding mass you will play for us some beautiful music on the organ in the church?"

"Oh, yes!—as much as you wish for."

She threw her arms about his neck and gave him a sounding kiss on either cheek, laughing gaily.

He stood half-dazed, half-deafened, as by the hum of a distant waterfall. They pressed him to remain for supper; but he quitted the farm on the first pretext that came into his head. He gazed on his house, his garden, his flowers, thinking of nothing. Within himself he felt a great, painful void. He felt stifled. If he could only have wept!

At the end of the month of June the wedding took place. The church was full, and, from the height of his organ, resting on the balustrade, Martin Régereau sadly beheld his happiness pass away from him. His blue and somewhat vague eyes wandered distraught from the benches to the altar, and from the altar to the chairs of the newly married pair. Céline, blushing and smiling under her great white veil, was beautiful. As to Bénoît Bret, his wide, round shoulders went near to splitting the back of his new coat, and Martin remarked that, after kneeling, he never failed to dust his knees carefully with a big handkerchief which he drew from one of his trousers-pockets.

He had played—death in his heart—wishing to the end to please his little Céline, but it was too much. He could bear no more. He wanted to descend, leaving them there. He could be spared — he was no longer necessary.

Bénoît Bret and Céline approached the altar. The old woman who worked the organ bellows gave the first impulsion. Martin seated himself mechanically and ran his fingers over the keyboard. The organ rumbled. In front of him his sloping glass reflected the bride and bridegroom before the priest, with the large veil spread over their heads by the witnesses. The flood of organ notes filled the church. He played with eyelids close pressed, to keep two great tears from falling. What music he was playing he knew not.

Suddenly appeals came from below; cries, murmurs mounted from the church floor. The old organ-blower stopped, and Martin, opening his eyes, seemed to waken from sleep. In the narrow stairway leading to the organ he heard voices growing louder and louder, and presently two or three young persons hurriedly and irritatedly burst into the organ-loft.

"Are you mad, Martin?"

"Why?"

"Céline has nearly fainted! A new idea to play such music on a wedding-day!"

"What have I played?" asked Martin, gently.

"What! Don't you know that you have been playing the *Dies irae?*"

And they hurried down the stairs, shrugging their shoulders and declaring that Martin was madder than ever.

II.

Two months later the Prussians were in the heart of France, and the army beating a retreat towards the fatal triangle of Sedan. Anxiety reigned in the village. The villagers went abroad from their homes as little as possible, and when they spoke to one another despair was in the words they exchanged, as it were in secret, under the eyes of the Prussians; distress was stamped on the faces of all. They bewailed their helplessness; but sometimes there were outbursts of rage, and five or six—Fearless always amongst them—would ambush themselves in the woods and kill the Germans on their pillaging excursions.

September and October passed. From time to time Martin disappeared for several days, until, some morning, he was seen standing at the door of his cottage with his arms calmly crossed upon his chest, watching, with his mild eyes, the movements of the Prussians in the village. These disappearances were—it was noticed by the inhabitants—followed by the absence of two or three soldiers, who were no more seen until they were found by accident in a ditch, at a corner of the forest.

One morning in November, the people of Aisements remarked an unusual agitation amongst the enemy: they were talking and gesticulating furiously. Some who understood a few words of German made out that it was a question of a Bavarian sergeant and a soldier who had been found dead in a marl-pit.

Then a rumour spread with the rapidity of lightning. Traces of blood had guided the comrades of the two soldiers from the marl-pit to Mazures. A search had been made which led to the discovery of a hatchet and a bill-hook—which had been imperfectly washed—on which both blood and hair had been found. Bénoît and the Farmer Vial, on being arrested, had confessed that, in a quarrel, they had killed the two Prussians at the moment when they had surprised them stealing; and that they had dragged the bodies to the pit, two hundred yards from the farm.

They were condemned to be shot—the execution to take place the next day. This news had spread consternation through the village. In the afternoon Martin Régereau, with a bleeding heart, was thinking of Céline's despair, when the poor girl rushed wildly into his house, and threw herself, sobbing, into his arms. He tenderly seated her, and tried to calm her; but she was seized with a fit of hysterics, clinging to him with all her strength, and shrieking and writhing in his arms.

"YOU WILL NOT LET THEM KILL MY FATHER?"

"Martin—Martin, you will not let them kill my father?" she cried. "You will save them both? You cannot remain calmly in your house while they are being assassinated at Mazures—from here you will hear the reports of the rifles! My God! My God! Godfather, you are so strong; so clever!

There must be some way—I know not what. Invent it; invent it; I have no head for such things. You will try—you will try—will you not? Your little Céline, of whom you are so fond, for whom you sacrifice all your most beautiful flowers—it will be her death! Tell me, Martin, that you will try and do something?"

And she sobbed, hanging to his neck, while his heart swelled to bursting at sight of her tears.

"Yes, I promise you, Céline, I promise you," he murmured. "If I can save your father—and Bénoît," he said, hesitatingly, "I will give them back to you. Don't despair. I don't know what I can do, but I'll think until I can form some plan. Where are they?"

"In the cellar—bound with cords about their legs and arms. There is a post of twenty men at Mazures, and the captain in command of the detachment lodges at the farm."

Régereau thought for awhile.

"There are two hundred men at Aisements," he said, after some minutes' reflection. "What is to be done?"

Céline saw that he was perplexed.

"You will save them, godfather?" she cried, with re-awakened terror.

"Yes, yes," he replied, agonized by the despair of his beloved one. "But don't stay here any longer, Céline. Go back to Mazures. Take courage—and, above all, don't try to see your father, and don't commit any imprudence."

She left him.

Régereau at once abandoned his house to the Prussians whom he was lodging, and went from wine-shop to wine-shop, strolling negligently with his hands in his pockets, his head bent on one shoulder, and his cap on his ear. He entered four or five houses—remaining in each a few minutes—then strolled away, appearing as indifferent as ever, his nose in the air. He had arranged a meeting with a dozen woodmen and workmen employed by the wheelwright Reboux. Then, without returning home, he went to the wood of La Kerpine, two kilomètres from the farm of Mazures, which was itself separated from Aisements by Bord-de-l'Eau meadow, some two or three hundred mètres wide.

At nightfall, the woodmen and wheelwrights called together by Martin quitted the village, climbing over the hedges, slipping through the underwood, following the course of the field-side ditches, and screening themselves from observation in all the hollows of the ground. They reached the *firlids*, then the wood of La Kerpine, where Régereau was watching for them. Under their workmen's blouses of blue linen they had concealed hatchets, some of them having pistols besides.

They set out, moving separately and a long way apart from each other, and using all possible precautions. Fortunately, the sky was thickly covered with clouds, and the night was very dark.

Behind the farm there was a large orchard extending to the outbuildings. On reaching the orchard they stopped, re-assembled, and conferred together, crouching behind a hedge.

It was agreed that Martin should enter the farm-inn alone. How he was to do it, how he was to overcome the suspicions of the Prussians, he did not know. Circumstances must guide him. The others were to wait, ready for any event, and to dash forward as soon as they heard the signal which Martin would give—by breaking one of the windows.

There was a sentinel before the inn door, another before the cellar, a third and a fourth guarding the path leading to the farm. From the place where they were crouching, Martin and his companions could hear the regular and heavy tread of the soldiers in the stillness of the night.

Martin advanced, but he had not gone a hundred paces before he heard the rough voice of the Prussian sentinel, demanding:—

"Werda?"

In the three months during which the Prussians had been cantoned at Aisements he had learned enough German to make himself understood. He replied to the sentry the word "Friend"; adding that he belonged to the village. The Prussian levelled his rifle at him as he approached, and, in this way, Fearless in front of him, conducted him to the farm.

Fifteen soldiers were seated about the table in the big room which served for the common room both of the farm and the inn; all were drinking or playing at cards. By the wide hearth, an officer, enveloped in his heavy black cloak, was extended on a sort of camp bed; further on, in the shadow made by the projecting fire-place, Céline sat buried in an old chair; waiting, listening for the least sound coming from without.

When he entered, she started involuntarily, but instantly repressed the movement. The soldiers had raised their heads, and one of them, a sergeant, advanced towards him. There was an exchange of words between

"WERDA?"

him and the sentry, who stood stiffly, with grounded arm, by the door. The officer had not taken any notice of what was passing. Dismissed by the sergeant, the sentry presently shouldered his rifle and pivoted on his heels, and quitted the room as mechanically as if his legs were moved by springs. The sergeant, who spoke French, then demanded explanation of Régereau.

Fearless, quite calmly, replied that one of his uncles was ill in the village of Thin-la-Moutier, two leagues from there. He had been to visit him, and returned to Aisements across the fields, as the shortest way, not imagining that anybody could suspect him of having any evil purpose, so well known as he was in the village—the sergeant himself must recollect his face.

The sergeant recognised him, and some of the soldiers made signs that they had seen him before, that he was not unknown to them. The sergeant, thus satisfied, authorized him to go on his way, and proposed to conduct him past the sentry on duty outside, but Martin begged to be allowed to remain. He was tired. He had walked quickly, hoping to reach home before nightfall, and he was thirsty, and all the other public-houses in Aisements were certainly shut up at that hour. He asked only to stay five minutes, no more.

The Germans looked at him suspiciously—his persistence gave rise to doubts in their minds. They talked together in low tones. They examined him from head to foot, to make sure that he was not armed; then, without giving him permission, or refusing to allow him to remain, they left him.

Martin at once raised his voice:—

"Mam'zelle Céline, a jug of cider, if you please." And as she passed him, pale and trembling, he whispered to her: "Bring a hatchet, on pretence of splitting some fire-wood." He then crossed to one of the soldiers who were playing at cards, and appeared to watch the game with great interest.

When they laughed, Fearless imitated them, as if he thoroughly understood their jokes. Now and then, one of them would show him his cards, calling to him: "Messié! Messié!" At which Martin nodded his head knowingly.

Céline had brought the cider, then busied herself in splitting logs for the fire. After which she placed the hatchet by the leg of the table nearest to Martin.

Régereau now moved about the room without anyone paying any attention to him. All suspicion was lulled. The rifles of the soldiers were ranged against the wall ready to hand at the first alarm. What he had to do was to prevent the Germans from seizing their arms, so as to give time to the woodmen to arrive after hearing the signal. To effect that delay, he had full confidence in his audacity and strength.

He returned towards the soldiers, lit his pipe, and seated himself on the window-ledge.

Suddenly two or three panes of glass fell with a crash into the yard outside. The soldiers sprang to their feet tumultuously, and several of them were hurrying to their arms, when Martin turned away from the broken window with a laugh, saying to the sergeant:—

"I did it accidentally, by leaning too heavily against the glass. Pray excuse my clumsiness."

The soldiers went back to their seats, while Martin pretended to repair the broken window as well as he could. At the sound of the splintered glass the officer had risen and

paced up and down the big room, and the sentinel had put his broad face in the opening of the door. The officer at length, turning to Martin, said, bluffly :—

"Take yourself off!"

At the same moment a shot was heard, the sound of the report deadened by distance.

"The moment has come!" cried Martin, and lifting the massive and heavy table which ran almost the length of the room, he overturned it between himself and the Prussians, thus separating them from their rifles and throwing some of them on to the ground.

The soldiers cried "To arms!" and threw themselves upon him. At the same time a second report, followed instantly by a third, was heard without. The sentinel who guarded the cellar, and the one who was on duty at the door, had fired on the advancing woodmen.

Within, there was a great tumult, with exclamations of rage and imprecations. Fearless dominated by the whole height of his body the table he had overturned, and made a terrible sweep around him with the hatchet left by Céline. The captain had fired at him with his revolver, and wounded him twice. One ball had glanced off his forehead, and the blood which streamed over his face and eyes blinded him. Martin split his assailant's skull in two with a blow of his hatchet, and the Prussian fell dead without uttering a sigh. It was the third who had fallen under his terrible weapon. Martin faced on every side. Solidly planted in front of the pile of the overturned needle-guns, he surrounded himself with a circle of iron.

Suddenly, three tall and heavy soldiers threw themselves upon him, with the hope of paralyzing his movements: the first fell by a back stroke of the hatchet, but the other two seized him by the arms. He shook them as a wild boar shakes a pack of hounds hanging to his flanks.

But then the scene changed. Twenty men with hatchets and pistols in their hands sprang into the room and threw themselves into the midst of the Prussians, some of whom had succeeded in regaining possession of their rifles. Those who made any resistance were killed without mercy, and the others shut up in a room, against the door of which the heavy furniture of the farm was piled, to prevent their escaping. Seven Prussians lay upon the floor with cloven skulls.

They went out, Martin, wounded as he was, carrying in his arms the insensible Céline.

"To the cellar! to the cellar!" he cried.

They rushed into the yard. The sentinel who had guarded the prisoners lay dead; the wheelwrights, who had come that way, had dispatched him with a hatchet. Beside the German lay a dying workman, pierced by a bullet which had been fired at him point-blank. They carried him away.

Daddy Vial and Bénoît were set free. In the direction of Aisements there was a great noise, as of a body of soldiers advancing at the double. The Prussians, warned by a sentinel who had fled, were coming.

"We must reach the woods," said Régereau.

All hid themselves behind the trees, Martin, with Vial and Bénoît, last. Already the Prussians from Aisements were firing on them at random; but they were in the fields. Night protected them.

Suddenly a shadow rose, behind a hedge, near the spot where Martin had been stopped by the first sentinel. It was the German, who had seated himself in a ditch. He shouldered his long rifle, aimed at one of the men who was disappearing in the darkness—but he hesitated. The workmen were cunning; he might miss his mark. Bénoît Bret stopped.

"Let me carry Céline," he said.

A flash illuminated the night a few paces behind them: a report followed. Bénoît Bret pressed his hand on his side.

"I'm killed," he said, sinking down upon the grass.

Without saying a word—there was no time to lose, the balls were hissing around them—Martin placed Céline in the hands of her father, lifted Bénoît Bret in his robust arms, and disappeared in the darkness.

Half an hour later they were saved. But before plunging into the depths of the woods they had cast a last look towards Aisements, and had seen a red light illuming the horizon. The Prussians had avenged themselves by setting Mazures in flames.

III.

In the month of May, when France felt itself calmer, Daddy Vial and Régereau returned to Aisements, with Céline and those of the woodmen and wheelwrights who had not fallen in the siege of Mezières or in the battle of St. Quentin. Bénoît Bret had died in Martin's arms. They had buried him in the wood of La Kerpine. Then they had succeeded in reaching Mezières, which, at that moment, was still blockaded. After the bombardment of the town, Martin and others entered the corps of Francs-tireurs which rejoined the army of Faidherbe. Céline and her father took refuge in Belgium.

Returned to Aisements, Daddy Vial and his daughter lived in Martin Régereau's house while the Mazures farmhouse was being re-built. Martin had gone back to his quiet old ways of living, spending his time in strolling about when he was not occupied with his flowers and his garden, which had been ravaged by the Germans. Everything had to be renewed, dug, raked, re-planted.

The six months which passed in this way were six months of happiness for him. Céline was there, near him, working at the window looking out upon the garden. He saw her whenever he wished. His affection for her, always so warm and tender, grew stronger with the sight of her sadness. Then, at the bottom of his heart, there was something like an unconfessed hope. The remembrance of Bénoit Bret would grow weaker. Time would, little by little, efface from Céline's life the lugubrious chapter of the war and the death of her husband. She was too young to remain a widow. Then there came to him gusts of happiness. This time, he would not be too late!

He made all these reflections as, with rounded shoulders, he drove his spade into the ground. A smile illumined his face; he felt impelled to leap, to dance, to move about, repeating: "She is mine!—mine! She will not be taken from me again. I have well deserved her." Then he would straighten himself, and, resting on the handle of his spade, look at Céline, knitting or sewing at the open window; and she would turn her bright little head towards him, aud nod to him with a smile.

"You are hot, godfather."

"Oh, no, Célinette."

"Stay a moment, and I'll bring you some cider. Don't move from where you are."

"I am not hot, Céline. All I'm doing is for you, and when I'm working for you I never feel tired."

"For me?"

"Why—don't you any longer care for flowers?"

"How good you are, godfather! You spoil me——"

She shook her finger at him, by way of threat—and he, happy, and with a glowing heart, bent again over his spade and dug with renewed ardour, his head filled with wild thoughts.

When Mazures was rebuilt Vial and Céline installed themselves there. The farmer had for some time seemed thoughtful, and had regarded Martin with an air of embarrassment. Questions, which he had not the courage to ask, had risen to his lips. When Martin and Céline were together, he had considered them alternately, trying to read what was passing in their hearts. He had odd sorts of conversations with Martin, from which he extracted nothing but suspicions of the young man's love, without daring to question him openly. In the end, as Martin said nothing, he concluded that he had deceived himself.

At the moment of declaring himself, Martin hesitated. Timidities, scruples rose in his mind. If he asked for the hand of Céline and she did not love him, her father might, perhaps, think himself obliged to sacrifice his daughter's happiness for him. He had saved Céline, he had saved her father; these were such services as one does not know how to recognise with sufficient gratitude. His soul was too good to profit by such a situation. He would rather remain a bachelor than take Céline against herself.

One October evening, however, he resolved to go to Mazures.

The farm-servants, Céline, and Vial were just rising from table when he arrived.

"Good evening, lad," said the farmer. "You are come to spend the evening with us? Welcome! I have only one reproach to make to you."

"What is that?"

"That we don't see you here often enough."

"I want to say two words to you, Daddy Vial."

"Speak out, lad."

Fearless hesitated, discountenanced, trembling in all his limbs. Then, with a great effort, and in a very low tone, he said:—

"Daddy Vial, will you let me become the husband of Céline?"

The farmer was seated. He started to his feet, looking very pale and angry, and replied:—

"Lad—three days ago the hand of Céline was promised to the father of Pauline Lerivier, the tanner——"

"Pauline, the tanner?" stammered Martin.

He staggered a few paces, unconscious of what he was doing. He clung to the table to save himself from falling, and, turning to the farmer, with haggard eyes and white lips, he sobbed:—

"At least—you are not angry with me, not angry with me?"

And suddenly he fell upon the floor, like one stricken with apoplexy. Vial called wildly, terrified, tearing his hair. Céline and the servants hurried back into the room.

"Oh, my good, good godfather!" cried the young widow, and fainted.

The farmer hurried from one to the other and felt his reason giving way.

"Quick! — bring a doctor — Doctor Tabourrot!"

And, helped by the servants, he carried Martin to a bed, then attended to Céline. Tabourrot arrived ten minutes later. Céline recovered from a fit of hysterics. He ordered her a potion, then went to Régereau, whom he bled. He remained all night by the patient's bedside, aided by Céline and Vial. All the farm, all the village, was in a state of unease. On the next day Tabourrot declared that he should be able to save Martin's life.

For the space of a week he was delirious, during which he talked ramblingly, and said things which left Céline and Daddy Vial in no doubt as to the depth of his love. At length he came to himself; recognised those who were about him; inquired as to what had happened; remembered—and wept.

Then Céline bent over him, took in hers the two hands of the poor fellow who was trying to hide his tears, looked long into his face; and then, somewhat brusquely, and with a touch of anger in the midst of her emotion:—

"Godfather—why did you not speak sooner?" And, as he made no answer, she added, almost in a whisper: "I, too, love you—have long loved you!"

A hearty laugh sounded from behind the bed-curtain, and Daddy Vial, his broad, honest face ruddy with smiles, cried:—

"She is yours, you big goose!—she is yours!"

"CÉLINE BENT OVER HIM."

Royal Menus.

By J. J. Moran.

THE growing demand for information as to all matters of national and Imperial importance connected with the personal life of Royalty (such matters, for instance, as the size of the gloves worn by our beloved Queen, and the colour of the largest cat at Windsor Castle) betokens a patriotic fervour greatly to be welcomed. So urgent, indeed, has the demand been found, that the supply of facts has now and again failed to keep pace with it, and many a hard-worked journalist has been driven to his imagination for his anecdotes; anecdotes which all the other hard-worked journalists instantly fell upon with large scissors and reproduced in their own journals. As is the case in other departments of fiction, the kailyard school of anecdote takes its full share of public attention, and the happenings (mostly meaning things that might have happened) about Balmoral have been prepared in large quantities and with heavy pepperings of dialect. Thus the story of the boy driving sheep who shouted indignantly to Her Most Gracious Majesty to "Gang awa', wifie, and dinna brak ma sheep!" may be true or it may not, but in any case it has as generous a dose of dialect as can well be crammed into eight words, and, after all, that's what people want.

The anecdote culinary and the anecdote gastronomical, closely allied in nature, and sometimes indistinguishable, have also had their part among the most esteemed stories of the little doings of Royalty. In this paper we shall not report simple facts (nor, indeed, any of the other things), but shall present the facts themselves by way of facsimiles. So that our fellow-countrymen who rightly esteem the importance of a general knowledge of what daily food is preferred and consumed by Royalty may refer direct to the menus themselves, or, at any rate, to as good reproductions thereof as the resources of photography will permit.

First, then, we have a menu itself somewhat in the kailyard manner. It is the menu of the Queen's luncheon served on Sunday, December 30th, 1888, on board a yacht on which Her Majesty was taking a short cruise. The design of the card is Scotch distinctly, and such as to lead one at once to look for caller herrin' in the list. Herring, however, is not there—caller or otherwise; a good opportunity is lost in line three, where "Faisans rôtis" (merely roast pheasant) might at least have been made "Faisans de Billingsgate." But there are Scotch broth, haunch of venison (of Scotch deer, doubtless), Scotch kale (kailyard, indeed!), boar's head, and brawn. But in order not to show undue preference, and so offend national susceptibilities, there is Indian curry, also "bouillie gratinée" (which means baked milk pudding) as a concession to France; and something called "Gerostete Lerchen," which would seem to have been made in Germany. While, to finish the list and to reconcile ancient enemies, there is apple tart done in a German manner, and described in the French language. Altogether a sufficiently Scotch luncheon, with an elegant touch of cosmopolitanism to save it from severity.

The next menu has a more important and more historical character. It is that of the Royal wedding breakfast eaten on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May, Thursday, July 6th, 1893. The floral design at the side is printed, in the original, in silver, gold, and pink, and it carries its meaning; the white roses of York being twined with hawthorn and other flowers blossoming in May—this in compliment to the Royal bride's name. As to the solid in formation, we perceive that there are two soups, as usual, hot entrées and cold, divided by fillets of beef and larded fowls, announced in French. It is all a very admirable breakfast, including nothing very astonishing (one doesn't like being astonished at meals, especially in presence of Royalty), but a good many very excellent things. Lamb cutlets make capital entrées, and so do duckling and peas, even when they come disguised in French. Lobster salad and mayonnaise are good, too, for those who have good digestions, and so are ham and tongue in aspic jelly, and collar of veal, and all the rest of it.

It is something of a puzzle to guess why the able *littérateur* who composed this menu could bring himself at the end of his task calmly to set down "cold roast fowls" in simple English. But he did it; though one would suppose that "poulets rôtis, froids" would have done as well.

Three years and a few months ago—on November 27th, 1894, to be precise—Her Majesty the Queen dined at Windsor, and what was offered her appears on her menu for the meal, here reproduced. Again we may recognise a graceful cosmopolitanism in the selection, red mullets done Italian fashion standing just below an indefinite Indian dish of fish, the partridges being cooked in a Flemish way, and the roast beef of Old England giving general support, while the whole feast is held together and given finish by a general layer of the French language. Truly our Queen has none of the exclusive Chauvinism of her grandson of Germany, who was some time since reported to have ordered all his menus to be set out in

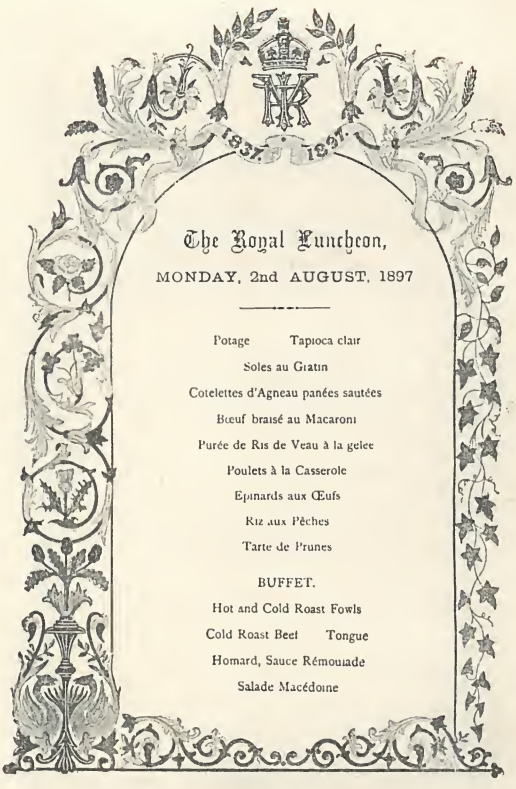
German wholly and entirely. The design of this card is in gold, blue, red, and brown.

Now we arrive at a menu which gives a piece of information as to a taste of Her Majesty's which is little known. It is a taste for roast beef and plum pudding eaten from the same dish. The relevé, as one sees, is roast beef, with Yorkshire pudding and plum pudding served with it. Truly, our Queen could offer no better testimony of her truly English character than her preference for a combination of the two national dishes on the same plate. Whether a public knowledge of this preference will lead to the eating of beef and plum pudding together as a general fashion, we are unable to prophesy; but if such a result actually follow, we *do* venture to prophesy digestive trouble among those of Her Majesty's subjects blessed (or otherwise) with a weaker constitution than that of their Queen. Another very noticeable thing—noticeable in most of these menus—is that Her Majesty always has a certain sound "stand-by," or more, on a side table. These are usually hot and cold fowls, beef, and tongue, all very excellent resources in case of a temporary distaste for things more artificial. The menu under notice is dated Sunday, February 3rd, 1895, at Osborne.

Here is another Royal wedding breakfast, three years later than that we have spoken of already. On Wednesday, July 22nd, 1896, Prince Charles of Denmark and Princess Maud were married. The menu card of the breakfast is printed in gold, silver, red, green, blue, and pink. At the bottom the initial of Prince Charles (embellished with an anchor to signify his naval profession) is joined to that of Princess Maud by a true lover's knot, and at the top the crowned monogram of our Queen beams over all. Roses, forget-me-nots, shamrocks, and thistles typify the sentiments proper to the occasion, further assisted by knots of silver ribbon. As for the tale of dainties itself, it is singularly like that of the other wedding breakfast—indeed, every very good wedding breakfast is a matter of much the same dishes as every other. The soups are different, it is true, but the hot entrées and the relevés are exactly the same, and the cold entrées are very little varied, except that this time the composer spells "roulades" correctly. But he has not mustered the courage to wind up with that

calmly English "cold roast fowls" that distinguished the other menu. Vegetables and sweets are precisely as before.

Our next is the menu of the Queen's dinner on Monday, September 28th, 1896, at Balmoral. The border, with its stags' heads, thistles and heather, is extremely and appropriately Scotch, but the written list is pure and uninterrupted French until we arrive at that excellent "Side table," with its fowls, its tongue, and its beef. So much had we written when we glanced at the list again and saw that we were mistaken: the list *is* pure French except for the one very British item "roast beef," which must always stand important in any dinner which shall please Her Majesty. And, indeed, though the names be French, there is much sound British food disguised in this list. There is ox-tail soup, fried whiting, haunch of venison, and stuffed turkey—though there are worthy people who might fail to recognise these things in "potage aux queues de bœuf," "merlans frits," "hanche de venaison," and "dindes farcis." Just as a gentleman from the country, whom we once observed at a great restaurant after he had ordered "Pied



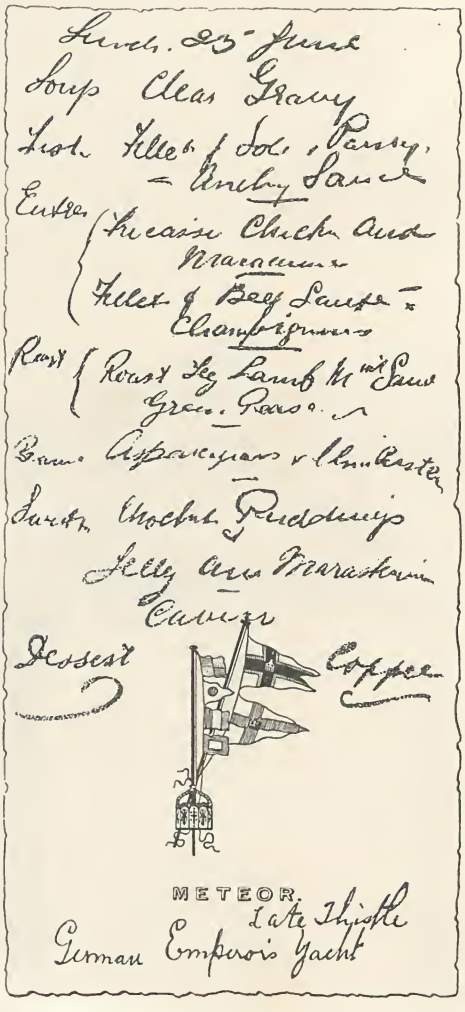
di porc au Bechamel," by pointing to the words with his finger; and who was mightily amazed, a minute later, at receiving a pig's trotter.

On August 2nd of last year, the King of Siam took luncheon with Her Majesty. On that occasion, by reason of the preferences of the Royal guest, the dishes were of a much lighter nature than are generally set before the Royal Family. The menu card, which was printed in the colours of Siam, is here reproduced. Clear tapioca soup is not heavy, nor is sole au gratin, nor spinach with eggs, nor peaches and rice. Indeed, the heaviest dish in the luncheon proper would seem to be braised beef with macaroni; but there stands the faithful buffet, laden as usual with hot and cold roast fowls, cold roast beef and tongue, and in addition, with lobster and a salad; ready for the succour of such as may require it.

Three days later is the date of our next example, but then there was no Oriental monarch to consider. Consequently, observe the difference. After the soup there are fillets of soles, fillets of beef, fowls, goose-livers in jelly, green peas, omelette, and brown bread pudding with cherries. And the fowls and tongue on the buffet are

reinforced by cold lamb and salad and anchovies on toast. Buckingham Palace was the scene of this luncheon, and the design of the menu card, in gold, green, red, and blue, is perhaps more remarkable for complexity than for beauty.

Last we have a remarkable menu card of a luncheon consumed, not by our Queen, but by her grandson, the German Emperor. The luncheon was prepared and eaten on board the Emperor's yacht *Meteor* (previously *Thistle*) in course of a race. The menu is written very hurriedly in pencil, and, wonder of all wonders, in English! Somebody seems to have been in such a hurry as to forget all his French and the Emperor's order as to German menus at the same time. The word "luncheon" is hastily abbreviated to "lunch," and "Imperial" is left out altogether, which looks rather like an insidious sort of *lèse-majesté*. Nevertheless, no treasonable attempt is made to starve the Emperor. Gravy soup, fillet of sole, with anchovy sauce, fricasseed chicken and macaroni, fillet of beef sauté with mushrooms, roast leg of lamb and mint sauce, with green peas; beans, asparagus and butter, chocolate puddings, maraschino jelly, caviar, dessert, and coffee—this lunch spells anything but starvation. And, if this is the insufficient luncheon of the German Emperor in a hurry, racing his yacht, what must his full dinner be like at home, with plenty of time to eat it?



The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

II.—THE WINGED ASSASSIN.—Told by Norman Head.

MY scientific pursuits no longer interested me. I returned to my house in Regent's Park, but only to ponder recent events. With the sanction of conscience I fully intended to be a traitor to the infamous Brotherhood which, in a moment of mad folly, I had joined. From henceforth my object would be to expose Mme. Koluchy. By so doing, my own life would be in danger; nevertheless, my firm determination was not to leave a stone unturned to place this woman and her confederates in the felon's dock of an English criminal court. To effect this end one thing was obvious: single-handed I could not work. I knew little of the law, and to expose a secret society like Mme. Koluchy's, I must invoke the aid of the keenest and most able legal advisers.

Colin Dufrayer, the man I had just met before my hurried visit to Naples, was assuredly the person of all others for my purpose. He was one of the smartest lawyers in London. I went therefore one day to his office. I was fortunate in finding him in, and he listened to the story, which I told him in confidence, with the keenest attention.

"If this is true, Head," he said, "you yourself are in considerable danger."

"Yes," I answered; "nevertheless, my mind is made up. I will enter the lists against Mme. Koluchy."

His face grew grave, furrows lined his high and bald forehead, and knitted themselves together over his watchful, grey eyes.

"HE LISTENED TO THE STORY WITH THE KEENEST ATTENTION."

"If anyone but yourself had brought me such an incredible story, Head, I should have thought him mad," he said, at last. "Of course, one knows that from time to time a great master in crime arises and sets justice at defiance; but that this woman should be the leader of a deliberately organized crusade against the laws of England is almost past my belief. Granted it is so, however, what do you wish me to do?"

"Give me your help," I answered; "use

your ingenuity, employ your keenest agents, the most trusted and experienced officers of the law, to watch this woman day and night, and bring her and her accomplices to justice. I am a rich man, and I am prepared to devote both my life and my money to this great cause. When we have obtained sufficient evidence, let us lay our information before the authorities."

He looked at me thoughtfully; after a moment he spoke.

"What occurred in Naples has doubtless given the Brotherhood a considerable shock," he said, "and if Mme. Koluchy is as clever as you suppose her to be, she will remain quiet for the present. Your best plan, therefore, is to do nothing, and allow me to watch. She suspects you, she does not suspect me."

"That is certainly the case," I answered.

"Take a sea voyage, or do something to restore your equilibrium, Head; you look over-excited."

"So would you be if you knew the woman, and if you had just gone through my terrible experiences."

"Granted, but do not let this get on your nerves. Rest assured that I won't leave a stone unturned to convict the woman, and that when the right moment comes I will apply to you."

I had to be satisfied with this reply, and soon afterwards I left Dufrayer. I spent a winter of anxiety, during which time I heard nothing of Mme. Koluchy. Once again my suspicions were slumbering, and my attention was turned to that science which was at once the delight and solace of my life, when, in the May of the following year, I received a note from Dufrayer. It ran as follows:—

"My Dear Head,—I have received an invitation both for you and myself to dine and sleep next Friday at Sir John Winton's place at Epsom. You are, of course, aware that his horse, Ajax, is the favourite for the Derby. Don't on any account refuse this invitation—throw over all other engagements for the sake of it. There is more in this than meets the eye.

"Yours sincerely,

"Colin Dufrayer."

I wired back to Dufrayer to accept the invitation, and on the following Friday went down to Epsom in time for dinner. Dufrayer had arrived earlier in the day, and I had not yet had an opportunity of seeing him alone. When I entered the drawing-room before dinner I found myself one of a large party. My host came forward to receive me. I happened to have met Sir John several times at his club in town, and he now signified his pleasure at seeing me in his house. A moment afterwards he introduced me to a bright-eyed girl of about nineteen years of age. Her name was Alison Carr. She had very dark eyes and hair, a transparent complexion, and a manner full of vivacity and intelligence. I noticed, however, an anxious expression about her lips, and also that now and then, when engaged in the most animated conversation, she lost herself in a reverie of a somewhat painful nature. She would wake from these fits of inattention with an obvious start and a heightened colour. I found she was to be my companion at dinner, and soon discovered that hers was an interesting, indeed, delightful, personality. She knew the world and could talk well. Our conversation presently drifted to the great subject of the hour, Sir John Winton's colt, Ajax.

"He is a beauty," cried the girl. "I love him for himself, as who would not who had ever seen him?—but if he wins the Derby, why, then, my gratitude——" she paused and clasped her hands, then drew herself up, colouring.

"Are you very much interested in the result of the race?" I could not help asking.

"All my future turns on it," she said, dropping her voice to a low whisper. "I think," she continued, "Mr. Dufrayer intends to confide in you. I know something about you, Mr. Head, for Mr. Dufrayer has told me. I am so glad to meet you. I cannot say any more now, but my position is one of great anxiety."

Her words somewhat surprised me, but I could not question her further at that moment. Later on, however, when we returned to the drawing-room, I approached her side. She looked up eagerly when she saw me.

"I have been all over Europe this summer," she said, gaily; "don't you want to see some of my photographs?"

She motioned me to a seat near her side, and taking up a book opened it. We bent over the photographs; she turned the pages, talking eagerly. Suddenly she put her hand to her brow, and her face turned deadly pale.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

She did not speak for a moment, but I noticed that the moisture stood on her forehead. Presently she gave a sigh of relief.

"It has passed," she said. "Yes, I suffer an indescribable agony in my head, but it does not last now more than a moment or two. At one time the pain used to stay for nearly an hour, and I was almost crazy at the end. I have had these sharp sort of neuralgic

"OF COURSE YOU HAVE HEARD OF HER."

pains from a child, but since I have consulted Mme. Koluchy——"

I started. She looked up at me and nodded.

"Of course you have heard of her," she said; "who has not? She is quite the most wonderful, delightful woman in existence. She, indeed, is a doctor to have confidence in. I understand that the men of the profession are mad with jealousy, and small wonder, her cures are so marvellous. Yes, Mr. Head, I went to quite half-a-dozen of our greatest doctors, and they could do nothing for me; but since I have been to Mme. Koluchy the pain comes but seldom, and when it does arise from any cause it quickly subsides. I have much to thank her for. Have you ever seen her?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And don't you like her?" continued the girl, eagerly. "Is she not beautiful, the most beautiful woman in the world? Perhaps you have consulted her for your health; she has a great many men patients."

I made no reply; Miss Carr continued to speak with great animation.

"It is not only her beauty which impresses one," she said, "it is also her power—she draws you out of yourself completely. When I am away from her I must confess I am restless—it is as though she hypnotized me, and yet she has never done so. I long to go back to her even when——" she hesitated and trembled. Someone came up, and commonplace subjects of conversation resumed their sway.

That evening late I joined Dufrayer in the smoking-room. We found ourselves alone, and I began to speak at once.

"You asked me to come here for a purpose," I said. "Miss Carr, the girl whom I took in to dinner, further told me that you had something to communicate. What is the matter?"

"Sit down, Head, I have much to tell you."

"By the way," I continued, as I sank into the nearest chair, "do you know that Miss Carr is under the influence of Mme. Koluchy?"

"I know it, and before I go any further, tell me what you think of her."

"She is a handsome girl," I replied, "and I should say a good one, but she seems to have trouble. She hinted at such, and in any case I observed it in her face and manner."

"You are right, she is suffering from a very considerable anxiety. I will explain all that to you presently. Now, please, give your best attention to the following details. It is about a month ago that I first received a visit from Frank Calthorpe, Sir John

Winton's nephew, and the junior partner of Bruce, Nicholson, and Calthorpe, the great stockjobbers in Garrick Gardens. I did some legal business for his firm some years ago, but the matter on which Calthorpe came to see me was not one connected with his business, but of a purely private character."

"Am I to hear what it is?"

"You are, and the first piece of information I mean to impart to you is the following. Frank Calthorpe is engaged to Miss Carr."

"Indeed!"

"The engagement is of three months' date."

"When are they to be married?"

"That altogether depends on whether Sir John Winton's favourite, Ajax, wins the Derby or not."

"What do you mean?"

"To explain, I must tell you something of Miss Carr's early history."

I sat back in my chair and prepared to listen. Dufrayer spoke slowly.

"About a year ago," he began, "Alison Carr lost her father. She was then eighteen years of age, and still at school. Her mother died when she was five years old. The father was a West Indian merchant, and had made his money slowly and with care. When he died he left a hundred thousand pounds behind him and an extraordinary will. The girl whom you met to-night was his only child. Henry Carr, Alison's father, had a brother, Felix Carr, a clergyman. In his will Henry made his brother Alison's sole guardian, and also his own residuary legatee. The interest of the hundred thousand pounds was to be devoted altogether to the girl's benefit, but the capital was only to come into her possession on certain conditions. She was to live with her uncle, and receive the interest of the money as long as she remained single. After the death of the uncle she was still, provided she was unmarried, to receive the interest during her lifetime. At her death the property was to go to Felix Carr's eldest son, or, in case he was dead, to his children. Provided, however, Alison married according to the conditions of the will, the whole of the hundred thousand pounds was to be settled on her and her children. The conditions were as follows:—

"The man who married Alison was to settle a similar sum of one hundred thousand upon her and her children, and he was also to add the name of Carr to his own. Failing the fulfilment of these two conditions, Alison, if she married, was to lose the interest and capital of her father's fortune, the whole going to Felix Carr for his life, and after him to his eldest son. On this point, the girl's father seems to have had a crank—he was often heard to say that he did not intend to amass gold in order to provide luxuries for a stranger.

"'Let the man who marries Alison put pound to pound,' he would cry; 'that's fair enough, otherwise the money goes to my brother.'

"Since her father's death, Alison has had one or two proposals from elderly men of great wealth, but she naturally would not consider them. When she became engaged, however, to Calthorpe, he had every hope that he would be able to fulfil the strange conditions of the will and meet her fortune with an equal sum on his own account. The engagement is now of three months' date, and here comes the extraordinary part of the story. Calthorpe, like most of his kind, is a speculator, and has large dealings both in stocks and shares and on the turf. He is a keen sportsman.

"Now, pray, listen. Hitherto he has always been remarkable for his luck, which has been, of course, as much due to his own common sense as anything else; but since his engagement to Miss Carr his financial ventures have been so persistently disastrous, and his losses so heavy, that he is practically now on the verge of ruin. Several most remarkable and unaccountable things have happened recently, and it is now almost certain that someone with great resources has been using his influence against him. You will naturally say that the person whose object it would be to do so is Felix Carr, but beyond the vaguest suspicion there is not the slightest evidence against him. He has been interested in the engagement from the first, and preparations have even been made for the wedding. It is true that Alison does not like him, and resents very much the clause in the will which compels her to live with him; but as far as we can tell, he has always been systematically kind to her, and takes the deepest interest in Calthorpe's affairs. Day by day, however, these affairs grow worse.

"About a fortnight ago, Calthorpe actually discovered that shares were being held against him on which he was paying enormous differences, and had finally to buy them back at tremendous loss. The business was done through a broker, but the identity of his client is a mystery. We now come to his present position, which is a most crucial one.

Next Wednesday is the Derby Day, and Calthorpe hopes to retrieve his losses by a big coup, as he has backed Ajax at an average price of five to two in order to win one hundred thousand on the horse alone. He has been quietly getting his money on during the last two months through a lot of different commission agents. If he secures this big price he will be in a position to marry Alison, and his difficulties will be at an end. If, on the other hand, the horse is beaten, Calthorpe is ruined."

"What are the chances for the horse?" I asked.

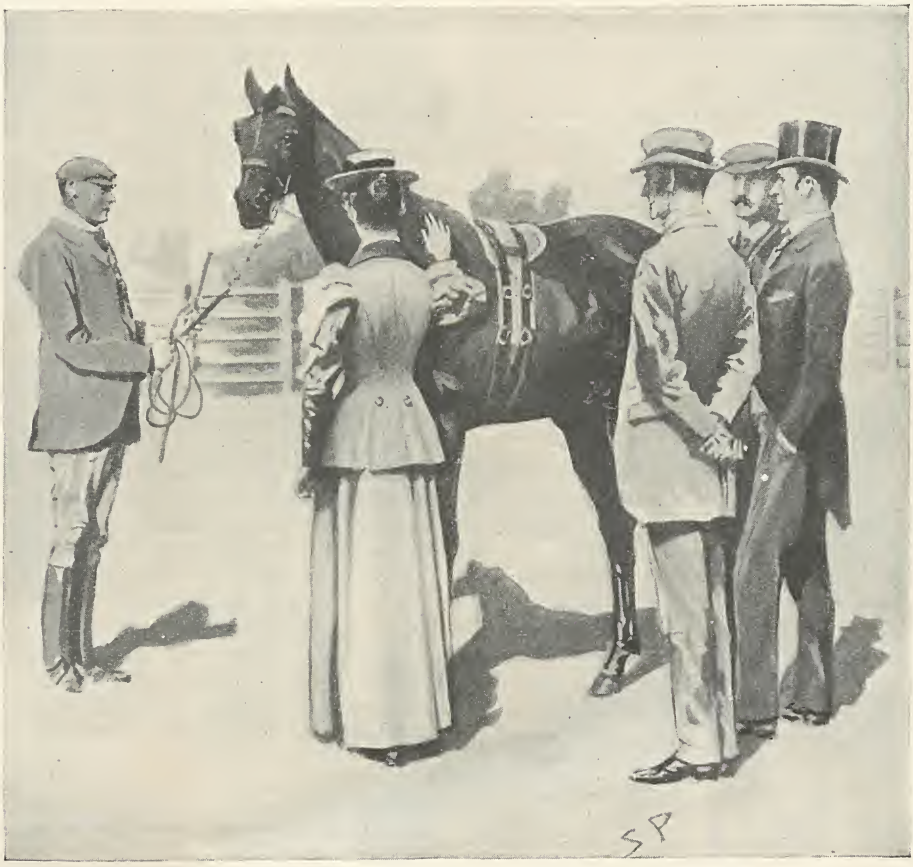
"As far as I can tell, they are splendid. He is a magnificent creature, a bay colt with black points, and comes of a splendid stock. His grandsire was Colonel Gillingham's Trumpeter, who was the champion of his year, winning the Derby, the Two Thousand Guineas, and St. Leger. There is not a three-year-old with such a fashionable ancestry as Ajax, and Sir John Winton is confident that he will follow their glorious record."

"Have you any reason to suspect Mme. Koluchy in this matter?" I asked.

"None. Without doubt Calthorpe possesses an enemy, but who that enemy is remains to be discovered. His natural enemy would be Felix Carr, but to all appearance the man has not moved a finger against him. Felix is well off, too, on his own account, and it is scarcely fair to suspect him of the wish to deliberately ruin his niece's prospects and her happiness. On the other hand, such a series of disasters could not happen to Calthorpe without a cause, and we have got to face that fact. Mme. Koluchy would, of course, be capable of doing the business, but we cannot find that Felix Carr even knows her."

"His niece does," I cried. "She consults her—she is under her care."

"I know that, and have followed up the clue very carefully," said Dufrayer. "Of course, the fact that Alison visits her two or three times a week, and in all probability confides in her fully, makes it all-important



"THE CREATURE TURNED HIS LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL EYE UPON HER."

to watch her carefully. That fact, with the history which you have unfolded of Mme. Koluchy, makes it essential that we should take her into our calculations, but up to the present there is not a breath of suspicion against her. All turns on the Derby. If Ajax wins, whoever the person is who is Calthorpe's secret enemy, will have his foul purpose defeated."

Early the following morning, Sir John Winton took Dufrayer and myself to the training stables. Miss Carr accompanied us. The colt was brought out for inspection, and I had seldom seen a more magnificent animal. He was, as Dufrayer had described him, a bright bay with black points. His broad forehead, brilliant eyes, black muzzle, and expanded nostrils proclaimed the Arab in his blood, while the long, light body, with the elongated limbs, were essentially adapted for the maximum development of speed. As the spirited creature curveted and pranced before us, our admiration could scarcely be kept in bounds. Miss Carr in particular was almost feverishly excited. She went up to the horse and patted him on his forehead. I heard her murmur something low into his ear. The creature turned his large and beautiful eye upon her as if he understood; he further responded to the girl's caress by pushing his nose forward for her to stroke.

"I have no doubt whatever of the result," said Sir John Winton, as he walked round and round the animal, examining his points and emphasizing his perfections. "If Ajax does not win the Derby, I shall never believe in a horse again." He then spoke in a low tone to the trainer, who nodded; the horse was led back to his stables, and we returned to the house.

As we crossed the Downs I found myself by Miss Carr's side.

"Yes," she exclaimed, looking up at me, her eyes sparkling, "Ajax is safe to win. Has Mr. Dufrayer confided in you, Mr. Head?"

"He has," I answered.

"Do you understand my great anxiety?"

"I do, but I think you may rest assured. If I am any judge of a horse, the favourite is sure to win the race."

"I wish Frank could hear you," she cried; "he is terribly nervous. He has had such a queer succession of misfortunes. Of course, I would marry him gladly, and will, without any fortune, if the worst comes to the worst; but there will be no worst," she continued, brightly, "for Ajax will save us both." Here she paused, and pulled out her watch.

"I did not know it was so late," she exclaimed. "I have an appointment with Mme. Koluchy this morning. I must ask Sir John to send me to the station at once."

She hurried forward to speak to the old gentleman, and Dufrayer and I fell behind.

Soon afterwards we all returned to London, and on the following Monday I received a telegram from Dufrayer.

"Come to dinner—seven o'clock. Important," was his brief message.

I responded in the affirmative, and at the right hour drove off to Dufrayer's flat in Shaftesbury Avenue, arriving punctual to the moment.

"I have asked Calthorpe to meet you," exclaimed Dufrayer, coming forward when I appeared; "his ill-luck dogs him closely. If the horse loses he is absolutely ruined. His concealed enemy becomes more active as the crucial hour approaches. Ah, here he comes to speak for himself."

The door was thrown open, and Calthorpe was announced. Dufrayer introduced him to me, and the next moment we went into the dining-room. I watched him with interest. He was a fair man, somewhat slight in build, with a long, thin face and a heavy moustache. He wore a worried and anxious look painful to witness; his age must have been about twenty-eight years. During dinner he looked across at me several times with an expression of the most intense curiosity, and as soon as the meal had come to an end, turned the conversation to the topic that was uppermost in all our minds.

"Dufrayer has told me all about you, Mr. Head; you are in his confidence, and therefore in mine."

"Be assured of my keen interest," I answered. "I know how much you have staked on the favourite. I saw the colt on Saturday. He is a magnificent creature, and I should say is safe to win, that is——" I paused, and looked full into the young man's face. "Would it not be possible for you to hedge on the most advantageous terms?" I suggested. "I see the price to-night is five to four on."

"Yes, and I should stand to win about £30,000 either way, if I could negotiate the transaction, but that would not effect my purpose. You have heard, I know, from Dufrayer, all about my engagement, and the strange conditions of old Carr's will. There is no doubt that I possess a concealed enemy, whose object is to ruin me; but if Ajax wins I could obtain sufficient credit to right myself, and also to fulfil the conditions of Carr's will. Yes, I will stand to it now, every penny. The horse can win, and by Heaven he shall!"

As he spoke Calthorpe brought down his fist with a blow on the table that set the glasses dancing. A glance was sufficient to show that his nerves were strung up to the highest pitch, and that a little more excitement would make him scarcely answerable for his actions.

"I have already given you my advice in this matter," said Dufrayer, in a grave tone. He turned and faced the young man as he spoke. "I would say emphatically, choose the certain game now, and get out of it. You have plunged far too heavily in this matter. As to your present run of ill-luck, it will turn, depend upon it, and is only a question of time. If you hedge now you will have to put off your marriage, that is all. In the long run you will be able to fulfil the strange conditions which Carr has enjoined on his daughter's future husband, and if I know Alison aright, she will be willing to wait for you. If, on the other hand, you lose, all is lost. It is the ancient adage, 'A bird in the hand.'"

"It would be a dead crow," he interrupted, excitedly, "and I want a golden eagle." Two hectic spots burned on his pale cheeks, and the glitter in his eyes showed how keen was the excitement which consumed him.

"I saw my uncle this morning," he went on.

"CALTHORPE BROUGHT DOWN HIS FIST ON THE TABLE."

"Of course, Sir John knows my position well, and there is no expense spared to guard and watch the horse. He is never left day or night by old and trusted grooms in the training stables. Whoever my enemy may be, I defy him to tamper with the horse. By the way, you must come down to see the race, Dufrayer; I insist upon it, and you too, Mr. Head. Yes, I should like you both to be there in the hour of my great success. I saw Rushton, the trainer, to-day, and he says the race is all over, bar shouting."

This was Monday night, and the following Wednesday was Derby Day. On the next evening, impelled by an uncontrollable desire to see Calthorpe, I called a hansom and gave the driver the name of his club. I felt certain that I should find him there. When I arrived the porter told me that he was in the house, and sending up my card, I went across to the tape machine, which was ticking away under its glass case in the hall. Two or three men were standing beside it, chatting. The Derby prices had just come through, and a page-boy was tearing the tape into lengths, and pinning them on to a green baize board in the hall. I glanced hurriedly through them. Evens Ajax, four to one Bright Star, eleven to two The Midge, eight to one Day Dawn. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and Calthorpe stood beside me. I was startled at his appearance. There was a haggard, wild look in his eyes.

"It seems to be all right," I said, cheerfully. "I see Ajax has gone off a point since this morning, but I suppose that means nothing?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied; "there has been a pot of money going on Bright Star all day, but the favourite can hold the field from start to finish. I saw him this morning, and he is as fit as possible. Rushton, the trainer, says he absolutely can't lose."

A small, dark man in evening dress approached us and overheard Calthorpe's last remark.

"I'll have a level monkey about that, if you like, Mr. Calthorpe," he said, in a low, nasal voice.

"It's a wager," retorted Calthorpe, drawing out his pocket-book with silver-bound edges, and entering the bet. "I'll make it a thousand, if you like?" he added, looking up.

"With pleasure," cried the little man. "Does your friend fancy anything?"

"No, thank you," I replied.

The man turned away, and went back to his companions.

"Who is that fellow?" I asked of Calthorpe.

"Oh, a very decent little chap. He's on the Stock Exchange, and makes a pretty big book on his own account."

"So I should think," I replied. "Why do you suppose he wants to lay against Ajax?"

"Hedging, I should imagine," answered Calthorpe, carelessly. "One thousand one way or the other cannot make any difference now."

He had scarcely said the words before Dufrayer entered the hall.

"I have been looking for you, Head," he said, just nodding to Calthorpe as he spoke, and coming up to my side. "I went to your house and heard you were here, and hoped I should run you to earth. I want to speak to you. Can you come with me?"

"Anything wrong?" asked Calthorpe, uneasily.

"I hope not," replied Dufrayer, "but I want to have a word with Head. I will see you presently, Calthorpe."

He linked his hand through my arm, and we left the club.

"What is it?" I asked, the moment we got into the street.

"I want you to come to my flat. Miss Carr is there, and she wishes to see you."

"Miss Carr at your flat, and she wishes to see me?"

"She does. You will soon know all about it, Head. Here, let us get into this hansom."

He hailed one which was passing; we got into it and drove quickly to Shaftesbury Avenue. Dufrayer let himself into his rooms with a latchkey, and the next moment I found myself in Alison's presence. She started up when she saw the lawyer and myself.

"Now, Miss Carr," said Dufrayer, shutting the door hastily, "we have not a moment to lose. Will you kindly repeat the story to Mr. Head which you have just told me?"

"But is there anything to be really frightened about?" she asked.

"I do not know of anyone who can judge of that better than Mr. Head. Tell him everything, please, and at once."

Thus adjured, the girl began to speak.

"I went as usual to Mme. Koluchy this afternoon," she began; "her treatment does me a great deal of good. She was even kinder than usual. I believe her to be possessed of a sort of second sight. When she assured me that Ajax would win the Derby, I felt so happy that I laughed in my glee. She knows, no one better, how much this means to me. I was just about to leave her when the door of the consulting-room was opened, and who should appear standing on the threshold but my uncle, the Rev. Felix Carr! There is no love lost between my uncle and myself, and I could not help uttering a cry, half of fear and half of astonishment. I could see that he was equally startled at seeing me.

"'What in the name of fortune has brought you to Mme. Koluchy?' he cried.

"Madame rose in her usual stately way and went forward to meet him.

"'Your niece, Alison, is quite an old

patient of mine,' she said; 'but did you not receive my telegram?'

"'No; I left home before it arrived,' he answered. 'The pains grew worse, and I felt I must see you. I have taken a horrible cold on the journey.' As he spoke he took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and sneezed several times. He continued to stand on the threshold of the room.

"'Well, good-bye, Alison, keep up your courage,' cried Mme. Koluchy. She kissed me on my forehead and I left. Uncle Felix did not take any further notice of me. The moment I went out, the door of the consulting-room was closed, and the first thing I saw in the corridor was a torn piece of letter. It lay on the floor, and must have dropped out of Uncle Felix's pocket. I recognised the handwriting to be that of Mme. Koluchy's. I picked it up, and these words met my eyes: '*Innocuous to man, but fatal to the horse.*' I could not read any further, as the letter was torn across and the other half not in my possession, but the words frightened me, although I did not understand them. I became possessed with a dreadful sense of depression. I hurried out of the house. I was so much at home with Mme. Koluchy that I could go in and out much as I pleased. I drove straight to see you, Mr. Dufrayer. I hoped you would set my terrors at rest, for surely Ajax cannot be the horse alluded to. The words haunt me, but there is nothing in them, is there? Please tell me so, Mr. Head—please allay my fears."

"I PICKED IT UP."

"May I see the torn piece of paper?" I asked, gravely.

The girl took it out of her pocket and handed it to me.

"You don't mind if I keep this?" I said.

"No, certainly; but is there any cause for alarm?"

"I hope none, but you did well to consult Dufrayer. Now, I have something to ask you."

"What is that?"

"Do not repeat what you were good enough to tell Dufrayer and me, to Calthorpe."

"Why so?"

"Because it would give him needless anxiety. I am going to take the matter up, and I trust all will be well. Keep your own counsel; do not tell what you have just told us to another living soul, and now I must ask you to leave us."

Her face grew whiter than ever; her anxious eyes travelled from my face to Dufrayer's.

"I will see you to a hansom," I said. I took her downstairs, put her into one, and returned to the lawyer's presence.

"I am glad you sent for me, Dufrayer," I answered. "Don't you see how grave all this is? If Ajax wins the Derby, the Rev. Felix Carr—I know nothing about his character, remember—will lose the interest on one hundred thousand pounds, and the further chance of the capital being secured to his son. You see that it would be very much to the interest of the Rev. Felix if Ajax loses the Derby. Then why does he consult Mme. Koluchy? The question of health is surely a mere blind. I confess I do

not like the aspect of affairs at all. That woman has science at her fingers' ends. I shall go down immediately to Epsom and insist on Sir. John Winton allowing me to spend the night in the training stables."

"I believe you are doing the right thing," answered Dufrayer. "You, who know Mme. Koluchy well, are armed at a thousand points."

"I shall start at once," I said.

I bade Dufrayer good-bye, hailed a hansom, desired the man to drive me to Victoria Station, and took the next train to Epsom.

I arrived at Sir John's house about ten o'clock. He was astonished to see me, and when I begged his permission to share the company of the groom in the training stables that night, he seemed inclined to resent my intrusion. I did not wish to betray Alison, but I repeated my request with great firmness.

"I have a grave reason for making it," I said, "but one which at the present moment it is best for me not to disclose. Much depends on this race. From the events which have recently transpired, there is little doubt that Calthorpe has a secret enemy. Forewarned is forearmed. Will you share my watch to-night in the training stables, Sir John?"

"Certainly," he answered. "I do not see that you have any cause for alarm, but under the circumstances, and in the face of the mad way that nephew of mine has plunged, I cannot but accede to your request. We will go together."

We started to walk across the Downs. As we did so, Sir John became somewhat garrulous.

"I thought Alison would have come by your train," he said, "but have just had a telegram asking me not to expect her. She is probably spending to-night with Mme. Koluchy. By the way, Head, what a charming woman that is."

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"She was down here on Sunday. Alison begged me to invite her. We all enjoyed her company immensely. She has a wonderful knowledge of horses; in fact, she seems to know all about everything."

"Has she seen Ajax?" I asked. My heart sank, I could not tell why.

"Yes, I took her to the stables. She was interested in all the horses, and above all in Ajax. She is certain he will win the Derby."

I said nothing further. We arrived at the stables. Sir John and I spent a wakeful night. Early in the morning I asked to be allowed to examine the colt. He appeared in excellent condition, and the groom stood by him, admiring him, praising his points, and speaking about the certain result of the day's race.

"Here's the Derby winner," he said, clapping Ajax on his glossy side. "He'll win the race by a good three lengths. By the way, I hope he won't be off his feed this morning."

"Off his feed!" exclaimed Sir John. "What do you mean?"

"What I say, sir. We couldn't get the colt to touch his food last night, although we tempted him with all kinds of things. There ain't nothing in it, I know, and he seems all right now, don't he?"

"Try him with a carrot," said Sir John.

The man brought a carrot and offered it to the creature. He turned away from it, and fixed his large, bright eyes on Sir John's face. I fancied there was suffering in them. Sir John seemed to share my fears. He went up to the horse and examined it critically, feeling the nose and ears.

"Tell Saunders to step across," he said, turning to the groom. He mentioned a veterinary surgeon who lived close by. "And look you here, Dan, keep your own counsel. If so much as a word of this gets out, you may do untold mischief."

"No fear of me, sir," said the man. He rushed off to fetch Saunders, who soon appeared.

The veterinary surgeon was a thickly built man, with an intelligent face. He examined the horse carefully, taking his temperature, feeling him all over, and finally stepping back with a satisfied smile.

"There's nothing to be alarmed about, Sir John," he said. "The colt is in perfect health. Let him have a mash presently with some crushed corn in it. I'll look in in a couple of hours, but there's nothing wrong. He is as fit as possible."

As the man left the stables, Sir John uttered a profound yawn.

"I confess I had a moment's fright," he said; "but I believe it was more from your manner than anything else, Mr. Head. Well, I am sleepy. Won't you come back to the house, and let me offer you a shake-down?"

"No," I replied, "I want to return to town. I can catch an early train if I start at once."

He shook hands with me, and I went to the railway station. The oppression and apprehension at my heart got worse moment by moment. For what object had Mme. Koluchy visited the stables? What was the meaning of that mysterious writing which I had in my

"'THERE'S NOTHING TO BE ALARMED ABOUT, SIR JOHN,' HE SAID."

pocket? "Innocuous to man, but fatal to the horse." What did the woman, with her devilish ingenuity, mean to do? Something bad, I had not the slightest doubt.

I called at Dufrayer's flat and gave him an account of the night's proceedings.

"I don't like the aspect of affairs, but God grant my fears are groundless," I cried. "The horse is off his feed, but Sir John and the vet. are both assured there is nothing whatever the matter with him. Mme. Koluchy was in the stables on Sunday; but, after all, what could she do? We must keep the thing dark from Calthorpe, and trust for the best."

At a quarter to twelve that day I found myself at Victoria. When I arrived on the platform I saw Calthorpe and Miss Carr coming to meet me. Dufrayer also a moment afterwards made his appearance. Miss Carr's eyes were full of question, and I avoided her as much as possible. Calthorpe, on the contrary, seemed to have recovered a good bit of nerve, and to be in a sanguine mood. We took our seats, and the train started for Epsom. As we alighted at the Downs station, a man in livery hurried up to Calthorpe.

"Sir John Winton is in the paddock, sir," he said, touching his hat. "He sent me to you, and says he wishes to see you at once, sir, and also Mr. Head."

The man spoke breathlessly, and seemed very much excited.

"Very well; tell him we'll both come," replied Calthorpe. He turned to Dufrayer. "Will you take charge of Alison?" he said.

Calthorpe and I moved off at once.

"What can be the matter?" cried the young man. "Nothing wrong, I hope. What is that?" he cried the next instant.

The enormous crowd was increasing moment by moment, and the din that rose from Tattersall's ring seemed to me unusually loud so early in the day's proceedings. As Calthorpe uttered the last words he started and his face turned white.

"Good heavens! Did you hear that?" he cried, dashing forward. I followed him quickly, the ring was buzzing like an

"I LOOKED HER FULL IN THE FACE."

infuriated beehive, and the men in it were hurrying to and fro as if possessed by the very madness of excitement. It was an absolute pandemonium. The stentorian tones of a brass-voiced bookmaker close beside us fell on my ears:—

"Here, I'll bet five to one Ajax—five to one Ajax!"

The voice was suddenly drowned in the deafening clamour of the crowd, the air seemed to swell with the uproar. Were my worst fears confirmed? I felt stunned and sick. I turned round; Calthorpe had vanished.

Several smart drags were drawn up beside the railings. I glanced up at the occupants of the one beside me. Upon the box-seat, looking down at me with the amused smile of a spectator, sat Mme. Koluchy. As I caught her eyes I thought I detected a flash of triumph, but the next moment she smiled and bowed gracefully.

"You are a true Englishman, Mr. Head," she said. "Even your infatuated devotion to your scientific pursuits cannot restrain you from attending your characteristic national fête. Can you tell me what has happened?

Those men seem to have suddenly gone mad —is that a part of the programme?"

"Innocuous to man, but fatal to the horse," was my strange reply. I looked her full in the face. The long lashes covered her brilliant eyes for one flashing moment, then she smiled at me more serenely than ever.

"I will guess your enigma when the Derby is won," she said.

I raised my hat and hurried away. I had seen enough: suspicion was changed into certainty. The next moment I reached the paddock. I saw Calthorpe engaged in earnest conversation with his uncle.

"It's all up, Head," he said, when he saw me.

"Don't be an idiot, Frank," cried Sir John Winton, angrily. "I tell you the thing is impossible. I don't believe there is anything the matter with the horse. Let the ring play their own game, it is nothing to us. Curse the market! I tell you what it is, Frank. When you plunged as you did, you would deserve it if the horse fell dead on the course; but he won't—he'll win by three lengths. There's not another horse in the race."

Calthorpe muttered some inaudible reply and turned away. I accompanied him.

"What is the matter?" I asked, as we left the paddock.

"Saunders is not satisfied with the state of the horse. His temperature has gone up; but, there, my uncle will see nothing wrong. Well, it will be all over soon. For Heaven's sake, don't let us say anything to Alison."

"Not a word," I replied.

We reached the grand stand. Alison's earnest and apprehensive eyes travelled from her lover's face to mine. Calthorpe went up to her and endeavoured to speak cheerfully.

"I believe it's all right," he said. "Sir John says so, and he ought to know. It will be all decided one way or another soon. Look, the first race is starting."

We watched it, and the one that followed, hardly caring to know the name of the winner. The Derby was timed for three o'clock—it only wanted three minutes to the hour. The ring below was seething with excitement. Calthorpe was silent now, gazing over the course with the vacant expression of a man in a day-dream.

Bright Star was a hot favourite at even money.

"Against Ajax, five to one," rang out with a monotonous insistence.

There was a sudden lull, the flag had fallen. The moments that followed seemed like years of pain—there was much senseless cheering and shouting, a flash of bright colours, and the race was over. Bright Star had won. Ajax had been pulled up at Tattenham Corner, and was being led by his jockey.

Twenty minutes later Dufrayer and I were in the horse's stable.

"Will you allow me to examine the horse for a moment?" I said, to the veterinary surgeon.

"It will want some experience to make out what is the matter," replied Saunders; "it's beyond me."

I entered the box and examined the colt

"'STAND STILL,' I CRIED."

carefully. As I did so the meaning of Mme. Koluchy's words became plain. Too late now to do anything—the race was lost and the horse was doomed. I looked around me.

"Has anyone been bitten in this stable?" I asked.

"Bitten!" cried one of the grooms. "Why, I said to Sam last night"—he apostrophized the stable-boy—"that there must be gnats about. See my arm, it's all inflamed."

"Hold!" I cried, "what is that on your sleeve?"

"A house-fly, I suppose, sir," he answered.

"Stand still," I cried. I put out my hand and captured the fly. "Give me a glass," I said. "I must examine this."

One was brought and the fly put under it. I looked at it carefully. It resembled the ordinary house-fly, except that the wings were longer. Its colour was like that of an ordinary humming-bee.

"I killed a fly like that this morning," said Sam, the stable-boy, pushing his head forward.

"When did you say you were first bitten?" I asked, turning to the groom.

"A day or two ago," he replied. "I was bitten by a gnat, I don't rightly know the time. Sam, you was bitten too. We couldn't catch it, and we wondered that gnats should be about so early in the year. It has nothing to do with the horse, has it, sir?"

I motioned to the veterinary surgeon to come forward, and once more we examined Ajax. He now showed serious and unmistakable signs of malaise.

"Can you make anything out?" asked Saunders.

"With this fly before me, there is little doubt," I replied; "the horse will be dead in ten days—nothing can save him. He has been bitten by the tsetse fly of South Africa—I know it only too well."

My news fell on the bystanders like a thunderbolt.

"Innocuous to man, but fatal to the horse," I found myself repeating. The knowledge of this fact had been taken advantage of—the devilish ingenuity of the plot was revealed. In all probability Mme. Koluchy had herself let the winged assassin loose when she had entered the stables on Sunday. The plot was worthy of her brain, and hers alone.

"You had better look after the other horses," I said, turning to the grooms. "If they have not been bitten already they had better be removed from the stables immediately. As for Ajax, he is doomed."

Late that evening Dufrayer dined with me alone. Pity for Calthorpe was only exceeded by our indignation and almost fear of Mme. Koluchy.

"What is to happen?" asked Dufrayer.

"Calthorpe is a brave man and will recover," I said. "He will win Miss Carr yet. I am rich, and I mean to help him, if for no other reason in order to defeat that woman."

"By the way," said Dufrayer, "that scrap of paper which you hold in your possession, coupled with the fact that Mr. Carr called upon Mme. Koluchy, might induce a magistrate to commit them both for conspiracy."

"I doubt it," I replied; "the risk is not worth running. If we failed, the woman would leave the country, to return again in more dangerous guise. No, Dufrayer, we must bide our time until we get such a case against her as will secure conviction without the least doubt."

"At least," cried Dufrayer, "what happened to-day has shown me the truth of your words—it has also brought me to a decision. For the future I shall work with you, not as your employed legal adviser, but hand in hand against the horrible power and machinations of that woman. We will meet wit with wit, until we bring her to the justice she deserves."

A Cruise on Wheels.

By Geo. A. Best.

THE dearth of good skaters in this country is obviously due to circumstances over which the sport-loving Briton can exercise no kind of control. Before the average skater has succeeded in attaining even a semblance of the "form" which distinguished his final efforts of the preceding winter, the first frost of a new season has vanished, and the succeeding visits of the ice-king are generally of so transitory a character that no marked improvement in style is possible.

And although modern ingenuity has succeeded in combating, to a certain extent, the defects of a fickle climate, there can be no comparison between mere rinking (even on a veneer of artificially produced and unseasonable ice) and skating over an unlimited surface in the open air.

The very nature of the sport is such that it cannot be enjoyed to the full within the narrow limits of four walls. Healthy and unrestricted exercise in the open air is the first essential of every successful pastime. Without this, sport becomes in time a mere amusement; and amusement which parodies sport is apt to pall after the novelty has worn off, until it is finally relegated to that dull land of boredom from which few discarded pastimes can ever hope to return.

As a "new sensation" roller-skating established a record for instantaneous popularity which was only equalled by the phenomenal rapidity of its decline. While the "boom" was at its height there were few sceptics bold enough to prophesy that a reaction, at once so speedy and so complete, would follow the triumphant advent of the wheeled skate. But the inability of the tiny wheels to negotiate any but a specially prepared surface imposed upon the skaters a restriction which was quite foreign to the nature of the sport, and far from becoming a permanent pastime, rinking experienced a "slump" which was quite unprecedented, and is still unique, in the annals of nineteenth-century crazes and booms.

But after many years of somnolence the wheeled skate has been resurrected in a new form and under another name, and a substitute for ice-skating introduced which is at least more practical and ingenious than its unfortunate predecessor.

In appearance the new road skates resemble nothing so much as a pair of miniature bicycles. The wheels are 6in. in diameter, and are attached to the boot on the "acme" principle. Jointed leg splints, extending from the skate to the knee, relieve the ankles of a strain which would otherwise prove unbearable; and an automatic brake, acting upon the front wheel, instantly corrects any backward run, and consequently removes the greatest difficulty in hill-climbing. "Pneumatics" have been discarded in favour of solid rubber tyres, as the exasperating defects of the former are naturally intensified in a tyre so small as to be immediately affected by even the smallest leakage. The skates vary in weight,

READY TO START.
From a Photo. by Douglas Smith, Southend.

FIRST MOVEMENT—"TREPIDATION."
From a Photo. by A. Ulyett, Ilford.

from six to eight pounds per pair, and this burden, although perhaps as light as is consistent with durability, is apt to make itself felt in a very decided manner during a prolonged journey. The general and widespread interest evoked by my appearance on the byways of Essex, mounted on a pair of Ritter skates, induced me to undertake a more ambitious pioneering cruise, in the hope that a written account of my experiences might prove equally interesting and instructive.

Every novelty in the way of locomotion is wont to fascinate its patrons when the initial discomforts and trials have been once overcome. In road-skating, as in every other pastime, these preliminary hardships are far from imaginary. Stiffness, soreness, and a feeling of irritability and humiliation follow rapidly in the wake of the beginner's first lesson. But while his limbs are still aching, and the discouraging remarks of ploughboy critics are yet ringing in his ears, the fascination of the new sensation asserts itself afresh; and the novice takes the road again and again until his muscles gradually become accustomed to the exercise, and the critical remarks of the most prejudiced onlooker are tempered with a grudging approbation.

My first endeavours to acquire the graceful art of road-skating were distinctly grotesque, and afforded the keenest possible enjoyment to some dozens of interested spectators. I fell hard and often, and, when down, could only regain my feet by a series of complicated and spasmodic movements which left sundry strange diagrams engraven on the dust of the roadway, and kept my fingertips busily employed for a period varying from fifteen to thirty seconds. But by the time I had learned to accomplish the whole of the feet-finding manœuvre well within the fifteen seconds' limit, I had forgotten how to fall, and nothing short of a three-inch rut, or a macadam rock, would bring about a disaster likely to call my newly-acquired experience into practice.

When I had skated over every fathom of roadway in my own neighbourhood, I became consumed with the desire to sail forth into the great world beyond. A cycling friend very kindly volunteered to act as bodyguard, and with the aid of a road-map of Essex, we traced out a thirty-five mile course, with

SECOND MOVEMENT—"GESTICULATION."
"MY FIRST ENDEAVOURS WERE DISTINCTLY GROTESQUE."
From a Photo. by A. Ulyett, Ilford.

THIRD MOVEMENT—"COMPLICATION."
"KEEPING MY FINGER-TIPS BUSILY EMPLOYED."
From a Photo. by A. Ulyett, Ilford.

dear, dirty Barking as the probable starting-point, and Southend-on-Sea as the desired destination. Our route lay through the villages of Rainham, Stanford-le-Hope, Pitsea, and Hadleigh; the roads were reported to be in fair condition, and the hills conspicuous only by their absence.

An unkindly wind, which blew from the east with annoying persistency, delayed the expedition for three days; but when, in response to our oft-repeated complaints, it met us half-way by veering round to the south-east, we hastily collected our cycle, our skates, and our camera, and decided to steer as straight a course as possible for the land end of Southend pier, without any further delay.

Barking is noted chiefly for its unpicturesque creek, its rag-shops, and its untamed street gamin. The last-named speciality mustered in strong force as I rapidly adjusted my skates and indulged in a "preliminary canter," while my bodyguard industriously oiled his bicycle on the opposite side of the roadway, in order to convey to the crowd the impression that he was in no way connected with the expedition.

"A bicycle myde for two!" ejaculated one of the untamed, surveying the skates critically out of the only serviceable corner of a black eye.

"No, it's two bicycles made for one!" was the smart rejoinder of a quick-witted companion.

"Is this the Southend Road?" I asked, somewhat imperiously.

The crowd laughed immoderately.

"Sarthend, ho, yus! Fust turn to the right, just rarnd the corner!" cried a facetious urchin of the extreme Cockney type. "If you put yer brake on now, you'll avoid runnin' inter the sea when yer gits there!"

My friend was already mounted by this time, and I followed him as rapidly as possible into the open country. The exertion was most exhilarating, and before we had

From a Photo. by] LEAVING BARKING. *[A. Ulyett, Ilford.*

A STUDY IN HILL-CLIMBING.
From a Photo. by Douglas Smith, Southend.

left Barking more than a mile behind, I had quite forgotten the unpleasant remarks which my unfortunate inquiry had elicited. But such an undesirable incident was scarcely likely to be repeated: rural wit is invariably less spontaneous and pointed, and Barking is quite unique as a nursery for precocious infants. The wind, which had most aggravatingly veered round to the east again since we started, precluded any possibility of "scorching" or record-breaking, and the pace attained was consequently by no means sensational.

On a long uphill stretch, some three or four miles out, I was considerably annoyed by my inability to escape the company of a strangely taciturn pedestrian. I wished to impress this gentleman with the fact that walking, as a means of locomotion, was entirely out of date. So I overtook him at the foot of the hill, and for a hundred yards or so managed to maintain a somewhat erratic lead. Then, while I rested for a moment to gain breath, he strode silently by with a supercilious air of condescension and pity which was distinctly exasperating. Visibly distressed, and breathing heavily, I again passed the sardonic stranger, only to be overtaken a few minutes later in the same humiliating way as before. When we were exchanging positions for the seventh or eighth time the silent one spoke, and the spell was broken.

"Get off and walk!" he ejaculated, contemptuously.

"It's the wind, you know!" I explained, in disconnected gasps. "With a favourable breeze and a good road, I can cover ten miles well within the hour!"

But my undesirable companion was some yards ahead again by this time, and my explanation met with no audible response. A temporary lull in the breeze, however, and a mile of level roadway completely turned the tables in my favour; and when I overtook the unsympathetic stranger for the tenth (and last) time, I was gliding over the macadam at a speed which was probably greater than that attained at any other time during the journey.

At Rainham, I discovered my truant bodyguard waiting for me by the door of a typical Essex hostelry. My coming had been heralded by a local courier, mounted on an 1891 bicycle, who had overtaken me during the first stage of the journey; and in consequence of a weird announcement of this worthy to the effect that "a chap were a-comin' down the road with a *real* bicycle fastened on each foot," I found a large crowd

From a Photo. by IN FULL SWING. *[Douglas Smith, Southend.*

awaiting my advent. Several villainous-looking curs were also on the look-out for some mild excitement, and they greatly appreciated the novelty in calf-hunting which I most unwillingly provided.

The good people of Rainham were obviously disappointed by the discovery that my "bicycles" were merely dwarfs; but when I had skated twice round the village green, in order to escape the obnoxious attentions of an absurdly enthusiastic terrier, the villagers were unanimous in the opinion that road-skating, as an exciting pastime, had a great future before it.

"You done that well, mister, an' no mistake!" exclaimed the local sage, approvingly, when I had "jumped" the curb and joined my friend in the bar-parlour of the hotel. "Bicycles I can't abide, nohow; but them things—well, I never did see the likes, never! I wonder what'll be brought out next! We've got what Mother Shipton predicted: carriages without 'orses, an' now 'eres a sample of real skatin' without ice! Wonderful, that's what it is; an' them as lives longest 'll see most, for sure!"

From a] ARRIVAL AT RAINHAM. *[Photograph.*

"Right ye are, Tommy," remarked another rural philosopher. "The older one grows the more one sees, an' that's the solemn truth! I remember the first bicycle what come into Rainham well nigh thirty-five years ago. I ran out to see it just the same as our kids done to look at this gent to-day, an' we never thought at that time that cycling would be took up by 'igh an' by low as it 'as been. I believe in thirty years' time nobody'll walk at all! Them as don't cycle will skate, an' them as don't do either will ride to market in motor-cars or flyin'-machines. Walkin' is on its last legs, sir; it's too slow for the rising generation, though it was considered to be a 'ealthy exercise in our time."

We were strongly tempted to linger awhile in this quaint, old-world hamlet; to interview its oldest inhabitant, commune with its wise men, and visit each of the numerous ancient hostelries which surround an ugly ragstone church, which is, perhaps, the least picturesque object of interest in the parish. But an unmelodious jingle, emanating from the neighbourhood of the village clock, reminded us that some thirty miles of unexplored Essex roadway lay between Rainham and our destination; so we took the direction indicated by an immaculate finger-post, and sped silently through a wilderness of depressing marsh land, sparsely populated, and timbered with nothing more imposing than dwarf pollards and bracken.

A straggling village bearing the euphonious name of Orsett was reached after an hour's toil on a road abounding in ruts and gravel "breakers." The natives of this place proved to be distinctly disappointing from a journalistic point of view. Not a single inhabitant took the slightest notice of my movements. Even when I skated right into the bar-parlour of the only inn in the village, the landlord appeared to consider that skating inside licensed premises, and bumping heavily against public-house furniture, was in no way either a novel or an interesting performance, for, after attending to my modest requirements, he became engrossed in the columns of *Lloyd's News*, and ignored my presence entirely.

The people of Orsett are obviously years ahead of the times in which they live; and they have wisely decided amongst themselves that no modern innovation, however startling, shall be allowed to disturb the placidity of their everyday existence. A flying-machine hovering over this place would excite no more interest than an ordinary carrion crow; and if the Siamese twins themselves had

elected to dine at this particular hostelry, it is highly probable that the only question likely to suggest itself to the mind of the phlegmatic landlord would have taken the form of a speculation as to whether his remarkable guests should be charged for as two persons or as one.

An aged rustic of inanely benevolent aspect, and an apparently hypnotized donkey, formed the only visible inhabitants of a timber-built settlement marked on our chart as Mucking.

Before granting us the sole copyright of a snapshot of himself and his steed, this "rude forefather of the hamlet" demanded an interview, of which the following is a *verbatim* report:—

"Wart's them?"

"Skates."

"Wart?"

"Skates!"

"Skates?"

"Yes."

"Wart are they for?"

"Skating."

"Skatin'?"

"Exactly."

"They ain't bicycles, then?"

"No, skates."

"Eh?"

"Skates!!"

"You needn't 'oller so loud; I ain't deaf! Wart's them sticks for?"

"To support the ankles."

"Uncles?"

"No, ankles!"

"Wonderful! I wish my ole woman was 'ere to see 'em."

"So do I. Where is she?"

"Dead an' gone well-nigh fourteen year ago!"

"I'm very sorry for you."

"Wart?"

"I'm sorry. You must miss her sadly."

"No, Sally worn't 'er name. It were Jane, same as the donkey's is. I called 'im after 'er."

I cut the interview short at this embarrassing stage; and left the ancient rustic still posing for the portrait which my friend had secured some ten minutes previously.

Near Stanford-le-Hope my signals of distress were observed by the driver of a passing brougham, who very kindly volunteered to take me in tow. An adverse wind and a rough road had by this time rendered me almost speechless, so, completely demoralized, I nodded a guilty assent and accepted an offer of assistance which, an hour ago, I should have rejected with haughty contempt. Fortunately the photographer was a long way in advance at this humiliating stage of the journey, otherwise my brief degradation might have been depicted in compromising black and white, and published throughout the length and breadth of the country. As it is, I have touched upon the incident as lightly as possible.

A long rest at Pitsea completely restored my flagging spirits, and after a formidable

From a Photo. by] "OFF THE LINE." *[Douglas Smith, Southend.*

incline, locally known as "Bread and Cheese Hill," had been ascended, we passed rapidly through Thundersley and Hadleigh, until the ivy-covered tower of Leigh Church appeared in sight, while the distant waters of the Thames estuary, glittering and sparkling in the brilliant sunshine, formed a charming background to one of the most enchanting views in Essex.

The three miles of macadam which

connects Leigh with Southend was in perfect condition; and the fact that this distance was covered in exactly fourteen minutes will give the reader a fair idea of what even a novice in the art of road-skating can accomplish under favourable circumstances. A steady, swinging stroke will carry the skater along with far less exertion, and with more speed, than the short, quick stroke which it is necessary to practise on a road with a good surface only in the middle and between the cart-ruts.

It was while making up for lost time on this picturesque stretch of roadway that the accident occurred which my watchful kodak fiend has called "Off the Line." A steep decline, several macadam waves, and a passing vehicle were the chief factors concerned in my unromantic downfall. I really began to fall at the top of the hill, but the final botanical dive was not undertaken until I had hurled myself round an abrupt corner at the bottom. The lengthened period required to successfully "come a cropper" while skating on the road gives the performer ample time to "hope for the best" and to "prepare himself for the worst." That he is compelled to "bear whatever happens" is an entirely superfluous remark. The picture speaks for itself in this respect.

Metaphorically speaking, the good people of Southend-on-Sea received me with open arms. My appearance in High Street, dusty and travel-stained though I was, excited considerable interest, and I was interviewed at great length by one of the few visitors still left in the place before I had time to remove my skates, and seek shelter in the comparative seclusion of the Royal Hotel.

From this somewhat disconnected narrative, my readers will be able to form their own opinions as to the probable stability, or otherwise, of the latest athletic innovation, and the possibilities of road-skating as a healthy and an exhilarating pastime.

So far as speed is concerned, the macadam skater will never be able to hold his own with even an indifferently mounted cyclist; but for moderate journeys, undertaken on roads which are beyond reproach, the new sport has many advantages to recommend it. The convenient portability of the skates is a strong point in their favour, and if any rivalry could exist between road-skating and cycling, the former would score heavily in this connection. An enthusiastic admirer has aptly described the pastime as the "missing link" between cycling and walking, and, as such, it can scarcely fail to claim a large number of patrons from every class of the community.

From a] ARRIVAL AT SOUTHEND. *[Photograph.*

Illustrated Interviews.

LVII.—CARAN D'ACHE AT HOME.

By Marie A. Belloc.

"YES, extraordinary as you may think it, I consider there is little doubt," observed one of the leading French black-and-white men, thoughtfully, "that my friend Caran d'Ache played quite a notable part in bringing about the Franco-Russian Alliance. You see, he has won, though still a young man, a real place in the hearts of our beauty-loving populace. Well might he exclaim, 'Let me draw a nation's caricatures—I care not who make its laws.' No artist has more cleverly indicated the weaknesses and foibles of that extraordinary being, William II., and, as is natural in one who is after all half Russian, he has spared no pains to bring the finer side of Holy Russia before the eyes and imagination of the Parisians, who look forward to his weekly page of political cartoons in the *Figaro* as to an ever-recurring source of amusement."

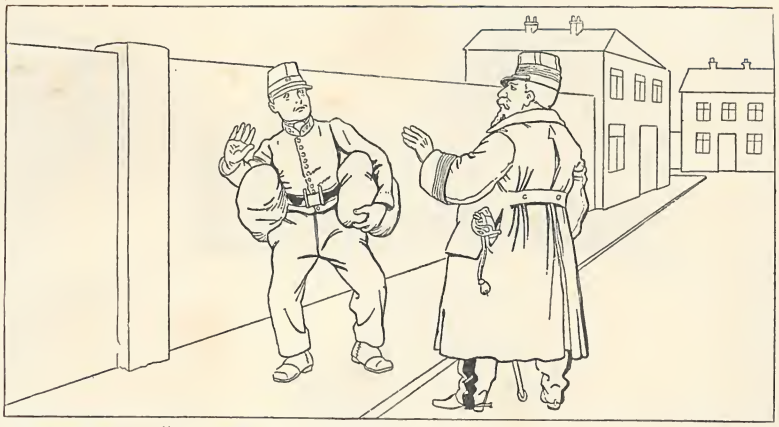
M. CARAN D'ACHE.
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

The greatest caricaturist of France, if not of the world, M. Emmanuel Poiré, or, as he is better known to the most intimate of his friends as well as to the least distinguished of his admirers, Caran d'Ache, has set up his household gods in one of the quietest and prettiest streets of suburban Passy. There he is not only within a quarter of an hour's drive from the Opéra and the centre of Paris, but he is also at a stone's throw of the Bois de Boulogne, and on the high road to the beautiful belt of country which lies beyond Sèvres and St. Cloud.

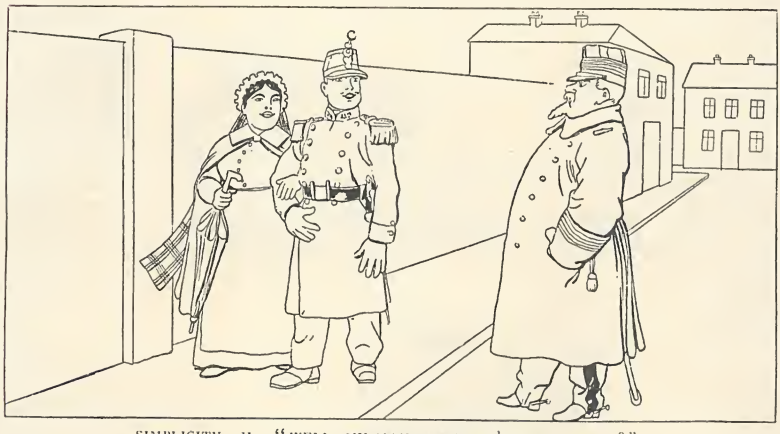
Some years ago a number of artists and literary Parisians "discovered" Passy, and among the great caricaturist's nearest neighbours are his intimate friend, Jan van Beers, whose marvellous miniature palace is still the talk of fickle Paris; Munkacsy, the Hungarian genius, whose terrible illness has cast a gloom over artistic Bohemia; Henri Rochefort, who must find sunlit Passy a startling change after Regent's Park; and Henri Lavedan, the most brilliant of satirists and playwrights—to say nothing of a score of other distinguished people, who are all reckoned good and trusty fellow-craftsmen by your kindly modest host; for Caran d'Ache has a simple dignity of manner said to be rarely associated with militant genius.

The large studio in which he has gradually arranged his many possessions lies well away from the pretty, fantastic Louis Quinze "hotel" built from his own design, being separated from Madame Caran d'Ache's dainty eighteenth-century *salon* by a corridor lined with some fine old First Empire engravings, dealing for the most part with events connected with the strange career of their present owner's hero, Napoleon I.

"I was born and bred in the Napoleonic tradition," he acknowledged, in answer to a question. "Yes, it is quite true that my grandfather was one of the great Corsican's trusted officers, one of those chosen to accompany him on the disastrous expedition to Russia. More fortunate than many of his comrades-in-arms, my forebear was wounded at the Battle of Moskowa, and so escaped the horrible fate of dying from cold or starvation; instead, he was carried off the field by some humane Russian officers, and was treated with all honour as a prisoner of war. In fact, it was as an inmate of one of the grimmest of Russian fortresses that he fell in love with the young Russian lady who afterwards became my grandmother. At the time the marriage took place the whole face of things in France had completely altered.



SIMPLICITY. I.—"YOU NEED NOT SALUTE, MY MAN, WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR ARMS FULL."



SIMPLICITY. II.—"WELL, MY MAN, WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE?"
"I HAVE MY ARMS FULL, COLONEL."

The Grande Armée was but a phantom memory; my grandfather's beloved chief was a heartbroken prisoner at St. Helena, and so, yielding to his bride's wishes, he determined to remain among the aliens who had been so good to him."

"Then I suppose, monsieur, that your own father was to all intents and purposes a Russian?"

"Yes, and no. My grandfather never allowed his children to forget that they were French, although he himself never again saw his own country. He founded, at Moscow, a fencing school, which soon became famous; indeed, it was there that *l'escrime Française* was introduced, for the first time, into the Russian army."

"And what brought you home?"

"I am by birth a Muscovite, but, as so often happens in such cases, the fact that I had never seen and knew so little of the land of my ancestors only increased my desire to see France, and even as a child I solemnly determined to reconquer my French nationality. My father died when I was seventeen, and in spite of all that my friends had to say against the idea, I applied at the French Embassy in order to know what would be the best way in which to fulfil the obligation, which I knew devolved on every young Frenchman, of serving a certain time in the French army. Once I had obtained this, to me, very important information, I started gaily for France with very little money in my pocket, but with high hopes and boundless ambitions surging through my brain."

"I presume that, even as a schoolboy, you had acquired some artistic training?"

"No," was the unexpected answer. "I was, it is true, always drawing, but only for my own pleasure, and, I need hardly say, out of school hours. A good deal of my time was spent as a child among the good-natured soldiers of my father's adopted country, and I confess I cherished a secret wish of becoming a military painter. One day, to my great joy, someone presented me with a fine book of French engravings, and among its contents was a short account of Detaille, together with some specimens of his splendid work. Accordingly, I made up my mind that I would seek him out—youth is ever bold—and no sooner had I reached Paris, in, I may add, a somewhat forlorn condition, than I boldly presented myself at M. Detaille's front door, a portfolio of sketches under my arm."

"And you were kindly received?"

"Kindly is not the word! Edouard Detaille received me in a fashion that proved him to possess what is perhaps rarer even

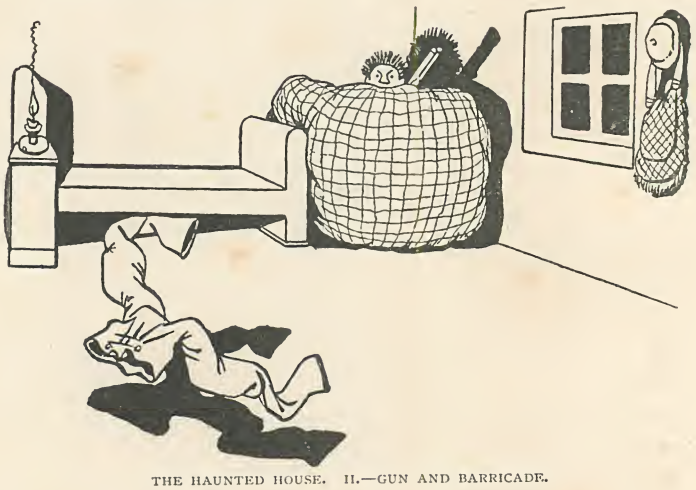
than great genius—a great heart. He looked over my poor little drawings, encouraged me to persevere, and then, after I became a private in the French army, he never lost sight of me. Indeed, it was owing to his influence that I was finally appointed to work at the War Office among those whose duty it is to prepare drawings of uniforms and so on.

"Even then," he added, after a moment's pause, "M. Detaille's kindness did not stop there; he gave me some valuable advice. Instead of proposing that I should become a student in some art school—a course which would have been from every point of view impossible to me at that time, even had I wished it—he told me to study from life, and not to be discouraged, however poor might be the result; and so, no sooner did I find myself in the guard-room of the 113th Line Regiment, than I began following my master's advice in season and out of season. Not till I became attached to the War Office, however, did I find time to do work with a view to publication. To my surprise, I found a ready, if a humble, market for my wares, and it was then that I first signed my drawings 'Caran d'Ache,' which, as you may know, signifies in Russian 'lead pencil.'"

"And did you gradually make your way? Or, if it is not an impertinent question, to what do you attribute your first great vogue as a caricaturist?"

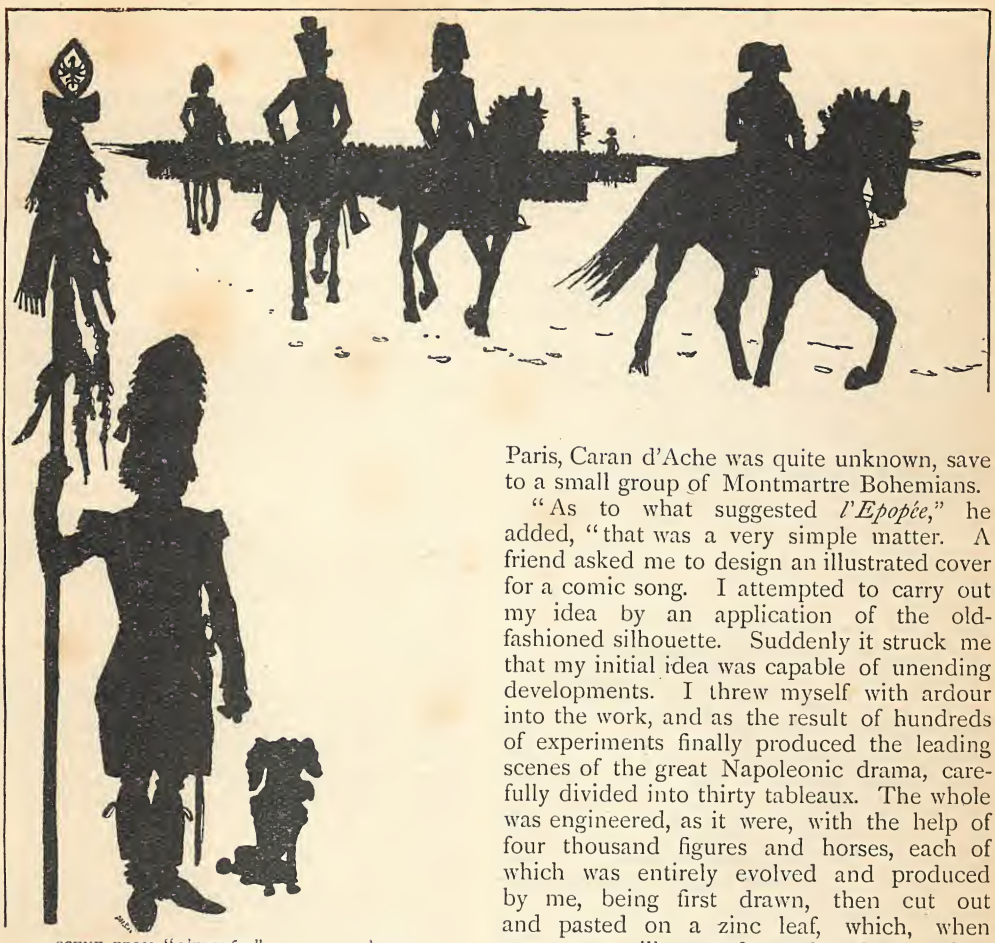
"Nay, I consider that a very legitimate question;

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. I.—"WHAT DO I SEE? MY TROUSERS DANCING?"



THE HAUNTED HOUSE. II.—GUN AND BARRICADE.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. III.—THE GHOSTS APPEAR.



SCENE FROM "L'EPOPÉE," BY CARAN D'ACHE.

for there must be in every artist's life a moment when he finds himself trembling between obscurity and popular success. As for myself, my first great stroke of luck was undoubtedly the production of *l'Epopée*, at the Chat Noir."

And as my host uttered these words there suddenly came into my mind the half-forgotten recollection of an evening at Montmartre, spent in gazing at the wonderful shadow performance which was at that time the talk, not only of Paris, but of Europe.

Many of those to whom *l'Epopée* stands out among their own cherished recollections of a visit to Paris are probably unaware that they owed this rare artistic pleasure to the now famous draughtsman; for at the time when the original performance took place in the strange Bohemian café concert, now numbered among the dead glories of vanished Paris, Caran d'Ache was quite unknown, save to a small group of Montmartre Bohemians.

"As to what suggested *l'Epopée*," he added, "that was a very simple matter. A friend asked me to design an illustrated cover for a comic song. I attempted to carry out my idea by an application of the old-fashioned silhouette. Suddenly it struck me that my initial idea was capable of unending developments. I threw myself with ardour into the work, and as the result of hundreds of experiments finally produced the leading scenes of the great Napoleonic drama, carefully divided into thirty tableaux. The whole was engineered, as it were, with the help of four thousand figures and horses, each of which was entirely evolved and produced by me, being first drawn, then cut out and pasted on a zinc leaf, which, when once more silhouetted, produced a sentient member of my large dramatic company. I may add that the whole work from beginning to end was entirely carried out by me.

"I need hardly say," continued Caran d'Ache, "that I was fortunate in finding a man who understood at once the possibilities which lay in this very novel type of moving tableaux. Had it not been for the proprietor of the Chat Noir, all my labours might have come to nothing. However, thanks to him I had my chance.

"The whole action took place across a comparatively small white screen. I attended every performance and stage-managed the whole affair myself. I think I may say," he added, modestly, "that I succeeded in creating a very vivid impression of life and movement. Each detail of every little figure was as carefully studied as were those of Napoleon I. himself, and I made many experiments before I felt even half-satisfied with the result. The most striking, and also the most popular,

tableau was undoubtedly 'The Retreat from Russia,' for a curiously impressive effect was produced by the slow passage in single file of countless men, horses, waggons, and carriages, across the great, snow-bound plains."

But the artist was too modest to allude to the extraordinary impression produced by this strange work of genius. From all parts of the Continent artists, eager to make acquaintance with this extraordinary novelty, crowded to the Chat Noir. Among those who made their way up the steep streets of old Montmartre were celebrities as strangely different as the Prince of Wales, General Boulanger, and the then President of the French Republic. Meissonier, the great military painter, declared himself astonished at the extraordinary accuracy of the historical costumes and uniforms as indicated in silhouette. Drawings of *l'Epopée* were sent "by request" to the late Czar, who, to the end of his life, was one of Caran d'Ache's most constant patrons. Indeed, much of his best work even now goes to Russia.

"And have you never cared to pursue this kind of work?"

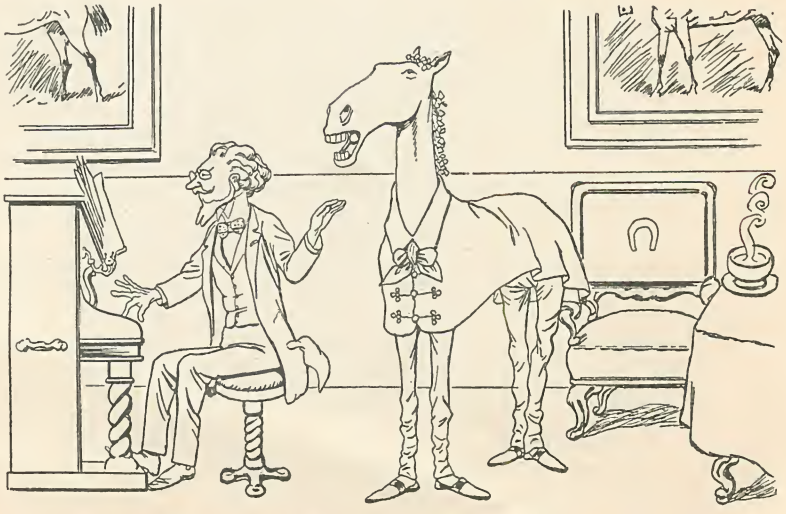
"For a time silhouettes continued to exercise a great fascination on me," he confessed, half-reluctantly. "I produced several series of tableaux at the Chat Noir, including the presentment of the great avenue of the Bois de Boulogne filled with Parisian notables of the hour on horseback, on foot, and in their carriages. A little later I showed my audience the vast snow-laden Russian steppes. I have, however, a horror of monotony. You must have noticed that nowadays the moment an artist makes a success, all those round him make vigorous attempts to confine him to the particular class of work which has produced a temporary sensation. I suppose, had I cared to do so, I might have gone down to history as the arch-showman of this *fin-de-siècle*, but I should have considered that in so doing I was degrading not only my art, but also myself. No, strange as you may think it, I have always been extremely anxious to do serious work. For years I have cherished the scheme of some day devoting my life to completing a great series of military pictures, taken from every period of history. One of my heroes, by the way, is the great Marlborough. But all brilliant deeds of arms attract me, and, even as a boy, I began a collection of military relics."

"And as to your methods of work?"

"Well, I work very slowly, and so far I have preferred to draw in line. *Apropos* of black-and-white work, I am an enthusiastic admirer of your leading English draughtsmen. I have long been familiar with the work of Phil May, Linley Sambourne, Dudley Hardy—but it is invidious to mention certain names, when there are so many now turning out black-and-white work full of genius and originality. Of course, from my point of view artists should be able to draw anything. As to myself," he added, laughing, "I leave one branch of art severely alone: that is portrait-painting. Friends have often asked me to draw them; if ever I attempt to carry out their wishes they are anything but pleased with the result. You see, the worst of it is I really see people in line, and often, when I have produced a group which I consider almost photographic in its accuracy, I am informed that I have rarely made a better caricature!"

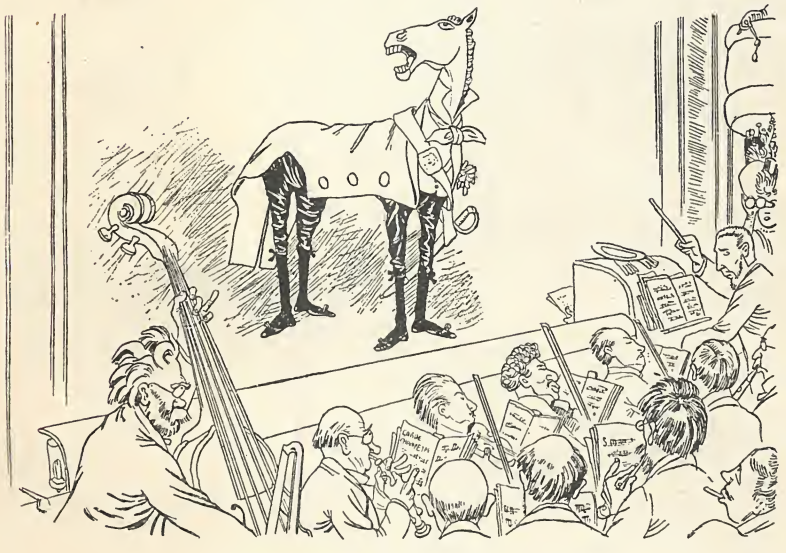
"And where do you find your subjects?"

Caran d'Ache made a vague gesture. "How can I tell? Here, there, and everywhere; at a smart wedding; at any one and



THE SINGING HORSE. I.—IN THE MORNING, A LESSON FROM HIS SINGING-MASTER.

THE SINGING HORSE. II.—AT NOON, AN INTERVIEW.

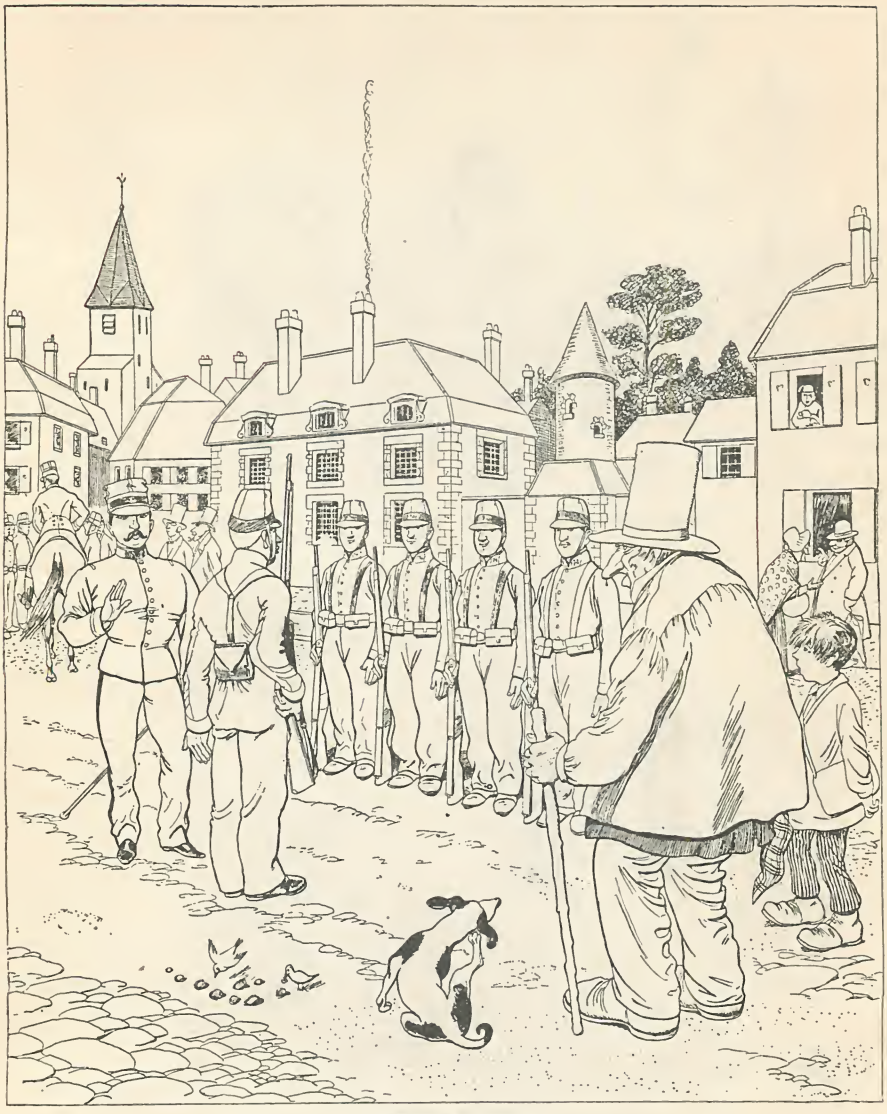


THE SINGING HORSE. III.—AT NIGHT, A CONCERT.

at all of the funerals, which, alas! play so great a part in our social life; when riding home on the top of an omnibus; walking, riding, cycling, impressions are stamped as it were on my brain. I do not entirely rely on memory, for I am fond of jotting down notes in a small memorandum-book if I hear a funny or original phrase, a joke that strikes me as really new, or anything that will suggest a new composition. I make use of a kind of artistic shorthand, which I will defy anyone but myself to understand; the signs are made very quickly, they over-lap one another; to me each is instinct with meaning, and even with form. But when it comes to the finished drawing"—he paused a moment and took a long breath—"that is a very different matter, no pains can be too great; and I can truly say that at no time, even when I was very poor, did I allow the necessities of the moment, if I may use such an expression, to control my output. I am a believer in very careful and conscientious work. People imagine that my drawings are 'dashed off.' I bow down before those who can produce easily; alas! I cannot claim to imitate their example. Take one comparatively simple matter, that of costume. Tell me what a man wears, and I will tell you what manner of man he is."

"Then it is true, monsieur, that you attach an immense importance to clothes?"

"I will admit that the cut of a frock-coat is not indifferent to me," he observed; "and, personally, I cannot see why all the small elegancies of life should be left to the fairer half of creation. You will observe that Nature is exemplified in the nursemaid and the little child—both love a uniform; the craving is a thoroughly natural one; elegant and suitable habiliments react on the wearer, and there can be no doubt that the knight of old felt twice the man he really was when attired in his full coat of mail and riding out to do battle to an opponent armed *cap-à-pie*. Nowadays the dandy can only exercise his fancy on his bicycle costume.



A STENTORIAN VOICE. I.
CORPORAL: "ATTENTION! SHOULDER ARMS!"
LIEUTENANT: "THAT WON'T DO AT ALL. LOUDER, CORPORAL. LIKE THIS—"

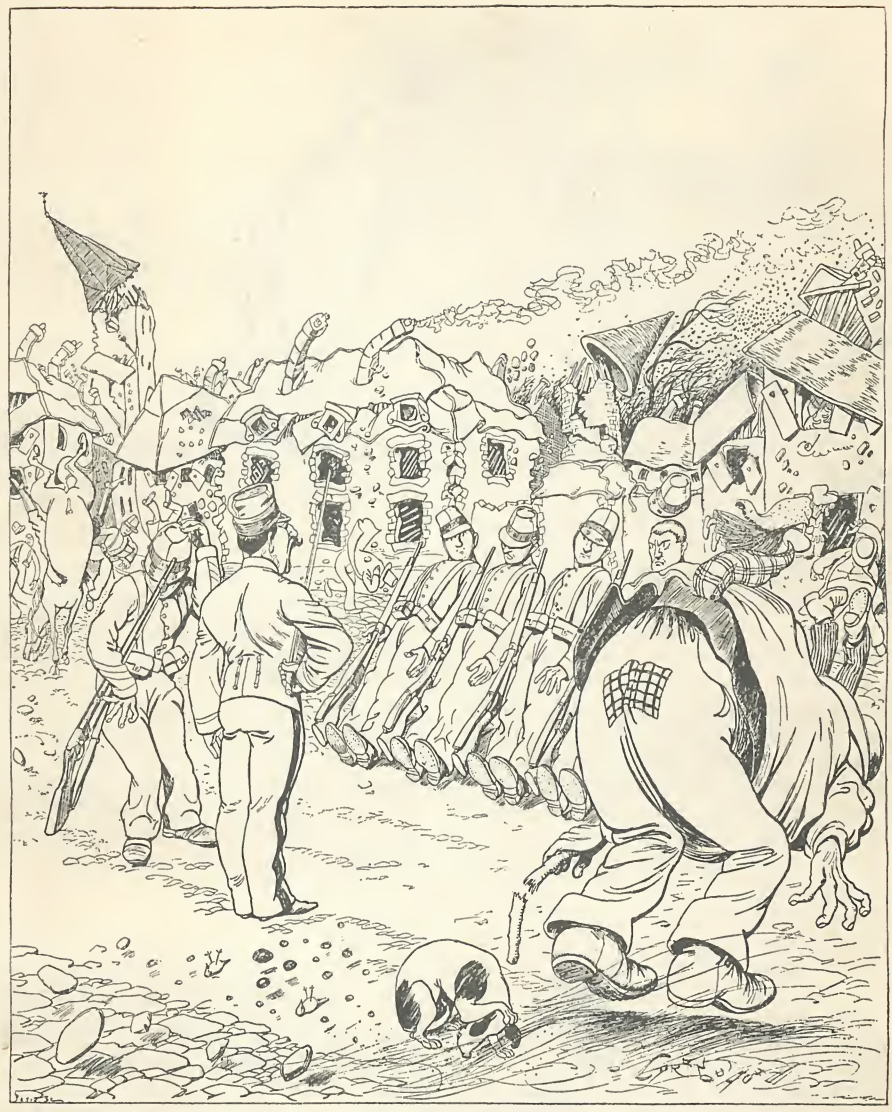
More's the pity, say I; and I live in hopes of seeing not only the chimney-pot hat, but also the hundred-and-one modern inelegancies of masculine costume utterly banished, for they must have made our mid-century most painful to every man of taste."

"I suppose I need hardly ask you if you regard photography as an aid to art?"

"Nay, that is indeed a superfluous question, not that I fail to admire much of the work turned out by the brilliant individuals who make photography a special study; but I absolutely deny that a sun-picture can be of the slightest real assistance to an artist. The painter and designer must surely, above all, rely on imagination, and their own brains must contain far more sensitive plates than any yet placed in mechanical cameras."

"And have you any rules to your work, or do you only draw when you feel that the inspiration is on you?"

"I fear that, in common with most people, I leave that which has to be done to the last moment. I am a night bird, and my friends tell me that my best work is done at night. Sometimes, months pass without my putting pencil to paper, save, of course, for my own pleasure. From a business point of view,



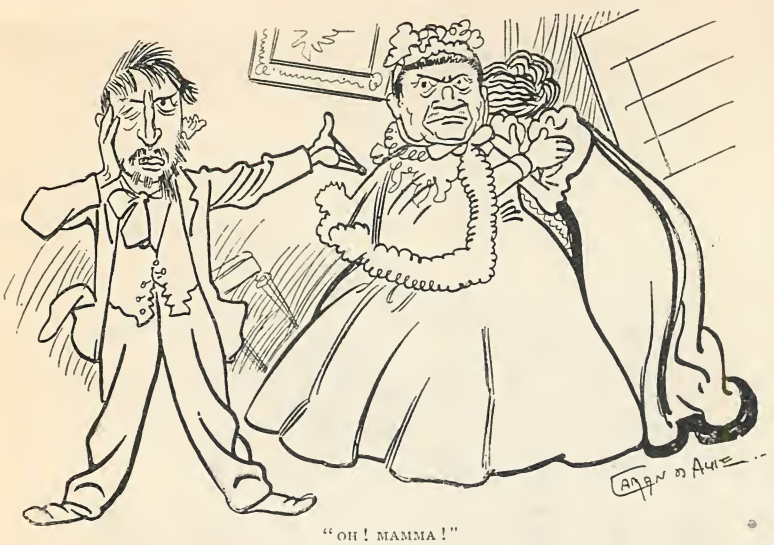
A STENTORIAN VOICE. II.
LIEUTENANT: "SHOULDER AR-R-MS!"

winter and spring are my productive seasons. In the summer I am lazy. In the autumn there seems so much to be done, and during the long days it seems sad to think of work.

"Yes, I am fond of travelling, and I have ransacked many sleepy towns in search of old uniforms and kindred objects. Unfortunately the mere amateur has begun to be interested in this class of relic, and whereas, not so very long ago, he who was inspired with a real love for such things could purchase a splendid old uniform for fifty francs, now his wealthy rival will willingly bid over him twenty times that sum. However, my friends are very good to me, and make a point of telling me whenever they hear of any particularly interesting or characteristic *morceaux* for sale. Again, like my friend and master, M. Detaille, I have a passion for battle-fields, and I have carefully explored all those within immediate reach. Alas! that there should be so many near and about Paris."

"Do you ever illustrate the literary works of others?"

"I have done so. Thus, I illustrated a number of comic essays of Albert Millaud, also Rochefort's 'Fantasia,' but now I nearly always supply the *légendes* running under my



"OH! MAMMA!"

drawings. Mind you, I am not of opinion that words should ever play a great part in explaining humorous work. I am a great believer in telling a story silently, and by means of the pen or pencil alone. In fact, that is one reason why I draw and re-draw my work so often; the meaning should be quite clear. I do not care for obscurity in any form, and I need hardly add that I attach an enormous importance to backgrounds and to accessories."

"And is there any special work now occupying your attention?"

"Well, in one sense, I always have more to do than I seem to be able to accomplish, and once a week I contribute half a page of political sketches to the *Figaro;* but at present I am devoting a great deal of thought, to say nothing of time, to working out a scheme which will probably first see the light in a completed shape at the forthcoming Exhibition of 1900. I am thinking of calling it '*La Rue de Cent Ans*,' 'The Street during a Century,' and it will be a kind of panorama embodying the life, movement, and poetry of the typical Paris thoroughfare during the last hundred years. Among other things will be shown the many modifications undergone by traffic from the days of the post-chaise to those which have ushered in the motor-car. Perhaps you will hardly believe me when I tell you that I have found working up this subject a matter of absorbing interest; I have literally hundreds of authorities, and the more I go on, the more absorbed I become. Of course, there will be many glimpses of the great Revolution, and the First and Second Empire will also play their part, and then there will be the grim Siege of Paris. I am avoiding any element of melodrama; but picturesque incidents are of course welcome, and one of the most important features of the scheme will be a

"THE CUT DIRECT."

reconstruction of the historical Review held by Napoleon I. on the Place du Carousel."

"And will each tableau be drawn?" I inquired, curiously.

Caran d'Ache smiled mysteriously. "I am keeping all the technical side of the affair a great secret. Of course, my one idea will be to make the presentment of my subject as vivid and convincing as possible; happily, with the help of contemporary prints and portraits, it has not been difficult to gather a very vivid idea of our immediate forebears, and of how they comported themselves."

"By the way, surely when composing this kind of work you find it necessary to make use of models?"

"No, indeed. I have very strong views concerning the professional model, and in this matter I disagree with many of my most talented comrades. To my mind—perhaps it is an idiosyncrasy on my part—no professional sitter can give a true impression of life and movement. That a man or woman should be suddenly able to slip into the skin, as it were, of another character would argue on his or her part a very notable dramatic gift. Why should we expect to find a great actor or actress in every professional model? Now, animals make very good sitters, and every dog-lover will admit that no one can be a better *poseur* than our intelligent four-footed friend when he has a mind that way. Still, from my point of view, beasts are quite as interesting as human beings. Whenever I can spare the time, I enjoy an hour in the Jardin d'Acclimatation as much as any of the children whom I see there. Horses have always remained my favourites, but there are many creatures precious to the artist: elephants, for instance, are peculiarly picturesque, and lend themselves most happily to pen and pencil."

"By the way, do you yourself generally work with a pen or with a pencil?"

"At the present moment most of my drawings are done with pen and ink, or, which in some ways I like better, with a very fine brush. I have thousands of studies, for I so often modify my original conception, that these generally become very useful to me afterwards. When whatever drawing I am

NAPOLEON—A STUDY.

engaged on approaches its final stage, I fasten it by its edges upon a large sheet of glass; this enables me to change or add such details as I think fit. Of course, as regards reproduction, I prefer the old-fashioned wood block; my editors, however, do not see eye to eye with me in this matter. By the way," he added, quickly, "I have never consented to work to order, that is to say, I must be quite free to choose my own subject."

"I suppose, monsieur, there is hardly time in your life for ordinary hobbies and amusements?"

"Indeed, there is. I should be sorry

were my work to turn into a kind of monomania with me. At one time I used to ride a great deal, but I have given it up to a certain extent in favour of cycling, for I not only consider that the latter is a more healthy form of exercise for an artist, but also that it gives one endless opportunities for seeing the picturesque and absurd side of life. During the last two years I have persuaded my wife to follow my example, and scarce a day passes without our taking long excursions, both in the Bois and beyond it, in those little-known corners of Seine-et-Oise, where the wheel is still looked upon with terror by the peasantry. Then again, as is surely fitting in my good old grandfather's descendant, I have always been specially devoted to fencing, and during the winter months I make it a point to attend a *salle d'armes* at least three times a week. But to tell you the truth, I pity the man who has not at least one hobby or amusement into which he can throw himself heart and soul. Even when for some reason or other I cannot indulge in any active form of physical exercise, I have plenty to amuse me at home. I delight in literature, especially in old literature, and there is always something new to be learnt about those periods in history with which I am specially concerned. I need hardly tell you what a boon to me has been the recent revival of interest in Napoleon and his times."

A STUDY.

It may be added in conclusion that, though M. Caran d'Ache was very discreet as to his share in bringing about the Franco-Russian alliance, I came away with the firm conviction that, if my host had unfortunately never existed, the Czar and Czarina would not have been acclaimed with so much enthusiasm during their brilliant visit to Paris. Treaties of alliance between great nations are concluded in the *chancelleries* of Embassies and in the council chambers of Kings, but it rests with those who have the ear, and still more the eye, of the people to make them effective.

A STUDY.

Masks.

By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts.

THE word "mask" means a different thing to different people. The student of history and biography has a conception of a mask totally different from that of the frequenter of the *bals masqués* of the Paris Opera, or little Tommy when he is home for his holidays and devotes his intellect to frightening the cook. Nevertheless, all masks have something in common: they are all counterfeit presentments of faces. But while the historian is interested only in the masks of historical personages, the schoolboy takes a wider and more catholic view. This article will interest primarily the schoolboy. If he can succeed in frightening his sisters and the household generally, he will be happy. With a view to a promotion of his happiness, we intend to furnish the schoolboy with a few models which, if he can successfully imitate them, will prove most efficacious.

1.—MASK USED BY THE DEVIL DANCERS OF CEYLON.

Being oldsters, and therefore, of course, prigs, we cannot, however, content ourselves with a bare description of the masks here illustrated, nor resist the temptation to offer "information" and convey "knowledge," for which all properly constituted schoolboys will hate us. Thus we very much fear that we shall please nobody.

To begin with, there is the prosy scientific theory of the "origin" of masks, which nobody knows, consequently it is quite safe to write yards on this subject. Some people have thought that the object of the mask was, not to frighten the cook, but to illustrate the Buddhist theory of "Metempsychosis," which is a fine word.

Others, again, maintain that the savages whom we know to-day, and consider to have been arrested in their evolution, are really the descendants of the naughty boys of the human family—that they have degenerated and lost the arts and knowledges which they formerly possessed. Thus the curious customs of savages would be perversions of former very excellent practices, and the heathen mythologies of those uncivilized races, which, strange to say, all possess a strong family likeness, would be idolatrous and vile corruptions of an ancient and beautiful religion common to the entire human race.

Still, none of these views will quite explain the origin of masks, yet masks are found pretty nearly all over the world.

Here, for instance, is a splendid one (No. 1). It is the mask used by the devil dancers of Ceylon, and is to be particularly recommended in the case of very pious old maiden aunts. This mask is supposed to be the portrait of a devil, named Calloo-Coomare; he is a Ceylon devil, and ought to be a very exciting person to meet on a quiet, dull Sunday afternoon. It is painful to have to record that the Cingalese, instead of "abjuring the devil and all his works," as they ought, actually worship Calloo-Coomare. If anybody is ill, the priests of the devil, wearing his mask, which is made of wood, painted in various colours, and has a tusk sticking out of each side of the horribly grinning mouth—the devil always grins—two discs at each side, and three cobra capellas on the top, come and perform the devil's own dance. An altar, decorated with garlands, is erected, and the sacrifice, usually a cock, is offered on it,

together with rice and all the proper ingredients. Here is a specimen of the prayers of the devil-priests :—

"The Black Devil, who dwells under the rocks and stones of the Black Sea—(the Cingalese seem rather hazy in their geography)—looks upon the world, sees the infants, and causes them to be sick. Thou, Fanah Devil—(not very polite this)—who acceptest offering at the place where three ways meet, thou causest the people to be sick," etc.

This is a very long prayer, and full of vituperation; the devil is called a *furious devil* and a *bloodthirsty devil*, and is described as playing in a pool of blood. Thus it will be seen that playing pool is an invention of the devil's. This devil is also told that it plays in the laundry, a most valuable hint this for the schoolboy. It is very bad to be ill in England, with doctors and nasty medicines, but what fun it must be in Ceylon!

2.—MASK USED BY NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The next mask (No. 2), which comes from North America, is a very helpful one, especially if properly coloured. It is cut out of solid wood and painted light blue, black and white. The lower lip is of canvas and movable by strings, so also are the eyes. This is a most fascinating mask. The wearer can make the eyes roll and the mouth open and shut. It is the mask of a medicine man. We should recommend that this mask should be used with discretion. The effects might otherwise be disastrous. It would be very suitable for the Lord Mayor's ball.

A very creditable work of art is the mask marked No. 3. It comes from New Britain, and shows that the natives of that interesting island must have very strongly developed æsthetic taste. It is made of wood, carved and painted in various brilliant colours, and elegantly trimmed with fibres and feathers. In some respects it would give the *matinée* hat points, although it is, of course, far less hideous. As a table-ornament it would make the reputation of any family. An intelligent boy who could succeed in producing an exact reproduction of this work of art would deserve a sound thrashing for not devoting his abilities to a better purpose.

3.—DANCING MASK FROM NEW BRITAIN.

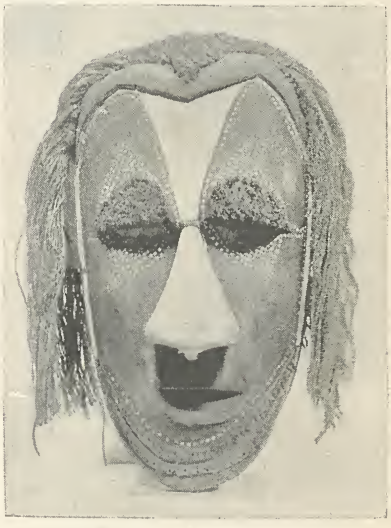
We understand that the War Office is looking out for a new head-dress for the Army. Something light, elegant, and imposing is wanted. Here is the very thing (No. 4); the mere sight of it would frighten any ordinary human enemy. Although this specimen is made of

4.—DANCING MASK FROM NEW BRITAIN.

5.—MASK FROM NEW GUINEA.

wood, we see no reason why it should not be made of straw. There is a very fine red plume in the centre. Of course, the mask beneath has not quite the facial expression of the average Tommy Atkins, but that is a detail. This also comes from New Britain, and must have adorned the head of a New British Grenadier, if there is such a thing.

If the War Office should adopt our suggestion, we would recommend the Home Office to attire policemen in the garb of the Duk-duk, as shown at No. 5. The Duk-duk is not a quack doctor, as his name would seem to imply, but the stern guardian of law and order. He is only known by the initiated to be a human being—the unfortunate "general public" look upon him as a sort of demi-god. We could point to similar curious phenomena even in this country. Mr. Wilfrid Powell, in his "Wanderings in a Wild Country," sententiously observes: "It is curious how widely distributed is this Duk-duk system." It is found in New Britain, New Guinea, New Ireland, and also in a good many older countries. The Duk-duk travels through the bush, visiting each village and setting everything right, resembling in this respect a newspaper correspondent. If anybody is accused of injuring another the Duk-duk demands restitution, and if this is not rendered the Duk-duk burns down the offender's house and generally executes judgment. Women and children may not gaze on the Duk-duk, or they will die. The schoolboy is told this in all fairness, to prevent accidents. Nor may the secrets of the Duk-duk be discussed outside the Taboo ground, where he is supposed to live. If an uninitiated person trespasses on the Taboo grounds of the Duk-duk, he is incontinently eaten up by the Duk-duk. Are there not Duk-duks everywhere?



7.—MASK FROM THE TORRES STRAITS.

6.—MASK FROM NEW GUINEA.

Savages wear masks very much as we do—at dances, only there is a slight difference between the dances. We are able to give illustrations of a batch of masks from New Guinea and neighbouring islands, used exclusively for what must be called savage *bals masqués*. They are certainly highly commendable from the schoolboy point of view (Nos. 6—18).

No. 6, for instance, looks like a gigantic tea-cosy, or the enormous grenadier shakoes of the eighteenth century, which are still worn in Germany and Russia by certain guard regiments. This mask is made of whitened bark cloth on a basket frame of cane; the features are coloured red and black and outlined with white. The mouth is open. A boy of twelve with a mask like this

8.—MASK FROM TORRES STRAITS.

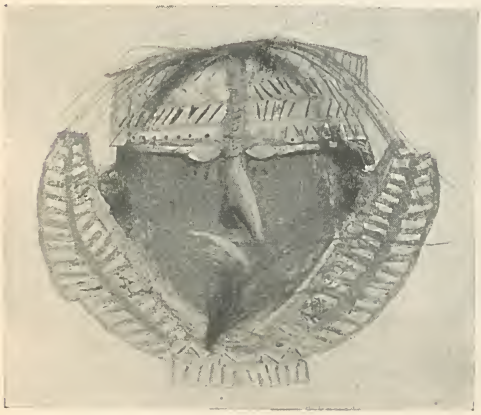
9.—MASK FROM TAMAI ISLAND.

10.—MASK FROM SAIBAI ISLAND.

would create quite a sensation coming unexpectedly downstairs.

In No. 7 the eyebrows are of red wool, very neat; the mask is cut out of solid wood and decorated with strings—would suit old lady. No. 8 is not unlike No. 7; it is evidently intended to represent some musical deity. No. 9 is evidently the mask of a local clown; it is made of wood and painted white and red. There is an air of refinement about No. 10, although it is hardly good form to carry one's walking-stick thrust through the nose; the eyes, also, are too close together for high ideality. Nevertheless, the general design is artistic. The treatment of the hair in particular is excellent. The hair is human hair. This mask is also of wood, the eyes being of mother-of-pearl.

No. 11 must be the pantaloon to the clown of No. 9; it has a weary, tired, weather-beaten look, and is made of sheet-iron. It is supposed to be an imitation of tortoiseshell, but we feel sure that any average boy could produce a better mask than this out of a discarded biscuit-box. Tortoiseshell being rare, the



11.—MASK OF SHEET-IRON FROM MABUIAGE ISLAND.

12.—MASK OF TORTOISESHELL FROM DARNLEY ISLAND.

natives substitute whatever material they can pick up from wrecks and in other ways. No. 12 is a sort of pre-Raphaelite attempt in real tortoiseshell. It is distinctly depressing, and has a mediæval air. Not so No. 13. This is a very perfect piece of work, and has a baboon look about it. It is made of bark-cloth, or tapa, stretched on

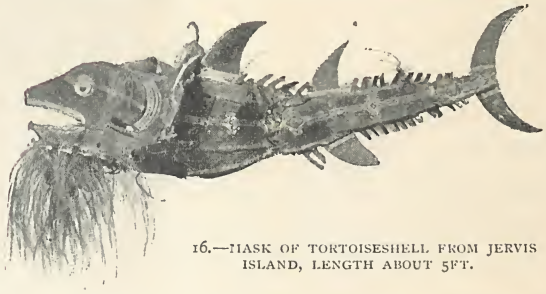
13.—MASK FROM SOUTH-EAST NEW GUINEA.

a frame of cane. This mask is appropriately coloured black and red, and has ribs of fibre. A very pretty design is No. 14. This is expensive, and made of tortoiseshell. The eyes are too close together for our notions of beauty; but the mouth is full of expression, and the ears suggest the friend of the Old Kent Road coster. A Shakespearean forehead gives a false air of intellectuality to this mask. This must be by way of satire. In No. 15 we have another elaborate

14.—MASK OF TORTOISESHELL FROM MOUNT ERNEST.

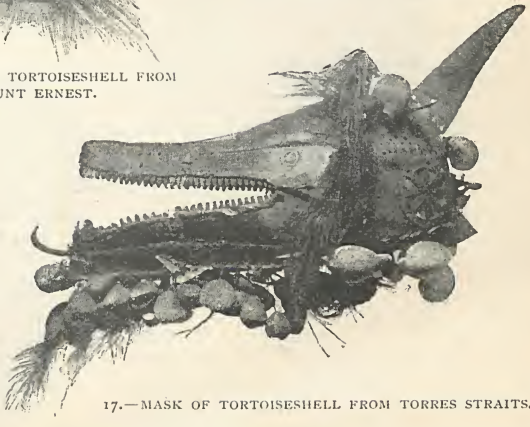
15.—MASK OF TORTOISESHELL FROM TORRES STRAITS.

work of art. It is also made of tortoiseshell, but is decorated with mother-of-pearl, cassowary feathers, and seed shells. It looks like a nightmare, and is distinctly impressionist in



16.—MASK OF TORTOISESHELL FROM JERVIS ISLAND, LENGTH ABOUT 5FT.

execution. We now come to a series of pantomime heads. No. 16, for instance, is supposed to represent a fish. The rude, untutored savage has engraved a pattern on it, inlaid it with white enamel, Aspinal's for preference, and decorated it with cassowary feathers. It is made of tortoiseshell, and is 5ft. long. This mask is guaranteed to frighten anybody, from fathers downwards, at fifty paces. The same may be said of No. 17. This is also of tortoiseshell, and is supposed to represent a crocodile's head. It is decorated with cassowary feathers and nuts. It is all nuts to the schoolboy. The horn at the top looks



17.—MASK OF TORTOISESHELL FROM TORRES STRAITS.

formidable, but is harmless. No. 18 is very elaborate. There is a poetic dreaminess about it which is most beautiful. The eyes are distinctly good, but why there should be

a double row of eyebrows is a mystery. Pigeons, cassowary feathers, shells, mother-of-pearl, etc., are the ingredients used in making this latest style of mask, which is supposed to represent a crocodile's head. We see that the fashions in masks are numerous. In olden times they used to be invariably made of tortoiseshell, but the modern rage for cheapness has reached even the savages, who now use old boxes and kerosene-tins, and find them just as effective. This is a valuable hint, for the schoolboy cannot always get tortoiseshell.

A very elaborate head-dress is No. 19. It consists of a double-faced mask of blackened wood wearing a hat, and with ornaments in the hair.

18.—MASK FROM YAMA.

19.—MASK FROM NEW CALEDONIA.

From the bottom hangs a fringe of black fibre. To the superficial observer this mask would suggest reminiscences of Noah's Ark and Aunt Sally, and would appear to be the head-dress of a local book-maker, 'bus-driver, negro-minstrel, or bishop. It is really a Mumbo Jumbo mask, and comes from West Africa. This mask will be found very useful in punitive expeditions against sisters, as we shall presently see. Throughout a considerable portion of Western Africa the feminine part of the community stand in dread of a semi-human demon called Mumbo Jumbo. He usually makes his appearance at night, when the natives are enjoying the West African equivalent for a county ball. His approach is heralded by a cry, and he joins the party uninvited, armed with a rod, and followed by attendants carrying sticks. While the people dance round him, probably mistaking him for Jack-in-the-Green or a May-pole, he suddenly walks up to one of the women and touches her with his rod. She is instantly seized by the attendants, dragged to a post, tied to it, and there receives a sound thrashing under circumstances of great indignity. This would make a novel and exciting figure in a children's cotillion. The Mumbo Jumbo visitation is always a put-up job. The men are all in the secret, and know who Mumbo Jumbo is. The woman selected has been bad-tempered, had a fit of the tantrums, and so the husband arranges for a Mumbo Jumbo entertainment. Savages have some very excellent institutions, but we fear that the introduction of this custom into an English family circle among brothers and sisters might lead to unpleasant consequences for the brothers. Still, the schoolboy could recommend his schoolfellows to try it on their sisters, and watch the result. There is nothing very remarkable about the masks shown under No. 20. Lowther Arcade can produce far better

20.—JAPANESE MASKS.

21.—MASK FROM NEW CALEDONIA.

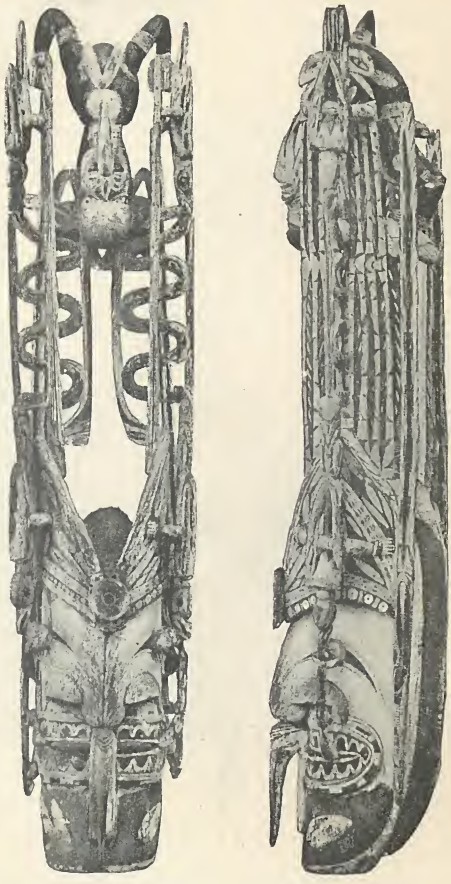
specimens. They come from over-rated Japan, and are worn by the actors of that artistic country. They are made of wood and painted to taste. They might serve to soothe the loneliness of grandmamma, and for that purpose are possibly hideous enough.

But No. 21 represents a really ingenious piece of ugliness. Not unlike a Polish Jew in appearance and style, it is made of black painted wood attached to a cylindrical frame made of coarse stuff or cloth woven across slender stems of wood, and stiffened by a piece of brown bast inside. From the lower part depends a cord net-work, with long black fowl feathers attached, which covers the body. The hair and whiskers are made of coarse frizzled human hair, and the beard of plaited round cords of the same. This mask comes from New Caledonia, and with the addition of a hump it would do very well for Punch. There is this advantage about it, that the wearer for the time he has it on is "taboo," and can hit anybody he likes without being hit in return. There is considerable doubt, however, in our mind whether similar privileges would be extended to the wearer of such a mask in this tyrannical country.

22.—MASK FROM NORTH NEW GUINEA.

No. 22, though not very large, we may, nevertheless, be excused if we baptize this as an Elephantine work. Carved in wood, and painted in black, red, yellow, and white, it is very fetching, *vide* the "beady" eyes. We must also note that, for some reason best known to the maker, the ear is placed directly under the left eye. The mouth requires no comment! The place of birth is somewhere in Northern New Guinea.

No. 23 is what we are tempted to call a high-falutin' mask. At all events, it measures



23.—MASK FROM NEW IRELAND.

from "head to foot" something over five feet. We have two views of it: the first is a full-face, the second a profile. The mask proper consists of coloured wood; the beak of a bird points downwards from directly under, and in a perpendicular line with, the nose. But perhaps the most striking part is the superstructure, which is nearly twice as high as the face itself. A *mélange* of carved birds and snakes, of multicoloured feathers and bones, supports a native lady, caught half way round a somersault, and tied there for ever. That is, no doubt, the New Ireland

natives' method of solving the momentous "Woman Question."

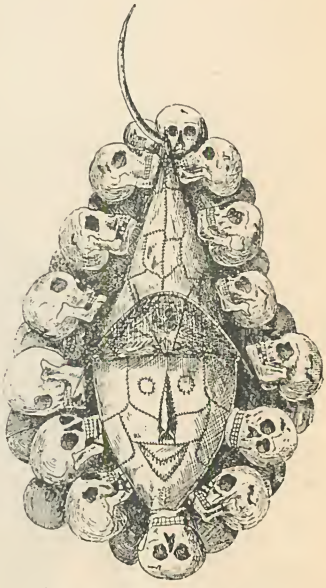
The two masks depicted at No. 24 are not made of oranges, as their general shape and appearance suggest, but are carved out of solid wood. The teeth are gilt, which makes them look like an advertisement for an American dentist. Their eyes are painted a quiet red and yellow, and the face is white, with a few black and gold adornments. They are worn by Javanese actors—during the pantomime season, no doubt.

24.—MASKS FROM JAVA.

25.—MASK FROM NEW IRELAND.

At No. 25 we have given a specimen, not for imitation, of a really beautiful mask, which also comes from New Ireland. The savage who executed this work of art must indeed have felt proud of himself, and probably his friends put out his eyes to prevent him from making another. It is constructed of wood, cane, fibre, and shells, and is painted black and red. The wings are red, white, and black. The whiskers are of red fibre. But the grand feature of this masterpiece is a magnificent nautilus-shell which crowns the whole. It must have been found rather heavy. Fancy dancing the "Washington Post" or the "Shadow Dance" with a thing like that on your head.

The last mask of our collection (No. 26) is somewhat difficult to make in this country, for it is constructed of tortoiseshell and trimmed neatly with human skulls, all of which have belonged to the enemies of the wearer, and been struck off their owners' shoulders by him. We should therefore not advise anyone to attempt to reproduce this mask unless, indeed, he use a biscuit-tin as a substitute for the tortoiseshell, and hang it round with the skulls of the cats he has slain. This particular mask was found in the Straits by Mr. C. E. Brockett, who formed part of an expedition sent out to find the survivors of the ship *Charles Eaton*, lost in the Straits in 1834. The mask was



26.—MASK FROM SKULL ISLAND.

appropriately picked up in Skull Island, and it was discovered that the skulls on it were mostly those of Europeans, probably of the very people whom the expedition was in search of.

ONCE MORE WE MEET

By G. M. Robins.

[*This story is a sequel to "Her Only Chance," which appeared in the September number of* The Strand Magazine, *and has been written at the request of the great number of readers who were deeply interested in the love affairs of John Ruthven and Claire. It will, however, be found quite intelligible and interesting to those who have not read the previous story.*]

IT was last summer that John Ruthven re-visited Europe, after an absence of nearly twenty years. He had gone out to California a boy in his teens: and fortune had been long enough in coming. Now, at last, he was rich enough to take a real holiday: he did not expect pleasure, but he knew he wanted rest.

At Interlaken he had made friends with Stafford Keene, an Englishman travelling alone, an old *habitué* of Switzerland, knowing the out-of-the-way places, and the nooks where still the tourist is rare.

By his advice, Ruthven went to Nérithal, which was then an ideal spot, quite unprofaned by the vulgar; for in that year, the threatened railway had not begun to undermine the magnificent Gondon Pass.

It was an evening at the end of July. The long day was drawing to an exquisite close. *Table d'hôte* was just over, and the visitors at the hotel were, as usual, out in the road awaiting their daily excitement of the arrival of the diligence from the Italian side. Nérithal stands superbly, grouped upon a rising ground at the head of the valley, 5,000ft. above sea level, nested in pine woods, and frowned down upon by three majestic snow peaks. Looking down the road, the heights of the Bernese Oberland, in mystic distance, glimmer like a dream of the Delectable Mountains; and to-night the arch of sky above them, in the tender, lingering twilight, was rose-colour and amber and purple, like the rainbow round about the Throne.

Ruthven strolled down the road, lost in the beauty of this vision. He was so absorbed, that he missed the flutter of excitement that the dashing down of the diligence brought with it: and started when, at a considerable distance down the road, the lights flashed past him, in the ever-deepening gloom, and disappeared again presently, far under his feet, to reappear on the road below.

Behind the diligence came an empty carriage, which had doubtless deposited its passengers at Nérithal, and was going on to Stockalper.

As he sauntered back, Keene met him.

"New arrivals," he said, in a voice which sounded particularly festive.

"Ah!" responded Ruthven, laconically.

"Yes, awfully nice people," went on Keene, waving his cigar in the air in a manner which showed him to be a trifle uplifted. "The Vanstons—he's American—and Mrs. Vanston's sister."

"Indeed!"

"Mrs. Vanston's sister," went on Keene, "is the prettiest woman I ever saw in my life."

"Then avoid her, my good sir, as if she were the plague," said Ruthven, grimly.

"Oh, come, you're not that sort, are you?" asked Keene, lightly. "I have never looked upon you as a blighted being, Ruthven."

"A blighted being?" said the young man, slowly. "But I think that is pretty much the size of it. Yes, on the whole, I think I am a blighted being. If I am, most certainly a woman did it."

"Curious. I thought you lived in a world with no women in it. I have been rather looking forward to the fact that Mrs. Vanston's sister would make you change your place of residence. It isn't only that she's pretty, you know——"

"Then you expected to meet her here?"

"My good sir, that's what I came here for. I knew the Vanstons were coming into Switzerland over the Gondon."

"Humph!"

"You won't say 'Humph!' when you've seen her."

Ruthven had not been smoking, but now he sat down on the low stones by the roadside and lit up. Keene leaned at his side, and gazed at the sunset and whistled softly; his heart just then was full of the poetry of life, though ordinarily he was a most prosaic mortal.

"Jove! She is pretty!" he presently said, under his breath. "But, then, so is Mrs. Vanston; but how any man could have married her when he had seen her sister—— You know—it's the indescribable something; I suppose Helen of Troy had it."

"Very probably."

"Well! I see it's no good to expect any sympathy from you to-night: to-morrow, when you have seen her!"

Ruthven leaned forward, staring at the ground; presently he began to speak: "I met a woman once," he said. "Woman! she was hardly more than a girl. She was lovely, refined, brave, tender. She had eyes one could lose one's soul in; a mouth—— Well! never mind that. She was a hypocrite and a traitor. When she had got what she wanted, she apologized—so nicely!—for making a fool of me. Oh, I know what you are going to say: that all women are not like that. I answer, if that woman was a traitor, then every woman that ever lived has in her the capacity for treachery. Mind you, this was the right kind of woman; I have met both kinds, and I know."

"It's a hopeless task," said Keene, gravely, "to expect a man not to profit by his own experience. Talk is of no use. To-morrow you shall see Mrs. Vanston's sister."

Next morning, however, when the little hotel colony met at breakfast, Ruthven had eaten, and was off. He had decided, on beholding the crystal clearness of the morning, to make the ascent of the Bortelhorn, an easy climb which Keene did not care to attempt again. It was afternoon when he returned. People were having tea on the terrace in front of the dépendance, where the shadows were beginning to temper the heat of the day.

"Where is Mr. Keene?" he asked, of two amiable spinsters who invited him to tea.

"Strolling in the woods with the new arrivals—are they friends of yours, Mr. Ruthven? American, are they not?"

"Mr. Vanston is American, I understand: but they are Keene's friends. I do not know them at all."

"Pretty girls, both Mrs. Vanston and her sister: all the young men in the hotel seem to be talking about them."

"I will stroll along in that direction, I think, and meet them. Miss what-ever-her-name-is must be something out of the common to make Keene so enthusiastic: he is not prone to enthusiasms."

A winding path through the woods led round the shoulder of the hill; there was, in fact, more than one path, thridding the fragrant dusk of the pines. In the heat, the stillness and the peace, John Ruthven felt the delicious lassitude which comes after bodily effort. Nobody was in sight or sound. He sat down on one of the rustic seats with his pipe; and, drowsing, dreamed a dream. In his dream, the woman whom he had met at the other side of the world stood beside him. She did not speak, but she gazed wistfully at him, with eyes that besought pardon.

"Will you never forgive me? I have suffered so," she said.

"I will never forgive you," he replied, doggedly; and then she laughed in scorn.

"Have I deceived you again?" she cried, in light mockery.

The laugh was horribly clear and real—it woke him from sleep. He stumbled to his feet with a tremor running through all his limbs, and confronted four people on the narrow path before him.

She was there in bodily presence, Claire Hurst, the woman who had befooled him; and at the same moment that he became conscious that it was she, a clear little flute-like voice cried:—

"Oh, Claire! Claire! Surely it is the Captain?"

"The Captain, unless I dream," said the sweetest voice in the world, with entire composure, and its owner stretched out a hand as in friendly recognition.

"THE CAPTAIN, UNLESS I DREAM."

The man held his breath. A thousand thoughts ran through his brain. Should he refuse that hand? No! Fortunately pride stepped in. To do that would be to make himself ridiculous before this audience: if he wanted to humble her, surely other means lay ready to his hand? He could expose her to Keene. After a just-perceptible hesitation, he took her hand—and dropped it instantly; but not too soon to perceive that she was shaking like a leaf.

Mrs. Vanston came up smiling, and lifting her pretty baby face. "You remember me, Captain, don't you?"

"Certainly I do, Mrs. Vanston."

"Aha!" jovially cried Mr. Vanston, a plump, little, merry-looking man, with a Yankee accent. "I've heard about you, Captain, and often heard Maidie and Claire say they would like to meet you again! Well! The good old world's not such a big place after all, is it?"

Ruthven looked as if he hardly felt it big enough to contain Miss Hurst and himself: but he committed himself to no expression of opinion on the subject. He found himself abstractedly walking along at Mrs. Vanston's side, in the narrow path, listening to her clear little piping treble, as she commented upon the strangeness of the meeting.

"I was married three months after our adventure in California," she said. "Freddie was travelling West to see the country, and he came to Pebblebrook, and——"

"And stayed there till I got what I wanted—hey, Maidie?" gleefully cried the beaming Freddie, who evidently was still much in love.

Ruthven noted the rare diamonds on Maidie's little fingers, and the *recherché* gown she wore, and concluded that Freddie was rich.

"Miss Hurst has not yet thrown herself away?" he said, drily.

"Claire? Oh, no! We say, Freddie and I, that she has grown so used to saying 'No,' that she will never get rid of the habit."

Claire and Keene were some paces behind, lingering to look at the setting sun through the interlacing boughs.

"Poor devil!" thought Ruthven. "I must lead him out of his fool's paradise."

No other word passed between Ruthven and the woman who had so strangely crossed his path. They separated silently at the hotel door, and the man went up to his room. Here Keene found him a little later, occupied in packing up his things.

"Halloa! What's up now?" he asked.

"I'm going away," replied Ruthven, shortly.

"On account of Miss Hurst?"

"Exactly."

"Explanation needed here. Accounts don't tally. Miss Hurst tells me you rendered her a great service: that she did you an injustice, and is delighted to have the chance to tell you so: you, on the contrary, shun her like the pestilence."

Ruthven stood up, very white.

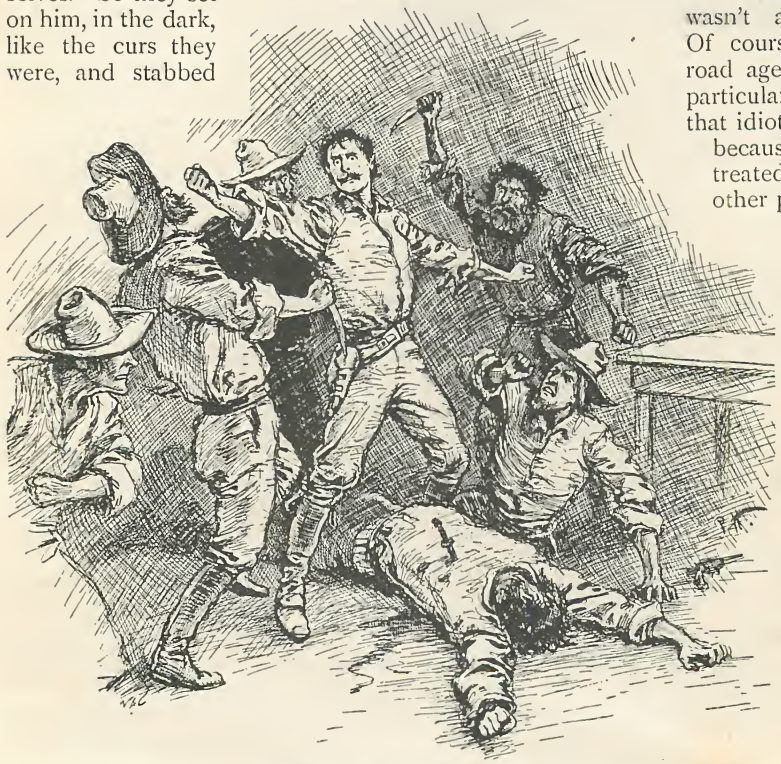
"Keene," he said, "you're in love. You won't believe a word I say: but I am in duty bound to tell you, before I go, what I know about Claire Hurst."

"By all means, let's hear the worst," said Keene, in a confident voice, in which, nevertheless, a strain of anxiety was audible. He sat down on the bed.

"Once," began Ruthven, entirely without preface, "when I was very down on my luck, I went to the mines at Copperville. They were an ornery set down there, as you may guess; and a parcel of them were little better than assassins. But there was one who was the worst—far the worst of the lot. He sinned even against what code of honour and morals that scum still retained among themselves. So they set on him, in the dark, like the curs they were, and stabbed him to death. That was too much for me; I should have dearly liked to punch the brute's head: but for a dozen men to murder one, was another matter. I went into the thick of it, and fought for that beast as if he had been my brother; and I was the one who was on hand when the sheriff's officers came. I was covered with dirt and blood, and they took it all for granted. The only friend I had within call, whose word was worth a rushlight, was Colonel Hurst, of Pebblebrook. They let me send an express for him; but he—didn't come. In justice to him, I ought to say that I heard—a long while afterwards—that he was away: a week later he did come—too late. They do things pretty sharp in those parts; and, after they had waited a day or two, Mike, one of the hands, came to me in the night.

"'Look here,' said he; 'they'll string you up, sure enough: they've been longing for years to make an example of this camp. I don't feel like owning up my own share in it, to save you; but I do feel like helping you to make off. There's friends of mine up in the hills—over in what they called Dungeon Gap—who'll be glad enough of your company, and you can lay low till things blow over.'

"I took his offer: there wasn't anything else to do. Of course, his friends were road agents, but I wasn't too particular about that. I had that idiotic sort of feeling that, because I had been badly treated, I was free to treat other people badly. I hated everyone, because men had not believed my word. When I had been there three months they made me captain. Well, one day we heard that two girls, nieces of Colonel Hurst, would be driving through Dungeon Gap on their way to visit him: and I determined to revenge myself on him for leaving me in the lurch when my life was at stake. So we took the two girls prisoner, for ransom."



"I WENT INTO THE THICK OF IT."

"And those two girls were Mrs. Vanston and her sister?" cried Keene, excitedly.

"Just so." There fell a long silence. Ruthven was chewing the end of his bleached-looking moustache, and staring at the floor. "She got round me," he said. "I had never loved a woman before. I gave her all my soul, and she knew I gave it. She let me kiss her mouth; put that in your pipe and smoke it, Keene! . . . . I helped them to escape, throwing up, by so doing, as she must have known, my only way to earn a living. I wandered away to a town where I was not known, hoping to evolve some scheme whereby I might see her face again. And there I heard, quite by chance, that the man who helped me to escape had been crushed by a falling rock, and, finding himself dying, had cleared my name. So I was free. I went straight to her—and heard, from her own lips, the confession of her own fraud. That's all."

Another silence fell upon the room; through it, the sound of the dinner-bell clanged through the hotel. After a moment, Keene asked, almost timidly: "Is that—really all, Ruthven?"

"All? Yes, there is nothing more. That was the end."

"Then you must excuse me if I say that I think you take too serious a view of it."

"Too serious?"

"Yes, I think Miss Hurst was justified up to the hilt in what she did. She was in an awful position: her little sister was entirely dependent upon her: their lives—nay, even more than their lives—were in the power of a set of ruffians. She used the only means she had."

"She is a traitor," said Ruthven, doggedly. "I had not deceived her. What I did was in the way of business; but she betrayed the soul she had awakened. Dante keeps his lowest hell for traitors. However, I have done my duty. I have warned you: if you do not think it matters——"

"No, I do not think it matters!" cried Keene, as one throwing off gladly an insidious apprehension. "You have relieved my mind of an immense load! She is a spirited girl, and I admire her pluck! What you have told me raises her a hundredfold in my estimation. So, now you have discharged your duty, we may consider the matter closed."

"Yes," said Ruthven, with a deep breath, "the matter is closed now."

The Vanston party were already dining when the two young men walked into the room, and took their seats at another of the long tables. Claire Hurst did not look at either of them; but she said, under her breath, to Maidie: "He has been telling Mr. Keene all about it."

"He would not be so mean," said Maidie.

"He would stop short at nothing, in his hatred of me," said Claire. "I felt it scorch me this evening in the wood. How he can hate!"

"If he is going to be disagreeable, I hope he will go away," remarked Maidie, peaceably. "He does look rather explosive."

"I was going to be so misguided as to ask him to forgive me," replied Claire; "but if he has told, I will tear out my tongue sooner."

"Are you going to bring your guitar into the woods and sing to us this evening, as you did at Arolla, Miss Hurst?" asked Stafford Keene, after dinner.

"And as you did at Dungeon Gap," said a mocking voice at his elbow. "It would be quite a reminder of old times, would it not, Mrs. Vanston?"

"Oh, Captain—I must call you that," cried Maidie, "Mr. Keene says you are going away!"

"I did think of going, but my guide says I must not go yet. He has been so unfortunate as to get me up two mountains without breaking my neck, and he wants me to give him one more chance—he guarantees to do it all right the third time. It seems a pity to balk such a laudable ambition," said Ruthven, politely.

Maidie laughed gaily. Claire had turned away, and moved towards the house, and Keene bounded after her to carry the guitar-case.

The first stars were beginning to show in the stainless heavens. The mountains, and the warm, still night, made the scene strangely reminiscent of California.

As Keene took the guitar-case from Claire's hand, he said, in a low voice:—

"Ruthven has been telling me the manner of your first meeting—and of your parting."

She stopped short upon the steps of the hotel, and looked the young man in the eyes. "I was to blame, was I not?"

"Not in the least."

She looked regretfully at him a moment, in silence. "I wish you had not said that," she said, in a vexed way.

"You wish I had not said it?"

"Yes; it gives me a low opinion of your judgment," said she, with a half-petulant laugh. "Even Mr. Ruthven sees more truly than that."

Keene followed her, mystified. Like a white-robed spirit of the twilight, she flitted before him down the woodland path, following the load-star of Maidie's pale-blue gown. They all stopped at a point where a rustic seat had been placed, and the two girls sat down. The three men leaned against the adjacent firs, and the cigars of two of them made the night air fragrant.

Claire played. She would only play sprightly airs, and sing little, heartless, graceful French songs, which did not appeal to her hearers. Her mien had never been more blythe, her notes more clear. When she had done, tired at last, and the last notes had died away down the ravine, and melted into the rushing of the falls, Ruthven broke silence.

"You have not improved since I last heard you, Miss Hurst."

"I am surprised that you should say that," she answered, lightly.

"You sang better at Dungeon Gap," he slowly repeated; "but, then, you see, more depended upon it."

"Just so," she answered, gravely.

"Won't you give us something more—pathetic?" asked Keene. "I am in a sentimental mood to-night."

She let fall her arms with a weary gesture. "No more to-night," she cried, "especially since I have failed to please."

"You cannot fail to please; but I like to be moved as well," said Keene.

"Miss Hurst is equally good at both," said Ruthven, immediately.

As he spoke, some of the other guests came down the path, attracted by the sounds of music. They were clamorous for another song, but Claire was obstinate, and would not oblige. One lively young lady, to whom Keene had been rather attentive two days ago, took possession of him; and, the Vanstons, moving on with some others down the path, the girl found herself, before she knew it, left face to face with Ruthven.

Slowly and proudly she rose, and turned back, as though to go to the house. He came towards her, square and determined, his grey eyes looking hard in the starlight. Abruptly he said:—

"I have told Keene how you treated me."

"Then we are quits," she replied, calmly, stopping suddenly and facing him. "Do you think I fear you? We are not in California now."

"What makes you say we are quits?"

"If you think, as I suppose you do think, that I care for Mr. Keene's good opinion, you have done me as great an injury by telling him, as I did you by employing stratagem to save Maidie and me."

"Nothing of the kind: he does not care a pin."

"That does not alter your conduct: you

"THEN WE ARE QUITS."

told him with the desire to injure me in his eyes. You have relieved me of a weight. I thought you were greater than I. In fact, ever since you went away, that day on the piazza, I have been so weak as to wish earnestly to ask your pardon. Now you have come down to my level, and restored my self-respect."

"Keene was my friend, and I wished to save him unhappiness. It was my duty to think of him before you."

"Maidie was my sister, and I wished to save her life; it was my duty to think of her before you," she retorted.

"There is a difference. You acted a lie, to save your sister; I told the truth, to save my friend. But all happens as it always does; the lie—succeeded: the truth—is a failure."

The tears rushed to her eyes. "Oh, you are cruel," she cried, in a voice which had a wail in it.

"The tortured are often cruel," he said, "when it comes to be their turn."

She dashed the tears away. "You shall not make me suffer," she breathed, defiantly; "and, when you say that you told Mr. Keene the truth about me, because he is your friend, you are saying what is false. You told him, because you wished to be revenged on me for the trick I played you. However, you have failed, as you say."

They faced each other breathlessly in the moonlight. His eye hungrily perused each lineament of the face which had haunted his dreams for three years. It was slightly altered: the contours were less round, the mouth softer, the expression less *insouciante*, more intense. What a face! And she, too: had not those grey eyes, with their look of dumb suffering, under those curious, heavy, fair brows, been in her memory ever since they parted on the piazza at Pebblebrook? The poignancy of what she felt seemed to enfold her like a flame: she stared at him like one fascinated.

"You have no longer the wish to ask my pardon?" he said at last, with a sneer that brought the blood to her cheek like a whip.

"None; you are not magnanimous. One only humbles oneself before someone who would understand—a gentleman, for example."

"I do not believe you have any shame in you," he slowly said.

"None. I *had*—but you have dissipated it. I would have saved you pain in every way I could, because I treated you most unfairly. But now, I only wish it were in my power to make you suffer; and I glory in knowing that I am safe from you. Nothing that you could possibly do could give me pain."

"Take care!" he cried. "If you taunt me, there is no knowing what I might do."

"Whatever you do, or do not do, will be just the same," she steadily replied; "you cannot possibly injure me in the eyes of—the man I love; and I care for nothing else."

Her eyes were full upon him, as with deliberate emphasis she hurled this ultimate stroke at him. And it seemed as if the fire in them literally struck sparks from his.

"You do not know my influence over Keene," he flashed.

"Over Mr. Keene? What bearing has that on the subject? I said, 'the—man—I—love.'"

He stood for some moments, tense, quivering with passion, almost beside himself with stress of feeling.

"I will make it the business of my life to find him," he threatened, "and he shall know what I know about you."

"Ah, save yourself the trouble," she returned, sweetly, "for he knows it already."

A spell of glorious weather had no doubt set in, with a steady barometer, and every prospect of lasting; and, when the Vanstons had been three days at Nérithal, Freddie and Stafford Keene determined to make the ascent of the Gabelberg. Ruthven was away: he had started to walk alone over the Gondon, had slept one night in Italy, and would be returning next evening; but the weather was so exceptionally favourable that the guides advised the others not to wait for him.

They started, therefore, in the afternoon, hoping to reach the lower Hut, sleep there, and make the whole ascent the following day.

They had been gone about two hours when Ruthven returned. He got back in time for *table d'hôte*, and Maidie Vanston plaintively demanded his protection after dinner, as their gentlemen had left them all alone.

They went out and sat down on one of the seats outside the salon. The hotel was very full, and some of the visitors were dancing inside. Ruthven asked Maidie to dance with him, and she accepted. "It seems so funny and nice to be dancing with you, Captain," she said, happily. "I think it was so delightful our chancing to meet you: do you know, just at first, I was rather frightened that you wouldn't speak to us?"

"What could have made you *suppose* that?"

"Oh—you know—I was there, on the piazza—the day you came to see Claire."

"Oh—ah, yes. And you thought I should bear malice?"

"Well, I thought perhaps you might."

"And you see no signs of it?"

She laughed out merrily. "Why, no!"—she had caught some of Freddie's Americanisms—"Claire says you and she are quite good friends."

"Ah! Just what I should have expected her to say."

"What do you mean?"

"Your sister is very clever, Mrs. Vanston."

"Yes, isn't she? And so brave, too. Do you know, I had diphtheria last winter, in Dresden, and she nursed me through it."

"I hope this man she is going to marry is worthy of her."

"What man? She isn't going to marry, that I know of," said Maidie, in a mystified way.

"Indeed? I was misinformed, then. I heard she was very much in love with some fellow, and that was why she was refusing all offers."

"Oh, well, if she is, that is her own affair," replied Maidie, calmly. "I never interfere with her."

"I hope you will ask me to the wedding, Mrs. Vanston."

"Oh, I think you are sure to be there, if it ever comes off."

"If? It is uncertain then?"

"Very, I should think. Claire might change her mind, you know; but I have never known her keep to the same one so long before: in fact, it would be truer," went on Maidie, thoughtfully, "to say I never knew her to care for anybody at all before. It has always been somebody else who cared for her."

"Oh, well, as I said before, it is to be hoped the gentleman is deserving of all this."

"If you ask my candid opinion of him," said Maidie, with a little trill of laughter, "I think he is rather a fool."

Claire had disappeared when they returned to the bench where they had left her, nor did she again appear that night.

> The climbing moon went up the sky,
> And nowhere did abide.

First she silvered the outer edges of the mountains, and then, by degrees, poured her light in floods into the mysterious recesses of the valley; by-and-by she sent a shaft of radiance in through a window to the bed whereon Claire lay tossing to and fro in sleepless unrest.

She sat up in bed, and locked her hot hands round her knees.

"Oh," she whispered, "it is too much pain; I cannot bear it any more. I must tell Maidie we must go away to-morrow. After three years full of the pain of longing, just as I was beginning to settle down in some sort of content, to think it might be possible to forget him—to see him again, to find that he has not forgotten, that he is red-hot against me, a merciless enemy! Oh! It is unmanly, shameful, to be so implacable." She slipped out of bed, and crept to the window. "His eyes seem to be in the dark, all about me," she murmured. "I feel as if his thoughts never left me; as if, even if we went to another place, the knowledge of his hate would pursue me. Oh! Captain! Captain!"

"SHE PULLED ASIDE THE CURTAIN, AND LOOKED OUT."

She pulled aside the curtain, and looked out into the radiance of the night. The hotel at Nérithal is built upon both sides of the road, and a covered gallery across the road connects the two halves with each other. As Claire stood at her window, she could see the window of the room where Ruthven slept, in the opposite house. It was a corner room, with a very small iron-railed balcony, made of one heavy slab of stone, outside the window. The girl leaned her forehead listlessly against the glass, gazing out at the intense clearness with which everything was outlined by the moonlight: and, as she gazed, there drifted between her eyes and the wall of the hotel facing her a dimness, as of vapour. With an instantly arrested attention, she watched it: and in a moment another puff, thicker this time, floated into the air: it came from the window underneath Ruthven's—one of the windows of the *salle-à-manger*, and almost instantaneously she became convinced that it was smoke. One more glance was enough; a forked, long tongue of gleaming red darted across the window, and licked up the lace curtains. The hotel was on fire!

For one instant she remained, fixed and rigid; in the next her nerve had returned to her. Thrusting her feet into slippers, she took from the wall a long cloth coat, or ulster, which she wore on misty days in the mountains, and buttoned herself securely into it; the next moment, she was down the passage, and beating at Maidie's door.

"Maidie! Maidie! Wake up and let me in!"

Maidie's sleepy, flower-like face speedily appeared.

"Maidie, for Heaven's sake, don't scream, but I believe the hotel is on fire—the other side, across the road, you know."

"Oh, Claire, what shall we do? Freddie is away," cried Maidie, desperately, rushing to the window, and tearing back the curtain. There was now no doubt about it: the flames were leaping from the window, and playing round the wooden gallery of communication.

"Maidie, there is not a moment to be lost—he's in that room, just above the window where the flames are," gasped Claire. "What you have to do is to make a noise—scream as much as you like—cry 'Fire!'—rouse the hotel. Give me that thick shawl to wrap round my head—there! I am going across to save him, before it is too late."

She was gone before Maidie could make an effort to detain her, even before the full significance of what her sister was about to do had flashed upon Mrs. Vanston's consciousness.

Save him she must—she would. All her pluck, her resolution, was gathered together. She ran down the long passage, and gained the wooden gallery. The further end of it was dark with smoke already. She heard the floor creak under her as she ran. The smoke was dense when she gained the other side, but she found the door she sought—the first door on the left. With both hands she pounded and shook it.

"Mr. Ruthven! Mr. Ruthven! Wake up! The hotel is on fire! Fire! Fire!" she screamed as loud as she could.

She heard many sounds, breaking the stillness of the night—the opening of doors, the sharp echo of startled voices, the cries of frightened women; but there was no sound from within the Captain's room.

"Captain, Captain!" she shrieked, "it is I, Claire; answer, if you are alive!"

Only silence.

The flames now had possession of the wooden gallery along which she had come, and were roaring at her left. She did not hesitate. Feeling absolutely certain that he was stupefied by the smoke, she deliberately opened the door, and went in. There was a good deal of smoke in the room, and a terrible smell of burning wood; the intense heat warned her that the floor was burning, and might burst into flame at any minute. But her eyes sought only the bed in the corner by the window. It was vacant. She rushed to the window, gasping in the ever-thickening smoke, and saw, with wild relief, that the bed had not been used—it was quite smooth and neat, and Ruthven was not in the room at all; he must be somewhere out of doors. The revulsion of feeling, after her moments of tension, was almost too sudden. For a minute everything was blurred before her eyes, and the smoke-wreaths swam up and down; the next she was realizing, with a new terror, that, having got into the room, it was not possible for her to get out again. She had left the door open, and so supplied the draught needed to kindle the smouldering wood. Dense volumes of black smoke were rolling up from the floor, and across the open doorway she could see red-leaping flames. There was only one chance—the little iron balcony. She stepped outside, and shut the window behind her.

It was a different scene from the moonlit quiet of ten minutes ago. The road seemed to be full of people, in all kinds of undress, and wild with terror. Everyone was crying out

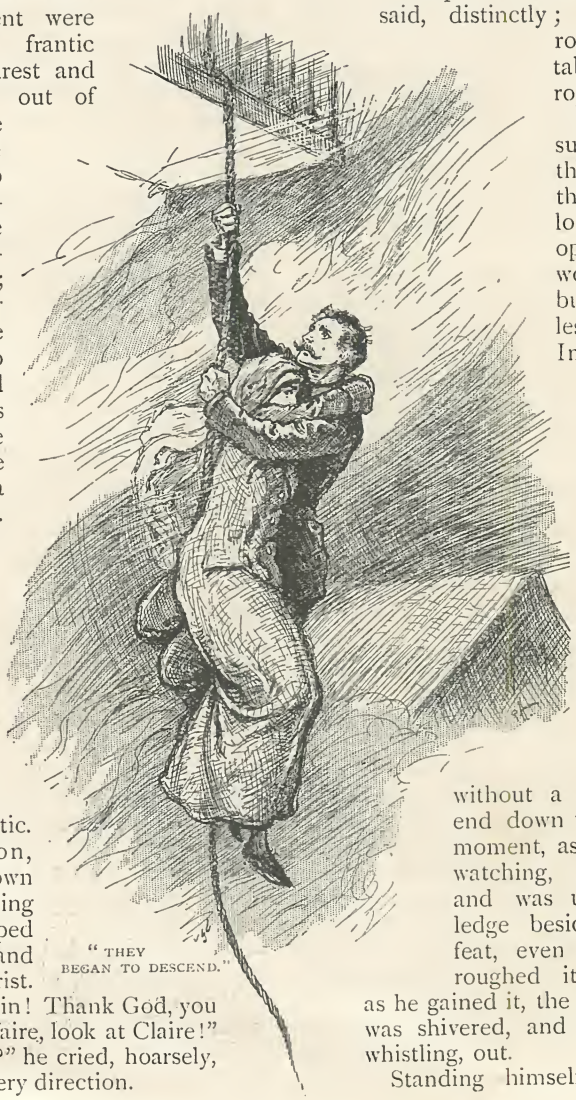
to know if everyone else was out of the burning building: and, when Claire appeared on the balcony, there was a chorus of screams.

"The stable where the ladders are is on fire," she heard someone say: and with, for the first time, a serious thought of her own peril, she glanced downwards, measuring the distance between her window and the ground, and then backward, into the burning room she had quitted. The fierce heat, even outside, where she stood, showed how great a hold the fire had obtained. Beginning in the empty *salle-à-manger*, and as it happened, underneath an untenanted room, it had remained undiscovered until the smouldering stage was passed, and it was ready to burst into flame at all points. Most of the men present were fathers of families, frantic until their own nearest and dearest were safely out of danger. Keene, the man who would have rushed instantly to Miss Hurst's assistance, was away. The kindly old hotel-keeper was infirm; his brave daughter was round at the stables, helping to get out the terrified horses, whose cries were making the night hideous. There was no hope of a rescue immediately. Claire swiftly made up her mind to wait until the flames reached her, and then jump.

It was upon this scene that a man who had run wildly down the road for a couple of miles now dashed, breathless and frantic. Maidie Vanston, rushing up and down in the most becoming of *déshabille*, swooped down upon him, and seized him by the wrist.

"Captain! Captain! Thank God, you have come! Save Claire, look at Claire!"

"Where? Where?" he cried, hoarsely, looking wildly in every direction.



"THEY BEGAN TO DESCEND."

"Outside your room, on the balcony there. Oh, Captain, they say they cannot get the ladders!"

"In my room!" echoed Ruthven, as if stupefied, as his eyes fell on the erect figure, outlined black against the glare of flames in the room behind her. "Great heavens, how did she get there?"

"To save you, of course," screamed Maidie. "It was she who first saw the fire, and she ran straight there——"

He was no longer listening to her—he was under the window where, on the frail balcony, stood the patient figure. Now hope crept into Claire's heart, as she looked down upon his upraised face.

"Open the window behind you," he said, distinctly; "just inside the room, under a small table, is my coil of rope. Quick!"

His eye had measured the progress of the flames; he saw there was no time to lose; he knew that the opening of the window would create a draught, but it was, nevertheless, the only hope. In a minute the girl had secured the coil of mountaineering rope, and emerged with it in her hand; as she came out, the flames seemed to rush after her and roar, but she managed to shut the window.

"Fasten it," he said, distinctly; "you can tie a reef knot, can't you?"

She obeyed, without a word, and let the end down to him. In a single moment, as it seemed to those watching, he had seized it, and was up on the narrow ledge beside her; no mean feat, even for one who had roughed it for years. And, as he gained it, the glass of the window was shivered, and the flames rushed, whistling, out.

Standing himself outside the iron

rails, his feet between them, he lifted her in both arms. "Put your arms round my neck," he jerked out, under his breath, "and hang on—cling to me with all your might, I must have both hands free. Now, are you ready?"

"Yes, yes," she sobbed. "Oh, be quick, my feet are so scorched. Oh! the flames; my head!"

He snatched the shawl she still held, and wrapped it right round her head, then, with infinite caution, began to descend. He had not time so much as to wrap a handkerchief round his bare hands: and, when he had let himself down from the railing, and their combined weight hung upon the rope, the pain was excruciating: but the convulsive grip of those clinging arms brought a fierce joy that held agony at bay.

It was not a great distance to the ground, but it was far enough: for, just as his feet touched earth, and he heard the ringing cheer of the bystanders, her grasp relaxed, and she sank together in his arms, a dead weight.

With a strange gentleness he pulled off the stifling shawl, and gazed at the small white face, soiled with smoke, and drawn with pain.

"Is she hurt, oh, is she hurt?" cried Maidie, rushing towards him.

"The shoes are burnt off her feet, and her hair is singed," he said, in an odd, quavering voice that was hardly recognisable. "Where shall I carry her? You must ascertain the injuries to her feet at once."

"And the injury to your hands," said a bystander, impulsively. "Heavens, man, you have cut them to the bone."

"Nothing of the sort," he returned, in ungrateful anger, muffling his hands in his handkerchief.

As he spoke, there was a dull crash. It was the fall of the stone shelf on which Claire had stood three minutes ago.

The side of the hotel in which the Vanstons had their rooms was quite untouched by the fire, and, piloted by Maidie, he carried Claire up to her room, and laid her on the bed. The ladies'-maid, a capable woman, was immediately in attendance, and there was no excuse for Ruthven to linger. He laid her down out of his arms, with a slow, yearning tenderness that seemed as if it could not release her. Then he turned, and looked at Maidie, and his usually hard grey eyes were luminous with tears.

"She went over there—to rouse me?" he slowly said.

Maidie nodded, politely showing him the door.

"How do you know?" he wistfully asked, interposing his powerful frame in the doorway.

"She told me so, and I should have stopped her if I could: but it was too late. She saw the gallery was catching fire, and she ran . . . . but I suppose you were not there?"

"No, I was out, up the pass. I could not sleep."

She held out her hand. "You came back just in time," she said, gratefully, as she politely but firmly shut the door in his face.

"Yes, she says she will see you this morning: she wants to thank you. But you must go up to the little salon, for she cannot stand yet."

John Ruthven followed Maidie up the stairs, with his heart thumping wildly, and his great limbs actually shaking. It was a week since the fire, and Claire had suffered severely from shock. After galloping madly

"SHE WANTS TO THANK YOU."

to Stockalper for the doctor, there had been nothing more for Ruthven to do. Freddie Vanston and Keene had returned, in the course of the next day, and there was no longer the least need for his, Ruthven's, services. Keene had been unable to bear the enforced inaction, and had gone to Belalp for a few days, until Miss Hurst should have recovered. He represented forcibly to Ruthven that it would be decidedly more graceful in him to retire too; more especially as his bedroom had been completely burnt out. But no human persuasion would have availed to draw Ruthven from the spot: and only the clever little mistress of the hotel knew the secret of his domicile for the next few nights. The fire had been prevented from spreading, and by dint of turning the large salon in the dépendance into a dining-room, the guests suffered the minimum of discomfort.

And now she had said she wished to see him; and, in the quiet and the remorse of the last few days, he had made up his mind what to say to her.

The little salon was flooded with sunlight, and Claire lay on a sofa not far from the window, dressed in white, her bandaged feet hidden under a pale blue shawl. Ruthven had never seen her on a sofa, or in any sense an invalid before. She had seemed an impersonation of radiant health and independence. Now he felt himself a great clumsy brute before her.

They shook hands calmly enough, with Maidie's eye upon them; but Claire's look fixed itself upon the strappings of plaster visible upon his hands. His eyes followed her wistful gaze; and he coloured, and faltered in his unready commonplaces. In a minute or two, Freddie came calling for Maidie at the door, and she went out to him, leaving these two alone.

Then Ruthven began to speak, at once, and blindly, in case his resolution should evaporate.

He sat with his hands clasped, and hanging between his knees, his eyes fixed on the floor.

"May I say something?" he asked nervously.

"Certainly," said she, as if a little surprised.

"Well, this is about what it comes to: you tried to save my life that night at the risk of your own; you . . . hurt yourself in so doing. I want to tell you that I am not such a hound as not to know how generous that was, after the way I've treated you. In these days that you have been ill, I have been thinking: and I don't feel very proud of the way I have behaved to you, all through. I don't expect you can ever forgive me, but I am going to atone, as far as I can. I will go away, and never trouble you again: and if you like, I will tell Keene I am a liar; and . . . . and . . . . of course, I shall not carry out that low threat of mine, to find this man you . . . . care about, and tell him. I shall just take myself off, out of your way: but I felt as if I could not go without telling you that . . . . . that . . . . ." There was a long pause.

Claire lay motionless and attentive, but no more was forthcoming; and, after some long seconds of silence, Ruthven jumped up, and went to the window, standing with his back to her, and his hands in his pockets.

"Do you mean that you have . . . forgiven me?" she said, at last.

He laughed. "Have you forgiven me is perhaps more the question."

"Why, if you forgive me because I tried to save you from being burnt alive, I must needs forgive you, who did actually save me from the same fate. I was glad, at the last minute, to be saved. I thought I wanted to die; but being burned is too dreadful, and I turned coward."

He moved round from the window.

"You wanted to die?" he repeated; "you, who love a man that believes in you?"

"I never said I loved a man that believed in me," she cried, quickly.

"You said nothing could injure you in the eyes of the man you love."

"You forgot to ask why: it is because nothing could make him think worse of me than he does already."

"You mean to tell me the man you love thinks badly of you?"

She spread out her hands. "Naturally; he knows of me what you do."

"Ah!" he cried, with a sudden self-abandonment, as if the cry must find utterance; "but, then, you do not love me!"

She was silent some while; at last, "Do you mean that if you knew I loved you, you would believe in me?" she asked at last, very low.

He came nearer, fixing his eyes on her.

"If I knew you loved me—if I knew you loved me," he said, almost in a whisper. "There was the time when I thought you did, and when it seemed as if the heat of that love shrivelled up difficulties, and swept away obstacles. I had the strength and courage of ten men; for your blessed sake I would be pure, and honourable, and strong and great.

Everything in me that was good broke into life at your touch. And then I found that I was not your lover, but your tool merely." His tones had risen ; he checked himself : in the full tide of passion he stopped short. "Forgive me," he said, in a trembling voice, "I forgot you are ill. I am a brute—shall I go?"

He was standing close to her, and she reached out, and softly grasped one of his injured hands. "Not till I have told you something," she gasped. "There is something that he—that man I love—does not know. I want to tell you what it is. He thinks that I am—that kind of girl, that I had had practice in that sort of thing. He does not know that that was the only time : that you are the only man who has ever——" she hid her face in her hands. "I wanted to tell you that," she faltered.

you were—not a good man. I was ashamed to think that you had attracted me. I still thought that, when you came to Pebblebrook. I could not trust myself. It was not until after you were gone that I realized : that I understood the thing I had done. I have always known that I owed it to you to tell you this. Now, you have heard. Will it—will it make you think more kindly of me?"

"You tell me this," said the bewildered man, "and you say the man you love does not know it?"

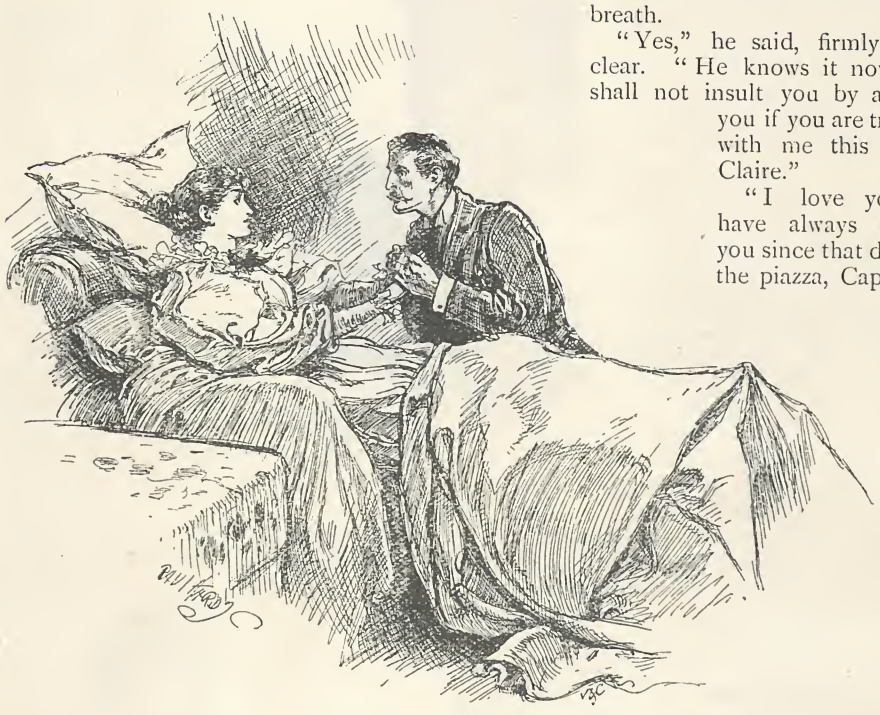
"Oh, yes, he does—he does!" she cried, snatching her hand from his to hide her face again. "He did not know it, before : but he must know it now, he must know it now!"

He reached out, and drew away her hands from before her face. Their eyes met : and, in utter silence, some moments went by.

Then the man drew a long breath.

"Yes," he said, firmly and clear. "He knows it now. I shall not insult you by asking you if you are trifling with me this time, Claire."

"I love you—I have always loved you since that day on the piazza, Captain."



"HE DREW AWAY HER HANDS."

In the pause that followed, he knelt down beside her couch : he would have spoken, but she silenced him with a gesture.

"I want you to know why I did it," she went on, not daring to meet his eyes. "I mean, what put it into my head to conquer you. It was because, the very first moment we met, I felt you were stronger than I. I had never felt that about any man before. I would not own it to myself, because then I thought

He leaned towards her, stretching out his arms ; there rested on his face a strange radiance, as if a vision of great peace had broken on his sight.

"And no man but me has ever kissed you?" he asked, with quivering breath.

"No one. I always felt that you were somewhere in the world : and there was always just the chance—the least chance—that you might want to kiss me again."

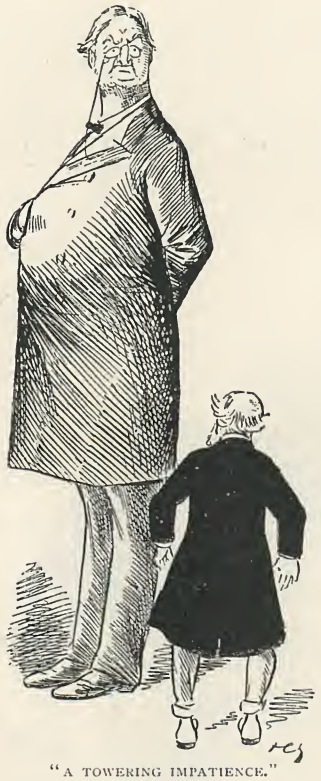
From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XL.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

POSSIBLE PREMIERS.

IN the leisure of country-house life, and the confidence of the smoking-room, I have enjoyed opportunity of learning the views of a high authority on the delicate question of proximate Premiers on either side. If I were permitted to name the oracle, his expressed views would gain alike in personal interest and in weight. That privilege is withheld; but I am at liberty to record the dicta, which, though not professing to be a verbatim report of intermittent conversation carried over some period, may be accepted as an accurate record, since it has been seen in proof by the statesman to whom I am indebted for permission to publish the review of the situation as it stands at the opening of a new Session.



"A TOWERING IMPATIENCE."

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

"Harcourt will never be Premier," said my friend, "and, though not personally enamoured of his company, I profoundly regret it. It is an unexpected, undeserved termination of a hard-working, brilliant, and, I believe, purely patriotic career. Harcourt has made great sacrifices of ease, time, and money for the public service. As you know, when he decided upon a political career he deliberately sacrificed a large and increasing income at the Parliamentary Bar. What he has since received in the way of Ministerial salary is probably not equal to sixpence in the pound on what he would have netted had he stuck to his work in the Committee-rooms upstairs. As far as Ministerial life is concerned, ill-luck pursued him from the beginning. Scarcely had he, running in double harness with Henry James, worried Gladstone into making him, conjointly with his comrade, a Law Officer of the Crown, than the Liberals were swept out of Downing Street, and remained in the wilderness for six years.

"When in 1893 Mr. G.'s hint at desire to resign the Premiership was somewhat hurriedly snapped at by his stricken colleagues in the Cabinet, Harcourt had good reason to expect that the reversal of the office would fall to him. Perhaps it would, had not his temper been rather Plantagenet than Archiepiscopal. He has a towering impatience of anything approaching—I don't say stupidity, but — mental slowness. At heart he is one of the kindest men in the world. But he has a way of sitting upon people, and, his weight being elephantine, the experience of the sufferer is neither forgettable nor forgivable. The story goes that in January, 1893, his colleagues in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet with one accord began to make excuse from serving under him as

"ONE OF THE KINDEST OF MEN."

Premier. I don't know whether that's true. But I can testify that, very early in the run of the Rosebery Cabinet, there were persistent rumours of Harcourt's approaching resignation. I took the liberty of asking one of the least excitable of his colleagues whether there was any foundation for the report. 'I don't know what Harcourt is going to do,' he said, 'but I'll tell you what. As things are going now, if he doesn't resign soon, *we* shall.'

"A WAY OF SITTING UPON PEOPLE."

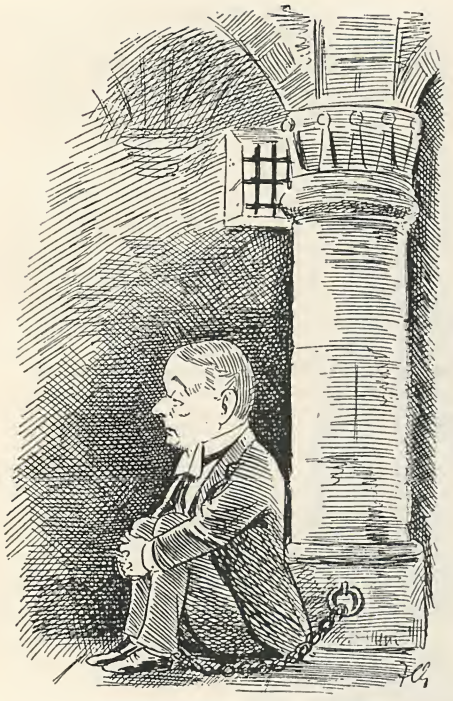
"There was evidently a tiff on at the time, which blew over, and they all lived happily after up to the unexpected and, in ordinary circumstances, inadequate cordite explosion.

"Mr. G.'s resignation naturally opened up a prospect of Harcourt's advancement to the vacant post. By common consent he had earned the preferment. There was no one on the Treasury Bench of the House of Commons who might reasonably compete with him. That he should have been passed over in favour of a colleague of less than half his term of service, one who more than a dozen years earlier had actually served as his junior at the Home Office, was sufficient to disturb a temperament more equable than that of the Lord of Malwood. The latecomers to the toil of the vineyard, paid on equal terms with those who had laboured from break of day, were in quite ordinary case compared with Lord Rosebery exalted to the Premiership over the head of Sir William Harcourt. But things were so ordained, and if, whilst acquiescing in the arrangement, Harcourt did not enthusiastically contribute to its success, it must be remembered that, after all, he too is human.

"The bitterness of the case is intensified by consciousness of irrevocable disappointment. It was then or never. It was not then. If he were ten years younger the prospects would be different. The success of leaving him to play second fiddle was not so conducive to harmony as to recommend renewal of the experiment. The present Government will unquestionably live into the next century. In the year 1900 Harcourt will be seventy-three. That, of course, is not an impossible age for a Premier. When in August, 1892, Mr. Gladstone for the fourth time became Prime Minister, he was nearly ten years older. Palmerston did not reach the Premiership till he was in his seventy-first year, and returned to the office when he was seventy-five. Earl Russell was for a few months First Lord of the Treasury at seventy-three. These were exceptional cases, and at best do not supply precedent for a statesman in his seventy-third year for the first time succeeding to the Premiership. What has not been found convenable in past history will not grow more likely of acceptance in the more strenuous political times of the twentieth century. What Mr. G. is accustomed to call the incurable disease of old age will bar Sir William Harcourt's enjoyment of a justly-earned prize.

LORD ROSEBERY.

"Lord Rosebery is still in the running, but is handicapped by a disqualification that, when the time of trial comes, will probably prove as fatal as that which, with quite different bearing, hampers his esteemed friend and former colleague. During his brief tenure of No. 10, Downing Street, Rosebery left nothing to be desired from a Prime Minister—nothing save peace and harmony in the Cabinet. In the concurrent office of Leader of the House of Lords he was without a rival, a foeman worthy of the sword of the veteran Leader of the Opposition. Regarded as a public speaker, he was as effective on the platform as in his place in Parliament. In brief, he has but one disqualification for the high position to which he was called. He is a peer. Even with the Conservatives, of whose party the House



"A PRISONER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS."

of Lords is a rampart, the inconvenience of having the Premier outside the House of Commons is acutely felt. With Liberals such an arrangement is a contradiction of first principles.

"That the disqualification should have been overlooked in the case of Lord Rosebery is the supremest recognition of his high capacity and his peculiar fitness for the post. But it is not an experiment that can be tried again. The Liberals can come back to power only as the result of deep stirring of the popular mind such as Mr. G. accomplished on the eve of the General Election of 1880. The militant section of the Liberal electorate, the men who move the army, have distinctly made up their minds that they will not have a peer for Premier, even though his lordship be so sound and thorough-going a Liberal as is the Earl of Rosebery. The Liberal Party, closing up its ranks for a pitched battle, cannot afford to march on to the battle-ground with avoidable cause of dissension riving its ranks. If Lord Rosebery were plain Archibald Primrose he would as surely be Prime Minister in the next Liberal Government as it is certain that the whirligig of time will bring its revenges at the poll to the Liberal Party. But the Earl of Rosebery is impossible.

"Rosebery's personal testimony on this point is interesting and conclusive. It will be found in his monograph on Pitt, where, dwelling on the difficulty that surrounds the accident of the Prime Minister being seated in the House of Lords, he writes: 'It would be too much to maintain that all the members of a Cabinet should feel an implicit confidence in each other; humanity—least of all, political humanity—could not stand so severe a test. But between a Prime Minister in the House of Lords and the Leader of the House of Commons such a confidence is indispensable. Responsibility rests so largely with the one, and articulation so greatly with the other, that unity of sentiment is the one necessary link that makes a relation, in any case difficult, in any way possible. The voice of Jacob and the hands of Esau may effect a successful imposture, but can hardly constitute a durable administration.'

SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

"Apart from Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery, the Front Opposition Bench is not lacking in men who would make passable Premiers. Campbell-Bannerman for example, would be a model Leader of the House of Commons, and a safe Prime Minister. That he should not have come more rapidly and more prominently to the front is one of the unexpected turns of political life. The main reason is, I believe, that, uninfluenced by a well-known example in other quarters, he lets things slide. Stafford Northcote, harried by Randolph Churchill, once pathetically confessed that he was 'lacking in go.' Campbell-Bannerman is wanting in push. Someone has truly said that if he had been born to a patrimony not exceeding £300 a year, he would long ago have been Leader of the House of Commons. A naturally indolent disposition completes the swamping influence of excessive wealth.

SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

"Oddly enough, the only occasion since middle age when

he felt the blessed influence of personal ambition, and really strived to get himself a place, was when Peel retired from the Speaker's Chair. Strange as it may seem, Campbell-Bannerman really, almost fervidly, desired to be Speaker. One of the reasons confided to me was quaint. He has a horror of recessional speech-making. When he gets a holiday he likes to have it all the way through. The Speaker is not expected to conciliate his constituents by making speeches in the recess, and Campbell-Bannerman looked with large desire on an unruffled holiday from the date of the Prorogation to the opening of the new Session. He would have made a Speaker as good as the best of them. He has the judicial mind, the equable manner, the intellectual alertness, and the wide political and Parliamentary knowledge indispensable to success in the Chair. He is, moreover, master of that pawky humour grateful to the House of Commons, especially when it edges the sable mantle of the majesty of the Chair. His willingness to accept the office relieved the Government and the House from an awkward position. Whilst ready to fight anyone else, the Unionists would have accepted Campbell-Bannerman. It was Harcourt who upset the coach. He raised constitutional objections to a Minister stepping out of the Cabinet into the Speaker's Chair. I believe he even threatened resignation if Campbell-Bannerman insisted upon pressing claims to the Speakership. His colleagues in the Cabinet, appalled by such a prospect, desisted from urging the candidature, and Campbell-Bannerman, possibly not without grateful consciousness of having narrowly escaped a burdensome responsibility, acquiesced.

MR. ASQUITH.

SIR H. FOWLER.

"Sir Henry Fowler is another thoroughly safe man, perhaps a little too safe to aspire to satisfy the popular idea of a Prime Minister. He is more akin to the type of the present Lord Kimberley, and the late Lord Iddesleigh, than to that either of Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone. Yet few men of less than twenty years' standing in the House of Commons have made such steady advance in their political career as has the ex-Mayor of Wolverhampton. Whatever he has been appointed to do, he has done well. Sometimes, notably in his speech on Henry James's motion raising the question of the Indian Cotton Duties, he has revealed to the House unsuspected depths of statesmanship and debating power. His conduct of the Parish Councils Bill was a masterpiece of adroit Parliamentary management. As an all-round Minister, a dependable man, he has no superior on either Front Bench. I am not sure that that is the type in which successful Prime Ministers are cast. It might possibly be better for the country if such were the case. But I am dealing with matters as we find them.

ONE OF TWO.

"Assuming, of course, that they live and work, I think you will find a future—I do not say absolutely the next — Liberal Prime Minister in one of two of Sir William Harcourt's colleagues on the Front Opposition Bench. If you ask Asquith which of the two will come out first in the running, he will have no difficulty in deciding. He is not a man who wears his heart upon his sleeve, nor is he given to vain boasting. Yet eight years ago, whilst he could not be said as yet to have made his mark upon the House of Commons, I heard him, at a friend's dinner table, quietly announce that he intended some day to be Prime Minister. The third party to the conversation was Lord Randolph Churchill, who afterwards agreed with me that the aspiration, bold as it seemed at that time, was by no means improbable of fulfilment.

MR. ASQUITH.

"What Asquith lacks for the rapid achievement of his settled plan is more blood. Iron he has in plenty, and of excellent quality. He is failing in that sympathetic touch with the multitude which was one of the chief and abiding causes of Mr. G.'s supreme power. Asquith addressing a mass of humanity, whether in the House of Commons or from a public platform, can bring conviction to the mind. He cannot touch the passions. His hard, somewhat *gauche* manner is, I believe, due rather to shyness than to self-assertion. That is a hopeful diagnosis, for it implies the possibility of his sometime letting himself go, with results that will astonish his audience and himself. At present he is too

cold-blooded, too canny, to capture the populace.

"It was characteristic of him that, on losing his position as Cabinet Minister and Secretary of State for the Home Department, he should have gone back to the drudgery of the Bar, to plead before judges whose decisions in matters of life and death he but the day before was empowered to override. The decision was, in some aspects, creditable to him. To an able-bodied, high-spirited man nothing can be more distasteful than the lot of living upon a wife's dowry. Asquith would have done well if he had found any other means of satisfying his honourable instincts. In political life, when running for the highest prizes, the axiom that no man can serve two masters is pitilessly true. Even to attain ordinary success in the House of Commons a man must spend his days and nights in the Chamber. Apart from the conflict of interests and the imperativeness of diverse calls, there is one inexorable matter of fact that makes it impossible for a Leader at the Bar to concurrently fill the place of a Leader in the House of Commons. The House now meets at three o'clock. Public business commences half an hour later, and it frequently happens that the portion of the sitting allotted to questioning Ministers is the most important of the whole. A member absent through the question hour cannot possibly be in close touch with the business of the day. This is more imperatively true in times of storm and stress. It is obvious that, as the Courts of Law do not usually rise before five o'clock, a member of the House of Commons in close attendance on his private business at the Bar cannot be in his place at Westminster during the lively, often critical, episode of questions.

SIR EDWARD GREY.

"Knowledge of this detail will help to explain the conviction borne in upon old Parliamentary hands that, in returning to his work at the Bar, Asquith seriously handicapped himself in the race for the Premiership.

SIR EDWARD GREY.

"Asquith's only rival in sight among the younger men in the Liberal camp is the grand-nephew of the great Earl Grey. I have heard Mr. G. say Edward Grey is the only man he knew in the long course of his experience who might be anything he pleased in political life and seemed content to be hardly anything. The public know little of the young member for Berwick-on-Tweed. The present House of Commons knows little more, and was, perhaps, not deeply impressed by the rare opportunity of forming a judgment supplied towards the close of last Session.

"It is Gladstone and other Nestors of the Party whose profound belief in the young man fixes attention upon him. Here, even more hopelessly than in the case of Campbell-Bannerman, the potentialities of a possibly great career are influenced by total absence of pushfulness. Edward Grey does not want anything but to be left alone, supplied with good tackle, and favoured by fine weather for fishing. He would rather catch a twenty-pound salmon in the Tweed than hook a fat seal of office in the neighbourhood of Downing Street. But he is only thirty-five, just ten years younger than Asquith, and no one can say what chances and changes the new century may bring."

THE OTHER SIDE.

It will be perceived that, enjoying the irresponsibility of the pen that merely transcribes these *obiter dicta* for the Press, I have not attempted to blunt any of their frankness. My Mentor was equally unconventional in subsequent conversations in which he reviewed the chances of succession to the Premiership on the other side. That is a record that will keep till next month.

SIR ISAAC HOLDEN.

The House of Commons was distinctly poorer when on the eve of the General Election of 1895 Sir Isaac Holden resolved not to offer himself for re-election. During the recess the world became poorer by his

death. He was in various ways a type of the best class of Englishman. His father was a Cumberland man; he was born in Scotland; he lived and worked in Yorkshire. More than thirty years ago, having accumulated a vast fortune, he bent his thoughts on Westminster. He was elected for Knaresborough towards the close of the Session of 1865, and represented that borough till the General Election of 1868. At the dissolution he flew at higher game, fighting the Eastern Division of the West Riding. But even the high tide that carried Mr. Gladstone into power in 1868 could not establish a Liberal in that Tory stronghold.

Four years later Isaac Holden tried the Northern Division of the West Riding with similar ill-fortune. At the General Election of 1874 he attacked the Eastern Division again, and was again beaten. But he was not the kind of man to accept defeat, whether in dealing with wool-combing machinery or politics. In 1882 he made a dash at the North-West Riding and carried it. At the time of his retirement from Parliamentary life he was seated for the Keighley Division of the same Riding.

SIR ISAAC HOLDEN.

NO TALKER BUT A WALKER.

I do not remember hearing Sir Isaac speak during the thirteen years I knew him in the House of Commons. But he was an assiduous attendant upon his Parliamentary duties. Through the turbulent times which saw Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill carried through the House of Commons, there was none among the meagre majority of forty upon whom the Ministerialist whip counted with more certainty than the octogenarian member for Keighley Division. One night when the Bill was being forced through Committee by the automatic action of the closure, Sir Isaac took part in every one of ten divisions which the Unionists insisted upon walking through. So high did party feeling run at the moment, that Mr. Villiers came down to the House and voted in the first two rounds taken immediately after ten o'clock, when the closure came into operation. After that, he reasonably thought he had done enough to save his country, and went off home. But though Ninety judiciously retired, two members of more than Eighty stopped to the last, going round and round the lobbies for two hours on a sultry night. One was Mr. Gladstone, then approaching his eighty-fifth year. The other was Isaac Holden, two years the senior of the Premier.

Meeting Sir Isaac after one of the divisions, I asked him if he did not think he would be better in bed.

"Not at all," he said, with his bright smile. "You know, I always walk a couple of miles every night before I go to bed. I have stepped the division lobbies, and find that the length traversed is as nearly as possible 200 yards. You see, if they give us nine divisions, I shall have done a trifle over a mile, and will have so much less to walk on my way home."

As it turned out, ten divisions were taken at this particular sitting, those two young fellows, Mr. Gladstone and Isaac Holden, walking briskly through each one. When it was over, Sir Isaac went out to complete his two miles, taking Birdcage Walk on his way to his rooms in the Westminster Palace Hotel.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

Much has been said and written about his peculiar dieting. He certainly was most methodical. An orange, a baked apple, a biscuit made from bananas, and twenty grapes—neither more nor less—made up his breakfast. He dined lightly in the middle of the day, and supped in the bounteous fashion of his breakfast. No whim of this kind was ever more fully justified. Almost up to the last Sir Isaac walked with rapid step, his back as straight as a dart, his eyes retaining their freshness, his cheek its bloom. It was his pride that he had grapes growing all through the year in his vinery at Oakworth House, near Bradford. During his stay in London he had the fruit sent up every day. When, some years ago, I visited him at Oakworth, he was at the time of my arrival out walking on the moor. Coming in, having done his then accustomed seven miles' spin, he insisted upon straightway escorting his

guest all over the spacious winter garden. One of his panaceas for lengthening your days was to live in an equable temperature. Sixty degrees was, he concluded, the right thing, and as he walked about bareheaded he begged me to observe how equable the temperature was. It may have been, but it was decidedly chilly. As he wore no hat I could not keep mine on, and caught a cold that lingered till I left Yorkshire.

Another time, he and I, being neighbours in London, driving home from the house of a mutual friend where we had foregathered at dinner, he stopped the carriage at the top of St. James's Street and got out to walk the rest of the way home. It was raining in torrents, but that did not matter. He had not, up to this time, completed his regulation walk, and it must be done before he went to bed.

Thus day by day he wound himself up with patient regularity, living a pure and beautiful life, dying with all that should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends. If he suffered any disappointment in his closing hours, it would be because Death came to him at the comparatively early age of ninety-one. One day he told me in the most matter-of-fact manner that, given an ordinary good constitution at birth, there was no reason in the world why a man should not live to celebrate his hundredth birthday.

"A BARON OF HIGH DEGREE."

"THE NOBLE BARON."

At Folkestone the other day, I came across a tradition of the time when Baron de Worms, then a member of the House of Commons, was an occasional resident on the Leas. Combining business with pleasure, he, on one occasion, took part in a political meeting in anticipation of the General Election of 1892, which meant so much to him and to others. "The noble baron," as the late Sir Robert Peel, in a flash of that boisterous humour that delighted the House of Commons, once called the member for the East Toxteth Division of Liverpool, desirous of casting a glamour of ancient nobility over the cause of the friend it was his object to serve, dwelt with pardonable pride on his own lineage.

"My brothers are barons," he said; "my great-grandfather was a baron; my grandfather was baron; my father was baron."

"Pity your mother wasn't the same," cried a voice from the crowd.

From a Photo. by] AGE 10. *[Barnes & Son.*

MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.
BORN 1860.

MR. SOLOMON was educated privately, and at Whitford's School. For his art training he studied at Heatherley's, the R.A. Schools, the Munich Academy, and at the Beaux Arts, Paris. To complete his training he travelled on the Continent, and painted pictures in Italy, Spain,

From a Photo. by] AGE 18. *[Deneulain & Blake.*

and Morocco. In 1893 and the following year he painted the portraits of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. I. Zangwill, which received universal approval. The picture which, however, first brought him any reputation was "Cassandra," now in Ballarat; "Samson" and "Niobe" following, and an allegorical work, "Sacred and Profane Love," with a portrait of Sir John

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[E. Passingham.*

Simon; whilst at the Salon of 1889 he received a medal for "Niobe." Mr. Solomon was elected a member of the Institute in 1887, and in 1896 was elected to the Associateship of the Royal Academy.

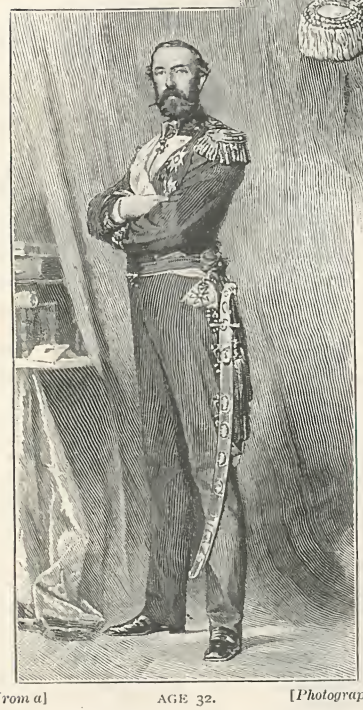
PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent.

KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

BORN 1829.

KING, Poet, Mathematician, Philosopher, Orientalist, and Scientist! Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway is all that, and more. His Majesty has attained an absolutely unique position as an arbitrator in questions of International importance, and is thus often called upon to adjudicate upon matters that affect the most distant peoples of the world. As a public speaker he is considered second to none in Europe, whilst he speaks fluently English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. His private liberality to struggling artists is proverbial, and his interest and support in all Arctic exploration schemes are not less known. His Majesty is the first to acknowledge that much of his success in life is due to the devoted companionship of Queen Sophia, whose portraits we reproduce on the opposite page.

AGE 18.
From a Print.



From a] AGE 32. *[Photograph.*

From an] AGE 43. *[Engraving.*

From a] AGE 55. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *G. Florman, Stockholm.*

QUEEN SOPHIA OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

EVER since her serious illness ten years ago, Queen Sophia of Sweden and Norway has been unable to take any active part in Court and public functions; yet by more passive means Her Majesty has steadily worked and organized, winning for herself an enviable place in the hearts of the people of all classes in her country. Her own sufferings have, if possible, accentuated the feeling of sympathy for other sufferers, and especially those of the poorer classes, hence the development of her wonderful organizing powers in works of charity and the building of hospitals throughout the land. Among these there is "The Sophia Home," a model hospital situated in Stockholm, in the conduct of which she takes the greatest interest and a most active part. Her Majesty has done much in helping King Oscar in the very difficult task of ruling, under one sceptre, two nations whose very customs and habits differ to a marked degree. The Queen's sweetness of disposition and kindness of heart are, as in the case of Queen Victoria, always paramount in all her dealings. Queen Sophia, who is seven years younger than the King, is the daughter of the late Duke William of Nassau, and was married to King Oscar in June, 1857. Their coronation took place on July 18th, 1873.

AGE 21.
From an Engraving.

AGE 36.
From an Engraving.

AGE 46.
From a Photo. by G. Florman, Stockholm.

AGE 50.
From a Photo. by G. Florman, Stockholm.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by G. Florman, Stockholm.

Photo. by August] AGE 6. *[Bulch, Buda Pesth.*

MR. TIVADAR NACHEZ.

BORN 1859.

MR. NACHEZ, the clever and well-known violinist, is of Hungarian nationality, though he has made England his home. His taste for music was not inherited, and his adoption of a musical career is due to his early and fortunate acquaintance with Liszt. The master would insist on Nachez playing duets with him,

AGE 26.
Photo. by Ferd. Braune, Hamburg.

AGE 18.
Photo. by Kosmata Ferencz, Buda Pesth.

under Joachim and Leonard, he made a successful *début* in Paris. Mr. Nachez first came over to this country in 1887; since then he has become extremely popular, and has played twice by command before the Queen. Mr. Nachez is a prolific composer. His published compositions are, among others, a Requiem Mass; a Concerto in E minor, for violin and orchestra, which has been played in Munich, Dresden, and Prague; a Suite, in five movements, for pianoforte and violin; two Hungarian rhapsodies; a Swedish rhapsody; a set of four Hungarian dances; and various other productions.

Photo. by Meier] AGE 10. *[Marienbad.*

and the taste thus acquired was further developed when Hans Richter, the famous conductor, became a frequent visitor at the house of young Nachez. After studying

Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*

A Safety Match.

By W. W. Jacobs.

MR. BOOM, late of the mercantile marine, had the last word, but only by the cowardly expedient of getting out of earshot of his daughter first, and then hurling it at her with a voice trained to compete with hurricanes. Miss Boom avoided a complete defeat by leaning forward with her head on one side in the attitude of an eager but unsuccessful listener, a pose which she abandoned for one of innocent joy when her sire, having been deluded into twice repeating his remarks, was fain to relieve his overstrained muscles by a fit of violent coughing.

"I b'leeve she heard it all along," said Mr. Boom, sourly, as he continued his way down the winding lane to the little harbour below. "The only way to live at peace with wimmen is to always be at sea; then they make a fuss of you when you come home—if you don't stay too long, that is."

He reached the quay, with its few tiny cottages and brown nets spread about to dry in the sun, and walking up and down, grumbling, regarded with a jaundiced eye a few small smacks which lay in the harbour and two or three crusted amphibians lounging aimlessly about.

"Mornin', Mr. Boom," said a stalwart youth in sea-boots, appearing suddenly over the edge of the quay from his boat.

"Mornin', Dick," said Mr. Boom, affably; "just goin' off?"

"'Bout an hour's time," said the other; "Miss Boom well, sir?"

"She's a' right," said Mr. Boom; "me an' her 've just had a few words. She picked up something off the floor what she said was a cake o' mud off my heel. Said she wouldn't have it," continued Mr. Boom, his voice rising. "My own floor, too. Swep' it up off the floor with a dustpan and brush, and held it in front of me to look at."

Dick Tarrell gave a grunt which might mean anything — Mr. Boom took it for sympathy.

"I called her old maid," he said, with gusto; "'you're a fidgety old maid,' I said. You should ha' seen her look. Do you know what I think, Dick?"

"Not exactly," said Tarrell, cautiously.

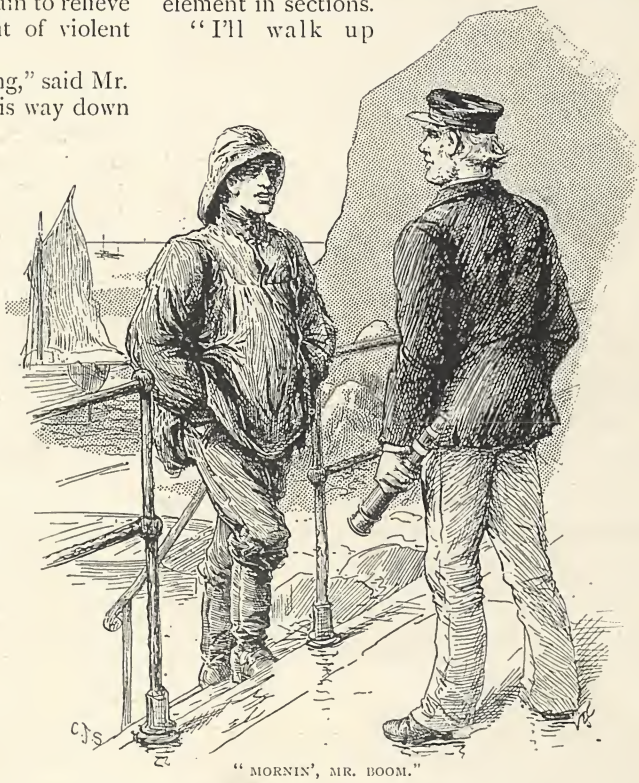
"I b'leeve she's that savage that she'd take the first man that asked her," said the other, triumphantly; "she's sitting up there at the door of the cottage, all by herself."

Tarrell sighed.

"With not a soul to speak to," said Mr. Boom, pointedly.

The other kicked at a small crab which was passing, and returned it to its native element in sections.

"I'll walk up there with you if you're going that way," he said, at length.



"MORNIN', MR. BOOM."

"No, I'm just having a look round," said Mr. Boom, "but there's nothing to hinder you going, Dick, if you've a mind to."

"There's no little thing you want, as I'm going there, I s'pose?" suggested Tarrell. "It's awkward when you go there and say, 'Good morning,' and the girl says, 'Good morning,' and then you don't say any more and she don't say any more. If there was anything you wanted that I could help her look for, it 'ud make talk easier."

"Well—go for my baccy pouch," said Mr. Boom, after a minute's thought, "it'll take you a long time to find that."

"Why?" inquired the other.

"'Cos I've got it here," said the unscrupulous Mr. Boom, producing it, and placidly filling his pipe. "You might spend—ah—the best part of an hour looking for that."

He turned away with a nod, and Tarrell, after looking about him in a hesitating fashion to make sure that his movements were not attracting the attention his conscience told him they deserved, set off in the hang-dog fashion peculiar to nervous lovers up the road to the cottage. Kate Boom was sitting at the door as her father had described, and, in apparent unconsciousness of his approach, did not raise her eyes from her book.

"Good morning," said Tarrell, in a husky voice.

Miss Boom returned the salutation, and, marking the place in her book with her forefinger, looked over the hedge on the other side of the road to the sea beyond.

"Your father has left his pouch behind, and being as I was coming this way, asked me to call for it," faltered the young man.

Miss Boom turned her head, and, regarding him steadily, noted the rising colour and the shuffling feet.

"Did he say where he had left it?" she inquired.

"No," said the other.

"Well, my time's too valuable to waste looking for pouches," said Kate, bending down to her book again, "but if you like to go in and look for it, you may!"

She moved aside to let him pass, and sat listening with a slight smile as she heard him moving about the room.

"I can't find it," he said, after a pretended search.

"Better try the kitchen now, then," said Miss Boom, without looking up, "and then the scullery. It might be in the woodshed or even down the garden. You haven't half looked."

She heard the kitchen door close behind him, and then, taking her book with her, went upstairs to her room. The conscientious Tarrell, having duly searched all the above-mentioned places, returned to the parlour and waited. He waited a quarter of an hour, and then going out by the front door stood irresolute.

"I can't find it," he said, at length, addressing himself to the bedroom window.

"No. I was coming down to tell you," said Miss Boom, glancing sedately at him from over the geraniums. "I remember seeing father take it out with him this morning."

Tarrell affected a clumsy surprise. "It doesn't matter," he said. "How nice your geraniums are."

"Yes, they're all right," said Miss Boom, briefly.

"I can't think how you keep 'em so nice," said Tarrell.

"Well, don't try," said Miss Boom, kindly. "You'd better go back and tell father about the pouch. Perhaps he's waiting for a smoke all this time."

"There's no hurry," said the young man; "perhaps he's found it."

"Well, I can't stop to talk," said the girl; "I'm busy reading."

With these heartless words she withdrew into the room, and the discomfited swain, only too conscious of the sorry figure he cut, went slowly back to the harbour, to be met by Mr. Boom, with a wink of aggravating and portentous dimensions.

"You've took a long time," he said, slyly. "There's nothing like a little scheming in these things."

"It didn't lead to much," said the discomfited Tarrell.

"Don't be in a hurry, my lad," said the elder man, after listening to his experiences. "I've been thinking over this little affair for some time now, an' I think I've got a plan."

"If it's anything about baccy pouches——" began the young man, ungratefully.

"It ain't," interrupted Mr. Boom, "it's quite diff'rent. Now, you'd best get aboard your craft and do your duty. There's more young men won girls' 'arts while doing of their duty than—than—if they wasn't doing their duty. Do you understand me?"

It is inadvisable to quarrel with a prospective father-in-law, so that Tarrell said he did, and with a moody nod tumbled into his boat and put off to the smack. Mr. Boom having walked up and down a bit, and exchanged a few greetings, bent his steps in the direction of the "Jolly Sailor," and, ordering two mugs of ale, set them down on a small bench opposite his old friend Raggett.

"I see young Tarrell go off grumpy-like," said Raggett, drawing a mug towards him, and gazing at the fast-receding boats.

"Aye, we'll have to do what we talked about," said Boom, slowly. "It's opposition what that gal wants. She simply sits and mopes for the want of somebody to contradict her."

"Well, why don't you do it?" said Raggett. "That ain't much for a father to do, surely."

"I hev," said the other, slowly, "more than once. O' course, when I insist upon a thing, it's done, but a woman's a delikit creeter, Raggett, and the last row we had she got that ill that she couldn't get up to get my breakfast ready, no, nor my dinner either. It made us both ill, that did."

"'WELL, WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?' SAID RAGGETT."

"Are you going to tell Tarrell?" inquired Raggett.

"No," said his friend. "Like as not he'd tell her just to curry favour with her. I'm going to tell him he's not to come to the house no more. That'll make her want him to come, if anything will. Now, there's no use wasting time. You begin to-day."

"I don't know what to say," murmured Raggett, nodding to him as he raised the beer to his lips.

"Just go now and call in—you might take her a nosegay."

"I won't do nothing so darned silly," said Raggett, shortly.

"Well, go without 'em," said Boom, impatiently; "just go, and get yourselves talked about, that's all—have everybody making game of both of you. Talking about a good-looking young girl being sweethearted by an old chap with one foot in the grave and a face like a dried herring. That's what I want."

Mr. Raggett, who was just about to drink, put his mug down again and regarded his friend fixedly. "Might I ask who you're alloodin' too?" he inquired, somewhat shortly.

Mr. Boom brought up in mid-career, shuffled a little and laughed uneasily. "Them ain't my words, old chap," he said; "it was the way she was speaking of you the other day."

"Well, I won't 'ave nothin' to do with it," said Raggett, rising.

"Well, nobody needn't know anything about it," said Boom, pulling him down to his seat again. "She won't tell, I'm sure — she wouldn't like the disgrace of it."

"Look here," said Raggett, getting up again.

"I mean from her point of view," said Mr. Boom, querulously; "you're very 'asty, Raggett."

"Well, I don't care about it," said Raggett, slowly; "it seemed all right when we was talking about it; but s'pose I have all my trouble for nothing, and she don't take Dick after all? What then?"

"Well, then there's no harm done," said his friend, "and it'll be a bit o' sport for both of us. You go up and start, an' I'll have another pint of beer and a clean pipe waiting for you against you come back."

Sorely against his better sense, Mr. Raggett rose and went off, grumbling. It was fatiguing work on a hot day climbing the road up the cliff, but he took it quietly, and having gained the top, moved slowly towards the cottage.

"Morning, Mr. Raggett," said Kate, cheerily, as he entered the cottage. "Dear, dear, the idea of an old man like you climbing about, it's wonderful."

"I'm sixty-seven," said Mr. Raggett, viciously, "and I feel as young as ever I did."

"To be sure," said Kate, soothingly; "and look as young as ever you did. Come in and sit down a bit."

Mr. Raggett with some trepidation com-

plied, and, sitting in a very upright position, wondered how he should begin. "I'm just sixty-seven," he said, slowly. "I'm not old and I'm not young, but I'm just old enough to begin to want somebody to look after me a bit."

"I shouldn't while I could get about if I were you," said the innocent Kate. "Why not wait until you're bed-ridden?"

"I don't mean that at all," said Mr. Raggett, snappishly. "I mean I'm thinking of getting married."

"Good—gracious!" said Kate, open-mouthed.

"I may have one foot in the grave and resemble a dried herring in the face," pursued Mr. Raggett, with bitter sarcasm, "but——"

"You can't help that," said Kate, gently.

"But I'm going to get married," said Raggett, savagely.

"Well, don't get in a way about it," said the girl. "Of course, if you want to, and—and—you can find somebody else who wants to, there's no reason why you shouldn't! Have you told father about it?"

"I have," said Mr. Raggett, "and he has given his consent."

He put such meaning into this remark, and so much more in the contortion of visage which accompanied it, that the girl stood regarding him in blank astonishment.

"His consent?" she said, in a strange voice.

Mr. Raggett nodded.

"I went to him first," he said, trying to speak confidently. "Now I've come to you—I want you to marry me!"

"Don't you be a silly old man, Mr. Raggett," said Kate, recovering her composure. "And as for my father, you go back and tell him I want to see him."

She drew aside and pointed to the door, and Mr. Raggett, thinking that he had done quite enough for one day, passed out and retraced his steps to the "Jolly Sailor." Mr. Boom met him half-way, and, having received his message, spent the rest of the morning in fortifying himself for the reception which awaited him.

It would be difficult to say which of the two young people was the more astonished at this sudden change of affairs. Miss Boom, affecting to think that her parent's reason was affected, treated him accordingly, a state of affairs not without its drawbacks, as Mr. Boom found out. Tarrell, on the other hand, attributed it to greed, and being forbidden the house, spent all his time ashore on a stile nearly opposite, and sullenly watched events.

For three weeks Mr. Raggett called daily, and after staying to tea, usually wound up the evening by formally proposing for Kate's hand. Both conspirators were surprised and disappointed at the quietness with which Miss Boom received these attacks; Mr. Raggett meeting with a politeness which was a source of much wonder to both of them.

His courting came to an end suddenly. He paused one evening with his hand on the door, and having proposed in the usual manner, was going out, when Miss Boom called him back.

"Sit down, Mr. Raggett," she said, calmly.

Mr. Raggett, wondering inwardly, resumed his seat.

"You have asked me a good many times to marry you," said Kate.

"I have," said Mr. Raggett, nodding.

"And I'm sure it's very kind of you," continued the girl, "and if I've hurt your feelings by refusing you, it is only because I have thought perhaps I was not good enough for you."

In the silence which followed this unexpected and undeserved tribute to Mr. Raggett's worth, the two old men eyed each other in silent consternation.

"Still, if you've made up your mind," continued the girl, "I don't know that it's for me to object. You're not much to look at, but you've got the loveliest chest of drawers and the best furniture all round in Mastleigh. And I suppose you've got a little money?"

Mr. Raggett shook his head, and in a broken voice was understood to say: "A very little."

"I don't want any fuss or anything of that kind," said Miss Boom, calmly. "No bridesmaids or anything of that sort; it wouldn't be suitable at your age."

Mr. Raggett withdrew his pipe, and, holding it an inch or two from his mouth, listened like one in a dream.

"Just a few old friends, and a bit of cake," continued Miss Boom, musingly. "And instead of spending a lot of money in foolish waste, we'll have three weeks in London."

Mr. Raggett made a gurgling noise in his throat, and suddenly remembering himself, pretended to think that it was something wrong with his pipe, and removing it blew noisily through the mouthpiece.

"Perhaps," he said, in a trembling voice—"perhaps you'd better take a little longer to consider, my dear."

Kate shook her head. "I've quite made up my mind," she said, "quite. And now I

"'I'VE QUITE MADE UP MY MIND,' SHE SAID."

want to marry you just as much as you want to marry me. Good-night, father; good-night —George."

Mr. Raggett started violently, and collapsed in his chair.

"Raggett," said Mr. Boom, huskily.

"Don't talk to me," said the other, "I can't bear it."

Mr. Boom, respecting his friend's trouble, relapsed into silence again, and for a long time not a word was spoken.

"My 'ed's in a whirl," said Mr. Raggett, at length.

"It 'ud be a wonder if it wasn't," said Mr. Boom, sympathetically.

"To think," continued the other, miserably, "how I've been let in for this. The plots an' the plans and the artfulness what's been goin' on round me, an' I've never seen it."

"What d'ye mean?" demanded Mr. Boom, with sudden violence.

"I know what I mean," said Mr. Raggett, darkly.

"P'raps you'll tell me, then," said the other.

"Who thought of it first?" demanded Mr. Raggett, ferociously. "Who came to me and asked me to court his slip of a girl?"

"Don't you be a' old fool," said Mr. Boom, heatedly. "It's done now, and what's done can't be undone. I never thought to have a son-in-law seven or eight years older than what I am, and what's more, I don't want it."

"Said I wasn't much to look at, but she liked my chest o' drawers," repeated Raggett, mechanically.

"Don't ask me where she gets her natur' from, cos I couldn't tell you," said the unhappy parent; "she don't get it from me."

Mr. Raggett allowed this reflection upon the late Mrs. Boom to pass unnoticed, and taking his hat from the table fixed it firmly upon his head, and gazing with scornful indignation upon his host, stepped slowly out of the door without going through the formality of bidding him good-night.

"George," said a voice from above him.

Mr. Raggett started, and glanced up at somebody leaning from the window.

"Come in to tea to-morrow, early," said the voice, pressingly; "good-night, dear."

Mr. Raggett turned and fled into the night, dimly conscious that a dark figure had detached itself from the stile opposite, and was walking beside him.

"That you, Dick?" he inquired, nervously, after an oppressive silence.

"That's me," said Dick. "I heard her call you 'dear.'"

Mr. Raggett, his face suffused with blushes, hung his head.

"Called you 'dear,'" repeated Dick; "I heard her say it. I'm going to pitch you in the harbour. I'll learn you to go courting a young girl. What are you stopping for?"

Mr. Raggett delicately intimated that he was stopping because he preferred, all things considered, to be alone. Finding the young man, however, bent upon accompanying him, he divulged the plot of which he had been the victim, and bitterly lamented his share in it.

"You don't want to marry her, then?" said the astonished Dick.

"Course I don't," snarled Mr. Raggett; "I can't afford it. I'm too old; besides which, she'll turn my little place topsy-turvy. *Look* here, Dick, I done this all for you. Now, it's

evident she only wants my furniture: if I give all the best of it to you, she'll take you instead."

"No, she won't," said Dick, grimly; "I wouldn't have her now not if she asked me on her bended knee."

"Why not?" said Raggett.

"I don't want to marry that sort o' girl," said the other, scornfully; "it's cured me."

"What about me, then?" said the unfortunate Raggett.

"Well, so far as I can see, it serves you right for mixing in other people's business," said Dick, shortly. "Well, good-night, and good luck to you."

To Mr. Raggett's sore disappointment, he kept to his resolution, and being approached by Mr. Boom on his elderly friend's behalf, was rudely frank to him.

"I'm a free man, again," he said, blithely, "and I feel better than I've felt for ever so long. More manly."

"You ought to think of other people," said Mr. Boom, severely; "think of poor old Raggett."

"Well, he's got a young wife out of it," said Dick. "I daresay he'll be happy enough. He wants somebody to help him spend his money."

In this happy frame of mind he resumed his ordinary life, and when he encountered his former idol, met her with a heartiness and unconcern which the lady regarded with secret disapproval. He was now so sure of himself that, despite a suspicion of ulterior designs on the part of Miss Boom, he even accepted an invitation to tea.

The presence of Mr. Raggett made it a slow and solemn function. Nobody with any feelings could eat with any appetite with that afflicted man at the table, and the meal passed almost in silence. Kate cleared the meal away, and the men sat at the open door with their pipes while she washed up in the kitchen.

"Me an' Raggett thought o' stepping down to the 'Sailor's,'" said Mr. Boom, after a third application of his friend's elbow.

"I'll come with you," said Dick.

"Well, we've got a little business to talk about," said Boom, confidentially, "but we sha'n't be long. If you wait here, Dick, we'll see you when we come back."

"All right," said Tarrell.

He watched the two old men down the road, and then, moving his chair back into the room, silently regarded the busy Kate.

"Make yourself useful," said she, brightly; "shake the tablecloth."

Tarrell took it to the door, and having shaken it, folded it, with much gravity, and handed it back.

"Not so bad for a beginner," said Kate, taking it and putting it in a drawer. She took some needlework from another drawer, and, sitting down, began busily stitching.

"Wedding-dress?" inquired Tarrell, with an assumption of great ease.

"No, tablecloth!" said the girl, with a laugh. "You'll want to know a little more before you get married."

"Plenty o' time for me," said Tarrell; "I'm in no hurry."

The girl put her work down and looked

"'NOT SO BAD FOR A BEGINNER,' SAID KATE."

up at him. "That's right," she said, staidly. "I suppose you were rather surprised to hear I was going to get married?"

"A little," said Tarrell; "there's been so many after old Raggett, I didn't think he'd ever be caught."

"Oh!" said Kate.

"I daresay he'll make a very good husband," said Tarrell, patronizingly. "I think you'll make a nice couple. He's got a nice home."

"That's why I'm going to marry him," said Kate. "Do you think it's wrong to marry a man for that?"

"That's your business," said Tarrell, coldly; "speaking for myself, and not wishing to hurt your feelings, *I* shouldn't like to marry a girl like that."

"You mean you wouldn't like to marry me?" said Kate, softly.

She leaned forward as she spoke, until her breath fanned his face.

"That's what I do mean," said Tarrell, with a suspicion of doggedness in his voice.

"Not even if I asked you on my bended knees?" said Kate. "Aren't you glad you're cured?"

"Yes," said Tarrell, manfully.

"So am I," said the girl; "and now that you are happy, just go down to the 'Jolly Sailor's,' and make poor old Raggett happy, too."

"How?" asked Tarrell.

"Tell him that I have only been having a joke with him," said Kate, surveying him with a steady smile. "Tell him that I overheard him and father talking one night, and that I resolved to give them both a lesson. And tell them that I didn't think anybody could have been so stupid as they have been to believe in it."

She leaned back in her chair, and, regarding the dumfounded Tarrell with a smile of wicked triumph, waited for him to speak.

"Raggett, indeed!" she said, disdainfully.

"I suppose," said Tarrell, at length, speaking very slowly, "my being stupid was no surprise to you?"

"Not a bit," said the girl, cheerfully.

"I'll ask you to tell Raggett yourself," said Tarrell, rising and moving towards the door. "I sha'n't see him. Good-night."

"Good-night," said she. "Where are you going, then?"

There was no reply.

"Where are you going?" she repeated. Then a suspicion of his purpose flashed across her. "You're not foolish enough to be going away?" she cried, in dismay.

"Why not?" said Tarrell, slowly.

"Because," said Kate, looking down—"oh, because—well, it's ridiculous. I'd sooner have you stay here and feel what a stupid you've been making of yourself. I want to remind you of it sometimes."

"I don't want reminding," said Tarrell, taking Raggett's chair; "I know it now."

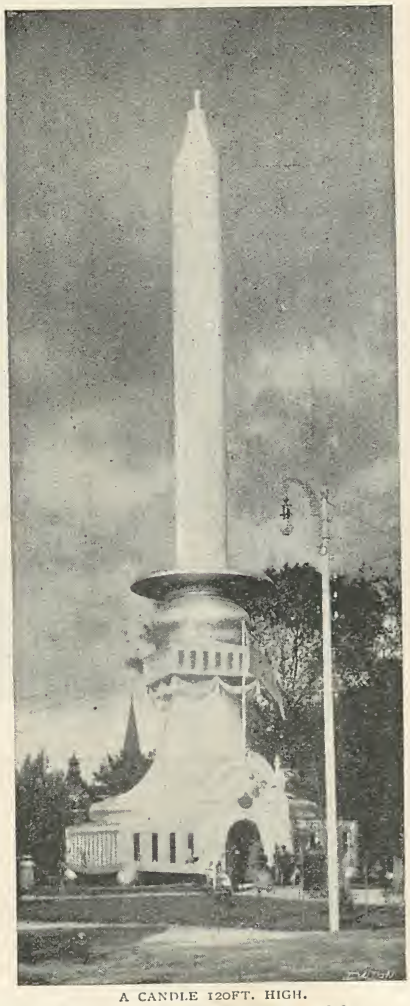
"I'D SOONER HAVE YOU STAY HERE."

Trade Trophies.

By William G. FitzGerald.

THE average British trader is an unimaginative person. When he *is* enticed into showing at an exhibition at home or abroad, his stall is rarely conspicuous for startling originality of arrangement. On the other hand, American and Continental firms give this kind of thing much time and trouble. Either they build up their tins, boxes, or bottles into some imposing or fantastic structure, or else they set to work and make specially some striking novelty which shall interest in spite of himself even the most inveterate advertisement-hater.

To emphasize my contention, I reproduce here a photograph of the Monster Candle, which was shown by Messrs. Lindahls at the recent Stockholm Exhibition. The "Liljetolmens Candle," as it was called, stood no less than 127ft. high. The lower part, which was intended to represent an old Swedish candlestick, was in reality an enormous structure of bricks and mortar, in which was established a perfectly-equipped candle factory, whose *employés* worked six hours a day. The base of the candlestick covered a space 40ft. square. To come to details, the candlestick itself was 47ft. high, whilst the candle—a real stearine specimen—was fully 80ft.; its diameter was 8½ft. The appearance of this extraordinary trade trophy was at once remarkable and imposing. The colossal candlestick was painted with aluminium powder until it shone like well-polished silver. At night, too, an electric search-light of 7,000 (ordinary) candle-power cast its beams from the lofty summit of the wick over the whole of the exhibition grounds. Altogether, the cost of the monster was about £2,000.



A CANDLE 120FT. HIGH.
From a Photo. by Alex. Lindahls, Stockholm.

We next come to carvings in salt; for the photos. of these we are indebted to the courtesy of that powerful corporation known as The Salt Union, Limited, 16, Eastcheap, E.C. The first statue is an enormous figure of Britannia, with lion, trident, and shield. The managing director of The Salt Union tells me that this imposing statue was prepared from four large blocks of salt sent from the corporation's works at Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove, to the Worcester studio of Mr. Forsyth, the well-known sculptor. The figure stands 8ft. 6in. in height, and weighs two tons. Although the salt used was of a fine grained variety, and the blocks were apparently hard and sound when they arrived, yet great difficulty was experienced in working them owing to the friable nature of the salt, and the effect upon it of various changes of the atmosphere. The appearance of the figure is

COLOSSAL STATUE OF BRITANNIA IN SALT.
From a Photo. by Terry & Fryer, Worcester.

both commanding and majestic. Britannia is represented standing, with the right foot slightly advanced, and holding the traditional trident in the right hand, and in the left a shield covered with the Union Jack. Armour is displayed upon the ample bust, and flowing draperies hang in graceful folds from the shoulders to the feet. The face is very finely chiselled, and the whole work, considering the difficulties encountered (the right arm broke three times), is well calculated to enhance the reputation of Mr. Forsyth, who has already produced a great deal of statuary in salt.

Next comes a reproduction in salt of Bartholdi's famous statue of Liberty enlightening the world. This colossal salt figure was lighted at night by electricity, exactly like the original in the beautiful Harbour of New York. It was to the famous World's Fair at Chicago that The Salt Union sent this great statue. The base was composed of fifteen blocks of salt, and the statue itself of six blocks, each weighing one ton. At the close of the Exhibition this statue was sent by request to the Art Gallery at Chicago. The height, including the base, was 12ft 6in. The ornamental base, which was enriched with mouldings, panels, and inscriptions, stood upon a sub-base of rough amber-coloured rock salt—an

STATUE OF LIBERTY IN SALT.
From a Photo. by Ernest Leigh, Cheshire.

imitation of the wave-worn rock upon which the original statue stands.

The last artistic piece of salt sculpture to be shown is a pheasant, carved in high relief, and hanging head downwards from a branch. The inscription, "Worcestershire Salt," is also carved in this indispensable commodity. This piece of work was exhibited at Hobart, in 1894, together with a life-size representation of a horse's head. The Salt Union have had many other beautiful designs prepared—such as the Eddystone Lighthouse—and these exhibits have always created a very great amount of interest. The pheasant, by the way, was also the work of Mr. Forsyth, of Worcester. "I believe," writes Mr. Fell, the general manager of The Salt Union, "that the practice in Australia has been to hand over these trophies to local museums at the conclusion of the exhibitions."

It will be seen in this article that the writer has got together a great number of very curious trade trophies. Will it be believed that every specimen in the accompanying floral basket is built up piecemeal by hand out of so unpromising a material as ordinary fresh butter? The artist in this case is Mr. Frederick Nicholson, general manager of the Sussex Dairy Company, Limited, of St. James's Street, Brighton. At one exhibition at which this basket was shown, several ladies and others stooped down to smell the flowers, quite thinking they were looking at a basket of real, yellow roses. Mr. Nicholson has been making flowers out of butter ever since 1888. He is entirely self-taught, and has never had an art lesson in his life. At various Dairy Shows, both in the Metropolis and the provinces, he has won a great number of prizes. Needless to say, the foliage in this basket is artificial. Mr. Nicholson tells me he is constantly receiving orders to make these butter flowers for table decorations.

ROSES MADE OF BUTTER.
From a Photo. by Burke Handley, Brighton.

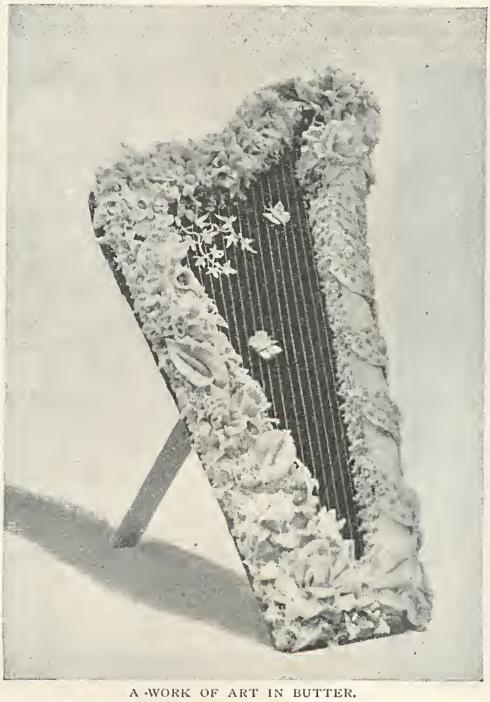
A BEAUTIFUL CARVING IN SALT.
From a Photo. by Terry & Fryer, Worcester.

The next reproduction shows some flowers of quite extraordinary beauty made by Mr. Nicholson out of lard! The dahlia, I learn, has sixty-two petals, each one of which has to be fashioned separately and then frozen, before the flower can be built up. It seems it is far more difficult to make flowers out of lard than out of butter, on account of the former substance being much softer and more oily. Mr. Nicholson says it takes him three minutes to make a rose-bud; four minutes to make a tuberose; five minutes to make an arum lily; six minutes to make a full-blown

DAHLIA AND ROSES MADE OF LARD.
From a Photo. by Donovan, Brighton.

rose, and no less than three-quarters of an hour to make a dahlia.

One of the most remarkable achievements of this kind, however, is the work of Miss E. E. Heath, of "Ingleside," 196, Haverstock Hill, N.W. The beautiful harp which is here reproduced is composed entirely of flowers made of the best Irish butter. Miss Heath writes: "My harp gained first prize at the London Dairy Show on October 19th last. It took me one week to complete it, working from 8 a.m. till 8 p.m. each day. There is no salt or colouring matter of any kind in the butter. It required a very cool atmosphere for the work. Every bit of work in the harp was done entirely by hand, the only tools used being a small wooden knife, a wooden pointer, and a roller and board." Miss Heath, also, is entirely self-taught. She always had a taste for modelling, and when as a child she could not get the right kind of clay, she resorted naturally to the butter on the breakfast-table. The frame of the harp is made of wood, covered with green velvet, and the same rich-looking material also forms the background of the whole design. The strings are of gold wire. The flowers represented are orchids, stephanotis, arum lilies, roses and



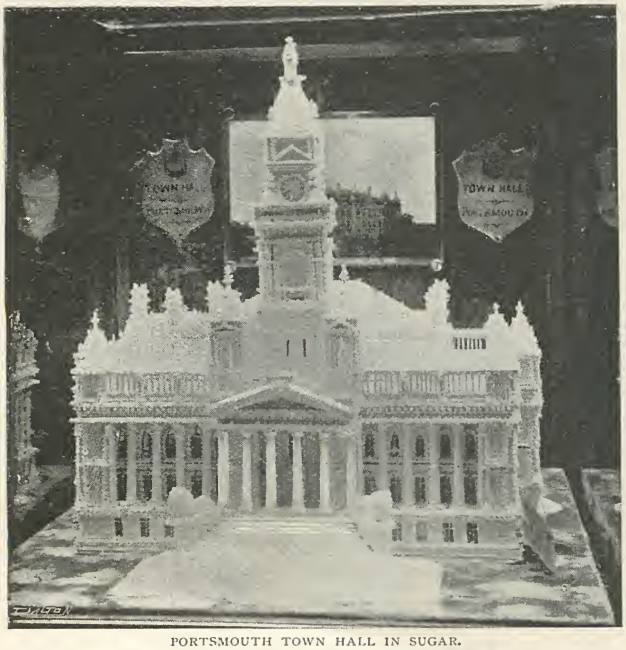
A WORK OF ART IN BUTTER.
From a Photo. by Howard & Jones, Cullum Street, E.C.

A BOUQUET OF SWEETSTUFF.
From a Photo. by Howard & Jones, Cullum Street, E.C.

buds, narcissus, daffodils, fuchsias, carnations, and marguerites. The right-hand side of the harp consists of a column wreathed with lilies of the valley (the most difficult of all to model in butter), with ivy and butterflies on and over the strings.

But lard and butter are by no means the only substances in which flowers are worked. The preceding reproduction is a beautiful piece of work by Mr. C. Norwak, of 381, Goldhawk Road, W. This is a rustic pot-shaped basket, gilt all over and carrying a most artistic bouquet of roses and rose-buds. These are about 200 in number, and of almost every conceivable colour and variety. Interspersed with the flowers are rose-leaves and dried natural grasses, which quiver and wave with every breath of air, and greatly enhance the effect of the whole. These flowers, Mr. Norwak tells me, are partly made of sugar caramel and partly of almond paste or marzipan. Each rose consists of from twenty-five to thirty petals, moulded separately by hand, and then put together. The work took two weeks to complete. The basket was shown in a recent Confectioners' Exhibition, and, though not sent in for competition, it was nevertheless awarded a gold medal.

MORE SCULPTURE IN SWEETSTUFF.
From a Photo. by Howard & Jones, Cullum Street, E.C.



PORTSMOUTH TOWN HALL IN SUGAR.
From a Photo. by Howard & Jones, Cullum Street, E.C.

In the next picture is seen a very remarkable piece of sugar work. This is a representation in sugar of Portsmouth Town Hall, made by Mr. W. J. B. Hopkins, of 28, Bailey Road, Southsea. Mr. Hopkins has so produced his model that it resembles the original building as closely as possible, considering the small scale. This wonderful sugar structure is 24in. wide and 28in. deep, the height to the top of the spire being 28in. It contains the exact number of windows (duly provided with glass); and there are also many doors and columns, as well as a fine flight of steps. Mr. Hopkins now has the model at home; and he tells me it is fitted with electric light. "This piece of work was

done in my spare time at home after the day's work was done."

A particularly beautiful specimen of sculpture in sweetstuff is next seen. The artist — he fully deserves that name — is Mr. Edward Schur, of 337, Commercial Road, E. Here is the technical description: The work is a free-modelling in marzipan, which is a composition of powdered almonds and sugar. The subject is a well-known painting called "The Angel of the Little Ones." The angel is standing with wings not yet at rest, bending tenderly over a sleeping infant who lies in an eighteenth-century carved-oak cradle. Beside the cradle stands a four-legged stool of the same period, the top being wrought to resemble upholstered leather. On the stool lies an open book, placed upside down, and evidently left there by mamma. The drapery of the cradle, with its wrinkled and ruffled coverings, is wonderfully reproduced; in fact, this is said to be the most effective specimen of marzipan work ever produced.

Our next reproduction depicts an enormous castellated structure built entirely of soap! being comparatively common, Messrs. Cook and Co. struck out on highly original lines. The offices of the firm's representatives were established inside this soap castle. Mr. Thomas A. Cook furnishes the following: "The designs and drawings for the castle were first of all prepared by Messrs. Jerrard and Sons, of Lewisham. These were very elaborate, showing the position of each block of soap, and the strengthening of the archways, as well as the arrangements of the pediments on the sloping floor, and even the marking of the special soap-blocks to make them represent 'Kentish rag.'

"By some mysterious accident, however, these first plans were lost on the top of an omnibus, but by dint of getting duplicates prepared at the last moment, and working night and day, the work was accomplished in time for the opening of the exhibition. The mottled soap was marked to represent the stone named above, whilst the 'Primrose' variety was cut to represent free-stone capitals, pediments, arches, and battlements. The blocks of soap were fastened together and

A CASTLE MADE OF SOAP.
From a Photo. by Howard & Jones, Cullum Street, E.C.

No less than *twenty tons* of the material was used. This most interesting trade trophy was shown at the last Grocery Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall by the well-known firm of Messrs. Edward Cook and Co., of Bow. I am indebted for the use of this photo., as well as many others, to Messrs. Howard and Jones, of Cullum Street, E.C., who have practically a monopoly in the photographing of trade trophies and exhibits of all kinds. Pyramids and obelisks of soap kept in position by special clips made in our own engineering department. Naturally, the castle attracted a great deal of attention. Few could realize that it was made entirely of soap. Our representatives had some difficulty in preventing the castle from being defaced or damaged by the inquisitive fingers of passers-by. Many people smelt the castle; others dug their nails into it, and one melancholy-looking man carved off a piece of the battlement with his pocket-

ROYAL SCENT-BOTTLE MADE OF SOAP.
From a Photo. by Mappin Brothers, Cheapside, E.C.

knife, and carefully carried it away with him, wrapped in paper."

Next is shown a very beautiful scent-bottle made out of a large ball of Ariston soap by the well-known firm of Messrs. John Knight and Sons, of Silvertown, and presented to H.R.H. Princess Maud of Wales, as a memento of the opening of the East London Exhibition at the People's Palace in June, 1896.

Ariston soap, it appears, is a high-class transparent variety, of a very hard kind. It seems the Princess admired the huge ball of soap, and Messrs. Knight thereupon resolved to turn it into a scent-bottle and present it to Her Royal Highness. A hole was made in the ball, and a cut-glass bottle sunk into it. The big ball of soap is elegantly mounted in silver filigree work.

An even more remarkable trade trophy (also belonging to Messrs. John Knight and Sons) is next reproduced. This is a really beautiful and artistic figure of a Roman warrior made entirely of stearine, which, one learns, is the foundation of the best candles. The method of producing statuary of this kind is as follows: In the first place a really costly original is bought from some artist, and from this are prepared a number of plaster moulds. Into these is run the liquid stearine, which is afterwards left to cool. In due time the mould is broken away, leaving an imposing statue, which, however, is not exactly of an enduring nature. Roughnesses are subsequently toned down, and the figure "tooled up" generally, by one of Messrs. Knight's able staff. I inquired as to the ultimate fate of these works of art, whereupon I learnt that, for example, the hero shown in our photograph will eventually be reduced to night-lights, or even imitation butter! Hebe, Diana, and a few other mythological personages have already met with a similar fate.

The next trade trophy to be shown is a bust of our beloved Sovereign made out of sealing-wax by Messrs. Hyde and Co., of 25, St. Bride

A STATUE IN STEARINE.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

Street, E.C. This interesting piece of "sculpture" was exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and was inspected with great interest by the Prince Consort himself. The statue has not yet been broken up, and although its condition is not what it was, by reason of cracks, etc., the likeness of the Queen as a girl still remains a remarkably good one.

BUST OF THE QUEEN—1851—IN SEALING-WAX.
From a Photo. by A. Binnie, East Putney.

The last trade trophy to be reproduced is the Canadian Mammoth Cheese, which was exhibited in the Chicago Exhibition, and was bought by that well-known provision merchant, Mr. Jubal Webb, of Kensington. The cheese weighs 22,000lb., or close upon *ten tons*. In our photograph it is seen in a specially constructed steel case, slung upon iron girders, so that the enormous weight may rest directly over the iron wheels of the specially constructed teak trolly. This trolly, by the way, is drawn by eight powerful horses belonging to the Midland Railway. A special permit had to be procured from Scotland Yard to bring this extraordinary load through the London streets. The authorities also mapped out a special route with the view of obviating any possibility of the trolly and its burden going through into the sewers! In one way this mammoth cheese may be said to owe its inception to the Canadian Government, working in conjunction with the Dominion farmers. The milk was brought to the Dominion experimental farm in Ontario, and there worked up into cheese by specially made machinery, which afterwards exercised upon it a pressure of 200 tons. So good was the cheese, that when, at the close of the Exhibition, a "shaft" was sunk into the giant by means of a "trier," the quality was found to be most excellent. The mammoth cheese contained 207,200lb. of milk, equal to one day's production of 10,000 cows, and it took 1,666 dairy-maids to milk these cows. The cutting of the cheese was quite a great function. Among the notable people present at Mr. Jubal Webb's establishment on that occasion was Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian Agent-General. "The biggest cheese the world has ever seen" was 6ft. high, and 28ft. in circumference.

THE BIGGEST CHEESE EVER MADE—WEIGHT TEN TONS.
From a Photo. by H. & R. Stiles, 34, Kensington High Street, S.W

The Convict's Revenge.

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

"UGH!" said my companion to me, with a shiver and a little clutch at my arm. "That's a thing I hate!"

We were standing by a level-crossing as he spoke. We had almost started to cross the rails, when a rumble and a whistle and the bright glare of the head-lights heralded the close approach of a train. So we stood back for a moment or two to let the iron steed and his load pass. The lights from the carriages flashed out upon us, then there was a swirl of wind as darkness came on once more, and the red tail-light vanished round the curve beyond.

"Why," I remarked, with a laugh, as we went on again, "surely an old soldier and ex-prison warder like yourself isn't afraid of a passing train?"

"Ah, sir, every man has his weakness, and I'm not ashamed to confess that I've got mine. And, perhaps, if you'd had an experience that happened to me some ten years ago, you'd flinch a bit when an express train rattled past you."

"Oh, there's a foundation for it, is there?"

"There is, sir, and if you care to step inside my little place and rest for half an hour, I'll tell you the yarn, such as it is."

I expressed myself only too delighted to pick up the proffered information. I must explain before I go further that until the evening in question my companion had been unknown to me. I had been staying for a few days at the little cathedral city of Dullminster, and had been on a day's fishing excursion in the neighbourhood with no companion save my pipe. It was while pensively watching my float in the quiet little stream that a fine-looking old fellow appeared, bent on the same sport as myself, and took up his position close by. As bites were few and far between, we entered

"THE RED TAIL-LIGHT VANISHED ROUND THE CURVE."

into conversation, and when dusk set in, by mutual consent, we packed our traps and set off together over the pleasant fields that lay between us and Dullminster. He told me something of his past history as we trudged along, from which I gathered that he had begun life in the Army, and afterwards he had been a warder in the well-known convict prison of Dartport, from which post he had retired into private life some few years since, and had come to eke out a restful existence on savings and pension in Dullminster, the place of his birth.

A few hundred yards beyond the level crossing we stopped at the door of a little house in one of the streets in the outskirts of the town.

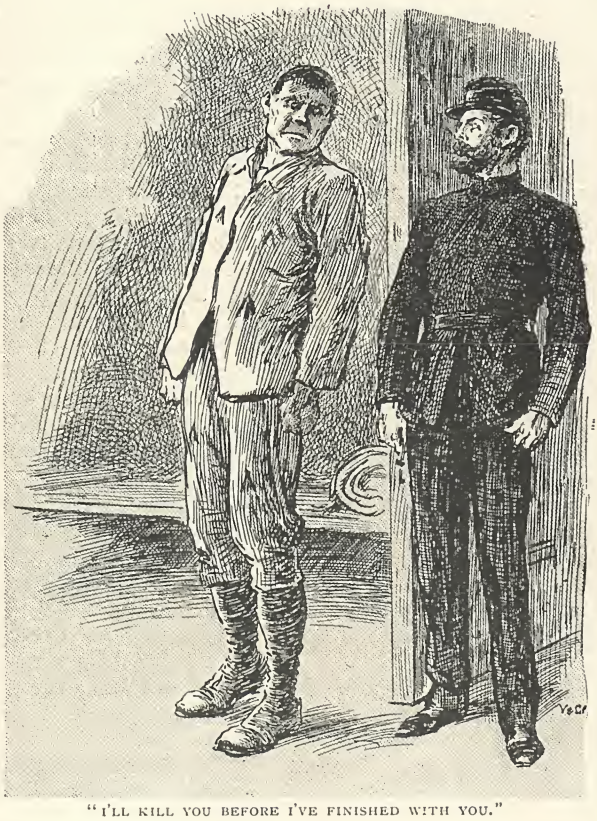
"Come in, sir," said the old fellow. "I'm all by myself—yes, an old bachelor, sir. And if you'll condescend to have a cup of tea, while I spin you the yarn, you're welcome to it."

It was a chilly autumn evening, and the bright fire and singing kettle in the little sitting-room looked very inviting, so I gladly accepted mine host's invitation.

"And now, sir," said he, when we were comfortably settled, "I'll tell you why I don't like to be near an express train at night.

"Of course, as you can imagine, we used to have some queer customers at Dartport. Her Majesty's private hotels take all kinds of folk, and we are not particular as to character. One of the worst gaol-birds that I ever remember was a certain convict whom I will call by his old number—36. He was in for a long sentence—in fact, as far as I know, he's doing time yet; though if there'd been a little more evidence forthcoming at his trial, his term of imprisonment would have been a short one, ending in the prison-yard on the scaffold; but as it was, though his list of crimes was a pretty black one, murder couldn't quite be proved, though there were few that doubted he hadn't stuck at that.

"From the moment I set eyes on him at Dartport I knew there'd be trouble with No. 36. It wasn't only the size and strength of the man, but a certain nasty look about his eyes that told me this. Nor was I mistaken, for he proved to be one of the most unmanageable brutes we ever had. He soon took a particularly strong dislike to me, for, as ill-luck would have it, I was the first to have to report him for misconduct, and it was through me that he had his first taste of the cat. When I went into his cell that night, he broke the strict rule of silence, and hissed out:—



"I'LL KILL YOU BEFORE I'VE FINISHED WITH YOU."

"'You devil of a turnkey, I'll kill you before I've finished with you.'

"It was a threat I had heard more than once before, and it didn't affect me very much at the time, though I had good reason to remember it afterwards.

"Two years passed, and No. 36 showed no signs of improving. He had a marvellous physique, and the prison diet seemed in no way to diminish his strength. He had to be most carefully watched in the quarries, and in fact always, for he had a nasty knack of being dangerous in more ways than one. At length, towards the end of the summer of the year of which I am speaking, he suddenly turned over a new leaf, and became quiet and

tractable. I felt less sure of him than ever, nevertheless, for I had seen something of this phase of character before, and I knew it generally meant mischief. Nor was I mistaken, for one afternoon, when a fog had come on rather unexpectedly, the sharp crack of a rifle betokened the escape of No. 36. Taking advantage of the mist, he had suddenly struck the nearest warder to the ground, hurled a big bit of stone with deadly aim at one sentry, completely bowling him over, taking the chance of a bullet from another—and was off!

"A search party was, of course, organized at once, but somehow or other he managed to show a clean pair of heels and escape over the moors. As darkness set in, a poor old man was found dazed and half naked, about a couple miles from the prison, and, after being revived, he told how No. 36 had met him and insisted upon having all his upper garments, so that the runaway had an extra good chance of getting clear.

"It was between nine and ten o'clock at night that I, in company with several other members of a search party, halted for a little consultation just by the embankment of the railway, the main 'West Southern,' line to London, that runs through the desolate bit of country some five or six miles north of Dartport Prison.

"'I wonder whether it's any use having a look at Westmoor Station,' said our chief.

"Westmoor Station was about two miles up the line from where we were standing.

"'Aye,' I replied, 'it's just possible that he might be lying around there, looking out for a train; though it's my belief that he's making northward—at any rate, it's more likely.'

"'Well, Davis,' said the chief, after a moment or two's thought, 'suppose you go to Westwood. It may be worth trying. I think we ought to go on to Hartwell, or that direction. What do you say?'

"'I'm willing to do as you suggest,' I answered. 'It's just as well to see the station-master, I think.'

"'All right. You slip away, then, Davis. You'd better keep along the line—it's the nearest way.'

"So I started off along the line. It was a very dark night, though the fog had lifted, and it was some moments before I got used to the track. After a bit, however, I made pretty fair progress, walking between the down pair rails on the right-hand side, so that I could see the head-lights of any train coming towards me. I hadn't gone far before I did a very foolish thing. I slung my rifle over my shoulders, so as to leave my hands free.

"I had gone about half a mile or more up the line when a great longing for a pipe came over me. I hadn't had a pipe all day, and as you're a smoker, sir, you know pretty well how I was feeling. As I walked along I took out my pouch, filled my pipe, and then felt in my pocket for a match. After nearly turning it inside out I found one solitary wax vesta. Now, there was a bit of a wind blowing over the moor, and fearful lest I should waste my precious match, I refrained from striking it until I could get behind some shelter. The desired object presently appeared, looming through the darkness, in the shape of a little platelayer's hut on the same side of the line as I was walking, the door facing towards the rails. Getting into the shelter of the doorway, I struck the match, and was just about to light my pipe, when, as I leaned against the door, to my astonishment it opened inwards with my weight, almost precipitating me to the ground, and before I could recover myself the light of the vesta revealed to me the hideous face of No. 36, who was hiding within.

"With a snarl he was upon me, and had clutched me by the throat with his strong, bony hands. It was all done so suddenly that I had scarcely time to think of what was happening, and had hardly realized the situation, when I found myself sprawling on my back with the ugly brute on the top of me. Of course, I made a mighty effort to defend myself, but I was quite powerless in his strong grip.

"'Ah,' he growled, with a curse, as he held me pinned to the ground, 'it's you, is it? Well, I've got a few old accounts to settle with you, and I don't think there could be a better opportunity.'

"'You brute!' I ejaculated, trying to twist myself out of his grasp.

"'Ah—would you? Not so fast, Warder Davis. The tables are turned now, and you're the prisoner.'

"At this moment something flashing bright in the dim star-light fell out of my pocket and clanged on the gravel ballast of the railway track.

"'Good,' said No. 36, making a snatch at it; 'these bracelets were meant for me, I suppose. Perhaps they'd prove as good a fit on your wrists. At any rate, we'll try. And as we haven't a cell handy to fix you in, we'll fasten you down to something secure—do you hear?'

"I WAS QUITE POWERLESS IN HIS STRONG GRIP."

"And putting forth all his strength, in spite of my desperate struggles, he half dragged, half rolled me on to the down track close beside us. Then, kneeling on my chest, he forced my right hand beneath the outer rail between the sleepers, and my left arm over the rail, then there was a sharp click, as with a savage chuckle he snapped the handcuffs over both my wrists, and I realized my terrible position. *I was handcuffed down to the rail!*

"He jumped up in triumph, felt in my pocket, drew out the key of the handcuffs, and hurled it away.

"'How now, you white-livered skunk?' he snarled. 'I could kill you outright with a knock on the head if I chose. But *I'm* not going to commit murder, oh, no! I'll leave that to the down express. Do you understand? If it runs at the same time as it used to, it ought to come by here about eleven o'clock, and I guess there'll be a little obstruction in its way to-night. Ah! I've got to fix you a bit tighter, my friend, just to make sure, you know.'

"And he went into the hut, reappearing in a few moments with a piece of rope, which he had, I suppose, previously noticed there.

"'You'd feel a little bit more comfortable if I tie your feet down too, eh?' he sneered; and, to my horror, he put a loop of rope round my right leg, drew it underneath the inner rail, and then made the end fast to my left ankle, above the rail. I was thus fixed right across the track, and escape from a hideous death seemed impossible. But the villain had not finished yet.

"'There's just a chance that you might call out,' he said, 'so I'll tie your mouth up. You can say your prayers just as well with it shut as open, and the sooner you say them the better, for you never needed to more.'

"He stuffed part of my handkerchief into my mouth and tied it round with another bit of rope. Then he proceeded to rifle my pockets.

"'Got any loose cash about you? That's right. I'll take care of it, for it won't do *you* any good now, I reckon, and you'll have the dying satisfaction of having helped me to get off to London. And now, you skunk of a warder, good-night! I told you I'd be the death of you one day, but, by Heaven, I never hoped for such a paying-off of old scores as this. Remember, you'll see the head-lights of the engine coming towards you—you'll hear the roar of the train that's going to squash you. It's a good revenge, isn't it? I'd stay here and see the end of it if I could, only I've no time to spare, so now good-night, Warder Davis, curse you!'

"And with a brutal kick at my defenceless

body he started off in the direction of Westmoor. I could see his bulky form for a moment or two in the dim light, and could hear for several minutes the tread of his feet crunching the gravel on the permanent way. I had no doubt in my mind that he had been making for Westmoor previously, and had used the old platelayer's hut as a hiding-place until it was about time to take a chance of getting on one of the up trains.

"My situation was a truly awful one. He was quite right about the down express: it was timed to run through Westmoor just about eleven o'clock. It was past ten now, so that there was not an hour between me and a hideous death. I lay still for some minutes and tried to compose my mind to think a little. Was there anything I could do? Yes! With an effort I might manage to remove the gag. I pushed my head as far as it would go over the metals, and to my joy was able to undo the knots with my chained hands and to get the handkerchief out of my mouth. This was a relief, certainly, but only a very small one, for it soon dawned upon me that if I yelled my loudest there would be no one within hearing on the lonely moor through which the track ran. To get my hands free was impossible, but there might be a chance for my feet. I began to kick them about, and discovered that the wretch had simply passed the rope between my ankles *once* round the rail, so that by alternately kicking and pulling with each foot I could draw it backward and forward against the rail. With the energy of despair I began to work with all my might to fray the rope against the rail, and so set my feet free.

"I must have kicked away for over half an hour—kicked and pulled till I was stiff and in agony, and still the rope held, but I could *feel* it rubbing away and getting thinner, and I tried to work it so that the friction took place where the rail rested in the 'chair' on the sleeper, so as to have a sharp corner to cut. Fiercely I struggled to get free, but the rope was a strong one, and it seemed as if it would hold for ever.

"A whistle! Hardly discernible in the distance, but still I knew what it meant. The down express was running through Westmoor Station. A fresh struggle—and *still* the rope held. Then came an ominous rumble in the distance, and there, half a mile away up the straight bit of track, I could see the glimmer of the engine's head-light. A desperate pull! I hung on to the outer rails with both hands, and pulled with arms and legs like a man on the rack of old—every muscle of the body was strained with the

"I THREW MYSELF AT FULL LENGTH PARALLEL TO THE TRACK."

fearful tension. Snap! The rope broke and my feet were free.

"There was not a moment to lose; the train was little over a quarter of a mile away, and in twenty seconds it would be on me. But a desperate man can do a lot in that time. With a quick movement I rolled over to the outside of the track, so that my *left* arm came under the rail. Then I threw myself at full length parallel to the track, feet towards the approaching train, and as far from the rail as possible. At the same moment I drew down my hands on either side of the rail so that the short chain between the steel wristlets was on the top of the rail, the centre being on the inner top edge of the rail where the wheels would strike.

"With a roar the train was on me. I expected to have one of my hands cut off, and there came a sharp thrill of pain to both wrists as the leading wheel of the engine struck the chain, while the thought flashed across me that I might not be far enough from the rail to escape being struck in my body.

"The passing of that awful train seemed to be an hour. Wheel after wheel ran close to my face with a hideous clatter—until the momentary red glare of the tail-light and a big rush of air told me that the danger had passed. For about five minutes I lay perfectly still, and not till then did I discover that my hands were falling further apart.

"Scarcely daring to hope, I drew them slowly towards me. Yes! I was free! The heavy train had snapped the swivel-link that joined the handcuffs, and with the exception of a severe bruising in my wrists, I was perfectly uninjured.

"Well, to make a long story short, sir, I toddled to my feet with the most profound feeling of gratitude to Providence that I had ever experienced. And then, weak and nerve-shattered as I was, there came upon me the intense desire to recapture the brute who had condemned me to such an awful death. My rifle was still with me, and uninjured; so, as well as I could, I set forth in the direction of Westmoor, starting in fright after I had gone a short distance at the noise of a heavy goods train, that rumbled past me on the up track.

"When I got to the station, the platform and offices were closed, but this same goods train was being shunted in the yard, preparatory to making a fresh start on its journey towards London. Two or three trucks, covered with tarpaulins, were detached, and I fancied I caught a glimpse of a dark figure crouching beside one of them.

"I stopped and watched, smiling to myself as I saw No. 36 climb into the truck, and disappear beneath the tarpaulin. Then I went quietly to the brakesman and explained matters. He, the driver of the engine, a couple of shunters, and myself surrounded the truck, and in a few minutes No. 36 found himself brought to bay, with the man whom he had thought dead presenting his rifle within a foot of him. He saw the game was over and gave in, and that's the end of the yarn.

"Yes, of course, he was pretty severely punished, but that didn't compensate me for my terrible experience; and now perhaps you don't wonder why I should give a bit of a shudder when an express train passes me in the dark!"

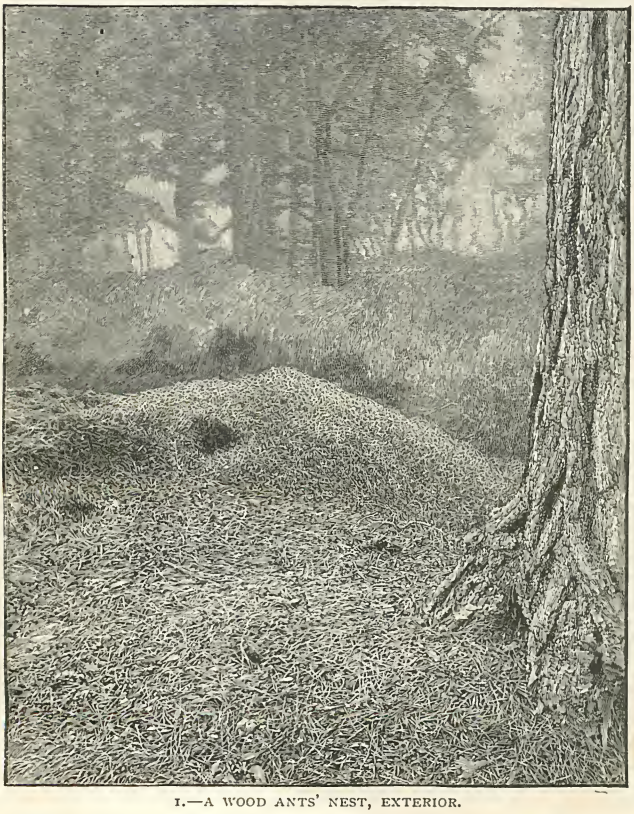
Glimpses of Nature.

VIII.—ABIDING CITIES.

By Grant Allen.

THE papery nests of wasps, as I mentioned in the last of these essays, are purely temporary empires: the vespine race has "no abiding city here"; each summer sees the populous homes built afresh from the ground; each winter sees them unpeopled and demolished. But with ants, which are builders for time, things are quite otherwise. The communities of those clever and intelligent little creatures are tolerably permanent; they go on from year to year, and generation to generation, often for very long periods together. Lest I weary you unnecessarily by a long preamble, however, I shall present you with views of one such nest at once, outside and inside, in Nos. 1 and 2, in order that you may see without delay the curious method of their detailed construction.

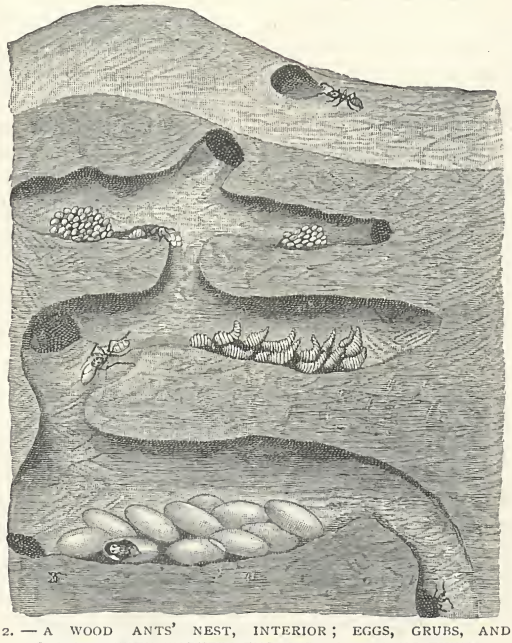
The city whose external lineaments are shown you in the photograph reproduced in No. 1 is actually situated on St. George's Hill, near Weybridge, just ten feet away from the large Scotch fir whose trunk appears on the right of the illustration. It is only one among many various types of ants' nests, built by different species. From outside, all you can see of it is a confused mass of dry pine-needles, arranged in a barrow-shaped hill or mound, some eight feet across at the base, and two feet high. But that is in reality only the outwork or top story of the communal habitation. Beneath it lies a second layer, six inches thick, composed entirely of roots of heather and rootlets of fir-trees, all carefully stripped clean of bark, and making a dry foundation for the warm hillock of pine-needles. Below this woody layer, again, the ground is tunnelled to an unknown depth by long subterranean galleries, driven right through a stratum of solid sandstone. These inner galleries extend, not only beneath the hillock, but also all round it; for wherever you step, the soil treads soft, and gives beneath your foot to a depth of six or eight inches. This illustrative example is a city built by our common English Wood Ant; I have had another just like it—an insect London—under observation for three or four years in a copse on a spur of Hind Head, not far from my cottage.



1.—A WOOD ANTS' NEST, EXTERIOR.

In No. 2 Mr. Enock has represented for us, with his usual skill, a very small section of such a city, "all a-growing and a-blowing"—all engaged in the active exercise of its everyday functions. How it came into being, and how it is ruled and peopled, I will tell you a little later on; for the present I want first to familiarize you with the general course of its domestic economy in practical action. We have here an interior view, with one wall removed, of a tunnel or gallery, which runs through the soft upper portion of the nest, composed of pine-needles; together with a small piece of the outer surface. An ant, which has been out foraging for food, approaches one of the mouths of the nest. Beneath are three

successive floors or stages of the tunnel, with excavated chambers, each appropriated to its own particular purpose. In the upper floor of all, we see two groups of minute eggs awaiting their hatching. These are the real eggs, not the much larger things sold as "ants' eggs" for bird food in London, which are really the pupæ. Four of the eggs have just arrived at hatching point; therefore, one of the careful nurses who look after them is seen just in the act of bundling them over on to stage two, which is the floor here reserved for the nursery of the hatched-out grubs or larvæ. In this second stage you see a chamber with a group of such grubs, all hungry and greedy, waiting for their nurses to bring them food from outside the household. Observe the obvious expectancy of their attitude, with heads held up, like that of small birds clamouring eagerly for food when their mother approaches them with a worm or a caterpillar. After feeding for some time in this legless, grubbish condition, the larva turns into a pupa, and incloses itself in a cocoon; one larva has just completed this happy transformation, and a watchful nurse ant is therefore at this moment engaged in carrying it tenderly a stage lower down to the floor reserved for the chrysalis condition. On the third floor, below, you see a group of pupæ, lying by in the dark, and awaiting their development. The wall of one cocoon has here been removed; and within, you may catch a glimpse of the imprisoned grub, now recently transformed into the adult ant pattern. Of course, the nest contains many hundreds of such tunnelled galleries, all teeming with life, and all made up of several distinct chambers.

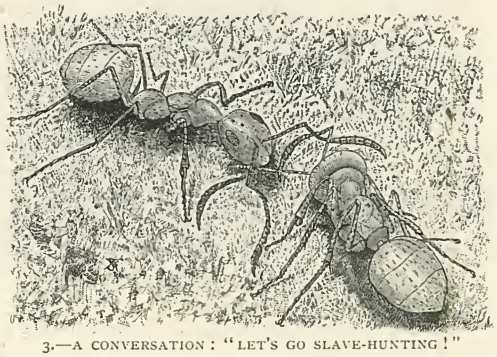


2. — A WOOD ANTS' NEST, INTERIOR; EGGS, GRUBS, AND COCOONS, WITH WORKERS ENGAGED IN TENDING THEM.

Now, how does such a nest begin to be? Well, it starts from a queen, or perfect female, who sets out with a few others to form a colony. This colony soon grows; but it is rather a republic than an Amazon kingdom, like the hive of bees or the nest of wasps: it is composed of several perfect females (instead of one queen), numerous imperfect females or workers, and a few males, who, as is usual among social insects, are very unimportant and unconsidered creatures. The males and females are winged when they first emerge from their cocoons; and they use their wings for their marriage flight, which is a recognised institution among all insect socialists. But as soon as the perfect females have been safely wedded, their wings drop off; or, in cases where they do not fall of themselves, the insects themselves wriggle and pull them off with their legs in the most comic fashion. I have sometimes seen a dinner-table in Jamaica covered by a sudden irruption of female winged ants of tropical species, which insisted on immolating themselves in the soup and the wine (to the advantage of neither party), while others blackened the tablecloth, and devoted themselves to getting rid of their wings with unpleasant gyrations. As for the males, they are of no further use to the community, so they die at once. But the mass of the larvæ develop into imperfect females or workers, which are always wingless from the very first; and it is these that form the ordinary ants of the everyday observer. In many kinds there are also two types of neuters: the one type, workers proper, have rather large heads and moderate jaws—they are the foragers and builders of the community; the other type, soldiers, have still bigger heads and very powerful jaws—it is their task to fight in defence of their native city. Other differences of less importance will come out in the course of our subsequent explanation.

The winged ants have large and many-faceted compound eyes, to aid them in their flight abroad; and they have also single eyelets or *ocelli*, as in the case of the wasp, which seem to be useful to them in finding

the way over large areas, as the compound eyes are probably designed for nearer and minuter vision. But the workers have always the true eyes small, and often rudimentary; while the eyelets or *ocelli* are mostly wanting. To put it plainly, they are almost blind. The reason for this peculiarity is that walking ants do not much need sight; they seem to feel and smell their way about; vision with them ranks far second to odour as a means of information. There can be very little doubt, too, that their principal organ of sense resides in the antennæ, or feelers, which are probably used in part for smelling. Whatever may be the perceptive function which these curious appendages subserve, however, nobody who has watched ants closely ever doubts that they are also used as a means of intercommunication, almost analogous to human language. Whenever two ants of the same nest meet, they stop and parley with one another by waving and crossing their antennæ; so obvious is it that the information thus conveyed makes one ant follow another towards a source of food, or other object of interest, which the first ant has discovered, that the process is universally described by ant-observers as "talking."



3.—A CONVERSATION: "LET'S GO SLAVE-HUNTING!"

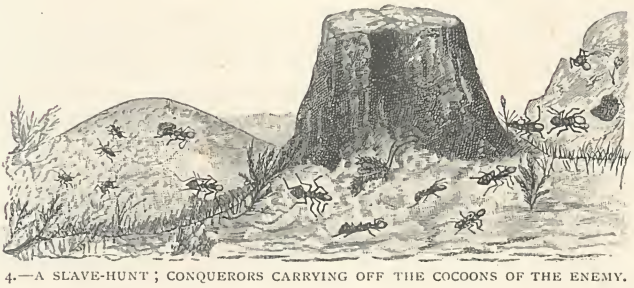
In No. 3 we get an illustration of two workers belonging to an English species known as the Warrior Ant, from its predatory habits, engaged in just such a profound confab together. They are meditating war, and discussing a plan of campaign with one another; for the Warrior Ant is a slave-making species. It is a large red kind, and it makes raids against nests of the small yellow Turf Ant, a mild and docile race, large numbers of which it carries off to act as servants. But it does not steal fully-grown Turf Ants; their habits are formed, and they would be useless for such a purpose. What the Warrior Ant wants is raw material which can be turned into thoroughly well-trained servants. So it merely kills the adult ants which strive to oppose its aggression, and contents itself with trundling home to its own nest the larvæ and pupæ of the Turf Ants which it has put to flight and vanquished. In process of time, these grubs and cocoons produce full-grown yellow workers, which, having never known freedom, can be taught by the Warrior Ants to act as nurses and housemaids, exactly as if they were living in their own proper city. I once saw in a garden in Algiers a great pitched battle going on between slave-makers and the family of the future slaves, in which the ground was strewn with the corpses of the vanquished; not till the nest of the smaller ants was almost exterminated did they retire from the unequal contest, and allow the proud invader to carry off their brothers and sisters in their cocoons, asleep and unconscious.

The two ants figured in No. 3 are deliberating on the chances of such a cocoon-lifting expedition. The one to the right has been hunting for honey up the stems of vetches, and has fallen in by the way with a small nest of Turf Ants. Returning post-haste to her own home, big with this exciting intelligence, she encounters a comrade, to whom she communicates in antennæ-language her belief that the Turf Ants she has discovered are not very numerous, and her conviction that they would fall an easy prey to a well-organized party of Warrior raiders. The two friends cross their antennæ as they talk, wave them mysteriously about, and evidently succeed in conveying their respective views on the situation to one another. After a short delay, both return, all agog, to the nest together, and rouse the guard with intelligence of plenty of pupæ ready to be plundered. At once the city hums alive with bustle and preparation. Workers run to and fro and communicate orders from head-quarters to one another. "There's a big slave-hunt on; sister-fighter so-and-so has just brought news of a city of Turfites, quite near, and unprotected. The doors are open, and she noticed as she passed that the sentries looked most lax and indifferent. The whole place has apparently been demoralized by a recent marriage flight. Everybody in our nest is going to the war. Come along and help us!"

Forthwith, they sally out, and make for the city of the despised yellow Turfites. They fall upon it, unexpectedly, and kill the outer sentries. Then the battle begins in earnest. Half the Turfites rush out in battle array, and, banding themselves together, to

make up for their individual small size, fall fiercely upon this or that isolated Warrior. Occasionally, by dint of mere numbers, they beat off the invader with heavy loss; but much more often, the large and strong-jawed Warriors win the day, and destroy to a worker the opposing forces. They crush their adversaries' heads with their vice-like mandibles. Meanwhile, within the nest, the other half of the workers—the division told off as special nurses — are otherwise employed in defending and protecting the rising generation. At the first alarm, at the first watchword passed with waving antennæ through the nest, "A Warrior host is attacking us!" they hurry to the chambers where the cocoons are stored, and bear them off in their mouths into the recesses of the nest, the lowest and most inaccessible of all the chambers. When at last the day is lost, the Warriors break in and steal all the pupæ they can lay their jaws upon; but many survive in the long, dark tunnels, with a few devoted workers still left to tend and teach them.

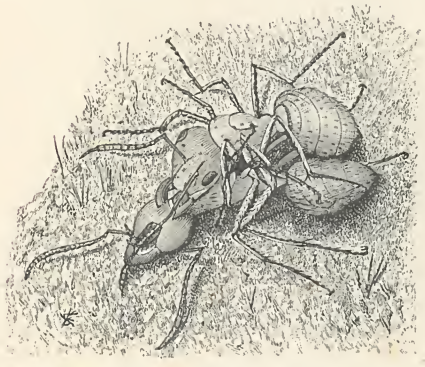
No. 4 shows us the last final stage in such a slave-hunt. The big red Warriors have won; the little yellow Turfites have been repulsed and defeated with great slaughter. The victors are at present engaged in carrying captured cocoons to their own nests; there, the pupæ will hatch out shortly into willing slaves, and, never having known any other condition, will take it for granted that the natural post for small yellow ants is to clean and forage and catch food for big red ones.



4.—A SLAVE-HUNT; CONQUERORS CARRYING OFF THE COCOONS OF THE ENEMY.

Our own Warrior Ants are slave-holders which still retain some power of working and acting for themselves; but there are other species in which the "peculiar institution" has produced its usual degrading result by rendering the slave-owner incapable and degenerate, a mere fighting do-nothing. Among the Amazon ants, which are very confirmed slave-makers, Sir John Lubbock found that a great lady, left alone without slaves, in the presence of food, did not even know how to feed herself; she was positively starving to death in the midst of plenty. Then Sir John provided her with a single slave; instantly, the industrious little creature set to work to clean and arrange her mistress and to offer her food. This is a striking illustration of the moral truth that slavery is at least as demoralizing for the master as for his servant.

No. 5 introduces us to a passing phase in a combat of ants—a life-and-death conflict



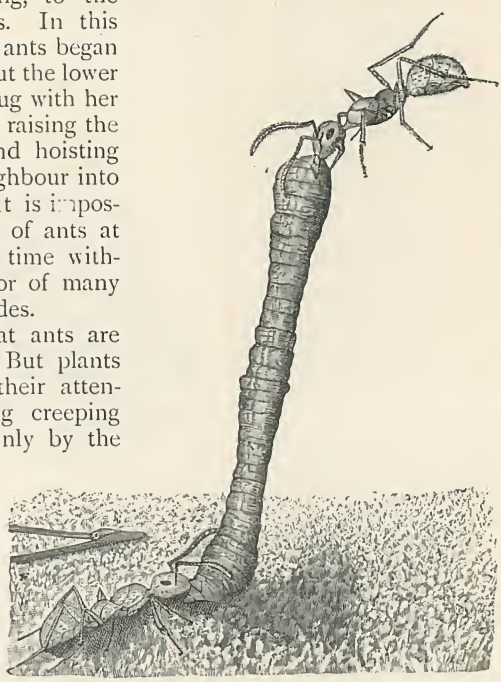
5.—PAYING OFF OLD SCORES; A LIFE-AND-DEATH CONFLICT.

between two single antagonists. Ants, indeed, are desperate fighters; the workers and perfect females have sometimes stings, like the bees and wasps; but in most species they fight by biting with their jaws, which are moulded into strong and vice-like nippers or pincers. Moreover, they have a gland which secretes the same poisonous material as that contained in the venom-bag of the sting among wasps and bees; and after the ant has made a hole with her jaw in her enemy's armour, she injects into it a little of this painful, irritating acid, which kills small insects. During a battle, ants are all most reckless of their own lives; indeed, no ant seems ever to consider herself by comparison with the interests of the community at large. The individual exists for the state alone, and sacrifices her life and happiness, automatically as it were, on behalf of her city.

In No. 6 we see an illustration of the great muscular strength possessed by ants, especially in their gripping jaws or mandibles. Here, two comrades have got hold of a dead and rigid prey, which they are striving to carry off by main force to the

nest; for ants are omnivorous. They feed off whatever turns up handy; all is fish that comes to their net—they seem almost indifferent whether what they dine off is honey or honeydew, a worm or a beetle, a dead bird or a departed lizard. A few workers will seize whatever edible object they happen to find, and combine to drag it away, by pushing and pulling, to the underground chambers. In this particular case, the two ants began by hauling together; but the lower one, giving one good tug with her jaws, has succeeded in raising the whole carcass aloft, and hoisting up her astonished neighbour into the air on top of it. It is impossible to watch a nest of ants at work for any length of time without being the spectator of many such comic little episodes.

I implied above that ants are very fond of honey. But plants by no means desire their attentions; because, being creeping creatures, guided mainly by the sense of smell, they crawl up the stems of one species after another, indiscriminately, and so do no good in setting the seeds of any particular kind of flower. To baffle them, accordingly, many plants cover their stems with downward-pointing hairs, which prove to the ants as impenetrable an obstacle as tropical jungles to the human explorer; while other sorts set various traps like lobster-pots on their stalks, to catch and imprison the unwelcome visitors. But the wild English vetches have a still more curious and instructive habit, shared by not a few other ingenious plants. They buy off the intruders by an organized system of blackmail. Below the flowers intended for fertilization by flying insects, which flit straight from one blossom to another of the same kind, the vetches put some arrow-shaped guards or stipules, so arranged like barriers on the stem that a prying ant cannot easily creep past them. In the centre of each stipule, however, the plant produces a little black gland, which secretes honey. This honey is a bribe to the marauding ant; the vetch puts it there in order that the insect, finding its progress toward the flower blocked, may just stop *en route* and sip this pittance of nectar, leaving the richer and more valuable stock of honey in the actual blossom to be rifled by the bees which are the honoured guests and allies of the vetches. Nature is all full of such quaint plots and counterplots. One example occurs in a South American tree, so very remarkable that I cannot pass it by even in this hasty notice.



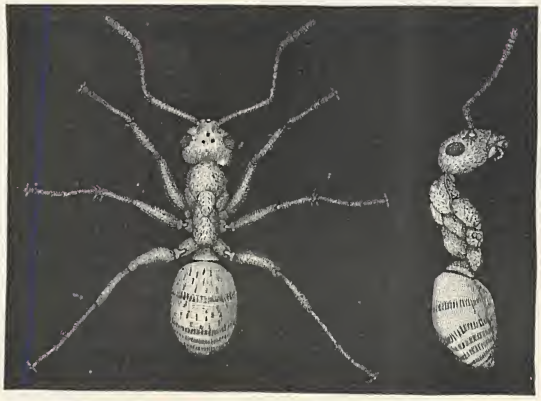
6.—A LONG PULL, AND A STRONG PULL, BUT NOT ALL TOGETHER.

A certain ant, very common in Brazil, has the habit of cutting large round pieces out of the leaves of trees, which it then conveys to its nest for the purpose of growing fungi upon them—in human language, making tiny mushroom-beds. Now, this habit is naturally obnoxious to the trees, which produce the leaves for their own advantage, not for the sake of leaf-cutting ants which hack and rob them. To guard against the burglarious leaf-cutters, accordingly, one clever South American acacia has hit upon an excellent plan of defence. It produces curious hollow thorns; while each leaflet has a gland at its base which secretes honey. Into these hollow thorns, colonies of a small and harmless ant migrate, and take up their abode there. They live off the honey at the base of the leaflets. They thus acquire a vested interest in the acacia tree, which is their home and territory; and whenever the leaf-cutting ants attack the acacia, the little occupants of the thorns and owners of the honey-chambers pour out upon them in their thousands, and compel the invaders to beat a hasty retreat with heavy losses. Thus the cunning tree supplies its insect body-guard with board and lodging in return for efficient protection against the dreaded onslaught of the common enemy.

And now that I have succeeded, I hope, in interesting you a little in the habits of ants, I am going to tell you a few facts about their structure. That is my dodginess, you see; I knew if I began by giving you details of

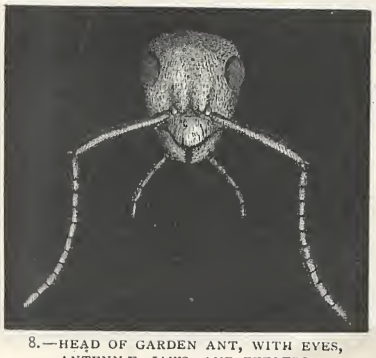
legs and body and segments, you would vote the whole thing dry; but now that you understand what sort of objects the ant wants to attain, you may be content to examine the organs she attains them with.

In No. 7 you have a portrait of the common Garden Ant of England, one of the most interesting creatures in the world to watch in action. This is a worker specimen; therefore, it has a very big head, with very powerful jaws; and when you remember that ants work for the most part with the head only, you will understand why that portion needs to be the most muscular and powerful part of the body. A lobster has two very strong claws in front, because those are his fighting and prey-catching organs; the ant's jaws just answer in function to the lobster's claws, and to our hands and arms, and, therefore, they are correspondingly big and muscular. Male and female ants do not have to dig tunnels, to build up chambers, to drag heavy weights back to the nest; therefore, they have smaller heads and bigger eyes; they are adapted only for flying and for producing the younger generation. The middle segments of the body, on the contrary, are large and powerful in the males and females, because they have to work the wings; while in the workers they are smaller, especially in one segment, because the workers are wingless. The legs, however, are fairly strong, since they need to pull and to supply a firm footing when the ant is tugging hard at some heavy object. But between the part of the body which forms the attachment for the six legs and the abdomen, or "tail," there is a single characteristic segment, or stalk, very thin and slender, which bears a sort of scale, peculiar to the ant family. The side view, with the legs removed, enables you to note how admirably the ant is adapted for turning in almost any direction, and explains that extraordinary flexibility of body which you must have noticed whenever you have watched a troop of ants trying to drag a dead insect over a gravel path, and surmounting all obstacles with clumsy ingenuity. Ants, in short, are built for navvies; they are insect engineers, and they have acquired a form exactly adapted to their peculiar habits.



7.—THE GARDEN ANT—PORTRAIT OF A WORKER.

But why are the worker ants so nearly blind? That must surely be a disadvantage to them. Not a bit of it. Ants work mainly in dark underground passages, where the sense of sight would be of little use; and, moreover, like all hunting animals, they find smell more important as an indicator of food in the open than vision. The hound does not *look* for the fox—he sniffs and scents him. Now, whenever any sense is relatively unimportant, an economy may be effected by suppressing or curtailing it; the material that would otherwise go to making and repairing its organ is more profitably employed on some better work elsewhere. Ants are obviously descendants of flying ancestors, none of which were workers; and the flying males and females possess to this day the organs of sight necessary for their habits. But in the class of workers it has been found more useful, on the whole, to concentrate attention on smell and on strength of jaw than on sight and flight: the important point is that the worker ant should be able to find scattered foodstuffs, and should be strong enough to pull them back to the city. So, in No. 8, you get a front view of the head of the common Garden Ant; and you will see for yourself that its eyes, when compared with the numerous eyelets and large compound organs of the wasp, are relatively imperfect; while its antennæ are large and fully developed appendages. They turn in a beautiful ball-and-socket joint, which enables them



8.—HEAD OF GARDEN ANT, WITH EYES, ANTENNÆ, JAWS, AND FEELERS.

to move freely in every direction. Now, these antennæ quite clearly serve several most important uses in ant life. They are the organs of speech in ants, as well as the organs of a special sense; just as, with us ourselves, the mouth is used equally for tasting and talking. Darwin said with justice, indeed, that, considering its size, the brain of an ant was perhaps the most marvellous piece of matter in the whole universe; and its raw material of intelligence is apparently supplied it most of all through the mysterious antennæ.

9.—BACK VIEW OF HEAD, WITH JAWS OPEN, AND ORGANS EXPANDED.

No. 9 is a back view of the same head, with the various jaws and mouthpieces expanded. It shows very well the complicated nature of the tongue, the palps, the shield, and so forth, and also the powerful nipping jaws, with their closely serrated and tooth-like edge—these last being the weapons used in battle and in repelling the attacks of large enemies. It also excellently exhibits the complex arrangement of the beautiful jointed antennæ, whose movements appear to serve the ants in place of language. The black spot in the centre of the head above is the cut neck, or esophagus. I advise you to look closely at the mouth-organs in this microscopic drawing, and to compare them with the corresponding parts in the wasp, illustrated by Mr. Enock in the last number.

Considering how important the antennæ are, it will not surprise you to learn that the clean little ants have a special instrument, like the bees and wasps, for keeping these useful outgrowths in proper order. The singular brush-and-comb with which they clean them is shown in No. 10, together with a smaller representation of the entire leg on which it exists, so as to enable you to see where the ant carries it. Ants, indeed, are as fond of washing themselves as cats; and when any accident happens to one, such as getting smeared with honey, you will see the little creature carefully getting rid of the foreign body with her hairy legs, and paying particular attention to her precious antennæ. The mere existence of such developed brushes is sufficient to prove the immense importance of the organs they clean to the bee-and-ant order.

The life-history of an ant falls into four periods or ages: the egg, the grub, the pupa, and the perfect insect. The eggs, which are very tiny, are white or yellowish, and somewhat elongated; those observed by Sir John Lubbock, the great authority on ants, have taken a month or six weeks to hatch. The larvæ, like the young of bees and wasps, are white, legless grubs, narrow towards the head. The picture in No. 2, indeed, only imperfectly suggests the constant care with which they are tended by the nurses in early life; for they are carried about from room to room at different times, apparently to secure the exactly proper degree of warmth or moisture; and they are also often assorted in a sliding-scale of ages. "It is sometimes very curious to see them in my nests," says Sir John Lubbock, "arranged in groups according to size, so that they remind one of a school divided into five or six classes." After a longer or shorter period of grub-hood, which differs in length in different species, they turn into pupæ, either in a cocoon or naked. It takes the insects three or four weeks, in the pupa

10.—THE ANT'S BRUSH-AND-COMB, FOR CLEANING THE ANTENNÆ.

form, to develop into full-grown ants; and even when they have finished, they are as helpless as babies, and could not escape from the cocoon but for the kind offices of the worker attendants. "It is pretty to see the older ants helping them to extricate themselves, carefully unfolding the legs and smoothing out the wings" of the males and females, "with truly feminine tenderness and delicacy." This utter helplessness of the young ant is very interesting for comparison with the case of man; for it is now known that nothing conduces to the final intellectual and moral supremacy of a race so much as the need for tending and carefully guarding the young; the more complete the dependence of the offspring upon their elders, the finer and higher the ultimate development.

Ants are likewise great domesticators of various other animals; indeed, they keep many more kinds of flocks and herds in confinement than we ourselves do. Besides the green-flies, which I have already treated in a previous paper, and which the ants use as cows, milking them for their honey-dew, a large selection of beetles and other insects are commonly found in ants' nests. Then there is a funny little pallid creature, called Beckia, an active, bustling small thing, remotely resembling a minute earwig-larva, which runs in and out among the ants in great numbers, keeping its antennæ always in a state of perpetual vibration. The nests also harbour a queer, armour-plated white wood-louse, whose long Latin-German name I mercifully spare you; and this strange beast toddles about quite familiarly among the ants in the galleries. Both kinds must have been developed in ants' nests from darker animals; and both are blind, from long residence in the dark underground tunnels which they never quit; their lightness of colour and the disappearance of their eyes tend alike to show that they and their ancestors have resided for countless ages in the homes of the ants. Yet no ant ever seems to take the slightest notice of them. Still, there they are, and the ants tolerate their presence; while an unauthorized interloper, as Sir John Lubbock remarks, would at once be set upon and killed. The accomplished entomologist in question suggests that they may perhaps act as scavengers, like the wild dogs of Constantinople or the turkey-buzzard vultures of the West Indies and South America. I have sometimes almost been inclined to suspect, myself, that they may be kept as totems, much as human savages domesticate one of their revered ancestral animals as an object of worship.

In other cases the relation between the ants and their domesticated animals is more distinctly economical. For instance, there is a blind beetle—most ant-cattle are blind from long residence in the tunnels—which has actually lost the power of feeding itself; but the ants feed it with their own food, and then caress it with their antennæ, apparently in order to make it give forth some pleasant secretion. This secretion seems to be poured out by a tuft of hairs at the base of the beetle's hard wing-cases; these tufts of hair the ants take into their mouths and lick all over with the greatest relish. Some ant tribes even strike up an alliance with other ants of a different species, whose nest they frequent and whom they follow in all their wanderings. Thus, there is a very tiny yellow ant, known as Stenamma, which takes up its abode in the galleries of the much larger Horse Ants and Field Ants. When these big friends change their quarters to a new nest, as frequently happens, the tiny Stenammas accompany them, "running about among them," says Sir John Lubbock, "and between their legs, tapping them inquisitively with their antennæ, and even sometimes climbing on to their backs, as if for a ride, while the large ants seem to take little notice of them. They almost seem to be the dogs, or perhaps the cats, of the ants." In yet another case, a wee parasitic kind makes its own small tunnels in and out among those of a much larger species, members of which cannot get at the petty robbers, because they are themselves too big to enter the minute galleries. The depredators are, therefore, quite safe, and make incursions into the nests of their bigger victims, whose larvæ they carry off and devour—"as if we had small dwarfs, about eighteen inches long, harbouring in the walls of our houses, and every now and then carrying off some of our children into their horrid dens."

When once one begins upon these fascinating insects, the difficulty is to know when to stop. But I have said enough, I hope, to suggest to you the extraordinary interest of the study of ant life. Even if observed in the most amateurish way, it affords one opportunities for endless amusing glimpses into the politics of a community full of comic episodes and tragic *dénouements*.

The Chickens' Parade.

A Story for Children.

By Canning Williams.

"NO, old fellow," I said, addressing my dog; "not to-night." Philo dropped his tail, and in his expressive eyes appeared a look of disappointment, which made me regret my words. I opened the drawer in which I keep my heavy boots and my leggings, and stood looking at them half-inclined to don them, and face, for my dog's sake, the drenching rain. But the brightly-burning fire and the easy-chair were magnets too powerful for me to overcome; so the drawer was closed, and, instead of heavy boots and leather leggings, I donned my comfortable carpet slippers.

"No, old boy," I repeated, as Philo placed his head upon my knee, and looked appealingly into my face, "it is too wet for a run to-night. Cold, wind, hail, and snow I can stand well enough, but a drenching drizzle is too much for me."

Just here, my housekeeper entered the room.

"Was your eggs cooked as you like, Mr. Smith?" she asked, in her kind but ungrammatical way.

"They were cooked, as you always cook my eggs, Mrs. Jones—perfectly."

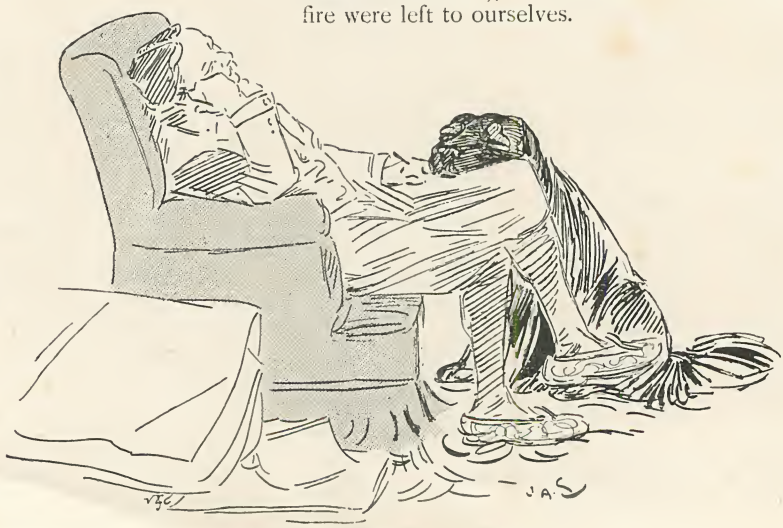
"You are not going out to-night, sir?"

"No, it is too wet, and your fire is in such admirable condition that—well, the fact is, I am lazy to-night."

"Yes, I think that must be it," Mrs. Jones replied, "for nothing has kept you in before."

"Do not light the lamp, Mrs. Jones; I would prefer to sit in the firelight. No, I am not ill," I said, answering her look of astonishment; "nor in love; just a little drowsy, that is all."

Mrs. Jones closed the door (I fancied I heard her say, "There must be something the matter with him"), and Philo and I and the fire were left to ourselves.



"PHILO AND I WERE LEFT TO OURSELVES."

"A most excellent cooker of eggs, is Mrs. J.," I said to my companion (silent companions are often the best of company); "most excellent. Few people can be relied upon to always cook one's eggs properly, but Mrs. J. is one of the few."

"Eggs! What a lot of eggs you have eaten," an inner voice said to me. "You eat one every morning, sometimes two. You must have eaten an egg and a half a day for the past thirteen years, without counting those you have eaten in puddings and pies."

Here my brain set to work at figures, an occupation it is accustomed to. Thirteen multiplied by three hundred and sixty-five: four thousand seven hundred and forty-five. Four thousand seven hundred and forty-five multiplied by one and a half: seven thousand one hundred and seventeen and a half.

"Seven thousand one hundred and seventeen and a *half*," the inner voice repeated, chidingly, putting particular stress on the "half"; "seven thousand one hundred and seventeen and a *half*, and a *half*."

"Did it never strike you," the voice said, after a short interval of silence, "did it never strike you that each time you cut off the top of an egg you killed a chicken?"

I said something to the effect that the egg was not a chicken when it came to my plate.

"Did you never think," the voice continued, solemnly, "did you never think of its poor mother?"

I confessed I had never given its mother a thought.

"Have you no ——" The question was interrupted by Philo's giving a low, long growl.

"What is it, Philo?" Another growl, longer and louder than the first. "He must be dreaming," I thought. Another growl, and this time Philo raised his head from my knee and looked towards the door.

"What's the matter with you, old fellow? Been dreaming?" But Philo was not to be thus quieted; growling in his fiercest way, he walked to the door and began to sniff along the bottom of it. I rose from my chair and, holding Philo by the collar, opened the door, when, to my utter astonishment, I saw standing upon the cold oilcloth a tiny chicken. Philo looked at the downy mite and then at me, and said as plainly as his eyes could speak, "You need not hold me; I will not harm the little creature."

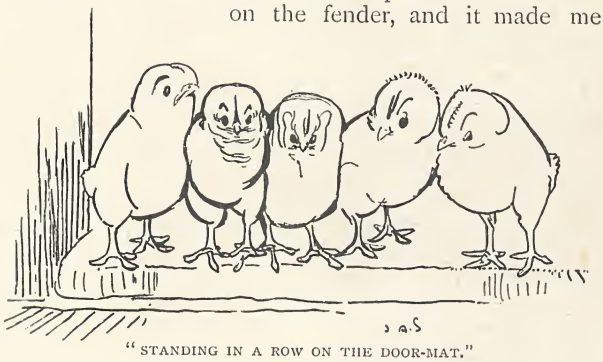
The chicken was not at all frightened of the great dog. Giving a chirp of delight, it hopped under Philo's legs, tripped rapidly up to the fireplace, and, much to my amusement, perched upon the brass rail of the fender. I shut the door, Philo and I taking up our positions in front of the fire, and quietly watching the tiny bird.

Presently, however, Philo gave another growl, and again sniffed at the bottom of the door.

"Can it be another chicken?" thought I. "There must be a brood of them somewhere, and yet 'tis a strange time of year to hatch chickens." I opened the door. Imagine my surprise when I saw five chickens, twin brothers and sisters of the first, standing in a row on the door-mat.

"Come in, chickens," I said; "make yourselves at home." They required no second invitation, but hopped quickly across the carpet and joined their friend upon the rail.

It was an amusing sight, these six chickens perched in a row on the fender, and it made me



"STANDING IN A ROW ON THE DOOR-MAT."

laugh more heartily than ever a pantomime did, or a joke in a funny paper. Philo was not less amused than I, but as he could not laugh, he satisfied himself with assuming the most comical expression of countenance I had ever seen him wear.

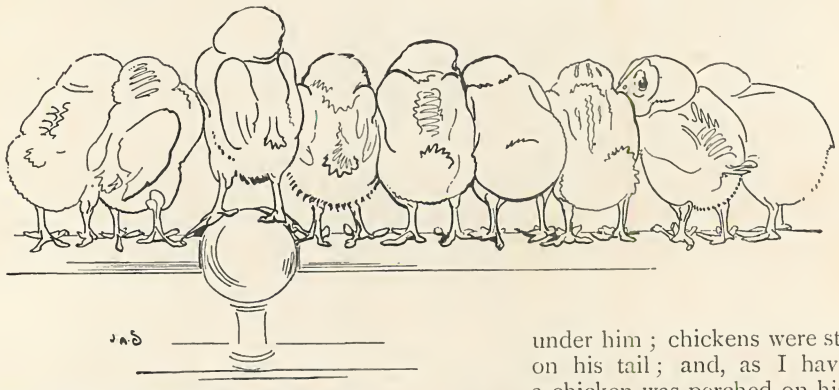
Five minutes later, Philo again indicated that there were some more chicken visitors outside.

"This is much more than a joke. But let me see," I said, trying to recall my own chicken-rearing experiences, "a brood usually consists of thirteen; at least, that is the number when they all hatch out. Well, I think the rail will accommodate thirteen." So saying, I opened the door, expecting to see seven chicks waiting for admission. There were only three.

"So here you are, little ones," I said; "better late than not at all. Come in, plenty of room on the rail."

Nine chickens were now perched before the fire.

"I think, Philo, we had better leave the door open," I said; "those other four chicks will be coming presently, and this constant getting up is tiring to old bones."



"NINE CHICKENS WERE NOW PERCHED BEFORE THE FIRE."

I had not been seated many minutes when I heard a pattering of tiny feet upon the oilcloth.

"Ah, here they are," I said, without troubling to turn my head. "Come in, friends, don't stand upon ceremony this cold night; we will dispense with an introduction. Your brothers and sisters are all here, so don't be afraid. One—two—three—four; yes, that makes the thirteen. What, another! And another! Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—nineteen--twenty!"

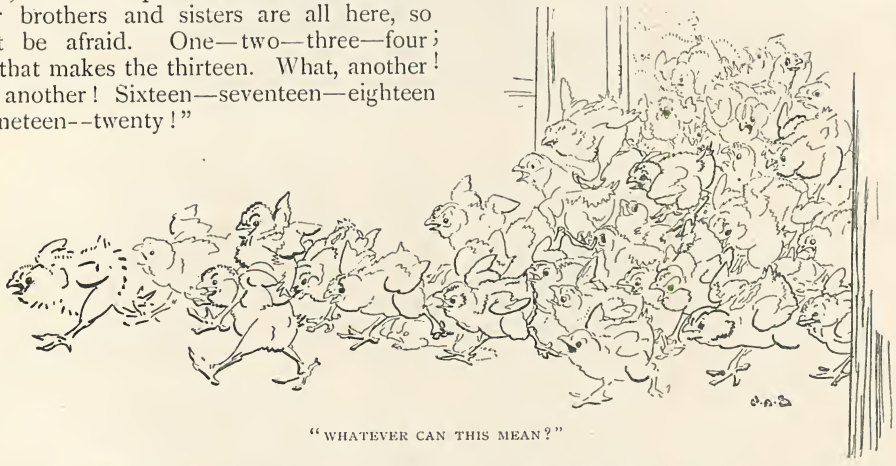
The pattering increased, as though a whole army of chickens was on the march. "Whatever can this mean?" I asked myself, in blank dismay, as chickens by the hundred poured into the room. Some hopped upon the chairs and the table; others climbed upon the mantelpiece and the book-shelves; while one chicken—an impudent youngster—clambered to the top of Philo's head.

Philo had been reared in the country, and was used to the sight of chickens, but never had he seen so large a brood of them. Chickens were above him; chickens were under him; chickens were standing on his tail; and, as I have said, a chicken was perched on his head.

Still the tide of chickens flowed. Philo, who now resembled a black rock in a yellow sea of chickens, looked helplessly towards me for assistance.

"Poor old Philo," I said, comfortingly; "good dog. Chickens soon go away."

But they didn't go, nor did they show the least inclination to go. "Perhaps," I thought, "perhaps they will go when their feeding-time comes round."



"WHATEVER CAN THIS MEAN?"

But they were far too happy and contented to be hungry. Indeed, it was this making themselves so much at home in my room that made me speak seriously to them. I am usually patient and good-tempered, but the sight of those chickens, dressing their downy feathers and carrying on their private conversations, was more than my patience and good temper could bear. They had no

"MORE THAN A JOKE!"

consideration for either Philo or me. They paid us no respect, nor were they afraid of us; and how is it possible for big things like Newfoundland dogs and full-grown men to be happy among little things like chickens, unless the little things act in a becoming way by being respectful and timid?

"Chickens," I said, in a tone of firmness, "this is more than a joke. I like a bit of fun as well as anybody, but this invasion of my room—my Englishman's castle—is not fun, but downright impudence. I should be very sorry to make an unfair use of my great strength or of my dog's sharp teeth, but I shall be compelled to do so unless you begin to make a move."

I expected this speech would have sent the chickens pell-mell, helter-skelter out of the room, but all it did was to make one of the chickens on the table stretch itself to its full height and give a tiny crow of defiance.

A crisis was approaching.

"Philo," I said, "growl." He did so, making a rumbling noise like distant thunder.

The chickens paused from their various occupations, but only for an instant.

"Philo," I said, "bark." He barked, and such a bark it was! It shook the ornaments on the mantelpiece, and made the fire-irons dance a jig upon the fender.

"Another." He gave another, and may I never hear such a bark again!

But the chickens treated Philo's exertions as an entertainment for their amusement, some of them even going the length of applauding the performance by stamping their feet.

"Philo," I said, "show your teeth." He showed them—all of them—making a snapping noise to add to the effect. But the only effect it had upon the chickens was to increase the stamping, and create a chorus of chirpy laughter. One of the chickens on the mantelpiece, excited by the exhibition, jumped clean on to the crown of my head, making its position secure by digging its claws into my hair.

The time had come for me to make another speech.

"Chickens," I said, solemnly, "prepare to die. It is a pity to spoil my carpet with your blood, because it is a new and a costly one, and blood-stains, I am told, are hard to remove; but it shall never be said that Theophilus Smith shrank from doing his duty, from carpet considerations. No, rather than that should be said, he would sacrifice everything he possessed! In order to give you the chance of retiring before my

dog and I begin the onslaught, I will take a little time in describing our method of attack. (Attend, Philo.) We shall commence the attack from the rear, first shutting the door to cut off all chance of escape in that direction. The only exit left you will be the chimney, and the way to the chimney is through the burning fire. My dog will attack the right flank, while I engage the left. He will use his teeth, of which, as you have seen, he has a particularly good set; my weapon will be that heavy club that stands in the corner yonder, a score of you dying each time I make a blow. You who are not on the floor," I continued, "shall be disposed of differently. It would be dangerous to the furniture to use the club in your case; I shall therefore adopt another plan —a plan that will be both startling and novel. I will not explain it in detail, but will merely state that it is a quick and a deadly one. When the battle is over, and our honour upheld, your bodies will be buried in a deep grave, which Philo will have great pleasure in making for you. One shall be spared: one to tell the tale of his comrades' fate, and to warn all chickens against trifling with men and dogs. No one can say that——"

But just here my attention was drawn to a small black object that was making its way into the room. I looked hard at it, and at last discovered that it was half a chicken. I noticed that the chickens on the floor made way for the black visitor, bowing their heads to the ground, and looking very humble.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Fraction," I said. "I imagine, Sir Fraction, that you are the —person—no—the—the——"

"The Commander-in-Chief," said the Fraction, coming to my assistance.

"Thank you," I said: "will you be so good as to command these chickens to right-about-turn-quick-march out of this room? I have had as much of their company as I desire."

"Sir," replied the Fraction, haughtily, "I do not take my instructions from *you!*"

The contempt with which he said "you" was most amusing. "From whom, then, do you take your instructions?" I asked.

"Do not question me, sir; it is not for you to address your betters." So saying, he jumped on to my knee, and stared me defiantly in the face.

With one movement of my hand I could have swept the Commander-in-Chief into the fire, but I merely smiled The Commander was not so polite, but puckered his eyebrow with a frown, and glared at me with his one eye in a most angry way.

Turning round, and facing the main body of his troops, he cried, "Fall in!"

"He is going to drill them," I said to myself; "this will be interesting."

At the word of command, "Fall in!" the chickens on the floor ranged themselves in lines of two deep.

"Attention! Form fours!" The movement was not done to the satisfaction of the Fraction.

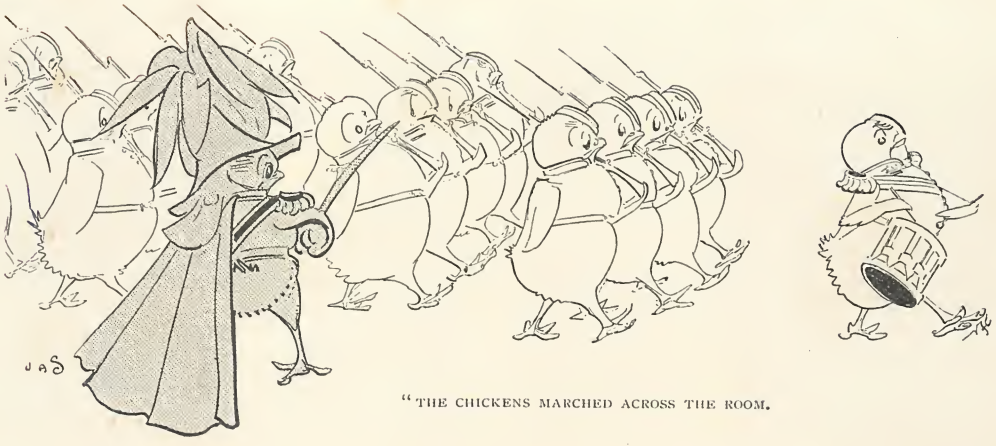
"A BIG GUN."

"This is some big gun amongst them," I thought; "I will address his lordship. Good evening," I said, in my politest way; "I imagine you are the chicken——"

"Excuse me, sir," the little creature said, with a lordly air, "I am not a chicken—I am a fraction."

"As you were!" he shouted, at the top of his voice. "Form fours! Right turn! By the right, quick march!"

The chickens marched across the room, keeping step in the grandest style, which was the more surprising because there was no band to keep them right.



"THE CHICKENS MARCHED ACROSS THE ROOM.

"Right about turn!" roared the Commander. The chickens turned round without breaking the line a hair's breadth.

"Halt!" cried the Commander. Instantly the moving ranks came to a dead halt. Not a single chick in the whole battalion moved a muscle an instant after that halt. The Fraction was pleased. "Front!" he said. "Stand at ease!"

"Now," said the Commander-in-Chief, proudly facing me, "what do you think of that?"

"I think," said I, "that it was a sight that would do the heart of any soldier good. I am sorry our Commander-in-Chief has not had the opportunity of seeing to what a state of perfection you have brought your troops. I shall not fail to tell him the next time I smoke a cigar with him."

The Fraction bowed, and, turning to his army, cried, "Attention! Number!"

Clearly and rapidly did the chickens respond to the order. "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—twenty—thirty—forty—fifty—sixty—seventy—eighty—ninety—one hundred—two hundred—three hundred—four hundred—five hundred—six hundred—seven hundred—eight hundred—nine hundred—one thousand—two thousand—three thousand—four thousand—five thousand—six thousand."

At six thousand the numbering ceased, much to my relief.

"Our main body," said the Fraction, addressing me in a quiet, gentlemanly tone, "consists of six thousand chickens. Our reserve force numbers a little over a thousand."

Here he turned towards the chickens on the table, the mantelpiece, and the bookshelves, and called, in a powerful voice, "Reserve! Number!"

Equally smartly the reserve numbered themselves, the last number being one thousand one hundred and fifteen.

"One thousand one hundred and fifteen," the Commander said to himself, like one engaged in a mental calculation; "that cannot be right. Chickens of the reserve," he spoke aloud, "a mistake has been made in the numbering. Unless the two chickens who have not numbered do so at once, you shall all have half an hour's punishment drill."

"One thousand one hundred and sixteen," squeaked the chick on Philo's head.

"One thousand one hundred and seventeen," piped the youngster who had concealed himself at the back of my neck.

"Six thousand of the main body," said the Fraction, bowing politely to me, "and one thousand one hundred and seventeen of the reserve; a total of seven thousand one hundred and seventeen. Adding to this your humble servant, who is reckoned as a half, you have the grand total of seven thousand one hundred and seventeen and a half."

It was the number of eggs I had eaten!

"Are you familiar with the number? Ever met with it before?" said the Commander-in-Chief, looking knowingly at me out of his one eye. "Eh?"

"Exceedingly probable," I replied, carelessly.

"Well?" said the Fraction.

"Well," I replied, "proceed."

"Impudent monster!" said he. "Apologize."

"What! To a Fraction? Never! I defy thee, and thy troops as well!"

The Commander-in-Chief was nettled. Turning quickly round, he cried, in a loud voice, "Present arms!"

To my utter astonishment (for I had not the least idea the chickens were armed), each chick presented a tiny rifle of the latest and most deadly pattern.

The Fraction faced me again and repeated his former question: "Well?"

"Bucket," I replied.

The Fraction's eye glittered with rage. "Ready!" he cried.

In less time than it takes to tell, six thousand cartridges were placed in position.

"Present!" Six thousand rifle-barrels were directed at my head.

The Commander, as though to give me a last chance to apologize, addressed me as before: "Well?"

"Yes," I said, "I have seen the well at Carisbrooke Castle, and the donkey in the wheel. It is a big donkey to work that wheel all the day long, but it is not such a big donkey as you are, Sir Fraction, if you think I am afraid of you or your fledglings."

"Well?" repeated the Fraction, angrily.

"Exactly," I replied; "the wheel is attached to a rope, and the rope to a bucket, and as the wheel goes round the bucket comes up."

"Well?"

"I think a photograph will show you more clearly what I mean." I was in the act of reaching for my photograph album, when I felt a sharp prick in the cheek. It was from the point of the Fraction's sword, which needle-like weapon he was now flourishing in a threatening way around his head.

"Man," hissed the Fraction, in a frenzy, "do you wish to die?"

"Well, really," I replied, "that is rather an important question to settle off-hand. I will consider the matter, and let you have an answer in due course, as we say in business."

"Man," said the Commander, quite furiously for half a chicken, "six thousand loaded rifles are at this instant directed at you. I have but to give the word, and you are riddled through and through with six thousand bullets."

"Well?" I said, using the Fraction's word.

"Shall I give that word?"

"Please yourself, my dear sir—do not consider me in the least; besides, you do not take your instructions from me."

"MAN, DO YOU WISH TO DIE?"

The Fraction, muttering "Vengeance!" turned sharply round on his one leg, and I saw plainly enough that he was about to give the word that would end my fate.

"Britons never shall be slaves!" I shouted. "England expects that every man and dog this day shall do his duty! Three cheers for the roast beef of Old England! On, Stanley, on! Charge, Chester, charge! Philo for ever! God save the Queen! Hurrah!"

The Fraction waited until I had finished.

"Fire!"

A noise like the pealing of thunder followed close upon the word. I started—gasped—awoke!

The fire was out, but Philo's noble head still lay upon my knee.

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

CYCLING MADE EASY.

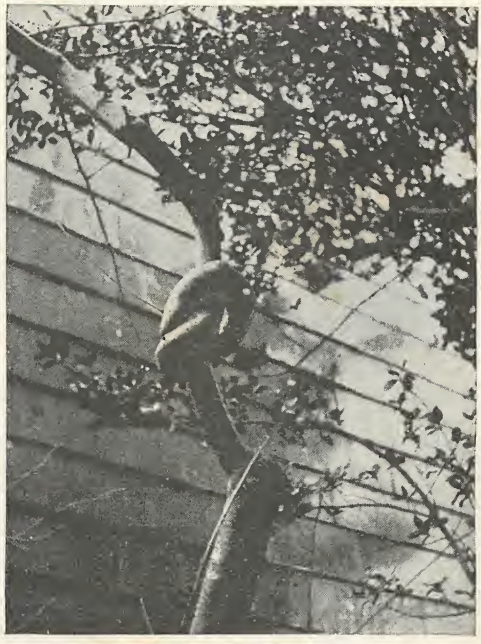
The rider of this tricycle is an ingenious person who obviously doesn't care much for violent exertion. The machine is a really good one, and is independent of the sails. The photo. was sent in by Mr. G. H. Hanson, of 59, Windsor Road, Southport, Lancs. "The gentleman in command," writes Mr. Hanson, "can, with a favourable wind, cover the ground at the rate of about twelve knots an hour—of course, using his pedals also.

Photo. by Wyles, Southport.

The photo. was taken some years ago, before scorching became a crime in the eyes of all classes. As the rider shot through the streets in a high wind, he caused quite as much commotion among the inhabitants as though these latter were South Sea Islanders, instead of staid English citizens, used to motor-cars and other eccentric modes of travelling."

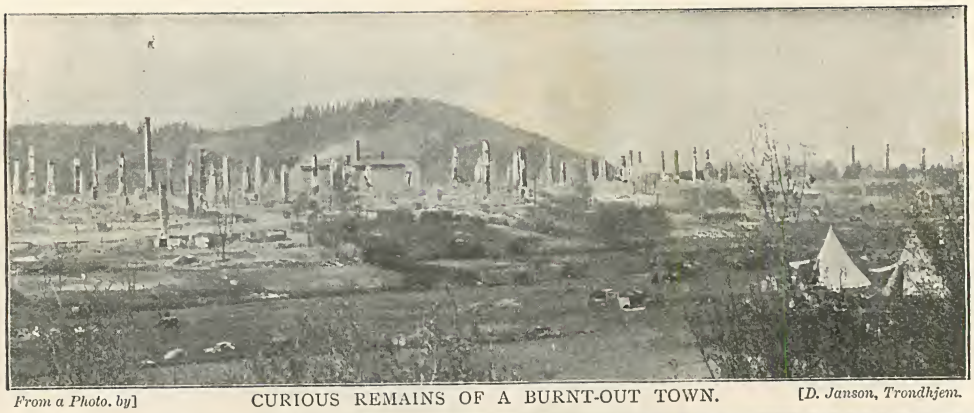
A FISH LEAPING UP A FALL.

This curious photograph was taken and sent in by the Rev. W. W. Bolton, M.A., of 2311, Union Street, San Francisco, California, U.S.A. Mr. Bolton assures us that scores of plates were tried in vain before finally a fish was caught, and "snapped" successfully. The log seen in the photo. is a common feature of the running streams of the "Wild West." The torrential nature of the stream is extremely well indicated in the photo. The fish which was photographed so successfully in the turbulent stream was in the act of leaping up a fall when it was taken by the photographer.



A TREE TIED IN A KNOT.

It is to Mr. Aubrey Colquhoun that we are indebted for a photograph of the extremely remarkable natural curiosity which is next reproduced. Mr. Colquhoun writes: "I have a tree in my garden which has tied itself into a knot in its growth; the knot is more than 12in. in circumference." No doubt some years ago this branch, at that time a mere twig, got twisted or knotted in some way, and was never afterwards disturbed, the result being that in time it became impossible to untie this curious knot. This remarkable growth does not interfere with the vitality of the tree.



From a Photo. by] CURIOUS REMAINS OF A BURNT-OUT TOWN. *[D. Janson, Trondhjem.*

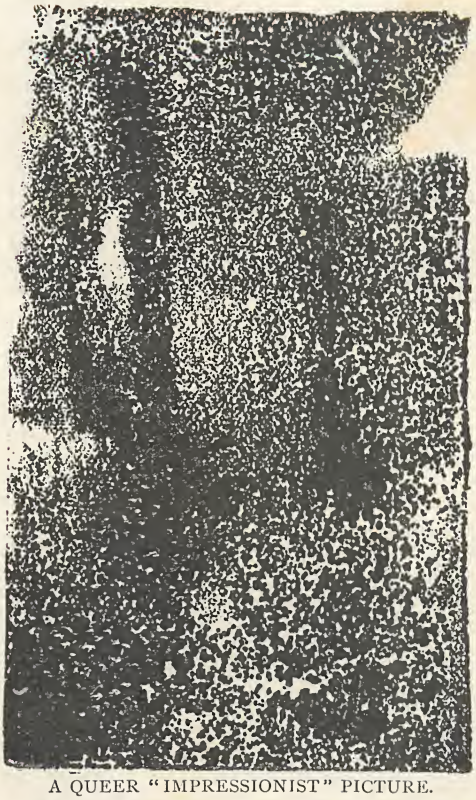
Here is a very extraordinary photograph, for which we are indebted to Doktor Didichen, of Rotvald, Levanger, Trondhjem, Norway. The worthy doctor sends us the following information: "The town of Levanger was utterly destroyed by fire in May, 1897. Out of 120 houses, only about twenty—and they of the very smallest—were left standing. The unfortunate inhabitants were compelled to use tents as dwelling-places until such time as the town could be rebuilt. Some of these tents are seen in the photo." When this photo. was taken, the ruins were still smoking. The ruins, by the way, presented a very curious appearance, mainly by reason of the fact that most of the chimneys were left standing, whilst the houses to which they belonged were utterly destroyed.

"ALL THE SAME DOG."

Mr. Ernest C. Jeffery, of 5, Piccadilly, Bradford, writes as follows: "Having seen among the 'Curiosities' in your November number a result arising from two photographs having been taken on the same negative, I now send you a print of the result of three photos. quite accidentally taken in the very same way. The photos. taken were in the first place really portraits of individuals, only the dog chanced to be at the person's feet in each case. The figures, however, have disappeared in the background whilst the dog has remained. Some time elapsed between the taking of the first and second photographs, and in each case after taking the photo. the camera was taken away altogether. When at length a plate was developed, the result was what you see in the reproduction."

INTERIOR OF THE COBWEB PALACE.

The photo. here shown is a view of the interior of Warner's Cobweb Palace in San Francisco. The cobwebs on the ceiling represent the accumulation of forty-two years. The house was built in the year 1856, and the ceiling has never been touched since that time. The place is now a curiosity shop, and enjoys much notoriety. It is, however, about to be pulled down—the inevitable fate of interesting old places. We are indebted for the use of the photo. to Mr. Frank S. Shaw, 93, Toothill Road, Loughborough.



A QUEER "IMPRESSIONIST" PICTURE.

Hold the above curiosity some little distance away from you, and a really beautiful picture of a woodland scene will, so to speak, grow upon you. And yet, the origin of this work of art is humble, not to say even ominous. "Requiring a piece of black paper," writes Mr. Gilbert S. Yeoman, of 49, Penn Road Villas, Holloway, N., "I inked a piece of white paper all over, and then on blotting it this picture was quite accidentally produced. It has not been touched up in any way."

A REMARKABLE SPEAKING-TRUMPET.

Photo. sent in by Mrs. Echalaz, of Willoughton Vicarage, Lincoln, and taken by Miss Stead, of Waterloo, Liverpool. This interesting relic is now in the possession of the vicar and churchwardens. It is an antique tin speaking-trumpet, formerly used to summon labourers home to meals, or to send messages

to the men in the fields. By means of this trumpet the natural voice is clearly heard at a distance of one mile. The trumpet is 5ft. 8in. long, and probably two or three centuries old.

OFF TO KLONDIKE.

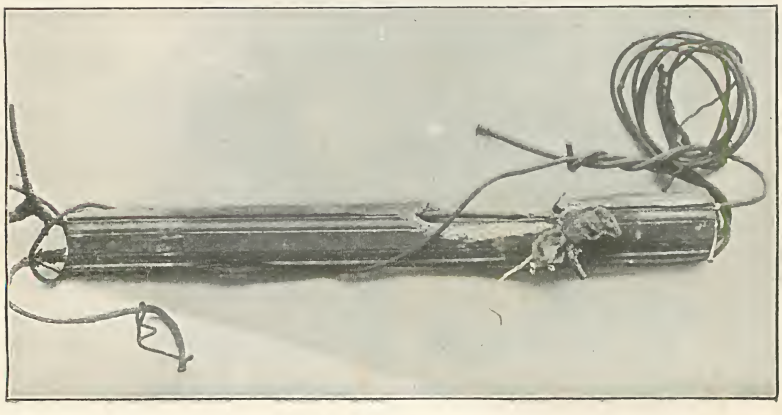
This photo. was sent to us by Mr. M. D. Haas, of 80, South 1st Street, San José, California. It shows an old man—quite a local celebrity—in full Klondike marching order. Provisions and every other requisite are packed in the back of the light trap, which vehicle would have to be disposed of at Dyea, where the miners may be said to commence the ascent of the Chilcoot Pass. It will be noticed that the old man's mule carries a pack saddle.

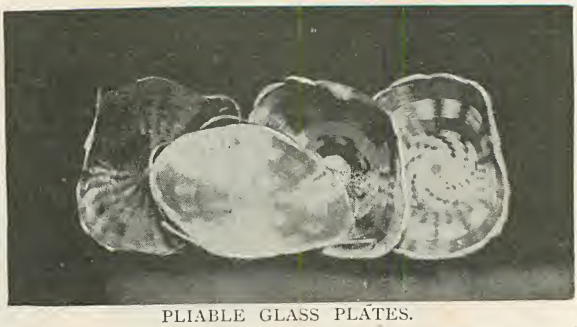
A PHOTOGRAPHIC CURIO.

Sent in by Mr. Max Liebich, of 22, St. John Street, Montreal, Canada. If you turn the photo. upside down, and hold it a little way from you, the inverted form of the child appears as a perfect human skull. Mr. Liebich took this snap-shot in his garden, the child being one of his own little girls.

A MOUSE'S STRANGE FATE.

Messrs. Warburg, Dymond, and Co., engineers and contractors, of 3, Prince's Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W., send the accompanying photo. and description: "Our firm was called in to test the electrical arrangements of a large West-end club. We found a bad leak to earth. This was caused by a mouse having eaten away the casing, and also the rubber insulation of the wire. When the casing was pulled out from behind a brick wall, the dead mouse was found across both wires, having apparently met his death by the approved form of American electrocution."





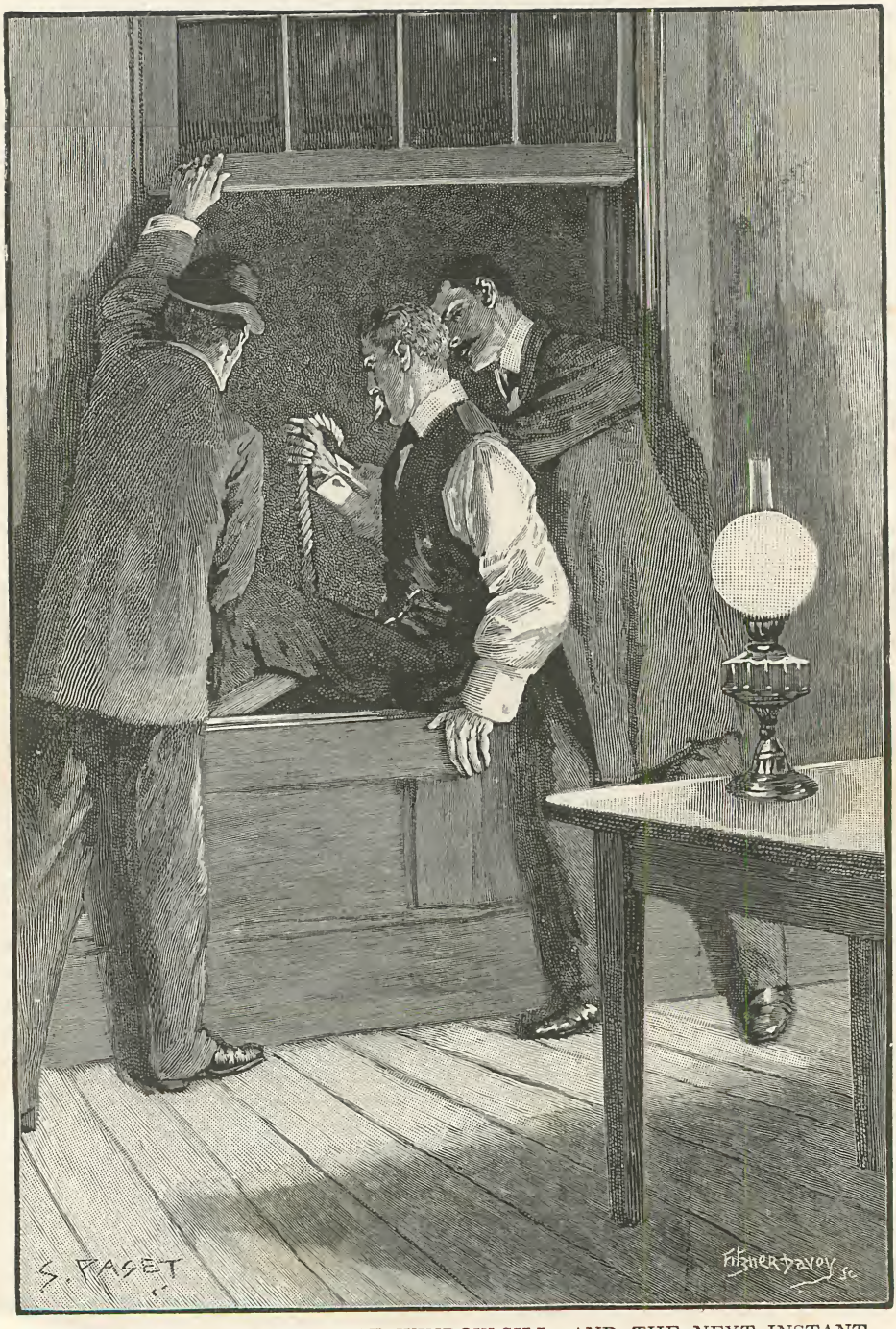
PLIABLE GLASS PLATES.

These things represent four extremely curious plates of spun plaited glass, the workmanship being Chinese. They are all of different colours—red, green, blue, and yellow; and the strange thing about them is that although they are made of glass, one can bend them backwards and forwards almost as though they were putty or pliable clay. They require to be handled carefully, however, otherwise they are apt to cut one's hand. We are indebted for the photo. to Mr. H. M. Main, of Blair Lodge, Polmont, Stirling, N.B.

From a Photo. by A. Simon, East Dulwich, S.E.

EMPTYING THE PAIL.

This is probably one of the most successful instantaneous photos. ever taken. It shows a man throwing water from a pail. He did not know he was being photographed, and when he saw the original of our reproduction, he was greatly surprised to know that he had raised his hands above his head. It is evident from the photograph that a sharp, jerky movement must have been imparted to the water as it left the pail. So rapid was the actual taking of the photo. that even the water which left the pail first had not had time to reach the earth.



"THE DUKE GOT UPON THE WINDOW-SILL, AND THE NEXT INSTANT DISAPPEARED INTO SPACE."

(*See page* 253.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xv. MARCH, 1898. No. 87.

The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

III.—THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.—Told by Norman Head.

THERE was now little doubt that Mme. Koluchy knew herself to be in personal danger. On the Derby Day I had thrown down the gauntlet with a vengeance—her object henceforth would be to put me out of the way. I lived in an atmosphere of intangible mystery, which was all the darker and more horrible because it was felt, not seen.

By Dufrayer's advice, I left the bringing of this dangerous woman to justice in his hands. He employed the cleverest and most up-to-date detectives to have her secretly watched, and from time to time they brought us their reports. Clue after clue arose; each clue was carefully followed, but it invariably led to disappointing results. Madame eluded every effort to bring a definite charge against her. The money we were spending, however, was not entirely in vain. We learned that her influence and the wide range of her acquaintances were far beyond what we had originally surmised. Her fame as a healer, her marvellous and occult cures, the reputation of her great wealth and dazzling beauty increased daily, and I was certain that before long I should meet her in the lists. The encounter was destined to come sooner even than I had anticipated, and in a manner most unexpected.

It was the beginning of the following November that I received an invitation to dine with an old friend, Harry de Brett. He was several years my senior, and had recently succeeded to his father's business in the City—an old-established firm of bankers, whose house was in St. Mark's Court, Gracechurch Street. Only a few days previously I had seen it announced in the society papers that a marriage had been arranged between De Brett's only daughter, Geraldine, and the Duke of Friedeck, a foreign nobleman, whose name I had seen figuring prominently at many a function the previous season. I had known Geraldine since she was a child, and was glad to have an opportunity of offering my congratulations.

At the appointed hour, I found myself at De Brett's beautiful house in Bayswater, and Geraldine, who was standing near her father, came eagerly forward to welcome me. She was a pretty and very young girl, with a clear, olive complexion and soft, dark eyes. She had the innocent and naïve manner of a schoolgirl. She was delighted to see me, and began to talk eagerly.

"Come and stand by this window, Mr. Head. I am so glad you were able to come—I want to introduce you to Karl—the Duke of Friedeck, I mean; he will be here in a minute or two." As she spoke she dropped her voice to a semi-whisper.

"You know, of course, that we are to be married soon?" she continued.

"I have heard of the engagement," I answered, "and I congratulate you heartily. I should like much to meet the Duke. His name is, of course, familiar to anyone who reads the society papers."

"He is anxious to make your acquaintance also," she replied. "I told him you were coming, and he said——" she paused.

"But surely the Duke of Friedeck has never heard of me before?" I answered, in some surprise.

"I think he has," she replied. "He was quite excited when I spoke of you. I asked him if he had met you; he said 'No,' but that you were very well known in scientific circles as a clever man. The Duke is a great scientist himself, Mr. Head, and I know he would like to have a chat with you. I am certain you will be friends."

Just at that moment the Duke was announced. He was a tall and handsome man of about five and thirty, with the somewhat florid complexion, blue eyes, and fair, curling hair of the Teuton. He was well dressed, and had the indescribable air of good breeding which proclaims the gentleman. I looked at him with much curiosity, being puzzled by an intangible memory of having seen his face before—where and how I could not tell.

Geraldine tripped up to him and brought him to my side.

"Karl," she cried, "this is my friend Mr. Head. Don't you remember we talked about him this morning?"

"'KARL,' SHE CRIED, 'THIS IS MY FRIEND MR. HEAD.'"

The Duke bowed.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance," he said to me. "Yours is a name of distinction in the world of science."

"That can scarcely be the case," I answered. "It is true I am fond of original research, but up to the present I have worked for my own pleasure alone."

"Nevertheless, the world has whispered of you," he replied. "I, too, am fond of science, and have lost myself more than once in its tortuous mazes. I have lately started a laboratory of my own, but just now other matters——" He broke off abruptly, and glanced at Geraldine, who smiled and blushed.

Dinner was announced. I happened to sit not far from the Duke, and noticed that he was a good conversationalist. There was scarcely a subject mentioned on which he had not something to say; and on more than one occasion his repartee was brilliant, and his remarks touched with humour. Geraldine, in her white dress, with her soft, rather sad, eyes, her manner at once bright, sweet, and timid, made a contrast to this astute-looking man of the world.

I glanced from one to the other, and an uneasiness which I could scarcely account for sprang up within me. Notwithstanding his handsome appearance and his easy and courteous manner, I wondered if this man, nearly double her age, was likely to make the pretty English girl happy.

As dinner progressed I observed that the Duke often took the trouble to look at me. I also noticed that whenever our eyes met he turned away. How was it possible for him to have heard of me before? Although I was a scientist, my researches were unknown to the world. I determined to take the first opportunity of solving this mystery.

Soon after eleven o'clock the guests took their leave, and I was just about to follow their example when De Brett asked me to have a pipe with him in his smoking-room. As we seated ourselves by the fire, he began to talk at once of his future son-in-law.

"HE IS A CAPITAL FELLOW, IS HE NOT, HEAD?"

"He is a capital fellow, is he not, Head?" exclaimed my host. "I hope you have formed a favourable opinion of him?"

"I never form an opinion quickly," I answered, with caution. "The Duke of Friedeck is certainly distinguished in appearance and——"

"Oh, you are too cautious, Head," cried De Brett; "you may take my word for it that he is all right. This is a great catch for my little girl. Of course, she will have plenty of money on her own account; but the Duke is not only of high family, he is also rich. He comes from Bavaria, and his title is absolutely genuine. Soon after the great Duke of Marlborough's wars, and almost immediately after the Battle of Blenheim, the Austrian Government took possession of the Dukedom of Friedeck, and until lately the family have remained in exile. It was only a year ago that the present Duke regained his rights and all the great estates. He was introduced to us by no less a person than Mme. Koluchy—Ah, I see you start. You have heard of her, of course?"

"Who has not?" I replied.

"Do you know her?"

"I have met her," I said. It was with an effort I could control the ungovernable excitement which seized me at the mere mention of this woman's name.

"She dines with us next week," continued De Brett; "a wonderful woman, wonderful! Her cures are marvellous; but that is after all the least part of her interesting personality. She is so fascinating, so wise and good-natured, that men and women alike fall at her feet. As to Geraldine, she has taken an immense fancy to her."

"Where did you first meet her?" I asked.

"In Scotland last summer. She was staying with my old friends, the Campbells, for a couple of nights, and Friedeck was also one of the guests. If she is a friend of yours, Head—and I rather expect so from your manner—will you dine with us again next Thursday in order to meet her? We are going down to my place, Forest Manor, in Essex, and Madame is to stay with us for a couple of nights. We expect quite a large party, and can give you a bed—will you come?"

"I wish I could, but I fear it will be impossible," I replied. "It is true that I know Mme. Koluchy, but"—I broke off. "Don't ask me any more at the moment, De Brett. The fact is your news has excited me, you will say unreasonably."

De Brett gazed at me with earnestness.

"You have fallen under the spell of the most beautiful woman in London," he said; "is that so, Head?"

"You may put it that way if you like," I said, after a somewhat prolonged pause, "but I cannot explain myself to-night. Be

assured, however, of my deep interest in this matter. Pray tell me anything more you happen to know with regard to the Duke of Friedeck."

"You certainly are a strange fellow," said my host. "You are wearing at the present moment an air of quite painful mystery. However, here goes. You wish to hear about the Duke—I have nothing but good to tell of him. He is a rich man, and dabbles now and then on the Stock Exchange, but not to any serious extent. A week ago he arranged for a loan from my bank, depositing as security some of the most splendid diamonds I have ever seen. They are worth a King's ransom, and each stone is historical. He brought the diamonds away from the estates in Bavaria, and they are to be reset and presented to Geraldine just before the wedding."

"How large was the amount of the loan?" I asked.

De Brett raised his eyebrows. He evidently thought that I was infringing on the privileges even of an old friend.

"Compared with the security, the loan was a trifling one," he said, after a pause; "not more than £10,000. Friedeck will pay me back next week, as he wishes to release the diamonds in order to have them ready to present to Geraldine on her wedding-day."

"And when do you propose that the wedding shall take place?" I continued.

"Ah, you have me there, Head; that is the painful part. You know what my motherless girl is to me—well, the Duke insists upon taking her away between now and Christmas. They are to spend Christmas in the old feudal style, in the old castle in Bavaria. It is a great wrench parting from the little one, but she will be happy. I never met a man I took more warmly to than Karl Duke of Friedeck. You can see for yourself that the child is devoted to him."

"I can," I said. "I will wish you good-night now, De Brett. Be assured once again of my warm interest in all that concerns you and Geraldine."

I shook hands with my host, and a moment later found myself in the street. I called a hansom, and desired the man to drive straight to Dufrayer's flat in Shaftesbury Avenue. He had just come in, and welcomed me eagerly.

"By all that's fortunate, Head!" he exclaimed. "I was just on my way to see you."

"Then we have well met," I answered. "Dufrayer, I have come here on a most important matter. But first of all tell me, have you ever heard of the Duke of Friedeck?"

"The Duke of Friedeck!" cried Dufrayer. "Why, it was on that very subject I wished to see you. You have, of course, observed the announcement of his approaching marriage in the society papers?"

"I have," I replied. "He is engaged to Geraldine de Brett. I have been dining at De Brett's house to-night, and met the Duke at dinner. De Brett has been telling me all about him. Dufrayer, I have learned to my consternation that the man was introduced to the De Bretts by Mme. Koluchy. That fact is quite enough to rouse my suspicions, but I see you have something to communicate on your own account. What is it?"

"Sit down, Head. You know, of course, that I am having Madame watched. The Duke of Friedeck is beyond doubt one of her satellites, and I am strongly inclined to think that this is a new plot brewing."

"Just my own opinion," I replied; "but tell me what you know."

"I was coming to see you, for I hoped that you might remember the Duke's name from your old association with the Brotherhood."

"I do not recall it, but names mean nothing. The man is handsome, and has the manners of a gentleman. When he entered De Brett's drawing-room I thought for a moment that I must have met him before, but that idea quickly vanished. Nevertheless, he contrived to arouse my suspicions by more than one stealthy glance which he favoured me with, even before his connection with Mme. Koluchy was mentioned. I regard him now as a highly suspicious individual, and I fully believe he is playing some game a little deeper than appears."

"Beyond doubt, the man has plenty of money, and moves in good circles," said Dufrayer. "He is known, however, to live a pretty fast life. He shoots at Hurlingham, drives his own drag, rents a moor in Scotland, and has a suite at the Hotel Cecil; but nothing can be discovered against him except that he is constantly seen in Madame's company."

"And that is quite enough," I replied. "Friedeck is one of Madame's satellites. Without doubt, there is mischief ahead."

"I agree with you," said Dufrayer; "I think it more than possible that this plausible Duke is simply another serpent springing from the head of this modern

Medusa. In that case, De Brett ought to be warned."

I rose uneasily.

"I would have warned him to-night," I answered, "but I want more evidence. How are we to get it?"

"Tyler's agents are doing their best, and Madame is closely watched."

"Yes, but that woman could deceive the Evil One himself," I said, bitterly.

"That is true," answered Dufrayer, "and to show our hand too soon might be fatal. We cannot move in this matter until we have got more circumstantial evidence. How we are to set to work is the puzzle!"

"Well," I said, "I shall move Heaven and earth in this matter. I have known Geraldine since she was a child. She is a sweet, innocent, motherless girl. The great risk to her happiness that may now be impending is too serious to contemplate quietly. If I had time I should go to Bavaria in order to find out if the Duke's story is true; but in any case, it might be well to send one of Tyler's agents to look up the supposed estates."

"I will do so," said Dufrayer.

"And in the meantime I shall watch," I said, "and if an opportunity occurs, believe me De Brett shall have his warning."

As I spoke I bade my friend good-night and returned to my own house.

The next few days were spent in anxious thought, but no immediate action seemed possible. Clue after clue still arose, but only to vanish into nothing. I seldom now went into society without hearing Mme. Koluchy's name, and all the accounts of her were favourable. She was the sort of woman to charm the eye and fire the imagination. Her personal attractions were some of her strongest potentialities.

On the following Tuesday, as I was walking down Oxford Street, a brougham drew up suddenly at the pavement, the window was lowered, and a girlish face looked eagerly out. It was Geraldine de Brett.

"Mr. Head," she cried, eagerly, "you are the very man I want. Come here, I have something to say." I approached her at once. "We are dreadfully disappointed at your refusing to come to us on Thursday," she said. "We are making up such a delightful party. My father and I are going down to Forest Manor for a fortnight, in order to have plenty of room to entertain our friends. This is a personal matter with me. I ask you to come to us as a personal favour. Will you refuse?"

I looked full into the sparkling and lovely eyes of the young girl. The colour came and went in her cheeks; she laid one of her small hands for a moment on mine.

"I must tell you everything," she con-

"'I MUST TELL YOU EVERYTHING,' SHE CONTINUED."

tinued, eagerly. "Of course I want you, but I am not the only one. Mme. Koluchy—ah, you have heard of her?"

"Who has not?" was my cautious reply.

"Yes, but Mr. Head, you are concealing something. Madame is one of your very greatest friends; she has told me so. It is only an hour since I left her. She is most anxious to meet you on Thursday at our house. I promised you should be there—wasn't it rash of me? But I made up my mind that I would insist on your coming. Now, you won't allow me to break my word, will you?"

"Did Mme. Koluchy really say that she wished to see me?" I asked. As I put the question I felt my face turning pale. I looked again full at Miss De Brett. It was evident that she misinterpreted my emotion. Well, that mattered nothing. I quickly made up my mind.

"I had an engagement for Thursday," I said, "but your word is law—I cannot refuse you."

Geraldine laughed.

"Madame doubted my power to bring you, but I knew you would come, if I could really see you."

"Suppose we had not met in this chance sort of way?"

"I was going to your house. I had no intention of leaving a stone unturned. Without you my party will not be complete. Yes, you will come, and it is all right. You will hear from father to-morrow. He very often drives out to Forest Manor from the bank, and, if you can, come with him, but you will get all particulars straight from him. Thank you a thousand times—you have made me a happy girl."

She waved her hand to me in farewell, and the brougham rolled out of sight.

My blood was coursing quickly through my veins and my mind was made up. Madame would not wish me to meet her at De Brett's house without a strong reason. With her usual astuteness she was using Geraldine de Brett as her tool in more senses than one. I must not delay another moment in warning the banker.

Calling a hansom, I desired the man to drive me straight to De Brett's bank in the City, and soon after twelve o'clock I found myself in Gracechurch Street. In a few moments the hansom turned down a narrow lane leading into St. Mark's Court. Here I paid my driver, and a moment later found myself in the open space in front of the bank. This was a *cul-de-sac*, but there was another lane leading into it also from Gracechurch Street running parallel to the one I had come down, and separated from it by a narrow row of buildings, which came to an abrupt termination about fifty feet from the houses forming the further side of the court.

Well as I knew De Brett, I had not been at the old bank for some years, and looked around me now eagerly until my eye fell upon the large brass plate bearing the well-known name. I entered the office, and going up to the counter asked if Mr. De Brett were in. The clerk replied in the affirmative, and giving him my card he passed through a door into an inner room. The next moment he re-appeared and requested me to step inside, where I found De Brett seated at a writing-table, upon which a circle of light fell from a shaded incandescent.

"Welcome, Head," he exclaimed, rising and coming forward with his usual heartiness of manner. "To what am I indebted for this visit? Sit down. I am delighted to see you. By the way, Geraldine tells me——"

"I have just met your daughter," I interrupted, "and it is principally on account of that meeting that I have come here to trouble you during business hours."

"Oh, I can spare you ten minutes," he answered, looking around him as he spoke. "The fact is this, Head, Geraldine is anxious that you should join our party at Forest Manor, and I wish you would re-consider your determination. The Duke has taken a fancy to you, and as you happen to know Mme. Koluchy, it would be a pleasure to us all if you would give us the benefit of your society for a night or two."

"I have promised Geraldine to come," I answered, gravely; "but, De Brett, you must pardon me. I have intruded on you in your business hours to speak on a most delicate private matter. However you may receive what I have to say, I must ask you to hear it in confidence, and with that good feeling that has prompted me to come to you."

"My dear Head, what do you mean? Pray explain yourself."

"I am uneasy," I continued, "very uneasy. I am also in a peculiar position, and cannot disclose the reason of my fears. You are pleased with the match which Geraldine is about to make. Now, I have reasons for doubting the Duke of Friedeck, reasons which I cannot at present disclose, but I am bound—yes, bound, De Brett, in your girl's interests—to warn you as to your dealings with him."

De Brett looked at me through his gold-

rimmed spectacles with a blank expression of amazement.

"If it were any other man who spoke to me in this strain," he said, at last, "I believe I should show him the door. Are you aware, Head, that this is a most serious allegation? You must give me your reasons for what you say."

"I cannot do so at the present moment. I can only repeat that they exist, and that they are grave. All I ask of you is to use double caution, to find out all you can about the man's antecedents——"

De Brett interrupted me, rising hastily from his seat.

"In our dealings one with the other," he said, "this is the first time in which you have shown bad taste. I shall see the Duke this afternoon, and shall be bound to acquaint him, in his and my own interests, with your communication."

"I hope you won't do so. Remember, my warning is given in confidence."

"It is not fair to give a man such a warning, and then to give him no reason for it," retorted the banker.

"I will give you my reasons."

"When?"

"On Thursday night. Will you regard my confidence as sacred until then?"

"You have disturbed me considerably, but I will do so. I should be sorry to alarm Geraldine unnecessarily. I am quite certain you are mistaken. You never saw the Duke until you met him at my house?"

"That is true, but I cannot say anything further now. I will explain my reasons fully on Thursday night."

De Brett rose from his seat. He bade me good-bye, but not with his customary friendliness. I went away, to pass the intervening hours between then and Thursday in much anxiety.

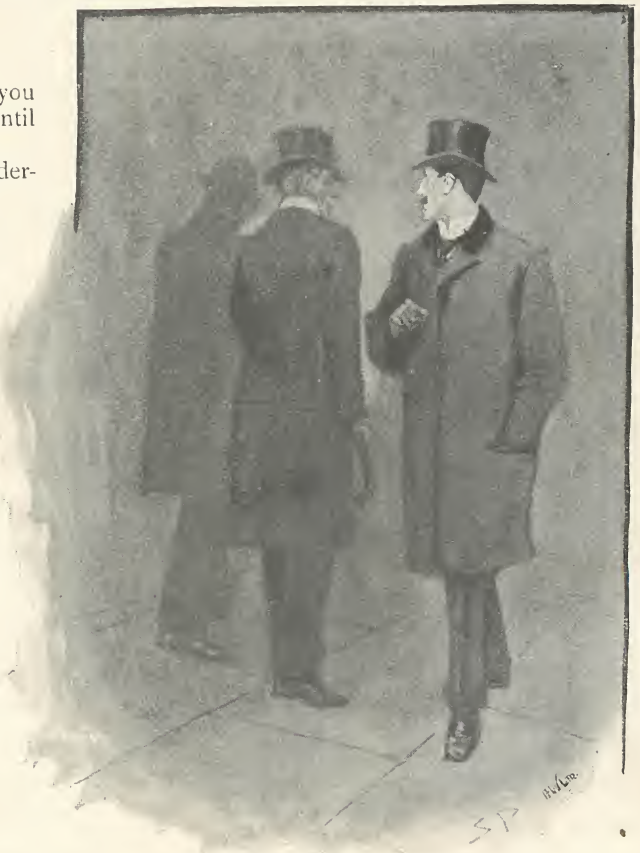
After grave thought I resolved, if I discovered nothing fresh with regard to Friedeck, to acquaint De Brett with what I knew of Mme. Koluchy. If Geraldine married the Duke, she should at least do so with her father's eyes opened. I little guessed, however, when I made these plans, what circumstances were about to bring forth.

On the following Thursday morning I awoke from a disturbed sleep to find London enveloped in one of the thickest fogs that had been known for some years. The limit of my vision scarcely extended beyond the area railings round which the soot-laden mist clung in a breathless calm.

In the course of the morning I received a telegram from De Brett.

"Meet me at the bank not later than a quarter past four," were the few words which it contained.

Soon after three o'clock I started for my destination, avoiding omnibuses and preferring to walk the greater part of the way. I arrived at St. Mark's Court at the time named, and was just approaching the bank when two men knocked violently against me in the thick fog. One of them apologized, but before I could make any reply vanished into the surrounding gloom. I had caught a glimpse of his features, however. It was the Duke of Friedeck. Across the narrow court, at the opposite side from the bank, I



"I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIS FEATURES."

saw a stream of light from an open door making a blurred gleam in the surrounding darkness. I crossed the court to see what this indicated. I then discovered that the light came from an old-fashioned eating-house, something in the style of the celebrated "Cock" in Fleet Street. As I stood in the shadow, the two men who had knocked against me entered the eating-house.

I returned now to the bank. As soon as I arrived the manager came up to me.

"Mr. De Brett was called out about half an hour ago," he said, "but he has asked you to wait for him here, Mr. Head. He expects to be back not later than half-past four."

I seated myself accordingly, a clerk brought me the *Times*, and I drew up my chair in front of a bright fire. Now and then someone made a desultory remark about the fog, which was thickening in intensity each moment.

The time flew by; the bank had, of course, closed at four o'clock, but the clerks were busy finishing accounts and putting the place in order for the night. The different tills were emptied of their contents, and the money was taken down to the great vaults where the different safes were kept. The hands of the clock over the mantelpiece pointed to a quarter to five, when the sound of wheels was heard distinctly outside, and the next moment I saw a splendidly equipped brougham and pair draw up outside the bank. A footman dismounted and handed the commissionaire a note. This was brought into the office. It was for me; a clerk gave it to me. I glanced at the writing, and saw that the letter was from De Brett. I tore open the envelope, and read as follows:—

"DEAR HEAD,—I have been unexpectedly detained at Lynn's bank, in Broad Street, so have sent the brougham for you. Will you come on at once and pick me up at Lynn's? Please ask Derbyshire, the manager, for the keys of the small safe. He will give them to you after he has locked up the strong-room.—Yours, HARRY DE BRETT."

I turned to the manager. He was an elderly man, with grizzled hair and an anxious expression of face.

"Mr. De Brett wants me to bring him the keys of the small safe," I said. I saw the man raise his brows in surprise.

"That is an unusual request," he answered; "but, of course, it must be as Mr. De Brett wishes. As a rule, either Mr. Frome or I keep the keys, as Mr. De Brett never cares to be troubled with them."

"Here is his letter," I replied, handing it to the manager. He read it, retaining it in his hand.

"Do you object to my keeping this, Mr. Head? The request is so unusual, that I should like to have this note as my authority."

"Certainly," I replied.

"Very well, sir; I shall have to detain you for a few moments, as we have not quite cleared the tills. The keys of all the other safes are kept in the small one. I will bring you the keys of the small safe in a moment or two."

The clerks bustled about, the work of the night was quickly accomplished, and shortly after five o'clock I was seated in De Brett's luxurious brougham, with the keys of the small safe in my pocket.

We went along very slowly, as the fog seemed to grow thicker each moment. Suddenly as the coachman piloted his way in the direction of Broad Street I began to feel a peculiar sensation. My head was giddy, an unusual weakness trembled through my nerves, and for the first time I noticed that the brougham was full of a faint, sweet odour. Doubtless the smell of the fog had prevented my observing this at first. The sensation of faintness grew worse, and I now made an effort to attract the coachman's attention. This I altogether failed to do, and becoming seriously alarmed I tried to open the door, but it resisted all my efforts, as also did the windows, which were securely fixed. The horrible feeling that I was the victim of some dastardly plot came over me with force. I shouted and struggled to attract attention, and finally tried to break the windows. All in vain—the sense of giddiness grew worse, everything seemed to whirl before my mental vision—the bank, De Brett, the keys of the safe which I had in my pocket, the thought of Geraldine and her danger, were mixed up in a hideous phantasmagoria. The next moment I had lost consciousness.

When I came to myself I found that I was lying on a piece of waste ground in the neighbourhood of Putney. For one or two moments I could not in the least recall what had happened. Then my memory came back with a quick flash.

"The Duke of Friedeck! The bank! Geraldine!" I said to myself. I sprang to my feet and began a hasty examination of my pockets. Yes, my worst conjectures were confirmed, for the keys of the small safe were gone!

My watch and money were intact; the

keys alone were stolen. I stood still for a moment considering; then the need of immediate action came over me, and I made my way at once to the nearest railway station. I found to my relief that it was only a little past eleven o'clock. Beyond doubt, I had recovered consciousness much sooner than the villains who had planned this terrible plot intended.

I took the next train to town, and on my way up resolved on my line of action. To warn De Brett was impracticable, for the simple reason that he was out of town—to waste time visiting Dufrayer was also not to be thought of. Without the least doubt, the bank was in imminent danger, and I must not lose an unnecessary moment in getting to St. Mark's Court.

As I thought over matters I felt more and more certain that the eating-house facing the bank was a *rendezvous* for Madame's agents. I hastily resolved, therefore, to disguise myself and go there. Once I had belonged to the infamous Brotherhood. I knew their password. By this means, if my suspicions were true, I could doubtless gain admission—as for the rest, I must leave it to chance.

"METAMORPHOZED."

As soon as I reached town I drove off at once to a theatrical agent, whose acquaintance I had already made. He remembered me, and I explained enough of the situation to induce him to render me assistance. In a very short time I was metamorphozed. By a few judicious touches twenty years were added to my age, a wig of dark hair completely covered my own, my complexion was dyed to a dark olive, and in a thick travelling cloak, with a high fur collar, I scarcely knew myself. My final act was to slip a loaded revolver into my pocket, and then, feeling that I was prepared for the worst, I hurried forth.

It was now between twelve and one in the morning, and the fog was denser than ever. Few men know London better than I do, but once or twice in that perilous journey I lost my way. At last, however, I found myself in St. Mark's Court. I was now breathing with difficulty; the fog was piercing my lungs and hurting my throat, my eyes watered. When I got into the court I heard the steady tramp of the policeman whose duty it was to guard the place at night. Taking no notice of him, I went across the court in the direction of the eating-house. The light within still burned, but dimly. There was a blurr visible, nothing more. This came through one of the windows, for the door was shut. I tapped at the door. A man came immediately and opened it. He asked me what my business was. I repeated the password of the society. A change came over his face. My conjectures were verified — I was instantly admitted.

"Are you expecting to see a friend here to-night?" said the man. "It is rather late, and we are just closing."

As he uttered the words, suddenly, like a flash of lightning, an old memory returned to me. I have said that when I first saw the Duke at De Brett's house, I was puzzled by an intangible likeness. Now I knew who the man really was. In the old days in Naples, an English boy of the name of Drake was often seen in Madame's salons. Drake and the Duke of Friedeck were one and the same.

"I have come here to see Mr. Drake," I said, stoutly.

The man nodded. My chance shot had found its billet.

"Mr. Drake is upstairs," he said. "Will you find your own way up, or shall I announce you?"

"I will find my own way," I said. "He is in the——"

"Room to the front—third floor," answered the man.

He returned to the dining saloon, and I heard the swing-door close behind him. Without a moment's hesitation I ascended the stairs. The stairs and passage were in complete darkness. I went up, passed the first and second stories, and on to the third. As I approached the landing of the third story I saw an open door and a gleam of light in a small room which faced the court. The light was caused by a lamp which stood on a deal table, the wick of which was turned down very low. Except the lamp and table there was no other furniture in the room. I went in and looked around me. The Duke was not present. I was just considering what my next step should be, when I heard voices and several steps ascending the stairs. I saw an empty cupboard, the door of which stood ajar. I made for it, and closed the door softly behind me. As the men approached, I slipped the revolver from my pocket and held it in my hand. It was probable that Friedeck had been told of my arrival. If so, he would search for me, and in all probability look in the cupboard. Three or four men at least were coming up the stairs, and I knew that my life was scarcely worth a moment's purchase. I had a wild feeling of regret that I had not summoned the policeman in the court to my aid, and then the men entered the room. When they did so, I breathed a sigh of relief. They talked to one another as if I did not exist. Evidently the waiter downstairs had thought that my knowledge of the password was all-sufficient, and had not troubled himself to mention my appearance on the scene.

One of the men went up to the lamp, turned it on to a full blaze, and then placed it in the window.

"This will be sufficient for our purpose," he said, with a laugh, "otherwise, with the fog as thick as it is now, the bolt might miss its mark."

"The thicker the fog the safer," said another voice, which I recognised as that of the Duke. "I am quite ready, gentlemen, if you are."

"All right," said the man who had first spoken, "I will go across to Bell's house and fix the rope from the bar outside the window. As the *bob of the pendulum* you will swing true, Drake, no fear of that. You will swing straight to the balcony, as sure as mathematics. Have you anything else to ask?"

"I CLOSED THE DOOR SOFTLY BEHIND ME."

"No," answered Friedeck, "I am ready. Get your part of the work through as quickly as you can; you cannot fail to see this window with the bright light in it. I will have the lower sash open, and be ready to receive the bolt from the crossbow with the light string attached."

"All right," answered his confederate; "when the bolt reaches you, pull in as hard as you can, for the rope will be fastened to the light string. The crossbar is here. You have only to attach it to the rope and swing across. Well, all right, I'm off."

The man whose mission it was to send the bolt into the open window now left the room, and I heard his footsteps going softly downstairs. I opened the cupboard door about half an inch, and was able to watch the proceedings of the other three men who remained on the scene. The window was softly opened. They spoke in whispers. I could judge by their attitudes that all three were in the highest state of nervous excitement.

Presently a low cry of satisfaction from Friedeck reached my ears, and I saw that something had entered the window. The next moment he and his confederates were pulling in a silken string, to which a thick scaffolding rope was attached. I then saw the Duke remove his coat. A wooden crossbar was securely fastened to the end of the stout rope, the rope was held outside the window by the two confederates, and the Duke got upon the window-sill, slipped his legs over the crossbar, and the next instant had disappeared into space.

Where he had gone -- what he was doing, were mysteries yet to be solved. The men remained for a moment longer beside the window, then they softly closed the sash, and putting out the lamp, left the room. I heard their steps descending the stairs, the sounds died away into utter stillness. I listened intently, and then, softly leaving the cupboard, approached the window. In the intense darkness, caused by the fog, I could not see a yard in front of me. De Brett's bank was in danger—the Duke of Friedeck and his accomplices were burglars; but what the crossbow, the rope, the bolt, the crossbar of wood, and the sudden disappearance of the Duke himself through the open window portended I could not fathom. My duty, however, was clear. I must immediately give the alarm to the policeman in the court, whose tramp I even now heard coming up to me through the fog.

I waited for a few moments longer, and then determined to make my exit. I ran downstairs, treading as softly as I could. I had just reached the little hall and put my hand on the latch of the door, when I was accosted.

"Who is there?" said a voice.

I replied, glibly, that I was going in search of Drake.

"You cannot see him, he is engaged," said the same voice, and now a man came forward. He held a dark lantern in his hand and suddenly threw its bull's-eye full on my face. Perhaps he saw through my disguise; anyhow, he must have observed that my face

"HE THREW ITS BULL'S-EYE FULL ON MY FACE."

was unfamiliar to him. The expression on his own changed to one of alarm. He suddenly made a low and peculiar whistle, and two or three other men entered the hall. The first man said something, the words of which I could not catch, and all four made a rush for me. But the door was on the latch. I burst it open, and escaped into the court. The thick fog favoured me, and I hoped that I had escaped the gang, when a heavy blow on the back of my head rendered me, for the second

time within that ominous twenty-four hours, unconscious.

When I awoke I found myself in the ward of a London hospital, and the kind face of a house-surgeon was bending over me.

"Ah! you'll do," I heard him say; "you are coming to nicely. You had a nasty blow on your head, though. Don't talk just at present; you'll be all right in a couple of hours."

I lay still, feeling bewildered. Figures were moving about the room, and the daylight was streaming in at the windows. I saw a nurse come up and look at me. She bent down.

"You feel better? You are not suffering?" she said.

"I am not," I replied; "but how did I get here? What has happened?"

"A policeman heard you cry and picked you up unconscious in a place called St. Mark's Court. Someone gave you a bad blow on your head—it is a wonder your skull was not cracked, but you are better. Have you a message to give to anyone?"

"I must get up immediately," I said; "I have not a moment to lose. Something dreadful has happened, and I must see to it. I must leave the hospital at once."

"Not without the surgeon's permission," said the nurse. "Have you any friend you would like to be sent to you?"

I mentioned Dufrayer's name. The nurse said she would dispatch a messenger immediately to his house and ask him to come to me.

I waited with what patience I could. The severe blow had fortunately only stunned me. I was not seriously hurt, and all the events of the preceding night, previous to the blow, presented themselves clearly before my memory.

In a little over an hour Dufrayer arrived. His eyes were blazing with excitement. He came up to me full of consternation.

"What has happened, Head?" he asked.

"Oh, I am all right; don't bother about me," I said. "But listen, Dufrayer, I must go to St. Mark's Court immediately—there is mischief."

"St. Mark's Court! Are you mad? Have you heard anything?"

"Heard what?" I asked.

"They have done it, that's all," cried Dufrayer.

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Well, there's the very deuce to pay in the City this morning. De Brett's bank was broken into last night, the night watchman seriously injured, and securities and cash to the tune of one hundred thousand pounds taken from the strong-room, and the man has got clean away. Your messenger from here followed me to the bank. Tyler is there and De Brett. The daring and ingenuity of the robbery are unparalleled."

"I can throw light on this matter," I said. "Get the surgeon to give me leave to go, Dufrayer. There is not a moment to lose if we are to catch the scoundrel. I must accompany you to the bank."

"Well, you seem all right, old chap, and if you have anything to say——"

"I have," I cried, impatiently. "See the surgeon. I must get off immediately."

Dufrayer did what I requested him. The surgeon shook his head over what he called my imprudence, but said he could not detain me against my will. Dufrayer and I stepped into a hansom, and on my way to the bank I repeated my strange adventures of the previous night.

"Did ever anyone hear of another man doing such a foolhardy thing?" cried Dufrayer. "What possessed you to enter that house alone beats my comprehension."

"Never mind that now," I replied. "Remember, I knew the Brotherhood; my one chance consisted in going alone. Thank goodness, the fog has risen."

A light breeze was blowing over the City, and as we entered St. Mark's Court a ray of sunshine cast a watery gleam over the old, smoke-begrimed buildings. We entered the bank and found De Brett, his manager, two police inspectors, and Tyler's agent awaiting us.

De Brett exclaimed, when he caught sight of me:—

"Ah, Head, here's a pretty business! I'm a ruined man. The bank cannot stand a blow of this kind."

"Courage," I replied; "we may be able to put things right yet. I have a story to tell. Mr. Derbyshire, you have doubtless kept the note which Mr. De Brett wrote to me last night?"

"The note I wrote to you!" cried De Brett. "What do you mean, Head?"

"Will you produce the note?" I said to the manager.

The man brought it and put it into his chief's hand. De Brett read it with increasing amazement.

"But I never put pen to paper on such a fool's errand," he cried. "Why, I never take the keys of the small safe. Derbyshire and Frome have charge of them. Head,

this note is a forgery. What in the name of Heaven does it mean?"

"It meant for me a brougham which was a death-trap," I replied; "and it also meant the most dastardly scheme to rob you, and perhaps murder me, which has ever been conceived. But listen, let me tell my story."

I did so, amidst the breathless silence of the spectators.

"And now," I continued, "the best thing we can do, gentlemen, is to go across to the house from which the bolt was shot. It is possible that we may see something in that upper room which will explain the the question. The annihilation of gravity is a new departure in the burglar's art."

We had now reached the building which faced the court, and which was between the bank and the eating-house. It was composed entirely of offices—we went up at once to the top floor. The door of the room which faced the court was locked. The inspector took a step back, and, flinging his shoulders against it, it flew open. The room was bare and unoccupied, but, as we entered, Inspector Brown uttered a cry.

"Here is confirmation of your story, Mr. Head." As he spoke he lifted up a coil of

"HERE IS CONFIRMATION OF YOUR STORY."

manner in which the burglar entered the bank."

"I am at your service, Mr. Head," said Inspector Brown, in a cheerful tone; "a mystery of this sort is quite to my mind. All the same, sir," he continued, as he and I took the lead of the little procession which crossed St. Mark's Court, "I cannot imagine how any man got into that window of the bank on the second floor without wings. There is a constable on patrol in the court all night, so ladders are out of

strong rope which lay in a corner of the room. Attached to it was a crossbar of wood. A strong iron bar with a hook at one end and a crossbow also lay in the neighbourhood of the rope.

"The thing is as clear as daylight," I exclaimed. "I could not put two and two together last night, for the fog fairly bewildered me, but now I see the whole scheme. Let me explain. This rope was sent by means of the crossbow across to the window in the eating-house. To the bolt of the crossbow

was attached a silken cord, to which again the rope was fastened. The man who swung himself out of the window by the rope last night acted as the bob of the pendulum, and so reached the window of the bank. Swinging through the eating-house window and rising to the balcony outside the bank window, he then doubtless seized the handle of the outside frame and, settling on the balcony, cut out the glass with a diamond."

"We will go at once and see the room in the eating-house," said the inspector.

We did so, and found to our amazement that the door of the eating-house was locked and the place empty. After some slight difficulty we got the door burst open and went upstairs. Here we found the final confirmation of my words—the string which had been attached to the rope and cut from it before the Duke made his aerial flight.

ROUGH SKETCH OF ST. MARK'S COURT, E.C.

A.—Window from which iron bar holding the rope was fixed.
B.—Window from which the Duke swung across the court.
C.—Window on second floor of the Bank. The Duke alighted on the ledge below and removed the pane.

"But who did it?" cried De Brett. "We must secure the scoundrel without a moment's delay, for amongst other things he has stolen the Duke of Friedeck's priceless securities, the diamonds. By the way," continued the banker, "where is the Duke? I sent him a telegram, and expected him here before now."

An ominous silence fell upon everyone. De Brett's face grew white; he looked at me.

"For God's sake, speak," he cried. "Have you anything else to confide?"

"You must be prepared for bad news, De Brett," I said. I went up and laid my hand on my old friend's shoulder. "Thank God, I was in time. Your little girl is saved from the most awful fate which could overtake any woman. The man who committed the burglary was known to you as the Duke of Friedeck."

De Brett stepped back; his face changed from white to purple.

"Then that accounts for the telegrams," he said. "I received two yesterday, one from you telling me to expect you by a late train at Forest Manor—the other from that scoundrel. In it he said that he was unexpectedly detained in town. Doubtless both telegrams were sent by the same man."

"Without doubt," I replied. "The whole thing was carefully planned, and not a stone left unturned to secure the success of this most dastardly scheme. But, De Brett, I have one thing more to say. There is no Duke of Friedeck: it was an assumed name. I am prepared to swear to the man's real identity when the police have secured him."

The remainder of this story can be told in a few words. The ruffian who had posed as the Duke of Friedeck was captured a few days later, but the greater part of the securities and money which he had stolen were never recovered. Doubtless Mme. Koluchy had them in her possession. The man passed through his trial and received his sentence, but that has nothing to do with the story.

By the energetic aid of his many friends De Brett escaped ruin, and his bank still exists and prospers. He is a sadder and a wiser man.

Glimpses of Nature.

By Grant Allen.

IX.—A FROZEN WORLD.

THE pond in the valley is a world by itself. So far as its inhabitants are concerned, indeed, it is the whole of the world. For a pond without an outlet is like an oceanic island; it is a system, a microcosm, a tiny society apart, shut off by impassable barriers from all else around it. As the sea severs Fiji or St. Helena from the great land-surface of the continents, so, and just as truly, the fields about this pond sever it from all other inhabited waters. The snails and roach and beetles that dwell in it know of no other world; to them, the pond is all; the shore that bounds it is the world's end; their own little patch of stagnant water is the universe.

A pond which empties itself into a river by means of a stream or brook is not quite so isolated. It has points of contact with the outer earth: it resembles rather a peninsula than an island: it is the analogue of Spain or Greece, not of Hawaii or Madeira. And you will see how important this distinction is if you remember that trout and stickleback and stone-loach and fresh-water mussels can ascend the river into the brook, and pass by the brook into the pond, which has thus a direct line of communication with all waters elsewhere, including even the great oceans. But the pond without an outlet cannot thus be peopled. Whatever inhabitants it possesses have come to it much more by pure chance. They are not able to walk overland from one pond to another; they must be brought there somehow, by insignificant accidents. Regarded in this light, the original peopling of every pond in England is a problem in itself—a problem analogous in its own petty way to the problem of the peopling of oceanic islands.

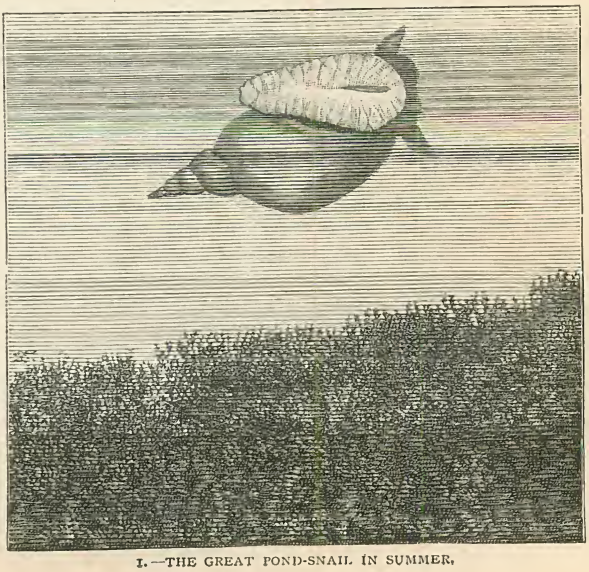
That great and accomplished and ingenious naturalist, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, working in part upon lines long since laid down by Darwin, has shown us in detail how oceanic islands have in each case come to be peopled. He has shown us how they never contain any large indigenous land animals belonging to the great group of mammals—any deer or elephants or pigs or horses; because mammals, being born alive, cannot, of course, be transported in the egg, and because the adult beasts could seldom be carried across great stretches of ocean by accident without perishing on the way of cold, hunger, or drowning. One can hardly imagine an antelope or a buffalo conveyed safely over sea by natural causes from Africa to the Cape Verdes, or from America to the Bermudas. As a matter of fact, therefore, the natural population of oceanic islands (for I need hardly say I set aside mere human agencies) consists almost entirely of birds blown across from the nearest continent, and their descendants; of reptiles, whose small eggs can be transported in logs of wood or broken trees by ocean currents; of snails and insects, whose still tinier spawn can be conveyed for long distances by a thousand chances; and of such trees, herbs, or ferns as have very light seeds or spores, easily whirled by storms (like thistledown), or else nuts or hard fruits which may be wafted by sea-streams without damage to the embryo. For the most part, also, the plants and animals of oceanic islands resemble more or less closely (with locally induced differences) those of the nearest continent, or those of the land from which the prevailing winds blow towards them, or those of the country whence currents run most direct to the particular island. They are waifs and strays, stranded there by accident, and often giving rise in process of time to special local varieties or species.

Now, it is much the same with isolated ponds. They acquire their first inhabitants by a series of small accidents. Perhaps some water-bird from a neighbouring lake or river alights on the sticky mud of the bank, and brings casually on his webbed feet a few clinging eggs of dace or chub, a few fragments of the spawn of pond-snails or water-beetles. Paddling about on the brink, he rubs these off by mere chance on the mud, where they hatch in time into the first colonists of the new water-world. Perhaps, again, a heron drops a half-eaten fish into the water—a fish which is dead itself, but has adhering to its scales or gills a few small fresh-water crustaceans and mollusks. Perhaps a flood brings a minnow or two and a weed or two from a neighbouring stream; perhaps a wandering frog trails a seed on his feet from one pool to another. By a series of such accidents, each trivial in itself, an isolated pond acquires its inhabitants; and you will therefore often find two ponds close beside one another (but not connected by a stream), the plants and animals of which are nevertheless quite different.

Now, the pond in summer is one thing; the pond in winter is quite another. For just reflect what winter means to this little isolated, self-contained community! The surface freezes over, and life in the mimic lake is all but suspended. Not an animal in it can rise to the top to breathe; not a particle of fresh oxygen can penetrate to the bottom. Under such circumstances, when you come to think of it, you might almost suppose life in the pond must cease altogether. But nature knows better. With her infinite cleverness, her infinite variety of resource, of adaptation to circumstances, she has invented a series of extraordinary devices for allowing all the plants and animals of a pond to retire in late autumn to its unfrozen depths, and there live a dormant existence till summer comes again. Taking them in the mass, we may say that the population sink down to the bottom in November or December, and surge up again in spring, though in most varied fashions.

Consider, once more, the curious set of circumstances which renders this singular plan feasible. Water freezes at 32 degrees Fahrenheit. For the most part, under normal conditions, the water at the top of the pond is the warmest, and that at the bottom coldest; for the hot water, being expanded and lighter, rises to the surface, while the cold water, being contracted and heavier, sinks to the depths. If this relation remained unchanged throughout, when winter came, the coldest water would gradually congeal at the bottom of the pool: and so in time the whole pond would freeze solid. In that case, life in it would obviously be as impossible as in the ice of the frozen pole or in the glaciers of the Alps. But by a singular variation, just before water freezes, it begins to expand again, so that ice is lighter than water. Thus the ice as it forms rises to the surface, and leaves at the bottom a layer of slightly warmer water, some four or five degrees above freezing point. It is usual to point this fact out as a beautiful instance of special provision on the part of nature for the plants and animals which live in the ponds; but to do so, I think, is to go just a step beyond our evidence. Nature does not fit all places alike for the development of life; she does not fit the desert, for example, nor the interior of glaciers or frozen oceans, nor, for the matter of that, the rocks of the earth's mass; nor does she try to fit living beings for such impossible situations. All we are really entitled to say is this—that the conditions for life *do* occur in ponds, owing to this habit of water, and that therefore special plants and animals have been adapted by nature to fulfil them.

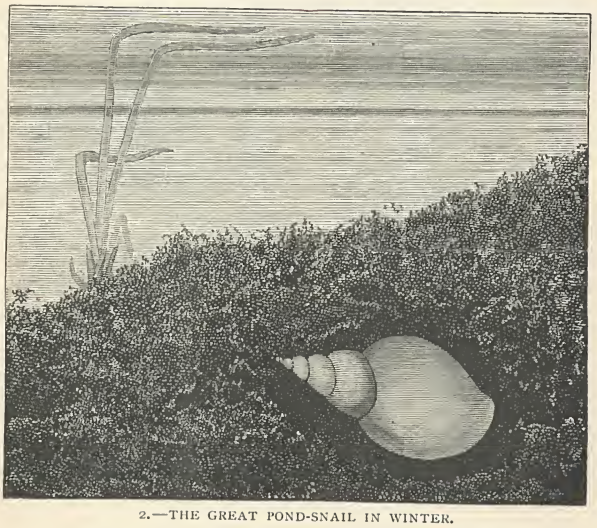
The devices by which such plants and animals get over the difficulties of the situation, however, are sufficiently remarkable to satisfy the most exacting. Recollect that for some weeks together the entire pond may be frozen over, and that during that dreary time all animal or vegetable life at its surface must be inevitably destroyed. For hardly a plant or an animal can survive the actual freezing of its tissues. Nevertheless, as soon as winter sets in, the creatures which inhabit the pond feel the cold coming, and begin to govern themselves accordingly. A few, which are amphibious, migrate, it is true, to more comfortable quarters. Among these are the smaller newts or efts, which crawl ashore, and take refuge from the frost in crannies of rocks or walls, or in cool damp cellars. Most of the inhabitants of the pool, however, remain, and retire for warmth and safety to the depths. Even the amphibious frogs themselves, which have hopped ashore on their stout legs in spring, when they first emerged from their tadpole condition, now return for security to their native pond, bury themselves comfortably in the mud in the depths, and sleep in social clusters through



1.—THE GREAT POND-SNAIL IN SUMMER.

the frozen season. They are not long enough and lithe enough to creep into crannies above ground like the newts; and with their soft smooth skins and unprotected bodies they would almost inevitably be frozen to death if they remained in the open. On the bottom of the pond, however, they huddle close and keep one another warm, so that portions of the mud in the centre of the pool consist almost of a living mass of frogs and other drowsy animals.

Some of the larger pond-dwellers thus hibernate in their own persons; others, which are annuals, so to speak, die off themselves at the approach of winter, and leave only their eggs to vouch for them and to continue the race on the return of summer. A few beetles and other insects split the difference by hibernating in the pupa or chrysalis condition, when they would have to sleep in any case, and emerging as full-fledged winged forms at the end of the winter. But on the whole the commonest way is for the plant or animal itself in its adult shape to lurk in the warm mud of the bottom during the cold season.



2.—THE GREAT POND-SNAIL IN WINTER.

In No. 1 we have an excellent illustration of this most frequent type, in the person of the beautiful pointed pond-snail, a common English fresh-water mollusk, with a shell so daintily pretty that if it did not abound in all stagnant waters in our own island we would prize it for its delicate transparent amber hue and its graceful tapering form, resembling that of the loveliest exotics. This pond-snail, though it lives in the water, is an air-breather, and therefore it hangs habitually on the surface of the pool, opening its lung-sac every now and then to take in a fresh gulp of air, and looking oddly upside-down as it floats, shell downward, in its normal position. It browses at times on the submerged weeds in the pond; but it has to come to the surface at frequent intervals to breathe; though, in common with most aquatic air-breathers, it can go a long time without a new store of oxygen, like a man when he dives or a duck or swan when it feeds on the bottom—of course to a much greater degree, because the snail is cold-blooded; that is to say, in other words, needs much less aëration. On a still evening in summer you will often find the surface of the pond covered by dozens of these pretty shells, each with its slimy animal protruded, and each drinking in air at the top by its open-mouthed lung-sac.

In winter, however, as you see in No. 2, our pond-snail retires to the mud at the bottom, and there quietly sleeps away the cold season. Being a cold-blooded gentleman, he hibernates easily, and his snug nest in the ooze, where he buries himself two or three inches deep, leaves him relatively little exposed to the attacks of enemies. Indeed, since the whole pond is then sleeping and hibernating together, there is small risk of assault till spring comes round again.

Now, it may sound odd at first hearing when I tell you that what the animals thus do, the plants do also. "What?" you will say. "A plant move bodily from the surface of the water and bury itself in the mud! It seems almost incredible." But the accompanying illustrations of one such plant, the curled pond-weed, will show you that the aquatic weeds take just as good care of themselves against winter cold as the aquatic animals.

In No. 3 you see a shoot of curled pond-weed preparing to receive cold attacks at the approach of autumn. You may perhaps have noticed for yourself that almost all plants of stagnant waters tend to be freshest and most vigorous at the growing end—the upper portion; while the lower and older part is usually more or less eaten away by browsing water-beasties, or incrusted by parasites, or draggled and torn, or waterlogged and mud-smeared. The really vital part of the plant at each moment

3.—THE CURLED POND-WEED PRODUCING ITS WINTER SHOOTS.

is as a rule the top or growing-shoot. Now, if the curled pond-weed were to let itself get overtaken bodily by winter, and its top branches or vigorous shoots frozen in the crust of ice which must soon coat the pond, it would be all up with it. To guard against this calamity, therefore, the plant has hit upon a dodge as clever in its way as that of our old friend the soldanella which laid by fuel to melt the glacier ice in the Alpine springtide. Prevention, says the curled pond-weed, is better than cure. So, in No. 3, you catch it in the very act of getting ready certain specialized detachable shoots, which are its liveliest parts, and in which all the most active protoplasm and chlorophyll (or living greenstuff of the plant) are collected and laid by, much as food is laid by in the bulb of a hyacinth or in the tuber of a dahlia. These shoots are, as it were, leafy bulbs, meant to carry the life of the plant across the gulf of winter.

In No. 4 we come upon the next act in this curious and interesting vegetable drama. Most people regard plants as mere rooted things, with no will of their own, and no power of movement. In reality, plants, though usually more or less attached to the soil, have almost as many tricks and manners of their own as the vast mass of animals; they provide in the most ingenious and varied ways for the most diverse emergencies. The winter shoots of the curled pond-weed, for example, carrying with them the hopes of the race for a future season, are deliberately arranged beforehand with a line of least resistance, a point of severance on the stem, at which in the fulness of time they peaceably detach themselves. You can note in the illustration how they have glided off gently from the parent stalk, and are now sinking by their own gravity to the warmer water of the bottom, which practically never freezes in winter. And the reason why they sink is that, being full of rich living greenstuff, they are heavier than the water, and heavier than the stem which previously floated them. This stem has many air cavities to keep it fairly erect and waving in the water: but the winter shoots have none, so that as soon as they detach themselves, they sink of their own mere weight to the bottom. You may notice that the leaves of deciduous trees in autumn have similar lines, ordained beforehand, along which they break off clean, so as not to tear or injure the permanent tissues; this is particularly noticeable in the foliage of the horse-chestnut, and also (in spring) in the common aralia, so often grown as a drawing-room decoration.

4.—THE SHOOTS DETACHING THEMSELVES AND SINKING, BEFORE THE POND FREEZES.

No. 5 continues the same series, and shows us how the winter shoots, now sunk to the bottom, bore a

5.—THE SHOOTS ROOTING AT THE BOTTOM WHILE THE POND IS FROZEN.

hole and root themselves in the soft mud by their sharp, awl-like ends; after which they prepare to undergo their sleepy hibernation. They are now essentially detached buds or cuttings, analogous to those which the gardener artificially lops off and "strikes" in our gardens. Only, the gardener's cuttings have been rudely sliced off with a knife, after the crude human fashion, while those of the pond-weed have been neatly released without injury to the tissues, the separation being performed by an act of growth, with all the beautiful perfection that marks nature's handicraft.

In the soft slimy mud, the shoots of the curled pond-weed lie by during the frozen period, hearing the noise of the gliding skates above them, and suffering slightly at times from the chill of the water, but actually protected by the great-coat of ice from the severest effects of the hard weather. By-and-by, when spring comes again, however, the shoots begin to bud out, as you see in No. 6, and once more to produce the original type of pond-weed. The weed then continues to form leaves and stems, and finally to flower, which it does with a head or spike of queer little green blossoms, raised unobtrusively above the surface of the water. They are not pretty, because they do not depend upon animals for the transference of their pollen. I could tell you some curious things about these flowers, too, which find themselves far from insects, and destitute of attractive petals; so they have taken in despair to a quaint method of fertilization by bombardment, so to speak — the stamens opening in calm weather, and dropping their pollen out on the saucer-like petals, whence the first high wind carries it off with a burst to the stigma or sensitive surface of the sister flowers. But that, though enticing, is another story, alien to the philosophy of the pond in winter. I will only add here that the pond-weed does not set its seeds very well, and that chances of dispersal are somewhat infrequent, so that irregular multiplication by these winter shoots has largely taken the place with it of normal multiplication by means of seedlings. At the same time, we must remember that no prudent plant can venture to depend for ever upon such apparent propagation by mere subdivision, which is not really (in any true sense) propagation at all, but is merely increased area of growth for the original parent, split up into many divergent personalities; so that the curled pond-weed takes infinite pains all the same to flower when it can, and to discharge its pollen and disperse its seeds as often as practicable. Only by seedlings, indeed (that is to say by fresh blood—truly new individuals), can the vigour of any stock be permanently secured.

Sometimes, again, the entire plant retires

6.—THE SHOOTS IN SPRING BEGINNING TO SPROUT AGAIN.

to the depths in winter, like the pond-snail. This is the case with that pretty floating aquatic lily, the water-soldier, whose lovely flowers make it a frequent favourite on ornamental waters. In summer it floats; but when winter comes it sinks to the bottom, and there rests on the mud till spring returns again.

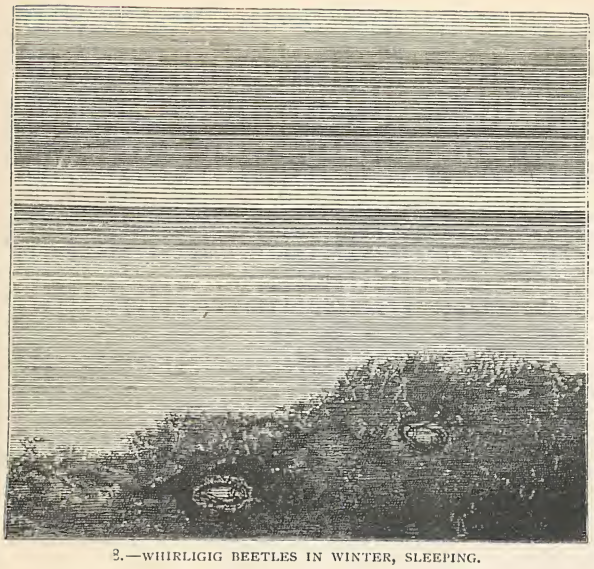
In No. 7 you see how another familiar and fascinating denizen of the pond, the little whirligig beetle, provides his winter quarters. The whirligig is one of the daintiest and most amusing of the inhabitants of our ponds. He is a small round beetle, in shape like a grain of corn; but as he is intended to sport and circle on the surface of the water in the broad sunshine, he is clad in glistening mail of iridescent tints, gorgeous with bronze and gold, to charm the eyes of his fastidious partner. You seldom see whirligigs alone; they generally dart about in companies on the surface of some calm little haven in the pond, a dozen at a time, pirouetting in and out with most marvellous gyrations, yet never colliding or interfering with one another. I have often watched them for many minutes together, wondering whether they would not at last get in one another's way; but no, at each apparent meeting, they glide off in graceful curves, and never touch or graze. They go on through figures more complicated than the lancers or Sir Roger de Coverley, now advancing, now retreating, always in lines of sinuous beauty, without angularity or strain, and apparently without premeditation; yet never for a second do they interfere with a neighbour's mazy dance, often as they cross and recross each other's merry orbits. Dear little playful things they seem, as if they enjoyed existence like young lambs or children. Sociable, alert, for ever gambolling, they treat life as a saraband, but with a wonderfully keen eye for approaching danger. They look at times as if you could catch them without trouble; yet put down your hand, and off they dart at once to the bottom, or elude you by a quick and vigilant side movement, always on the curve, like a good skater or a bicyclist.

7.—THE WHIRLIGIG BEETLE IN SUMMER, DANCING.

This rapid skimming in curves or circles on the surface of the water is produced in a most interesting way by the co-operation of the various pairs of legs, which I can best explain by the analogy of the bicycle. The two shorter and active hind legs produce the quick forward dart, just as the main motion of the cycle is given it by the back wheel; the longer front legs act like the front wheel of the cycle in altering the direction; one of them is jerked out to right or left, rudderwise, and gives the desired amount of curve to the resulting motion according to the will and necessities of the insect. The steering of a Canadian canoe comes very near it. Anybody who has sculled or rowed, indeed, knows well the extraordinary ease with which a boat can be shored off instantaneously from another, or the marvellous way in which gliding curves can be produced on the almost unresisting surface of the water. The whirligig beetle has a perfect steering apparatus in his long and extensible fore-legs, and by their means he performs unceasingly his play of merry and intricate evolutions.

When whirligigs are alarmed, however, they dive below the surface as one of a pair is doing in No. 7, and carry down with them a large bubble of air, for breathing purposes, entangled in the joints of their complicated legs and the under parts of their bodies. On this quaint sublacustrine balloon they subsist for breathing till the danger is past and they can come to the top again.

Early in April, when the weather is fine, you begin to see the whirligig beetles dancing in and out in companies, like so many water-

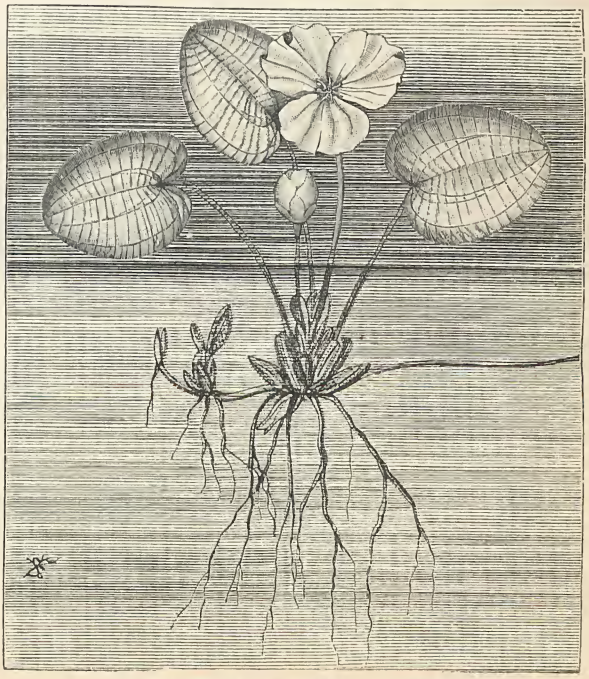


8.—WHIRLIGIG BEETLES IN WINTER, SLEEPING.

fairies, on the still top of the pond. They prefer calm water; when the wind drives little ripples to the eastern end of the pool, you will find them practising their aquatic gymnastics under lee of the shore on the western side; when an east wind ruffles the western border, you will find them gyrating and interlacing, coquetting and pirouetting, by the calmer eastern shallows. As they move in their whirls, they form little transient circles on the water's top, which spread concentrically; and the mutual interference of these widening waves is almost as interesting at times as the astonishing velocity and certainty of movement in the beetles themselves. So, all summer long, they continue their wild career, seeming to earn their livelihood easily by amusing themselves. But as soon as winter approaches, a change comes o'er the spirit of their dream. They retire to the depths, as you may observe in No. 8, and bury themselves in the mud while the pond is frozen over. During this period they indulge in a good long nap of some five or six months, and, awaking refreshed in April, come to the surface once more, where they begin their gyratory antics all over again, *da capo*. It is a merry life; and though the whirligig can fly, which he does occasionally, 'tis no wonder he prefers his skimming existence on the still, glassy sheet of his native waters.

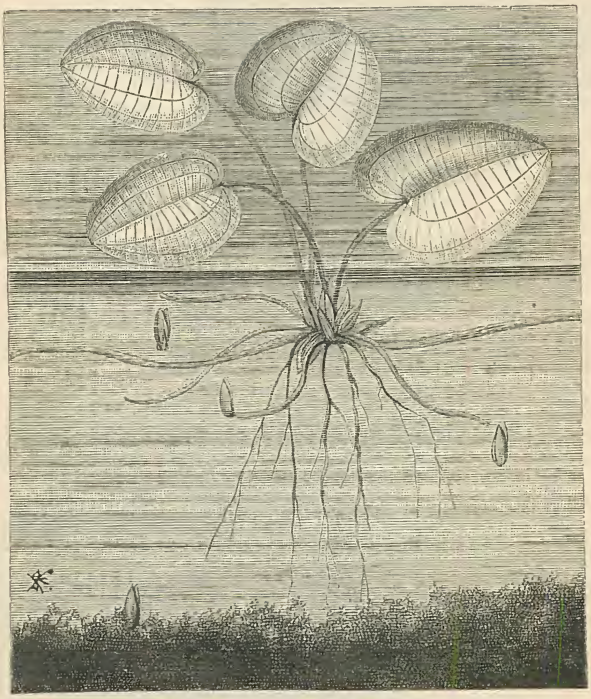
The two larger British water-beetles, which are such favourite objects in the aquariums of young naturalists, do not lead quite so exclusively aquatic a life; they pass their youth as larvæ in the pond, and they return to it in their full winged or beetle stage, being most expert divers; but they both retire to dry land to undergo their metamorphosis into a chrysalis, and they spend their time in the pupa-case in a hollow in the ground. Something similar occurs with many other aquatic animals, which are thus conjectured to be the descendants of terrestrial ancestors, whom the struggle for life has forced to embrace the easier opening afforded by the waters.

In this respect, that rather rare and beautiful little English water-plant, the frogbit, shown in No. 9, has a life-history not unlike the career of the water-beetles. It is a quaint and pretty herb, which never roots itself in the mud, like the curled pond-weed, but floats freely about on the surface, allowing its long roots to hang down like streamers into the water beneath it.



9.—THE FROGBIT IN SUMMER, FLOWERING.

The short stem or stock is submerged; the leaves expand themselves freely and loll on the surface. Like most other floating water-leaves which thus support themselves on the top of the water, they are almost circular in form—a type familiar to all of us in the white and yellow water-lily, and also in the beautiful little fringed limnanthemum which stars the calmer reaches on the upper Thames. The reason why floating leaves assume this circular shape is easy to perceive; they need no stout stalk to support them, like aerial foliage, the water serving to float them on its surface; and as they find the whole surrounding space free from competition, with no other plants to interfere with them, as in the crowded meadows and hedgerows of the land, they spread freely in the sunshine on every side, drinking in from the air the carbonic acid which is the chief food of plants, and building it up into their own tissues under the influence of so abundant a supply of solar energy. In short, the round shape is that which foliage naturally assumes when there is no competition, no architectural or engineering difficulty, plenty of food, and plenty of sunshine.

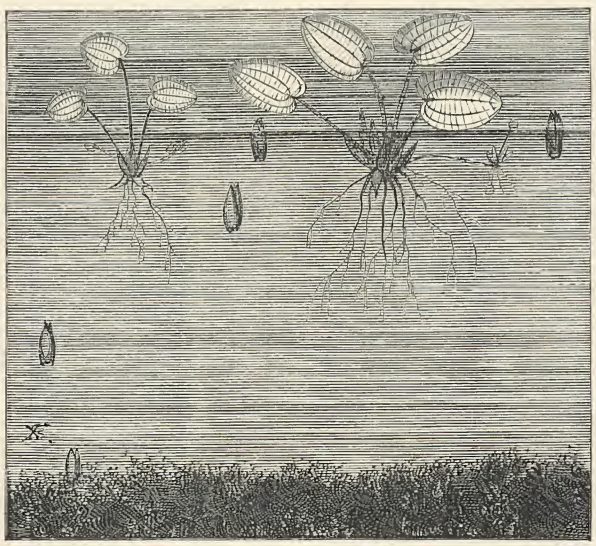


10.—THE FROGBIT DETACHING ITS WINTER BUDS, WHICH SINK TO THE BOTTOM.

The frogbit as a whole, then, is not submerged like the curled pond-weed; it floats unmoored on the surface. It is not rooted, but free. Yet when it comes to flowering, it has to quit the water, just like the great water-beetles, and emerge upon the open air above, so as to expose its flowers to the fertilizing insects. These flowers are extremely delicate and beautiful, with three papery white petals, and a yellow centre; they make the plant a real ornament to all the ponds where it fixes its residence. The males and females grow on separate plants, and aquatic flies act as their ambassadors. Such is the summer life of the frogbit, while fair weather lasts; but, like all other pond denizens, it has to reckon in the end with the frozen season.

It does so in a way slightly different from, though analogous to, that of the curled pond-weed. No. 10 shows you the frogbit after the flowering season is over, when it begins to anticipate the approach of winter. It then sends out slender runners, like those of the strawberry vine, on the end of each of which is formed a winter bud, which answers to the winter shoots of the curled pond-weed. By-and-by, the pond will freeze, and the floating leaves of the frogbit will be frozen and killed with it. But the prudent plant provides for its own survival in the person of its offshoots, which are not its young, but integral parts of its own individuality. It fills them with starch and other rich foodstuffs for growth next season. About the time when the pond grows cool, the buds detach themselves, like the winter shoots of the pond-weed, and slowly descend by their own weight to the bottom. But they do not root themselves there, as the pond-weed shoots did; they merely lie by, like the whirligig beetles, as you can see one of them preparing to do in the left-hand corner of No. 10. All the living material is drained from the leaves into these winter bulbs. The pond freezes over, and the remnant of the floating leaves decay; but the buds lurk quietly in the warm mud of the bottom, protected by a covering of close-fitting scale-leaves.

In No. 11 we learn the end of this quaint little domestic drama. Spring has come, and the pond has thawed again. The winter buds of the frogbit now undergo certain spongy internal changes, due to warmth and growth, which make them lighter—lessen their specific gravity. Air-cells are developed in them. So they begin to rise again like bubbles to the surface. You can see in the illustration one bud still entangled in the slime on the bottom; another just starting to emerge; a third rising; and a fourth and fifth on the surface of the pool. Two more have already risen; one of these is just putting forth its first few kidney-shaped leaves; another has now grown pretty strong, and is sending out a runner, from which a third little plant is even beginning to develop. In time, hundreds of such runners are sent forth in every direction, till the surface of the pond, in suitable places, is covered with a network of tangled and interlacing frogbits. They always seem to me in this way the plant-counterparts of the whirligig beetles; and it is because of this queer analogy in their mode of life that I have figured the two here in such close connection.



11.—THE BUDS RISING AGAIN IN SPRING, AND SPROUTING INTO A NETWORK.

Indeed, I hope I have now begun to make it clear to you that the difference of habit between plants and animals is not nearly so vast as most people imagine. It is usual to think of animals as active, but of plants as merely passively existing. I have tried, here and elsewhere, to lay stress rather upon the moments in life when plants are *doing something*, and thus to suggest to my readers the close resemblance which really exists between their activities and those of animals. The more you watch plants, the more will you find how much this is true. And in a case like that of a pond frozen in winter, where both groups have to meet and face the self-same difficulty, it is odd to note how exactly similar are the various devices by which either group has succeeded in surmounting it.

When you skate carelessly over the frozen pond in winter, you never perhaps reflect upon all the wealth of varied life that lies asleep beneath your feet. But it is there in abundance. The smaller newt, to be sure, has gone ashore to hibernate: but his great crested brother lurks somnolent in the mud, like a torpid bear or a sleepy dormouse. Frogs huddle buried in close-packed groups at the centre, massed together in the soft ooze for warmth and company. Many kinds of aquatic snails slumber peaceably hard by, with various beetles beside the whirligigs. As for eggs and spawn and larvæ or pupæ, as well as petty crustaceans, you could count them by the dozen. Seeds are there, too, and buried plants of water-crowfoot, and winter shoots and winter buds, and a whole world of skulkers. The pond seems dead, if you look only at its hard and frozen top; but in its depths it incloses for kind after kind the manifold hope of a glorious resurrection. Let May but come back with a few genial suns, and forthwith, the water-crowfoot spreads its white sheet of tender bloom; the whirligig dances anew; the newts acquire their red and orange spots and their decorative crests; strange long-legged creatures stalk on stilts over the glass of the calm bays, and tadpoles swarm black and fat in the basking shallows. The pond, it seems, was not dead but sleeping. Spring sounds its clarion note, and all nature is alive again.

A Woman's Chance of Marriage.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING.*

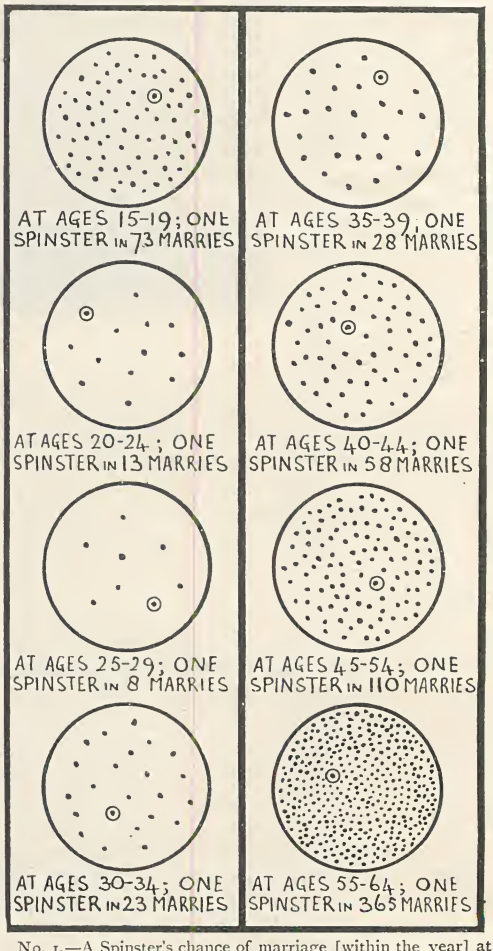
PERHAPS there is nothing that is more annoying to the average woman who wishes to marry a particular man than to see him carried off by some other woman — unless not getting married at all be more annoying to a woman than the failure to marry the man she fancies.

No one can doubt that there are many most pleasant spinsters, no longer in the first bloom of youth, who would make excellent wives, and one has often been surprised to see such women left unmarried, while other women, in no respect superior to these pleasant spinsters, are often married.

This and other things I have noticed cause me to think there has been, and still is, a great misdirection of energy on the part of spinsters who wish to marry. While there is much that is unpalatable to the average man in women who are too obviously bent on marriage, there is surely no reason why a thoroughly nice woman who prefers matrimony to a single life should not, within the limits of good taste and of discretion, direct her attractiveness into the channel that is the most likely to aid her in attaining her desire; but this is seldom done, or, if done sometimes by chance or by intuition, this right direction, by a woman, of her endeavour to marry, is not carried out with any clear idea as to who is the most likely man to marry her. I mean, when I say the most likely man, that the average woman has absolutely no knowledge of the fact that, according to her age and her civil condition (*i.e.*, spinster or widow), this or that group of men, and the man's civil condition (*i.e.*, bachelor or widower), may be pointed to as the group who supply the best chance of success to the woman wishing to marry, while other groups of men may be shown to her with whom her chance of marriage is practically nil.

For example, a bachelor aged 25—34 is worth to a woman—as a marrying man—fifty young bachelors at ages 15—19, for the chance of the older man marrying within one year is fifty times as great as the chance of one of the younger men. This is an extreme case, purposely chosen to illustrate my words; but a bachelor aged 25—34 is worth three times as much to a woman—as a marrying man—as a bachelor aged 35—44. This is the sort of information that I have to impart to unmarried women, and it is worth noting.

Recognising this waste of misdirected endeavour of spinsters, and wishing to see fewer mature spinsters than one does see, I have applied myself to the task of finding out a lot of curious and, I hope, valuable facts as to a woman's chance of marriage, according to her age and her civil condition. The task has not been an easy one, for, with the exception of a scanty investigation of this interesting subject about thirty years ago by an official in the office of the Registrar-General (and whose facts are now, of course, out of date), no one has given any attention to a matter that is really very important—especially to women who wish to marry. So I have had to make an entirely independent investigation, based on the most recent raw material I could find in the official records.


AT AGES 15-19; ONE SPINSTER IN 73 MARRIES
AT AGES 35-39; ONE SPINSTER IN 28 MARRIES
AT AGES 20-24; ONE SPINSTER IN 13 MARRIES
AT AGES 40-44; ONE SPINSTER IN 58 MARRIES
AT AGES 25-29; ONE SPINSTER IN 8 MARRIES
AT AGES 45-54; ONE SPINSTER IN 110 MARRIES
AT AGES 30-34; ONE SPINSTER IN 23 MARRIES
AT AGES 55-64; ONE SPINSTER IN 365 MARRIES

No. 1.—A Spinster's chance of marriage [within the year] at eight groups of ages from 15 to 64. The best chance is at ages 25—29, when one spinster marries [within the year] out of every eight spinsters aged 25—29.

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First, let me direct attention to Diagram No. 1. This shows the varying chances of marriage possessed by spinsters of the ages mentioned, from ages 15—19 to ages 55—64. We see that a spinster's best chance of marriage is at ages 25—29, for then one spinster of every eight spinsters, of these ages, marries within one year. The competition for the tiny wedding-ring which, in each of these eight groups of spinsters, encircles the black dot that represents the one spinster who marries in each group, becomes greater as age advances, until at ages 55 — 64 only one spinster marries in every 365 spinsters of these ages; only one of the dots in our last group of No. 1 is surrounded by the tiny ring, the 364 other dots (or spinsters) being left unmarried. I may say that at ages 65 and upwards, the wedding-ring is secured by only one spinster in 3,030 spinsters aged 65 and upwards—the chance of marriage has dropped to its lowest point.

The practical hint that is given to spinsters by Diagram No. 1 is, "Make hay while the sun shines," *i.e.*, at ages 20—29; don't frivol with men not likely to marry, for these are the years when a spinster's chance of marriage is highest. Later, I shall tell spinsters which men *are* likely to marry them at these and other ages.

Widows are formidable rivals of spinsters. For example, compare the following rates of re-marriage of widows with those of spinsters just given in No. 1 :—

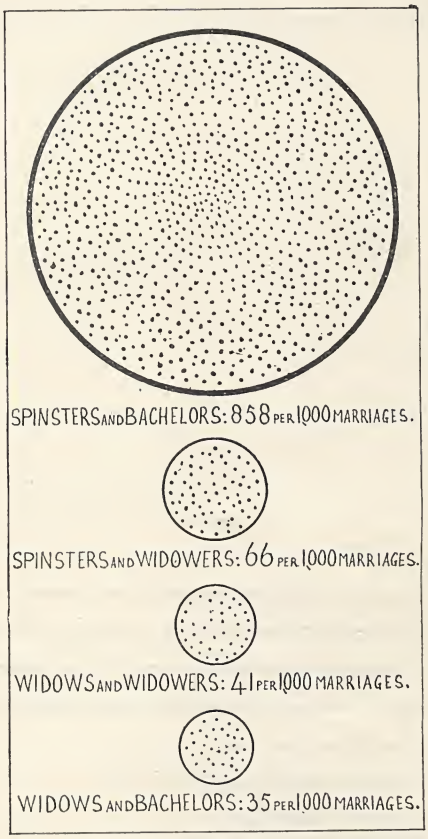
Age.	*One Widow re-marries in every*		*One Spinster marries in every*
15—19	22 widows.	15—19	73 spinsters.
20—24	8 ,,	20—24	13 ,,
25—34	10 ,,	25—29	8 ,,
		30—34	23 ,,
35—44	23 ,,	35—39	28 ,,
		40—44	58 ,,
45—54	68 ,,	45—54	110 ,,
55—64	224 ,,	55—64	365 ,,

This little statement shows that, throughout life, a widow's chance of re-marrying is greater than a spinster's chance of marrying, for, although at ages 25—29 a spinster's chance is slightly better than a widow's chance at age 25—34, yet, as at ages 30—34 a spinster's chance is much less than a widow's chance at ages 25—34, the disadvantage for ages 25—34 is distinctly on the side of the spinster.

In No. 2 we see how marriages are made up of the four pairs of men and women who marry. Thus :—

	In every 1,000 marriages.
Spinsters and Bachelors	858
Spinsters and Widowers	66
Widows and Widowers	41
Widows and Bachelors	35
Total	1,000

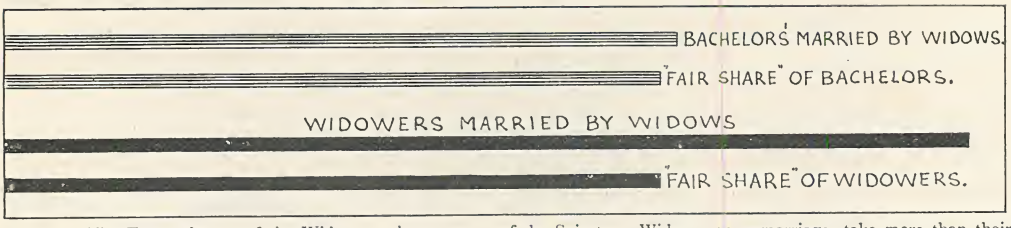
You may say: "Spinsters are all right, then; for they take 924 wedding-rings in every 1,000 rings that are put on to the fingers of brides." True, but these results are based merely on the total number of marriages that take place; they do not take


SPINSTERS AND BACHELORS: 858 PER 1000 MARRIAGES.
SPINSTERS AND WIDOWERS: 66 PER 1000 MARRIAGES.
WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS: 41 PER 1000 MARRIAGES.
WIDOWS AND BACHELORS: 35 PER 1000 MARRIAGES.

No. 2.—The four groups of men and women who marry, showing the number of marriages in each group, to every 1,000 marriages which occur.

into the account the *proportion* of spinsters who marry to the total number of spinsters at each age in the country (as was done in No. 1), nor do they show the *proportion* of widows who re-marry, to the total number of widows, at each age, in the country, as was done in the little comparative statement as to widows' and spinsters' chances just given. There are many more spinsters than widows, and thus, of course, many more spinsters marry; but if you take 100 widows of any age and 100 spinsters of the same age, the widows will (on re-marriage) take more wedding-rings than the spinsters.

To illustrate this point I have prepared No. 3, which shows the encroachment of the widow, who takes more than her "fair share"



No. 3.—The Encroachment of the Widow on the preserves of the Spinster. Widows, on re-marriage, take more than their "fair share" of both Bachelors and Widowers. [Without taking into the account the previous marriage, or marriages, of a widow.]

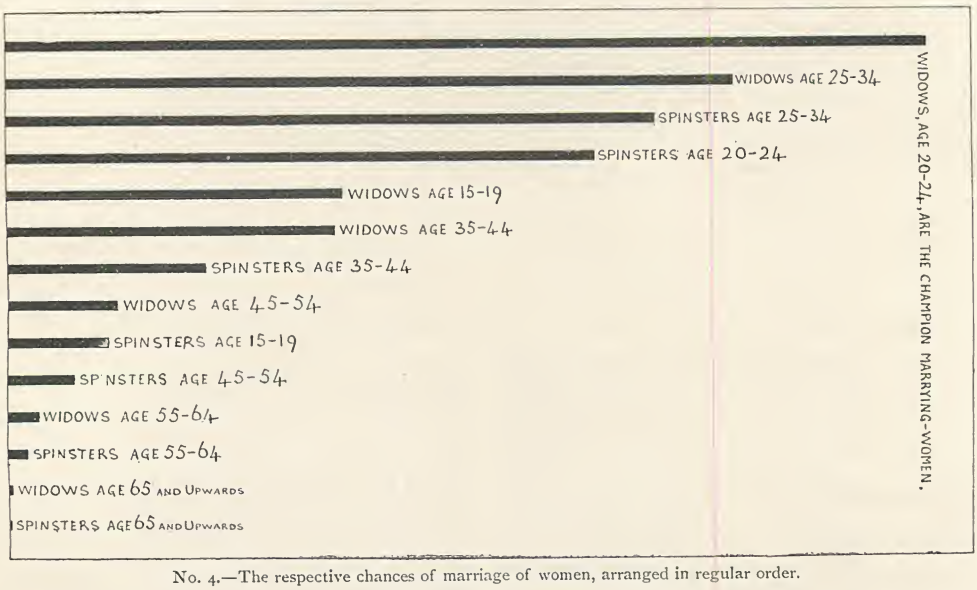
of men—*without including her previous husband or husbands.*

Here are the facts :—

	Actual No.		*"Fair Share."*
Bachelors taken by Widows ...	1,025	...	1,000
Widowers ,, ,, ...	1,467	...	1,000

Thus, for every 1,000 bachelors who should fall to widows, 1,025 are married by widows; and as regards widowers, instead of 1,000, widows take 1,467! This is hardly fair to the spinster, especially as all these widows have already had at least one husband, who is not included in the above results, and the practical hint given to spinsters by Diagram No. 3 is—be wary of the widow with the downcast eye, if the man you fancy gets into her society. I may say that the largest excess over their fair share of *bachelors* is taken by widows aged 20—24, and of *widowers*, by widows aged 20—24 and 25—34. Therefore, widows aged 20—34 are more dangerous rivals to spinsters than widows at other ages.

Diagram No. 4 gives a bird's-eye view of the respective chances of women (spinsters and widows, separately) at various ages from 15—19 to 65 and upwards. A spinster, or a widow—who knows her own age—has merely to look in No. 4 for the black line at the end of which is written her age, and she will see how she stands as compared with other women who are her rivals in matrimony. I regret to have to say that widows take the first two places in No. 4, and that, *in proportion to the number of widows in this country, aged 20—24*, these young widows are the champion marrying women. However, spinsters need not feel discouraged, for, luckily for them, there are not nearly so many of these dangerous widows as there are spinsters. I do not give the actual numerical equivalents of the black lines in No. 4, as the lines themselves speak plainly enough as regards the comparisons they illustrate.



No. 4.—The respective chances of marriage of women, arranged in regular order.

In No. 5 we have the respective values of widowers as compared with bachelors—as marrying men. This is a rather useful little statement, and it shows that, at all ages, the chance of a widower re-marrying is greater than that of a bachelor marrying. For con-

At ages	20-24,	ten widowers are worth		14	bachelors.
"	25-34,	"	"	16	"
"	35-44,	"	"	30	"
"	45-54,	"	"	45	"
"	55-64,	"	"	58	"
"	65 and up-	wards,	"	45	"

No. 5.—The respective values of Widowers and of Bachelors, as marrying men, at the ages stated above. The value of the widower is always greater than that of the bachelor, as a marrying man.

venience I have, at each group of ages in No. 5, given the value, in bachelors, of ten widowers. For example, at ages 35—44, ten widowers are worth thirty bachelors, so that if a woman who wishes to marry have the opportunity of attracting three bachelors and one widower, all of ages 35—44, she had better go for the widower, as his chance of marrying is worth the combined chances of all the three bachelors. This is a very useful hint to women, and No. 5 supplies other hints.

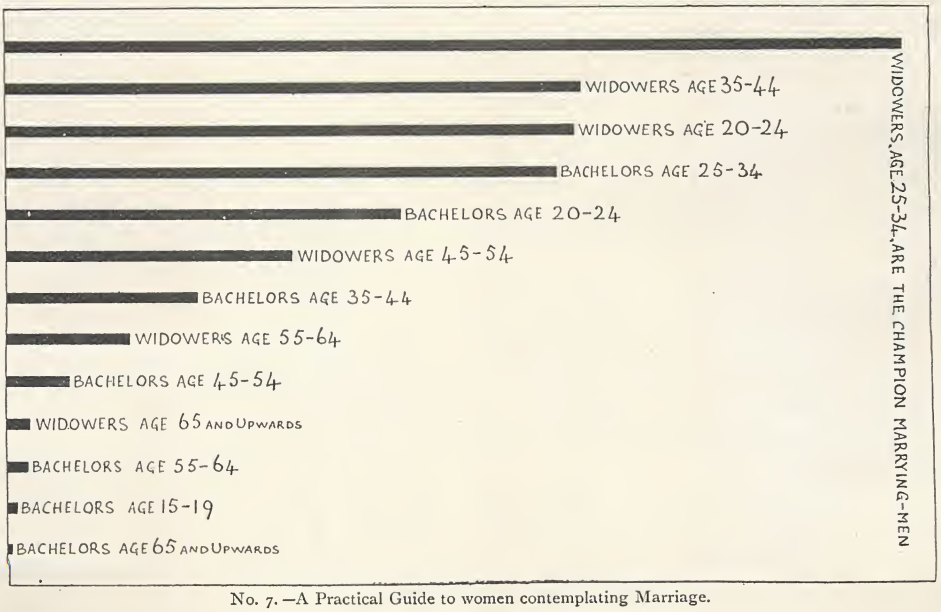
In No. 6 we have a statement of the relative values of widowers—as marrying men—in accordance with the age of the widower. The lowest value of a widower is at ages 65 and upwards, and this value is taken as the unit by which to measure the values of widowers at all younger ages. Thus, a widower aged 25—34 is worth 38 widowers aged 65 and upwards, and he is worth rather more than three widowers aged 45—54 (38 to 12). Similarly, a widower aged 35—44 is worth rather over two widowers aged 45—54; and so on.

These essentially practical hints to women who wish to marry will, I hope, be recognised by women and acted on. They are put as clearly and as practically as possible, and intellects which can master the mysteries of paper dress-patterns and the intricacies of a cookery-book will not, I feel sure, fail to follow the gist of the somewhat novel information I am now imparting to the unmarried women of this country.

One of the most valuable pieces of information now given is that contained in Diagram No. 7. Here we have set out, in the order of value, the respective values of widowers and of bachelors—as marrying men. The men who marry most, in proportion to the number of them in this country, are widowers aged 25—34; there are not, of course, *so many* widowers aged 25—34 as

1 widower	at ages	20-24	is worth	24	widowers	at ages	65	and upwards
1 "	"	25-34	"	38	"	"	65	"
1 "	"	35-44	"	25	"	"	65	"
1 "	"	45-54	"	12	"	"	65	"
1 "	"	55-64	"	5	"	"	65	"

No. 6.—The relative values of Widowers, as marrying men, at the ages stated above.



No. 7.—A Practical Guide to women contemplating Marriage.

there are men in some of the other groups, but when you do come across one of these widowers aged 25—34, you may feel sure that he belongs to the group of men that are the best marrying men there are. He is worth, as a marrying man, a good deal more than a bachelor aged 25—34. See in No. 7 the much shorter black line that relates to bachelors aged 25—34.

Notice, also, that the first three places in No. 7 are taken by widowers. These three leading groups, which comprise widowers aged 20—44, show that these men are men who should not be neglected by women who wish to marry in favour of such comparatively worthless men (*i.e.*, worthless as marrying men) as bachelors at ages 20—24, 35—44, 45—54, etc. Not one of these bachelors is nearly so valuable as a widower who is included by the first three black lines in No. 7; there are, of course, many more bachelors of these ages than there are widowers; but, man for man, the widower is a much better "chance" than the bachelor.

The respective values of bachelors, of different ages, is given in No. 8. The bachelor whose value is lowest is he at ages 15—19, and this lowest value has been taken as the unit by which to measure the value of bachelors at the other ages up to age 64. (Bachelors aged 65 and upwards are even less valuable—as marrying men—than those aged 15—19. See No. 7.)

We see, in No. 8, that a bachelor aged 25—34 is worth fifty bachelors aged 15—19, as regards the chance of his marrying within the year. And it is worth noting that a bachelor aged 35—44 is worth nearly three bachelors aged 45—54, a bachelor aged 45—54 being worth just three of those aged 55—64, etc.

It is rather useful to give these comparative statements as to the respective values of bachelors at different ages, and as to the respective values of bachelors and widowers, etc.; for some bachelors, especially the young ones who are really almost worthless (as marrying men), may not infrequently mislead the young woman who wishes to marry, owing to the encouragement by the bachelor of an entirely fallacious opinion in the woman's mind as regards his own value. Table No. 8 will be useful to women as a corrective for this little fallacy Many women lose their chance of marriage during the very best period of their lives, owing to a mistaken direction of their energies towards men who are practically of very small value as possible husbands. This may be pleasant, but it is certainly foolish, if the woman really wish to marry. (I speak without prejudice, for I am married.)

If a woman let her best years go by, in frivolling with men who are of small value as possible husbands, she one day realizes the fact that she wishes to marry—and finds it difficult. Well, I want to help these women.

1	Bachelor at ages	20-24	is worth	36	Bachelors at ages	15-19.
1	" "	25-34	"	50	" "	15-19.
1	" "	35-44	"	17	" "	15-19.
1	" "	45-54	"	6	" "	15-19.
1	" "	55-64	"	2	" "	15-19.

No. 8.—The relative values of Bachelors, as marrying men, at the ages stated above.

If their time has gone for getting any man they fancied, the best thing they can do is to find out who are the most likely men to marry them *now*.

Diagram No. 9 contains a broad summary of the following facts:—

Spinsters Aged		*Bachelors Aged*
21—24	most often marry	21—24
25—29	" " "	25—29
30—34	" " "	30—34
35—39	" " "	35—39
	AND	
Spinsters Aged		*Widowers Aged*
40—44	most often marry	40—44
45—49	" " "	50—54
50—54	" " "	55—59
55—59	" " "	55—59
60—64	" " "	60—64
65—69	" " "	70—74
70—74	" " "	75—79

Thus, after age 39, the spinster's best chance is with widowers, and she will do well to select widowers of the ages stated, which vary according to her own age.

Even widows may be glad of a practical hint on this score — for they, like spinsters, frivol to the detriment of their chance of re-marriage, although not to so great an extent as spinsters frivol.

Here is a statement for widows :—

Widows Aged				*Bachelors Aged*
21—24	most	frequently	marry	21—24
25—29	,,	,,	,,	25—29
30—34	,,	,,	,,	30—34
35—39	,,	,,	,,	30—34
		AND		
Widows Aged				*Widowers Aged*
40—44	most	frequently	marry	40—44
45—49	,,	,,	,,	45—49
50—54	,,	,,	,,	50—54
35 59	,,	,,	,,	55—59
60—64	,,	,,	,,	60—64
65—69	,,	,,	,,	65—69
70—74	,,	,,	,,	65—69

As with spinsters after age 39, so also with widows, the best men to go for are widowers.

The foregoing statements show those marriages which *most often* occur. But, as this is a very valuable part of my subject, I have also investigated the matter as to who are the most likely men for women to marry, based on the number of such men in the population — a somewhat different matter from that just discussed, and which is perhaps more valuable.

By this method, I find that :—

Spinsters at ages 15 — 44 have the best chance with Bachelors.

Spinsters at ages 45 and upwards have the best chance with Widowers.

AND

Widows at ages 15—34 have the best chance with Bachelors.

Widows at ages 35 and upwards have the best chance with Widowers.

And, for each group of ages, we get the following very interesting and valuable results, which show, for every 100 spinsters who marry at each age, and for every 100 widows who marry at each age, the numbers who marry bachelors and widowers, respectively :—

Age of Woman.	*Spinsters marry bachelors.*	*Spinsters marry widowers.*	*Total.*	*Widows marry bachelors.*	*Widows marry widowers.*	*Total.*
15—19	99	1	100	86	14	100
20—24	97	3	100	85	15	100
25—34	91	9	100	71	29	100
35—44	54	44	100	45	55	100
45—54	27	73	100	22	78	100
55—64	22	78	100	10	90	100
65 & up	16	84	100	10	90	100

No. 9.—Affinities between Spinsters and Bachelors, Spinsters and Widowers, Widows and Bachelors, Widows and Widowers—according to the age of the persons who marry. [*For more details, see text.*]

This tells spinsters that from ages 15—34 their best chance, by far, is to marry bachelors ; at ages 35—44 their chance with bachelors is still better than with widowers ; but at ages 45 and upwards, the best chance of the spinster is to marry a widower. And for widows, their chance at ages 15—34 is by far the best with bachelors ; after age 34, with widowers.

These results are based not merely on the number of marriages which actually occur —as in No. 9—but also upon the respective numbers of spinsters, widows, bachelors, and widowers in the population at each group of age. And, therefore, these results are more accurate than those in No. 9, although there is not very much difference between the two. These results give to spinsters an extension of five years in which to marry bachelors (*i.e.*, from age 39 to age 44), and they give to widows five years less in which to marry bachelors (*i.e.*, from age 39 to age 34).

Women who wish to marry, and especially spinsters, may certainly help themselves to attain their wish by acting on some of the hints I have given as to their chances of marriage at various ages, and to various men. To encourage these unmarried women still more, I have found out with approximate accuracy the number of spinsters, widows, bachelors, and widowers, at each group of ages, who are in this country at the present time, 1898. I think that spinsters will be agreeably surprised to find that there are many more marriageable men than they imagine. The popular idea that there are three women to every man is wholly fallacious, and when we deduct all the married men and women now in England and Wales (the facts are not available for Scotland or for Ireland) we get the following rather

interesting results for persons *aged 20 and upwards*:—

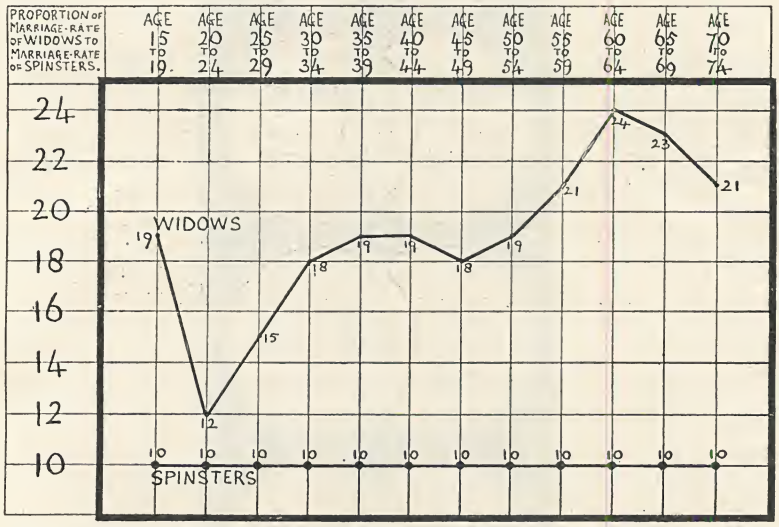
	Number of spinsters, bachelors, widows, and widowers in England and Wales in 1898, at ages 20 and upwards.	*Number of females to every 1,000 males of the groups in the left-hand column.*
Spinsters	2,542,100	1,075
Bachelors	2,364,100	1,000
Excess of Spinsters	178,000	
Widows	1,218,100	2,305
Widowers	528,400	1,000
Excess of Widows	689,700	
Spinsters and Widows	3,760,200	1,300
Bachelors and Widowers	2,892,500	1,000
Excess of Spinsters and Widows	867,700	

We see that as regards spinsters and bachelors, at ages 20 and upwards, the excess of spinsters is only 75 in every 1,000 bachelors—by no means a disquieting excess of spinsters for spinsters to contemplate. The widows out-number the widowers by more than 2 to 1; there are 230 widows to every 100 widowers, and this excess of widows, coupled with the superior re-marriage rates of widows over spinsters (to which I have already directed the attention of spinsters), does tend to work against the interests of spinsters who wish to marry.

It is rather interesting to split up the excess of marriageable women over marriageable men, just shown, into the various age-groups, so that marriageable women may see how they stand *at each group of age*, in regard to the number of men who are available as possible husbands. I will begin with ages 15—19, so as to include some younger women and men than are included by the summary just given:—

At ages	*There are marriageable women, i.e., Spinsters and Widows, as below.*	*There are marriageable men, i.e., Bachelors and Widowers, as below.*	*No. of marriageable women to every 1,000 marriageable men.*	
			Women.	*Men.*
15—19	1,576,400	1,583,600	995	1,000
20—24	1,066,500	1,089,700	978	1,000
25—34	858,000	800,800	1,072	1,000
35—44	443,400	317,600	1,396	1,000
45—54	417,600	223,700	1,866	1,000
55—64	410,200	191,500	2,142	1,000
65 & up	564,500	269,200	2,097	1,000

We see that at the first two age-groups, 15—19 and 20—24, there are actually *more* bachelors and widowers than there are spinsters and widows. At age-group, 25—34, the excess of marriageable women over marriageable men commences with an excess of seventy-two in every 1,000 bachelors and widowers. This is only an excess of women to the extent of seven per 100 men, and this slight excess of marriageable women is in respect of the ages 25—34, so that at a spinster's best years for her chance of marriage (ages 20—29, see Diagram No. 1), we may say that there are practically as many, or more, marriageable men as there are women.



No. 10.—The Great Superiority of the Widow over the Spinster, as a marrying woman, in the years 1870–1872.

At the next age-group, 35—44, a lot of widows enter the field, and this fact, combined with the excess of spinsters over bachelors at ages 35—44 (305,000 spinsters, 256,000 bachelors; excess of spinsters, 49,000), causes the number of marriageable women at these ages to exceed the number of marriageable men to the extent of nearly 40 per 100 men.

At the later ages, 45 and upwards, the excess of women over men increases, but this excess is mainly due to an excess of widows, for, at ages 45 and upwards, there are actually more widows in our population than spinsters; the respective numbers of spinsters and widows, in every 100 marriageable women, being :—

Age.	*No. of Spinsters.*	*No. of Widows.*	*Total.*
20—24 ...	99 ...	1 ...	100
25—34 ...	94 ...	6 ...	100
35—44 ...	69 ...	31 ...	100
45—54 ...	42 ...	58 ...	100
55—64 ...	26 ...	74 ...	100
65 & up. ...	16 ...	84 ...	100

[NOTE.—At ages 20—24 there are rather more than 99 spinsters to 1 widow: but, to avoid fractions, I have stated the results as above.]

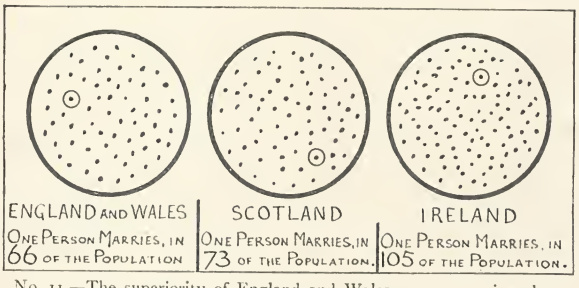
We see that, at ages 45 and upwards, the widows are considerably in excess of the spinsters in our population, and at these later ages, 45 and upwards, the marriageable men are considerably *in excess of the* for each group of ages the marriage-rate of widows with the marriage-rate of spinsters, the marriage-rate of widows being represented by the zig-zag line which is always seen above the lower line in No. 10, which represents the marriage-rate of spinsters in the years 1870—1872.

Here is the comparison :—

The marriage-rate of spinsters being taken (for convenience of comparison) at TEN, *the marriage-rate of widows was*

At Ages	In the years 1870-72. (See Diagram No. 10.)	On recent facts.
15—19 ...	19	33
20—24 ...	12	16
25—29 ...	15	
30—34 ...	18	11
35—39 ...	19	
40—44 ...	19	16
45—49 ...	18	
50—54 ...	19	16
55—59 ...	21	
60—64 ...	24	16
65—69 ...	23	
70—74 ...	21	15

Thus, only at ages 15—24 have widows increased the advantage over spinsters which


ENGLAND AND WALES
ONE PERSON MARRIES, IN 66 OF THE POPULATION
SCOTLAND
ONE PERSON MARRIES, IN 73 OF THE POPULATION.
IRELAND
ONE PERSON MARRIES, IN 105 OF THE POPULATION.

No. 11.—The superiority of England and Wales—as a marrying-place over Scotland and Ireland; and of Scotland over Ireland.

spinsters, and, but for the large number of widows who are then the formidable rivals of spinsters, the latter would have much less difficulty in getting married than is usually the case with spinsters at these mature ages. This fact, as do many of the others I have pointed out to spinsters, gives emphasis to the adage, "Make hay while the sun shines"; or, in other words, don't frivol with men of small value as possible husbands when you are at the period of life when your chance of marriage is greatest—viz., at ages 20—29.

However, I am glad to be able to state for the encouragement of spinsters that the competition of widows is not so keen now as it was in the years 1870—1872, to which Diagram No. 10 relates. This chart compares they had nearly thirty years ago; at all the other ages the spinster has succeeded in lessening the great advantage of the widow shown by No. 10, and to an appreciable degree.

Diagram No. 11 contrasts the marriage-rates of the three parts of the United Kingdom, of which England stands highest as a marrying country. The highest marriage-rate in the registration divisions of England is in the County of London. With this last hint to women who wish to marry, I conclude this inquiry into a woman's chance of marriage, expressing the hope that the information now given to spinsters may be of practical value to these ladies, and so I say to them—Fare ye well.

The Admiral's Misadventure.

An Unfinished Chapter in British Diplomacy.

By Gilbert Heron, late R.M.A.

I.

THE dinner-gong was just sounding its noisy warning to the hungry occupants of H.M.S. *Gigantic's* wardroom one evening in February, 1897, as I crossed from my cabin to the Admiral's for dinner.

We were in the Grecian Archipelago with the Eastern Division of the Mediterranean Fleet; and the *Gigantic*, one of the latest class of battleships, was the flagship, carrying Vice-Admiral Stanhope, C.B., whose flag-lieutenant I had the honour of being during the whole of his long and eventful command in those waters. We had that afternoon left the Island of Lesbos, after a week's stay, and we had evidently intended staying there far longer, when suddenly a telegram — from what quarter I did not yet know—had sent us packing at an hour's notice.

Affairs at Constantinople had been serious for some time—most serious, indeed; and in common with everyone fore and aft the ship, I surmised that our proceedings must be in some way connected with the course of events there. My curiosity was, in fact, thoroughly roused, the more so that the Admiral, with unusual reticence, had studiously avoided any reference to our ultimate destination throughout the day. Admirals, however, are curiously like ordinary mortals in most ways, and I hoped that after dinner, when the generous wine had begun to do its work, he would prove more communicative. It was, therefore, with more than usual interest that I obeyed the summons of the loudly clanging gong, and entered the Admiral's cabin. Punctual as ever to the second, he was already in the fore-cabin, where the small table at which we dined was gleaming in the soft yellow glow of the incandescent lights, with the sheen of brilliant white napery, cut-glass, and silver.

The Admiral, usually so genial, was reserved and taciturn, answering my attempts at conversation in monosyllables, and he had a preoccupied and somewhat careworn look. Soup, fish, and entrée we consumed almost in silence, broken only by the sounds of the ship's band each time the cabin-door opened, and the unending throbbing of the great engines away down in the heart of the ship. Not till the meal was over, and our cigars alight, did the Admiral unbend.

"Harley," he said, the strains of the ever-impressive "Miserere," from Verdi's "Trovatore," softly floating in upon us, "I daresay you've been wondering why we left so suddenly this afternoon, and where we are off to. I did not enlighten you before, because I had not quite made up my mind as to what part you were to take in the affair on hand; but as I have come to the conclusion that you are the best individual to help me, I will put you in possession of the

"THE MEAL WAS OVER AND OUR CIGARS ALIGHT."

facts. You know, of course," he continued, "that things in Constantinople have lately been causing grave anxiety to the Governments of Europe. The patience of our own Government has been often enough severely tried, and to-day, according to the cipher cablegram which I received, the Sultan has overstepped the boundary and the Ambassador has sent for the Fleet. I am to concentrate all my available strength at the Island of Imbros, in a bay on the north side of the island, which is well screened from passing observation. It is, of course, of the utmost importance that our movements should be kept entirely secret, both from the Turkish Government and from the Governments who would side against England in the event of war, and at Imbros we shall be out of the way, and yet only about thirty miles from the mouth of the Dardanelles."

"And what is to be done then, sir, on our arrival at Imbros?"

"The Fleet will remain there, while the Ambassador will send his steam yacht, the *Imogene*, down to fetch me. He desires to see me personally, and give me certain instructions regarding the possible, nay, inevitable, outbreak of hostilities. I had at first decided to go up alone, but on second thoughts I have resolved that you shall accompany me."

"But are you quite certain then, sir, that war must result?"

"Almost. You see, although the British Government do not wish to incur the onus of actually declaring war, they are making certain diplomatic moves which, as far as one can tell, *must* result in war. The Ambassador is to demand the enforcement of certain drastic reforms, and demand also such great concessions, that if granted would give England practically the entire control of things Eastern. This, too, he is to demand being carried into effect within twelve hours of his ultimatum. Now, even in the very unlikely event of the Porte assenting to his propositions, or even promising to consider them, the other nations of Europe will never agree to them, and this will at once precipitate the Armageddon which England is at length prepared for. We shall arrive at Imbros about four bells in the morning watch, and anchor in 'Divisions — Line ahead.' The *Imogene* should be awaiting our arrival on the north side of the Isle. I will give you a long general signal now, if you will come into the cabin, which will inform the captains of the object of our journey, and prepare them for further developments." And rising, he led the way into the brilliantly lighted cabin.

II.

At 6 a.m. the next day the Fleet, still steaming in two lines, swept round the N.E. corner of the hilly and rugged little Island of Imbros, and dropped anchor there.

As the Admiral had expected, the *Imogene* was already on the spot. I followed the Admiral down the accommodation ladder into his 16-oared barge, a long, lithe boat painted a deep blue, which had—and still has, I believe—the reputation of being one of the best racing boats on the station. We were rapidly pulled through the odd half mile of clear and sparkling blue water which separated us from the *Imogene*, whose Commander was standing on her quarter-deck waiting to welcome us.

"You are quite ready to proceed, I suppose?" said the Admiral, as soon as we were aboard.

"Quite, sir," responded the Commander, and in a few moments we were speeding on our way. Two hours later we rounded Cape Hellas, and entered the historic Dardanelles, and for the next few hours sped swiftly along that famous and strongly guarded channel.

About 6 p.m. we entered the Sea of Marmora, and at the rate we were travelling expected to sight Constantinople between 10 p.m. and 11 p.m., and exactly at five bells in the first watch I caught my first glimpse of the wonderful city. We dropped anchor opposite Tophane, in the midst of a double line of passenger steamers from every country in Europe.

A small steam-launch, which had been waiting our arrival at the landing-stage, now came busily panting up alongside. At the Quay a closed carriage was waiting for us, and then, threading our way past the moonlit quays, warehouses, and arsenals of Tophane, we were soon clattering along the fine Rue Yeni-Chartche, at the head of which stood our destination, the British Embassy.

The Ambassador received us in person, having timed our arrival to a nicety, and it was 7 a.m. before the interview terminated, and we were rapidly being driven back to the landing-stage. In an hour's time we were once more aboard the *Imogene*, the anchor hoisted, and the fantastic white glory of Stamboul being rapidly left behind us.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, having lunched, we had come on deck, and the Admiral was easily discussing the probable course of events which would result on the

Ambassador promulgating his ultimatum, which he was to have done at noon.

"They're in an awful stew by this time at Yildiz Kiosk, I expect," he said, with a certain mischievous relish, rubbing his hands the while. He was in the best of humours, and could find fault with nothing.

Suddenly he stopped dead, and quickly glanced at his watch, and from his watch to me in a questioning way.

Before I had time to inquire the meaning of this performance he ejaculated: "By Jove! Here it is half-past two, and we don't seem far down the Sea of Marmora! I think I'll have a look at the chart!"

So saying, he walked swiftly to the chart-house.

The Commander happened to meet us on the fore and aft bridge, and civilly saluted.

"Captain Thornton," said the Admiral, "will you be good enough to show me our present position on the chart?"

The Commander, slightly surprised at this request, led the way into the chart-house, where a chart lay spread open on the desk, and pointed out our position with a pair of compasses.

The Admiral suddenly became very grave.

"Lend me your compasses," he said.

Taking them, he rapidly measured the exact distance between the point the Commander had indicated and the Island of Imbros. It was 150 miles, and I suddenly understood the Admiral's discomposure.

"Thornton," he said, nervously, cutting his words off short and sharp like so many pistol-shots, as was his wont, "what's the utmost speed you can knock out of the *Imogene?*"

"H'm—well, fourteen knots, sir, at a pinch."

"The utmost—is that the very utmost she can do—even under forced draught?"

"We might just possibly get a trifle more, sir, but I doubt it—in fact, sir, fourteen knots is more than I've ever got out of her."

'Good Lord!" cried the Admiral. "Harley, we shall ruin everything! We can't get down to the Fleet in time! Who would ever have imagined that one couldn't get more than fourteen knots out of a blessed ship like this? What the deuce is to be done?"

"But, sir," said the Commander, not quite liking the Admiral to speak thus disparagingly of his vessel, "I don't quite understand——"

"Look here, sir," interrupted the old Admiral, thoroughly exasperated. "Listen to me, and by Jove, you jolly well *will* soon understand. We are 150 miles from the Fleet, which is a good twelve or thirteen hours' run, as matters stand. I must be with the Fleet by daybreak to-morrow, for if war is not declared even now it will be by then, and now I find that this wretch of a despatch-boat can't do it, and that I've been ass enough to forget such a vital consideration as the speed of the ship which is to take me back to my squadron. But get there I will, somehow or other. Look here, Harley, can't you think of anything? Don't stand there in that irritating way—for goodness sake say something!"

"Well, sir," I replied, "I haven't got plans all cut and dried at a moment's notice, but I'll set my wits to work. Never fear, we'll find

"HE POINTED OUT OUR POSITION WITH A PAIR OF COMPASSES."

some way of getting out of this particularly awkward hole."

"H'm," said he. "See here, something's got to be done, Harley. In the meanwhile, Captain Thornton, keep her up to the very utmost you can get out of her. We'll go and smoke a cigar, Harley, and see if we can't think out some way of getting through all right."

And together we descended to the quarter-deck again.

We walked up and down for some time discussing all sorts of more or less feasible plans. There was another obstacle, too, that we had overlooked, a most serious one.

"Let me see," said the Admiral. "Sunset is at 6 p.m., worse luck. And, by Jove, now that I come to think of it, we sha'n't be able to get through after sunset. What a confounded nuisance. They won't allow any vessel to go through, you know, between sunset and sunrise. What on earth is to be done? We can't run the gauntlet of the forts in this jimcrack concern, that's certain. They fire at you, you know, if you attempt to run through."

As he spoke we turned, and I caught sight of our signalman, who had come aft to dip the ensign to some passing vessel. Looking to see what vessel we were saluting, I saw it was a small steamer flying the red flag of Turkey. At that instant a brilliant idea seized me.

"Do you see that flag, sir?" said I to the Admiral.

"Yes," he said, drily, "I certainly see it. It's the Turkish flag. But what that has to do with the matter we're discussing I must confess I don't quite see."

"Well, sir," I responded, "that flag has just informed me of a way to get through the Dardanelles."

"The deuce it has!" he cried. "How ever is that going to get us through?"

"Well, sir, it suddenly struck me that, although no other vessels are allowed through the Dardanelles after sunset, Turkish men-of-war are."

"Harley, you don't for an instant think I'm going to sail under *that* vile rag, do you? No, sir; I've never sailed under false colours as yet, and I'm not going to begin now, that's very certain," he added, with a touch of truly British pride.

"But, sir, I've not even hinted at your doing so in the least. Nothing could be further from my mind. Besides, sir," I added, maliciously enjoying his bewilderment now that I had found a way out of our difficulty, "vessels don't fly their colours after sunset."

"Well, then, how on earth do you propose——"

"This is my idea, sir. It's a rather risky thing to do—in fact, perhaps you won't relish doing it at all"—I knew the grim old sea-dog would, though—"but I think we can get through with it all the same."

"Out with it, man; don't hang in the wind any longer. If it'll get me through, I'll do anything—so long as it's not dishonourable."

"Do you remember, sir, that when we passed Chanak-Kalesi yesterday there were some Turkish torpedo-boats lying at anchor under convoy of a sloop?"

"Yes," said the Admiral, as mystified as ever.

"Well, I propose to get you aboard one of those boats by stealth, surprise the officers—they only carry one or two at the utmost—and compel them at the point of the sword—or, to be literal, at the muzzle of our Webley revolvers — to take us down to Imbros. The boats can do an easy twenty knots an hour, and we shall get there beautifully in time."

"Harley, you're a perfect genius," cried the now delighted Admiral. "That's grand," he said. "That's one of the best things I've heard for many a day. It's glorious. But I must say, it'll want some doing. It's a rather big order, and a jolly risky thing to boot. If we were not on the eve of war with Turkey, I don't know that I'd be justified in doing it. But as war is only a matter of hours——how do you propose to get aboard?"

"We'll get down the Dardanelles as far as we can in this packet, sir, and then drop anchor to avoid any unnecessary civilities from the forts, and wait till it's pitch dark. Then lower a cutter, and take, say, six picked men with us, quickly drop down with the current to the nearest torpedo-boat, board her secretly, surprise the officers before they can say 'Jack Robinson,' and the thing is done."

"That will do splendidly," he cried.

"All we have to do is to be very careful not to fire a shot, and to compel the boat's own officers to navigate her, and make her number to the forts as we pass, and, *voilà tout*."

He at once sought the Commander and gave him particulars of our plan. The first thing to do was to pick out a suitable boat's crew to take with us. We did not want many men, but those we did take would have to be as true as steel, and as the Com-

mander naturally knew his ship's company better than we did, we allowed him to choose our men.

Eventually ten were selected, six to go with us, the other four to take the cutter back to the *Imogene*, for we desired to leave no trace of our exploit in the shape of a drifting man-of-war's boat, which might tell awkward tales.

And a fine, brawny set of fellows they looked as they stood in the deck-saloon facing the old Admiral, caps in hand, in truly characteristic sailor fashion. Briefly he explained to them what we were about to do.

"Now, my lads," he concluded, "it's a risky and a dangerous game we're going to play, but it's for the sake of the old flag, and I'm sure every one of you will do his utmost. I'll look to it that you don't lose by your adventure, and that you get proper recompense. Is there anyone who does not quite care to go with us?"

A gurgle of respectfully suppressed merriment ran through the group at his last remark. As if these British Tars would not board even a dozen Turkish vessels at their beloved old Admiral's behest!

And then, in response to several nudges and whispers, a racy-looking petty officer, whose round, clean-shaven face was crossed by innumerable tiny wrinkles of good humour, took a couple of paces forward, and sheepishly fingering his cap, said:—

"Speakin' on behalf of meself and me ship-mates 'ere, sir, I begs to say it won't be our fault if you don't get through, sir. We'll see that you get to the Fleet in time, sir, if there ain't a soul of us left alive to see you do it, sir!"

"That's the style, lads!" cried the Admiral, rubbing his hands gleefully. "And now go and take a glass of grog each from the steward, and get ready for the fun to-night."

III.

At 6 p.m. we had again passed Gallipoli, and the sun was just beginning to sink in the west. We dined at 6.30, and intended dropping anchor about eight or ten miles north of Chanak-Kalesi. No sooner had we dined than we were on deck, making our final preparations, and anxiously awaiting the time of action. When the sun had finally disappeared we stopped engines. But before the rattle of our cable through the hawse-holes had time to break upon the hot, still air, there came a fat puff of white smoke from a battery on the Asiatic side, and a shot plunged down into the water unpleasantly close to our bows.

"All right, you beggars!" said the Commander, "you won't want to waste any more ammunition on this packet to-night."

Even as he spoke our port anchor dropped with a great splash, the engines went full speed astern, and we came to a dead stop right under the shadow of the fort.

At 8.30 it was pitch dark; the very night for such an enterprise, moon and stars alike shrouded behind a thick grey mask of cloud, while there was practically no wind, and hardly a ripple on the water. We came on deck and mustered our little party, while the cutter was being silently lowered. Each carried a Service revolver, loaded in all its chambers, and while the Admiral and myself carried the usual Service sword, our men had all of them bare cutlasses.

Thus equipped, we took our places in the boat, and with "Good luck and God speed to you!" from the Commander, shoved off into the black and silent night.

I took the tiller, and for some time we preserved a dead silence, all our thoughts, all our energies, concentrated on one object, determined to carry out our project or yield our lives in the attempt.

Then the Admiral, unable to bear the tension any longer, whispered to me:—

"Harley, can you see her light ahead?"

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered, in a voice hoarse and thick with suppressed excitement; "I'm making dead for her stern."

"Hope they don't keep a very sharp look-out," was his next remark.

"Don't suppose the beggars do, sir," I answered. "They're awfully lax in those matters, you know, sir, the Turks."

We were moving swiftly by this time, and had left the twinkling lights of the *Imogene* a good distance in our rear.

Straight ahead lay a torpedo-boat, shrouded in a veil of impenetrable blackness, save where a solitary anchor-light for'ard betrayed her presence. Before leaving the *Imogene* I had told each man exactly what to do. "Use cold steel, lads," I had said, "and remember that all our lives depend upon silence and quick action."

Gradually we drew near the low round stern of the boat, till we were almost in her shadow dead astern.

"Way enough!" I whispered, and ten oars swung silently skywards as one.

"Boat your oars!"

The two bowmen, each with a boat-hook, stood by to hang on while we clambered up over the torpedo-boat's stern, and the next instant we were alongside.

The Admiral sprang out with an agility wonderful in a man of his years, climbing swiftly and silently up the low stern and on to the kamptulicon-covered deck.

I followed, and in a few seconds all eight of us had silently gained our positions.

"STRAIGHT AHEAD LAY A TORPEDO-BOAT."

Not a soul showed on her upper-deck, and it was almost pitch dark, except where the stay-light for'ard cast a sickly and uncertain flicker on her bows, and a faint glow just showed us the position of the main-deck hatch amidships.

Four of our men who were to go forward crouched low in the shadow of the after-hatch cover, while two others, loosing their cutlasses, prepared to follow the Admiral and myself down into the dog's-hole of a cabin which did duty as the officers' quarters.

"Now!" whispered the Admiral, and he dropped bodily down the hatchway—a mere man-hole just large enough to admit one person at a time—into the space below.

It was a tiny rectangular cabin, with cushioned lockers, and a dull and dirty oil-lamp giving an uncertain light.

Stretched out on the cushions were two Turkish officers, one already fast asleep; the other rubbing his eyes and yawning as one who anticipates a hearty nap.

We were on them instantly, just as the two sailors who followed us dropped down the hatchway.

"If you speak a single word you're a dead man!" I fiercely whispered in French to the man who was still awake, giving my revolver an ominous click, and holding the barrel to his temple.

The Admiral had awakened the other, and gone through the same performance, while our two sturdy blue-jackets, cutlass in hand, stood blocking up the entrance.

"What—what is the meaning of this farce?" asked the Admiral's prisoner, when he had somewhat recovered from his first surprise. My gentleman was not as yet capable of speech.

"It means, sir," said the Admiral, watching the effect of his words closely, "that you are prisoners, and that we are desperate men, who are not afraid to stick at anything to attain our object." He spoke French well and fluently, and there was not a trace of the nervous trepidation he had displayed in the cutter.

"Prisoners?" said the Turk. "Prisoners—who and what are you to take us prisoners?"

"Who and what we are does not concern you," answered the Admiral. "We require you to do us a service, a slight enough thing, and in return for its performance you shall go scot-free, and it will not be our fault if the affair is not kept perfectly secret. One thing I can assure you: we are honourable men, and are not flying from justice, or about to commit any crime. But political circumstances demand that we get through the Dardanelles to-night, and you must do it for us."

Not a word from either Turk.

"If you will give me your *parole d'honneur* you will not attempt any escape, I will release you; but, remember, at the very first sign of treachery your brains will decorate the deck, *mon ami*," he continued, releasing his man.

"Now, sit over there, both of you," he said, indicating the locker farthest away from the hatch. "And I will tell you what it is we ask of you. The British Fleet is lying at anchor at a certain island near the mouth of the Dardanelles. Do you understand that? I *must*—you understand, *must*—get to the Fleet by early morning. I want you to get

"IF YOU SPEAK A SINGLE WORD YOU'RE A DEAD MAN."

your boat under way now at once, and take us down through the Dardanelles, making your number to the forts as you pass. But beware how you attempt to arouse their suspicions, for it will mean death. Once you have taken us down to the Fleet, you are at perfect liberty. You, of course, quite understand that if this affair gets to the ears of your Government it will mean disgrace to you both. Rest assured that no word of ours will put you in jeopardy, and your own men forward know not that anything has occurred, so you run no risk in——"

He was suddenly cut short by the Turkish officer springing up from his seat, and, with a swinging blow, instantly extinguishing the lamp. Then in the sudden darkness that followed he sprang at me, and in an instant the place was full of silently struggling men. So sudden was the onslaught, that he had got me fairly before I realized what had occurred.

Down I went across a locker, and I felt his fingers close like a vice upon my throat.

Use my pistol I dared not, lest the report should arouse the crew; and, besides, we did not want our men dead but alive, to steer the boat, and so with my right hand tearing at his fingers, I madly struggled for a few seconds. Then suddenly the grip relaxed, and the fellow dropped from me. One of our blue-jackets had come to my relief.

"Bill, got a *solferino?*" I heard him whisper to his companion. There was a tiny splutter, and a match threw its light upon the scene. The blue-jacket had got my man tight in his arms, while the Admiral was calmly kneeling upon the chest of the other, who had made but a feeble fight of it. My Turk, as I noticed for the first time, was a remarkably fine-built man, but he was quite powerless in the grip of the big blue-jacket, and I could not but admire the bold dash he had made to turn the tables. As for the other, he was a mere apology for a man, without an ounce of fight in him.

"Messieurs," said my Turk, "you have won the game. The odds were too great. Allah's will be done. You may command us. As for my colleague"—with a glance of contempt at him—"I speak for him as well. We will do what you wish. Come, Selim, arise: we are conquered." And he accepted the situation with the true stoicism of the Oriental. He spoke so convincingly that we released them, and the Admiral said, "Now, messieurs, will you have the goodness to get up anchor and proceed at once? I have not a moment to lose, you know. Put her to it at full speed, and signal to the fort that you are about to patrol the Dardanelles, or something—what you will—but remember

we are behind you with our loaded pistols, and shall not scruple to use them."

"You need not fear," said the Turk. "I have given you my promise *now*."

And in front of us they climbed up on deck. The Admiral remained aft with his prisoner, while I went forward with the other, who gave the order to rouse his sleeping men and weigh anchor. Presently the grimy Turkish sailors came sleepily from below, and slowly busied themselves preparatory to getting up the anchor. And a few moments later we stood out into the stream.

The lieutenant took the wheel himself and set it hard over, and the frail little craft, vibrating in every bolt, swung round gracefully. Just at that moment a light high up on the black rocks above us began to flash a signal.

"What is that?" I asked, excitedly. "Speak the truth, for if you play us false you die!"

"They are asking who we are," he said. "I will make our number, and give them the secret sign."

He pressed a key, and a light on the bridge began to flash familiarly in dots and dashes. Evidently his reply was satisfactory, for no further sign came from the fort.

Slowly at first, but with gathering speed, the long, lithe craft slipped through the smooth water. Fort after fort challenged us with its tiny twinkling signal lights, and was always answered by our Turk.

Standing by him in the tiny shelter that represented the conning-tower, pistol in hand, I never for a moment relaxed my vigilance, and had he shown any disinclination to answer the forts *en règle*, I had no doubt that a slight pressure from the cold barrel of my "Webley" against his temple would induce him to carry out his part of the contract.

So the hours passed, the moon coming out presently from behind a great black bank of clouds, and flooding the high shore on either hand with its brilliant and ethereal radiance. I was just wondering how much longer this strange voyage was to last, when my silent companion—he had not spoken a single word the whole time—pointed with his left hand ahead.

"A MATCH THREW ITS LIGHT UPON THE SCENE."

There I could see the open waters of the Ægean Sea. I drew a deep breath of relief and looked at my watch. It was four o'clock, and the situation was saved. We were through the Dardanelles.

As we swiftly glided out past the south-western extremity, day was just about to break, and sea and sky were faintly suffused with lovely rose-coloured light.

I turned to the Turkish officer.

"Sir," I said, "you have performed your part admirably. Allow me to relieve you at the wheel for the remainder of the journey."

He made no sign to indicate that he heard me, but continued calmly gazing ahead of him at the rapidly rising sun.

"Allen!" I cried, to one of our men, "come up and take the wheel, will you?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" came cheerily from below, as he sprang up the tiny ladder to where we stood.

The Turk silently released the wheel, and then, with a glance at me, he suddenly left the conning-tower, and walked aft.

I saw him go down into the after compartment, and a few seconds later the Admiral came up on deck, looking as hearty as ever, and as if he had enjoyed a thorough night's rest, instead of a weary night in a stuffy little sardine box of a torpedo-boat.

"They've asked me to leave them together for a little while, as they wish to proceed with their devotions," he said.

"Hope they won't get up to any mischief, sir," said I.

"I don't think they're likely to do anything now that we're through," said the Admiral.

We were still about twenty miles from the Fleet, and thus we could easily get to the ship within two hours, which would just enable us to get under way at the appointed time.

While we were discussing the probable turn events would take—we had, of course, decided that by this time war was already declared—the Turkish lieutenant came on deck, and walked forward to where we stood.

"M'sieu," he said, addressing the Admiral, "you are satisfied that I have now done all I was in honour bound to do for you? And m'sieu is also quite satisfied that I could not help myself; that I did all that lay in my power to prevent your capturing my vessel—that until I was overpowered, and forced to agree to your proposal——"

"Sir," said the Admiral, gravely, "you behaved as a brave man, and we honour you accordingly. You made the utmost resistance possible under the circumstances, but we were four to two, and you could hardly hope to overpower us."

"Then, what has occurred is not disgraceful to me—at least, m'sieu," he added, quickly, "at least, not in your eyes. And my contract is now fulfilled?"

"Perfectly," said the Admiral. "*Au reste*, if it should ever become known to them, surely your Government will see that you acted under coercion." A singular little smile flitted across the somewhat saturnine countenance of the Turk.

"*Je suis content, m'sieu*," he said, "that at least *you* feel that I have not dishonoured myself. For I know you are a great English Admiral, *n'est ce pas?*"—the Admiral looked surprised—"and will judge the case entirely on its own merits," and he bowed ceremoniously, and went away aft again.

"Strange sort of a customer, Harley," said the Admiral, when the Turk had disappeared down the hatchway. "Wonder why he cross-questioned me like that? One would think he wanted us for witnesses at his court-martial. He knows me, too! Must have seen my portrait somewhere, I suppose."

We were very soon to know why he was so anxious to set himself right with us. In the light of what followed, it would seem that he wished to be sure that he had fulfilled his agreement with us, as a salve to his conscience for the deed he was about to commit.

We were standing forward, near to the conning-tower, and almost under the break of the fo'c'sle, leaning against the davits of a Berthon collapsible boat, of which the torpedo-boat carried two, one forward, the other aft. None of the Turkish crew were on deck; probably they were all turned in below; and near us stood all our men, conversing in respectfully lowered tones.

Just then the Turkish officer came on deck again, and walked along as far as the funnel casings, where he halted and for a moment curiously regarded us. "*Au revoir, messieurs*," he said. "Remember that I have done all I was bound to do, and have brought you through the Dardanelles."

The Admiral looked inquiringly at me. "What on earth does he mean by *au revoir?*" he said. "Does he intend——"

He was cut short by a pistol-shot, followed by a loud, deep report like a thunder-clap. The deck in front seemed to rise bodily at us, followed by a great column of water, and we were thrown headlong into the sea, hopelessly entangled, it seemed to me, with the boat against whose davits we had just been leaning. The Turk, having kept his faith as far as he had been required to, had now determined to revenge himself for the affront we had put upon him, and at the cost of the lives of all on board, had exploded the torpedo magazine.

The sudden force of the explosion for an instant stunned me, but the plunge restored my scattered wits, and I struck out with the ease of a practised swimmer—what naval officer is not?—and found to my joy that I was uninjured.

The water, so calm and peaceful a moment before, was now filled with wreckage and splinters, and the torpedo-boat itself was rapidly sinking. It had broken in the centre

as it were, and both bows and stern were out of water. All this I noted in an instant, but could see no sign of a single Turkish sailor—they must have gone down to their death in their hammocks—while near me was the old Admiral, wildly plunging and panting and splashing almost at his last gasp.

A few strokes brought me to his side.

"The infernal blackguard!" were his first words, as I reached him. "He's blown the boat up out of spite!"

Quite near us I noticed the canvas boat—still collapsed—and several of our men making for it. If we could get to it and open it we were safe for the present, if only the explosion had left it intact. I struck out wildly, for the sudden thought of a terrible danger entered my brain and, for a moment, almost unnerved me: what if there were some of the sharks which abound in the Ægean around us? But the next instant I was myself again, alongside the boat, working tooth and nail to get her afloat. It was still entangled in the davit-falls, but by dint of my frantic exertions and those of two of our men who had managed to reach it, we eventually got it clear, set it afloat, and clambered in.

The oars and a boat-hook were stowed away inside it, and we picked up the other three men and Allen, who was supporting himself on a fragment of the torpedo-boat's wreck.

"Thank God!" fervently ejaculated the Admiral, when we were in safety. "We are all here, are we not? Is anyone hurt?"

A rapid examination proved that we had escaped unharmed, save for a few scratches and bruises, which, miraculous as it may seem to some, is easily accounted for when one bears in mind the invariable effect of gun-cotton, with which explosive the torpedo-heads were charged. They had, in fact, literally blown the bottom of the torpedo-boat to pieces, but done little damage else.*

Before we had been in the boat many minutes one—two—three ominous-looking fins made their appearance close at hand, and had we not gained our point of vantage just in time, it would have gone hard with us, without doubt. The Admiral, although devoutly grateful for our providential escape, was in no very enviable state of mind.

After all our plotting and planning, he felt it very hard to be thus frustrated at the eleventh hour; for we could certainly not get to our destination at the proper time in a tiny canvas rowing-boat.

"WE EVENTUALLY GOT IT CLEAR."

"We must be a good fifteen miles away," he cried. "I can't get to the Fleet in time! We don't even know the course to steer! If only we had a compass!"

* It was related to me by Mr. A. J. Cox, Chief Torpedo Instructor R.N., now serving in the Channel Fleet, and who was the only survivor of a party of men concerned in the explosion on board H.M.S. *Nile*, at Bourdroum, in the Levant, in June, 1892, when a gun-cotton charge exploded through carelessness in fitting a detonator, that he was only three or four feet away when the accident occurred, and that he suffered no injury beyond being knocked down the ladder on which he was standing by the air concussion—but, then, he was in an open air space, while the two men who lost their lives were in a confined space, and thus felt the full explosive force of the charge. The weaker portions of the ship at that point were comparatively uninjured, but the heavy armoured door and the bulkheading close by were severely twisted and dented: the explosive, as is the case with most of the nitro-glycerine compounds, doing the most damage at the points of greatest resistance.—GILBERT HERON.

One of our men, overhearing him, said something in a whisper to his companion, and I just managed to catch the word "compass."

"What is it, my man?" I asked.

"Bill 'ere, sir, sez 'e's got a compass on a watch-chain, sir, if that'd be of any use."

I jumped at the opportune chance.

"Rather! Hand it over, my man, and let me have a look at it!"

He dived into his jumper pocket, and from a miscellaneous collection of matches, spun yarn, clay pipes, quids of ancient tobacco, and half-a-dozen other articles, selected a dingy watch-chain, with a tiny pocket-compass attached.

"Thank goodness!" said the Admiral, for toy though it was, it would give us our bearings. "Now, men, out oars and pull!"

We got the course, and put the boat's head N.W. by N. Tired after a sleepless night, hungry, sore, wet through to the skin, these truly British sons of Neptune had vowed to get their Admiral to his Fleet in time, and they set to with such good will that soon we were bowling along at four knots an hour. Luckily there was no wind, and the water was as calm as a mill-pond. For a good hour we held on, and then on the sky-line astern we caught sight of a long, low streak of black, out of which gradually grew the masts and hull of some small war-vessel.

We decided to signal her, and hoisted one of the men's flannels on the loom of an oar to attract their attention.

Nearer and nearer came the vessel, and presently a tiny puff of smoke, followed by a sharp report, told us that she had seen us.

"Great Scot! She's a British gunboat, sir!" I cried, recognising the *Dryad* in the now rapidly approaching vessel.

And the *Dryad* she proved to be, and no sooner had we got aboard and explained matters, than we found that Fortune had not altogether deserted us, after all.

For she was the bearer of new and important orders to Admiral Stanhope, and it was indeed most fortunate that chance had prevented our gaining the Fleet before. The news she brought was the now historical departure of Prince George of Greece for Crete, with his flotilla of torpedo-boats, in consequence of which the British Government had hastily countermanded the orders given the Ambassador, and decided to act with the Powers; for the time being, at all events. Instead of forcing the Dardanelles we were to at once proceed to Canea, sending a few ships to the Piræus in case of a blockade being decided on there. If the Admiral had got back in time, and opened fire on the Turkish flag, we should have found ourselves in a very awkward predicament.

How the Fleet carried out the new orders, and with what result, the world knows. But who shall say what might not have resulted, but for the Admiral's Misadventure?

A Metal Balloon.

By James Walter Smith.

IT was invented by a man named Schwarz, who did not live to see his balloon successful. Scientists laughed at Schwarz for saying that a metal balloon would be able to lift itself, with its motor and car, off the ground, and the military men who carry on the balloon practice of the German Army on the Tempelhof Field, near Berlin, agreed with the scientists that the aluminium balloon was a phantasy of disordered imagination. But the inventor was not to be turned from his project. He worked on it, developed it, clung to it tenaciously until death overtook him, leaving the inventor's wife to carry on the fight against the sceptics. Had Schwarz lived he would have seen his theories win the day.

That, in brief, is the story of the aluminium balloon—the curious creature of the air which, as is shown on this page, floated high above the chimney-pots near the Tempelhof Field on the 3rd of November last. The idea of a balloon made of metal was, it must be said, no new thing, for in 1842 a madcap Frenchman named Mares-Monges constructed a balloon of thin sheets of copper. It was a fine piece of workmanship, but it would not go up in the air, and its short life on earth was ended in the scrap-heap. The failure of Mares-Monges gave strength to the belief that a metal balloon was a dream and nothing more.

With the increasing cheapness, however, of that extraordinarily light metal, aluminium, owing to the discovery of cheaper methods of production, a hope was raised in the breasts of inventors that the metal balloon was a possibility. Schwarz, of Agram, was one of these men, and having evolved, among other things, a method of filling a metal balloon with gas—which up to this time had been one of the difficulties in the way—he prepared to put his idea before the public, amid the discouragements already mentioned.

The German Government, which takes a keen interest in all aeronautic ventures and inventions, and never refuses to try an experiment, no matter how wild the project seems to be, finally lent a hand, and began to construct the balloon. The work was interrupted by the inventor's death, but the widow succeeded in obtaining permission to complete it. The Minister of War gave orders that the work should be done under military protection, and that the officers of the department should aid Mrs. Schwarz in every possible way.

THE ALUMINIUM BALLOON IN THE AIR.
From a Photograph.

This was not the first time in the history of the world that men were engaged on a job in which they had no faith. Therefore, believing as they did that the balloon would not be able to raise itself, to say nothing of the motor and passengers, from the ground, they cut away all the apparatus that to them seemed superfluous. There was, for instance, a clever device for regulating the descent of the balloon; and another for lengthening the four feet of the car in order to reduce to a minimum the shock of landing. Both of these

From a] THE BALLOON AFTER THE CRASH. *[Photograph.*

devices were done away with, as adding to the weight of the ship. Another arrangement employed by the inventor for securing the driving belt for the wind propellor was also sacrificed—a sacrifice which, as we shall see in a moment, was most disastrous. The balloon was operated by four screws, two for horizontal movement and two for vertical movement, run by a benzine motor of 10–12 horse-power. The ship, as shown in the illustrations, was an immense cylinder with cone-shaped end. The dimensions were colossal, the body of the ship being 134ft. long, 46ft. high, and 42ft. 7in. wide. Yet, notwithstanding the size, the weight of the whole was only 5,720lbs. With the mere exception of the driving-belt and the brass bearings, the whole ship was made of aluminium.

No one probably, except the inventor and his wife, will ever know of the discouragements which marked the history of the Schwarz balloon, notwithstanding the help lent by the military servants of the German Government. The completion of the air-ship, however, and the final arrangements for a trial trip, threw discouragement into the shadow, and lent a rosy tint to the hopes of the inventor's wife. She was the only one who knew that the monster air-ship, with its silvery cylinder, would do the work for which it was intended, and it may be believed that the first two days of November, while the balloon was being filled, were to her days of excitement and weary waiting for victory.

It was necessary, in filling the balloon, that all the air should be expelled from the aluminium cylinder before the gas was injected; and this operation was completed by a peculiar arrangement of Schwarz's own. A colossal silk receptacle, the size of the

From a] GOING SWIFTLY TO PIECES. *[Photograph.*

cylinder, was constructed, and this was placed inside the cylinder, the hydrogen gas being slowly pumped into the silk bag. As this bag expanded it gradually expelled the surrounding air from the cylinder, and when all the air was driven out, the gas in the silk bag was allowed to escape into the outer receptacle.

From a] THE WIND CONTINUES ITS WORK. *[Photograph.*

The inflation, if such it might be called, of the aluminium balloon, was one of the last stages in the preparation for ascent from the Luftschiffer Park, and as the moment approached for the trial trip the excitement was intense. Already, by its vain efforts to get free from the ropes which held it to the ground, the balloon showed that the inventor was right and his critics wrong. Herr Jagels, the engineer under whose charge the machine had been built, although not an experienced aeronaut, offered to make the ascent—a plucky offer, considering the feeling against the balloon, and the fact that more than one man was necessary to attend to the steering and propelling apparatus — and took his seat in the car. The presence of an east wind did not add to the pleasure of the occasion, and the afternoon was chill and drear. But, as there is an end to all things, so was there an end to all these preparations—and to the balloon. The supreme moment came when this enormous, ugly-looking, and maligned airship, which had cost two hundred thousand marks and four years' labour, was to be let loose in the heavens, with its solitary passenger, and the hopes of a dead inventor imbedded in every lamina of its glossy surface.

Such a work as this should have had a long life. But it was not to be. Amid the silence of the crowd it was let loose, and, in spite of the enormous surface which it presented to the wind, it rose with great speed. The motor was working at half speed, yet in less time than it takes to tell it, the balloon was at the height of 820ft., fighting against a strong wind, and ready to start forward on its trip above Berlin. Below, the spectators wondered how far the balloon would go, and the military men wondered why they had thought it wouldn't go at all.

Then came the end. Instead of going forward the balloon began to fall. The ship had become unmanageable. A belt had

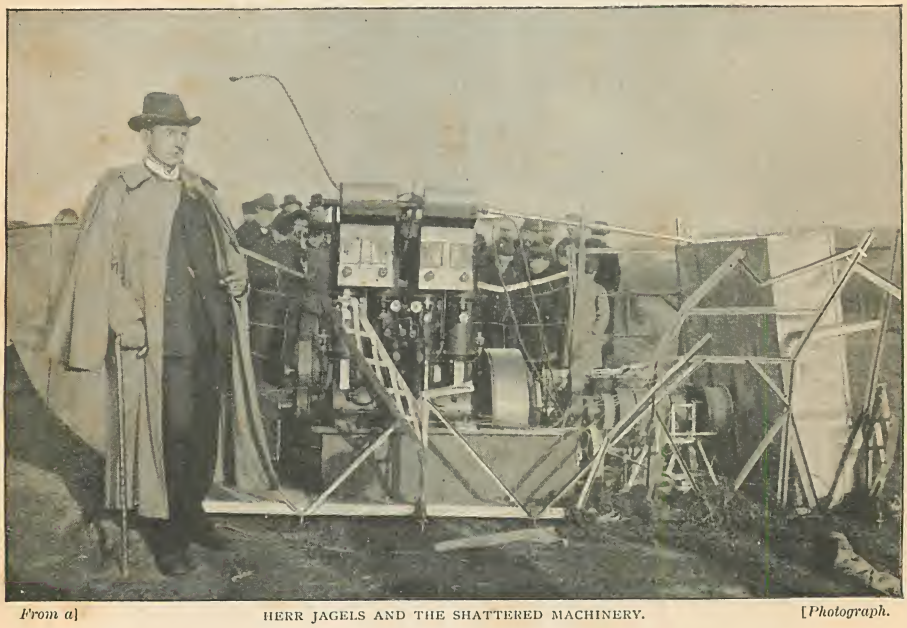
From a] THE END OF THE BALLOON. *[Photograph.*

slipped—the driving-belt which Schwarz had planned to secure to the wind propellor—and the inexperienced aeronaut in charge lost his head. Had he operated the end screw alone he would have been able to sail along with the wind, as in an ordinary balloon; but the multiplicity of apparatus, which should have been in the charge of several men, confused him. It was an awful moment for Jagels. In that moment he opened wide the valve, and the balloon began its downward trip to destruction.

The absence of the device for regulating the descent, and the need of the apparatus for breaking the force of the fall, were among the causes of the disaster. The crash of the ship upon the ground was great, and Jagels saved his life by jumping out of the car just as it reached the earth, getting little more than a shaking-up. He had been six minutes in the sky, and at the end of his brief trip stood alive amidst the wreck of £10,000.

The newspapers, of course, were full of accounts of the disaster, and people thought that the last had been heard of the Schwarz balloon. They jumped at the conclusion that such a disaster meant the wreck of Schwarz's theories. But in this they were mistaken. Careful and expert thought and calculation proved, in a few days, that Schwarz was greater than those who laughed at him. It was demonstrated that the balloon was not only fully able to carry its own car and motor, but was also able to carry all the parts which the engineers had considered superfluous, as well as three or four passengers and ballast. The inventor's calculations were, in short, correct. The trial trip also proved that Schwarz knew how to fill his balloon, and that the apparatus could be controlled by the proper number of men. It was, indeed, a victory, and the inventor's wife, as she stood looking at the wreck of the aluminium balloon, must have felt that the triumph was worth the price.

The wreck lay some time in the field where it fell, as we may see in the illustrations, slowly crumbling into bits, which the curiosity-seekers were not loth to take away. And while the winds were playing with their victim, the German Government were making arrangements for the immediate construction of another Schwarz balloon. The trial had shown them that a metal balloon was possible, and the experts now think that the aluminium balloon is the military air-ship of the future. To this a certain happy woman in Berlin says "Aye."



From a] HERR JAGELS AND THE SHATTERED MACHINERY. *[Photograph.*

For the Boy's Sake.

By J. C. Higginbotham.

I WAS staying at the inn of "The Three Stars" in the village of Disjoles. My hosts were a refined and intelligent couple of middle age, always placid, always smiling and courteous, their hearts bound up in their son Victor. They were very solicitous about "monsieur's" comfort, and liked to hear from him about "Angleterre." We are a droll people in the eyes of Victor Verreau and madame his wife; and, although they are too polite to say so, I have heard them repeating my little stories of English life to their neighbours with grimaces and shrugs. *I* am not droll; I am supposed to have rubbed off some of the angularities of *Messieurs les Anglais* by contact with the people of Gaul.

Victor, the son, was then serving with his regiment in Madagascar, and talk about the boy led my host to tell me the following story one evening after supper, when all the customers were gone.

"Ah, little Victor," said my host, with a sigh, "I never thought he would bear arms for his country. For we thought he was dying in the terrible year of the war; and as for me—well, my wife was near being left alone," he added, with a little laugh.

Now, he had told me many stories, and when he laughed and leaned back in his chair, and blew the smoke in great puffs at the ceiling, I knew there was a story if I would only ask for it.

"My friend," I said, reproachfully, "you have told me many stories, but you have not told me that story about yourself."

"Oh, it is nothing, monsieur; just a little episode."

"Come," I said, "let me be judge of that."

He laughed again. "As you please." And emptying his glass he began:—

"I was a young man when the war broke out, and had only been married five years. We were living at Vimagne then, and I assisted my father, who owned a small vineyard. We were accounted well-to-do, and my wife was the prettiest girl in the neighbourhood. We were very happy; as you see, she has a sunny temper and can manage a house. Our marriage was quite a romance—but I will proceed with my story.

"Our son was born to us before the first anniversary of our marriage—little Victor, who is now so far away. He was a beautiful child, and we both loved him; nay, almost worshipped him. I strode proudly along at the thought of Marie's pretty face, with Victor in her arms, awaiting me. Yes, we were happy. For five years we were very happy. But then came the war. You know how confident we were. I had no misgivings. I prophesied how we should overrun Prussia, and in so many weeks the Emperor would be dictating terms of peace to the perfidious enemy in Berlin. I was aghast when the first disaster came, and the Prussians marched forward instead of fleeing. I would not believe it; it was but a ruse, I declared, on the part of the Emperor, to entice the enemy forward, so as to annihilate him at one swoop.

"I was beside myself in rage and shame when, after several battles, I saw that we were a beaten nation. I would go to Paris, I said, and enrol myself in the army; but there came a letter from my life-long friend, Jacques Lessurrier, of Lyons, asking me, if I loved France, to raise a body of Francs-tireurs in our district and take command of them. It was being done all over France, he said, and would harass the enemy greatly. Besides, of what use was it for a man to serve under our incompetent generals?

"I did not hesitate. I was popular in our district, and, besides, I was prosperous; and when I called a meeting, nearly forty enrolled themselves, and with one voice named me captain. We were nearly all young fellows, for I foresaw that if we were to be effective, we must be able to endure great privations and fatigue—to strike a blow here to-day, and to-morrow to be fighting fifteen or twenty miles away.

"I had hardly time to drill and organize my men, when the Prussians came into the neighbourhood, and a regiment was quartered in our village. Soon our blood was boiling at the stories of their brutality and cruelty to the defenceless villagers.

"Of course, as Francs-tireurs we could expect no mercy if we were taken, and I

forbade my comrades to risk themselves save when there was a chance to strike a shrewd blow. And shrewd blows we did strike. For a time we harassed the foe daily and almost hourly. Sometimes in the night we would raise an alarm in one village and attack the unprepared enemy in the next. The poor Prussians "—with a laugh—"did not get much sleep some nights. Of course, we did not come off scatheless. One week our band was less by eleven; Jean Joly and Pierre Lochaise were captured one night and shot; the next day in a skirmish we had three killed and two badly wounded. But they were amply avenged. I must tell you another time of the troop of Uhlans we annihilated in the ravine in Croisè Forest. You will understand that we had devoted helpers in the villages who supplied us with food, having managed to hide some of their stores from the Germans. Alas! — sometimes our friends had to suffer, for revenge was taken on them for our acts. Pierre, the miller of Agence, was shot because—— But I will not remember these things.

"THE PRUSSIANS TOOK NO NOTICE OF THE FEEBLE OLD CREATURE."

"Dame Bec, a little withered old woman, used to bring us news from the village. The Prussians took no notice of the feeble old creature who went daily into the wood to gather sticks, and she came to us almost every day. One morning I received news which you will understand made me very sad. My little Victor was ill—very ill—and he continually called for his papa. You will understand that I had not seen wife or child for nearly a month, for the Prussians in the village had suffered from us, and were ever on the alert. I was sorely troubled, for it would have been madness to attempt to see him, and for the first time my heart was not wholly in my duties. I sent a message to my wife telling her to be of good cheer; and to comfort our little Victor by telling him that papa would come and bring him a gun and drum when the Prussian dogs were gone.

"I did not sleep at all that night, and my burden was no lighter in the morning when Dame Bec came again. My Victor was worse, and he raved incessantly for his papa. All day long he was crying, 'I want my papa; come to Victor, papa.'

"My comrades saw my trouble and sympathized with me. They were prepared to do anything for me, ready to sacrifice themselves for my sake. Ah, we were brothers! But I would allow no rash attempt; I could only pray to Heaven to be merciful.

"Dame Bec brought us news that the Prussians had learnt who I was and the true state of affairs; and the Colonel—he was a brute—posted sentries night and day about my door to capture me if I ventured to see my child by stealth. Ah, they were cunning, and meant to entrap me through the love I had for my child, for they had learnt that I was chief of the band that had harassed them so grievously.

"A sad week passed, and then came heavier tidings. The fever had left my little boy, but he was very weak, and he cried incessantly for his 'papa.' 'If the child cannot be gratified,' said gruff but kind Dr. Bonmain, 'he cannot live. He is very ill, and the sight of his father might save him.'

"My heart ached. My child was dying, and if he went my wife's heart would break, and what should I do? He was our only child.

"I went apart to think, and I came to a decision. It meant the risk of death, but then I faced death daily.

"I left my comrades at dusk, saying I was

going to reconnoitre alone, and with a prayer in my heart I hastened through the woods, carrying only a dagger, and crept near to my house. I must explain that it stood alone at the entrance to the village, quite fifty yards from a neighbour's.

"It was even as old Dame Bec had said. A Prussian was marching round the house, and another was posted in the road twenty paces off. Upstairs in the lighted room lay little Victor, and I fancied I could hear his feeble little cry, 'Come to Victor, papa.'

"I crouched for some minutes, wondering if it were possible to kill the sentry, but I saw that it could not be done without his comrade in the road hearing, and giving the alarm.

"Suddenly, moved by a reckless impulse, and caring for nothing if I could but see my little Victor, I rose up and walked straight to the side door.

"In an instant the sentry was on me. He was a grizzled veteran—a sergeant. I made no reply to his challenge. 'Who goes there?' he asked, in barbarous French, speaking it with difficulty.

"Half measures were useless; and, besides, I was reckless, and I answered boldly. 'I am Victor Verreau,' I said, 'and, as you know, my son is dying, and calling for me. Permit me to go in, monsieur, and then you can do as you please. He is my only son, monsieur.'

"He stood looking at me for quite a minute, as if he could not comprehend. Then he peered suspiciously into my face. 'Where have you posted your men?'

"'I have left them in camp, monsieur; I came alone,' I responded.

"He stared again, clutching roughly at his beard.

"'Where are your weapons?'

"I handed him the dagger without a word. He took it in silence, and stood as before, clutching his beard.

"'He is my only son, monsieur,' I said, softly, seeking to stir his pity.

"'It is well,' he said, suddenly. 'Go in quietly; but, remember, I shall deal with you when you have seen him. You cannot escape.'

"I thanked him, and went in. My wife heard my entrance, and met me with tears of gladness. I kissed her, and asked for the little one.

"'He still calls for you, but, oh, so feebly, so feebly!' she said, with tears.

"She took me into the little chamber where my boy lay. 'Look, my darling,' she said; and my boy feebly turned his eyes, and then with a glad cry flung himself into my arms. I wept; my wife wept. 'My dear papa,' he said, again and again, stroking me softly and looking into my face.

"Presently my wife whispered, 'Thanks to Heaven, he is better already.'

"I talked to him, and told him I was hunting in the fields, and could not come to see him because of the Prussians, but he must get well and strong and help me to drive them away. 'Yes,' he laughed; and soon fell asleep in my arms.

"I kissed him and put him gently on the bed, stifling a sob, as I thought it was for the last time, and turned to my wife. It had not occurred to her until then to ask how I had got in. I told her I had bribed the Prussian for a five minutes' interview, and now I must go at once. I kissed her passionately, keeping with difficulty a cheerful countenance, and I prayed that the boy might comfort her when I was gone. Before midnight—pouf!

"WITH A GLAD CRY HE FLUNG HIMSELF INTO MY ARMS."

pouf! there would be a splutter of bullets, and I should be gone.

"I sent her to the little one and opened the door. The Prussian was waiting for me.

"'I am ready,' I said, with an effort to speak calmly; 'but make no noise or my wife will hear. She does not know.'

"He stood looking at me as before. 'Better?' he grunted, pointing to the lighted chamber.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'it has done him good. He will live now, I do not doubt!'

"He did not speak nor, to my surprise, did he lay hold of me. We stood in silence looking into each other's eyes.

"'Monsieur,' he whispered at last, 'begone, quietly. I—too—have—a son.'

"I stood amazed. 'I—I do not understand,' I stammered.

"'Begone, you fool,' he whispered, fiercely. 'Quick!'

"Then I comprehended, and took his hand.

"THE PRUSSIAN WAS WAITING FOR ME."

"'God bless you,' I said. 'Tell me your name?'

"'Begone, fool—Steinkopf.'

"I fled back to the wood as one in a dream. I had never expected to find a Prussian with a tender heart, and I wept tears of gladness, as I invoked the blessing of Heaven on Herr Steinkopf, who likewise had a son.

"I went back to my comrades and told them all. 'Now, comrades,' I said, if you love me you will spare, if you meet him, Sergeant Steinkopf, who has a son.' They promised gladly, for you must understand that, brave fellows that they were, they had the hearts of children.

"We rejoiced greatly when Dame Bec came the next day. 'The little one is much better and will recover,' said she. 'Ah, it was a miracle—for we know all. But that poor Prussian who let you in—he was seen and arrested, and, poor fellow, he dies at sunset. His Colonel is furious.'

"I turned pale; I trembled. I never dreamt that danger would threaten him. I went apart to think, and considered the matter for a good while. I had to struggle with myself. What could an honourable Frenchman do? There was only one answer.

"An hour later I walked up to the Colonel's quarters.

"I was seized and taken before him—no, I will not mention his name; let it be forgotten. A little man with cruel eyes and iron jaws—I well understood that he had no pity. I told him why I had come. 'Sergeant Steinkopf did a humane deed, a noble action,' I said, 'he ought not to suffer. If there must be a victim, I offer myself in his stead.'

"The brute laughed harshly. 'You will get your deserts, and Steinkopf too,' he said. 'You are a fool as well as a rascal.'

"A court-martial was formed, and I was tried. They were not all like the Colonel, but listened to what I had to say. I pleaded for myself, but more for Steinkopf, and some of them were touched. But they were in the hands of the Colonel—I was condemned to be shot with Steinkopf.

"'At five o'clock,' said the Colonel, with a laugh, 'that we may have the mess cleared up before dark.'

"Imagine the brutality of that man! And imagine also that I asked to embrace my wife and child for the last time, and was refused!

"A few minutes before five I was led into the garden of the Maire's house, where presently Steinkopf was brought. He was a brave man; he walked erect and proudly, without fear; but when he saw me he whispered, 'You fool! you fool!' in a hoarse voice, though I read in his eyes that he approved of what I had done. I took his hand in silence, and we took up our position. I saw in the faces of the firing-party how little they liked their task. Steinkopf was popular among them — a rough, coarse gem he was, but still a gem.

"We had taken our places, and were waiting for the Colonel, when suddenly there was a clatter on the road outside, and someone whispered, 'His Highness Prince Frederick.'

"The Colonel was just coming forward. When he heard the cry his face turned purple, and he cursed vilely under his breath as the Prince advanced. The Prince was a Prussian, but he was a gentleman. I understand that you English loved him. It is well; he was worthy of it. We did not know till later that one of Steinkopf's fellow-soldiers had sent a message to him beseeching mercy for his comrade.

"He returned the Colonel's salute gravely, and said, sharply, 'Ah, Colonel, what have we here?'

"The Colonel was fawning like a dog, all honey in his mouth. Faugh! 'Spies, your Highness,' he said.

"'Indeed!' said the Prince. 'But that uniform,' pointing to Steinkopf, 'surely he is not a spy?'

"And then I spoke. I expected no mercy for myself—I was a Franc-tireur—but that good Steinkopf should not die. I rushed forward and knelt at his feet.

"'Hear me, Prince,' I cried.

"I RUSHED FORWARD AND KNELT AT HIS FEET."

"The Colonel would have had me dragged away, but the Prince signed to them to let me alone.

"I told the story breathlessly—so breathlessly that he stopped me and begged me to be calm, as he could not follow me. 'It is not for myself,' I cried, in conclusion; 'you Prussians look upon a man who fights for his country as vermin to be killed without pity. But this Steinkopf—does he deserve death

for having pity on me, because he too has a son?'

"The Prince did not answer, but called Steinkopf forward. 'Is this true?' he asked, sternly.

"'Yes, your Highness,' said the sergeant, gruffly, saluting.

"'Is it a Prussian soldier's duty to allow his enemies to escape?' asked the Prince, more sternly.

"'My Prince,' said Steinkopf, looking him full in the face, 'a good soldier ought to be humane.'

"'Right, Steinkopf, right, my good fellow,' said the Prince, with a proud smile, placing his hand on his shoulder. 'A man who faces death in the cause of humanity is worthy of honour. Is it not so, Colonel?' And he took the Cross from his breast and pinned it upon Steinkopf's. 'So that your son may not forget that his father was a true soldier,' he said, with a smile. And the men cheered like mad.

"'And you,' said the Prince, sternly, turning to me, 'you are released on condition that you either return home or serve in the regular army. We do not recognise the Francs-tireurs. Often they are only bands of assassins.'

"I would not argue with him—it was not the time. I said I would go to Paris and serve in the army, if it were allowed.

"'That is well,' he said; and then, with a smile, he added: 'And I have to thank you for letting me know the worth of one of my soldiers. Thank you. You may go.' And he shook me by the hand.

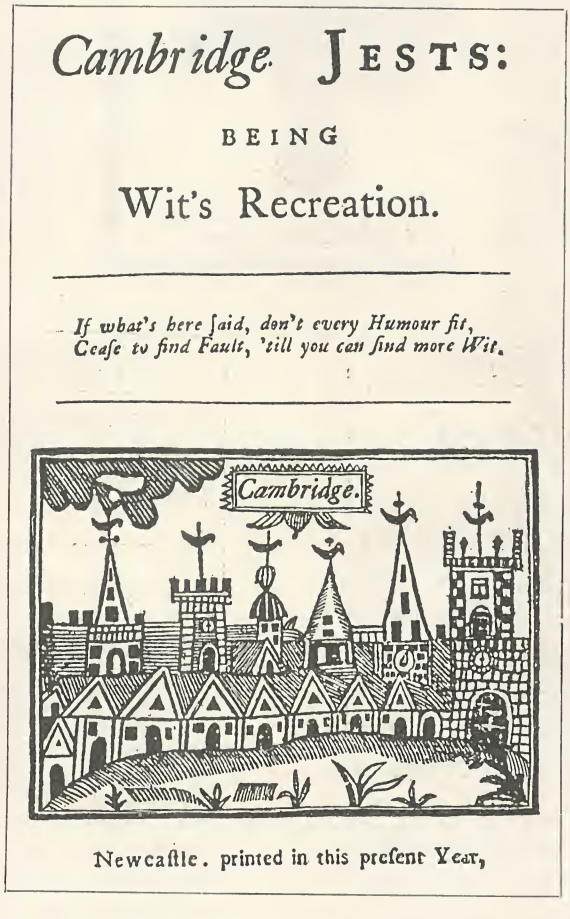
"You will not think me weak when I say that I kissed his hand in gratitude. Truly, he was a gentleman!

"As you know, I went to Paris and saw the Investment and the Commune. Poor Steinkopf, I heard afterwards, was killed during the Investment, and I mourned for him sincerely. Ah, when I think of the Prussians and that hateful time, and my anger rises against them as brutes and tyrants, I remember that Prince, and brave and humane Steinkopf, who had a son; and my heart softens. It would be a heart of stone otherwise — eh, monsieur?"

"I KISSED HIS HAND IN GRATITUDE."

Old Jest-Books.

IT has never been settled who made the first joke; indeed, it is by no means easy to be certain who first made any joke. Joking has been in practice many thousands of years now, but we seem to have invented very few new "wheezes." (The word "wheeze," by the way, is probably used in allusion to the aged and broken-winded character of the jests it is designed to distinguish.) A gentleman called Hierocles, who conducted a respectable business as neoplatonic philosopher in the fifth century, is said to have made exhaustive researches into the origins and relations of the jokes extant in his time. After years of sifting, comparing, and tracing, he reduced all these to an original twenty-one, which had been repeated and repeated, with variations and changes of place and circumstance, in a thousand varied forms for thousands of years. Those twenty-one jokes are still going strong and well, and at this moment a thousand scissors in the hands of a thousand sub-editors are slashing them out in their latest forms from a thousand copies of American papers, shortly, by the aid of a thousand paste-brushes and a swarm of printing machines, to be presented to millions of delighted readers ever alert for the latest and freshest jape.


Cambridge Jests:
BEING
Wit's Recreation.
If what's here ſaid, don't every Humour fit,
Ceaſe to find Fault, 'till you can find more Wit.
Cambridge.
Newcaſtle. printed in this preſent Year,

In their early forms—Greek, Hindu, and so forth—these jokes are, when comprehensible, a trifle dull, not to say sad. Indeed, they have the two faults that characterized the horse in the ancient story (paleolithic, probably): they are difficult to capture, and not worth the trouble when caught. But among the jest-books of our own earlier times we come upon them—and perhaps others; we won't bind ourselves to the twenty-one dogma—in a more understandable habit, though often dull enough even then.

Old English jest-books are now rarities, and valuable. Whether it be that they were actually thumbed out of existence, as one authority holds, or whether many were burned by the laughter-hating Puritans, the fact remains that few, very few, have struggled through the centuries to our own time; and when one of these few is for sale, it is apt—in especial cases, at any rate—to cost its weight in bank-notes. But they were shocking humbugs in their time, some of them. Each consisted, more or less, of shameless thefts from all the others; and it is easy to trace through dozens of them the same merry (or miserable) jest—a jest as often as not invented again last week by guidance of the sub-editorial machinery already particularized. Some were called after famous clowns or jesters—as Tarlton's, Armstrong's, or Peele's jests, by reason of these worthies never having had anything to do with one of them, books or jests. In much the same manner was the title given to one of the most famous of them—the "Cambridge Jests"—probably because it was published at Newcastle. We give a facsimile of the title-page of this book—a thing of some humour in itself. It is embellished with a view of Cambridge, a view instantly to be recognised by anybody

acquainted with the town and colleges; for all the weathercocks are at the top of the buildings, just as they are in Cambridge to this day; and the steeples are all built with the thick end downward, a time-honoured characteristic of all Cambridge steeples. The publisher was a wily person, ever awake to catch the purchaser who insisted on being up-to-date. For which reason he avoided definite figures, and with the announcement "printed in this present year" was ready to please all customers, no matter how long the stock might lie on his hands.

Why should Oxford wait? The sister University must have its jest-book too, so in 1628 (much less wily, this definite date) "Gratiæ Ludentes, jests from the Universitie. By H. L. Oxen," was printed by Thomas Cotes for Humphrey Mosley — not at Oxford, of course, but at London. We give a reproduction of the title-page. The Latin title and the quotation from Martial give the proper Oxford air, however, and a ponderous cloaked and booted Mercury occupies half the space, flattening the world, an inconsiderable pudding, beneath his tread. Opening the book at pages 34 and 35 we give a photograph of the text, comprising two anecdotes of Diogenes and one of a clumsy reader. The joke of the bad shot, and the only safe place being at the target, is as hard-worked as ever to-day, and the inches it has filled out at the bottoms of the columns of journals must amount to many, many square miles.

Gratiæ Ludentes.
IESTS,
FROM THE
VNIVERSITIE.
By H. L. Oxen.
Mart. Die mihi quid melius de fidiculis Agas.
Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, for Humphrey Mosley. 1628.

34 *Jests from.*

Of Diogenes.

ONe asking *Diogenes* the Cynicke what hee would have to take a cuffe on the eare, he answered him a helmet. The same man walking in the fields, and seeing a young man shooting very unskilfully, went and sate downe very neere the marke, some asking him why hee did so, hee answered least

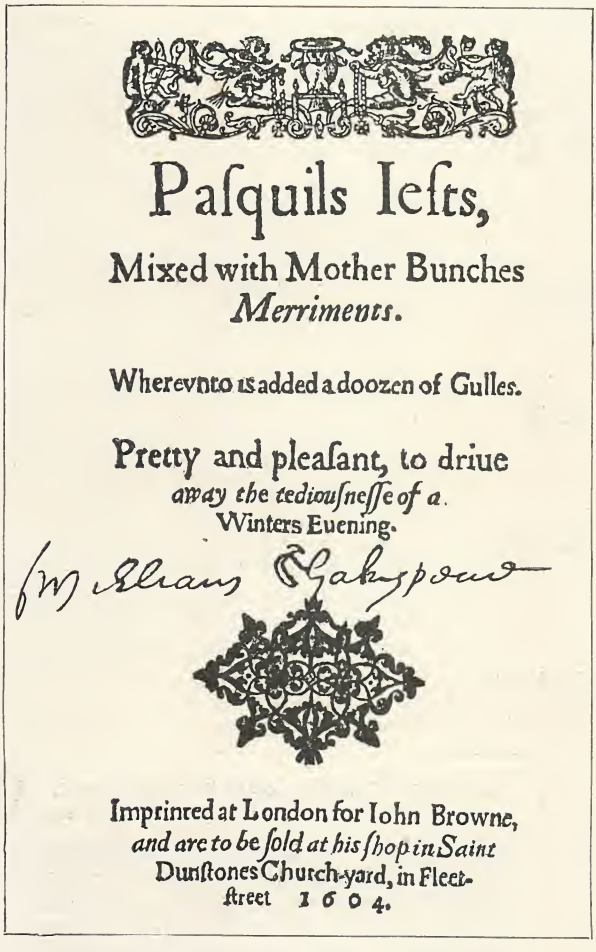
the Vniversitie. 35

least peradventure hee should hit mee that shootes.

Mistakes in reading.

ONe reading the history of *Elisha*, in the old Testament, and how the children mocked him, read, and there came three shee Boares out of the forrest and devoured them.

Another.



Pasquils Iests,

Mixed with Mother Bunches *Merriments.*

Wherevnto is added a doozen of Gulles.

Pretty and pleasant, to driue *away the tediousnesse of a* Winters Euening.

Imprinted at London for Iohn Browne, *and are to be sold at his shop in Saint* Dunstones Church-yard, in Fleet-street 1604.

An earlier book than the *Gratiæ Ludentes* was called "Pasquil's Jests, Mixed with Mother Bunches Merriments, Whereunto is added a doozen of Gulles. Pretty and pleasant, to drive away the tediousnesse of a winters evening." This was published in 1604, by one John Browne, of St. Dunstan's Churchyard, in Fleet Street, as may be seen by the title-page here copied. All, except the title-page and the headlines, is in black-letter, and never very inspiriting. But we reproduce the last of the tales — one which in other forms has been told to most of us as a new thing. And lest the black-letter reduced in size may not be completely legible to weak eyes, we transcribe the matter of "The miserable niggardize of a Justice. To conclude, with this miserable Justice, who came to London, to the Terme: And lying in Fleet-street, a companie of excellent Musicians, in a morning, played very earely at his chamber. But he being loth to bestow his money so vainely, bade his man tell them, hee could not as then heare their Musike, for he lamented for the death of his mother. Wherefore they went their way, for their hope was deceived. A Gentleman, a friend of his in London, hearing the same, came to comfort him, and asked him when his mother dyed? Fayth (quoth hee) some XVI yeeres agoe. When his friend understood his deceit, he laughed heartily."

A signature will be noticed on the title-page we show, and another, similar, on the title-page of "The Pleasant Conceites of Old Hobson," shortly to be mentioned. The name is "William Shakespeare." The writing is undoubtedly very old, and *may* be the work of the great poet; but the British Museum authorities (the copies of both books are in the Museum) do not consider the signatures genuine. The British Museum has long possessed these copies, and nobody is prepared with a conjecture as to who could have perpetrated the forgery, if forgery it be, or why it was done. Certainly, from the dates, copies of both might well have been possessed by Shakespeare. If, after all, the signatures be

The miserable niggardize of a Iustice.

TO conclude, with this miserable Iustice, who came to London, to the Terme: And lying in Fleet-street, a companie of excellent Musicians, in a morning, played very earely at his chamber. But he being loth to bestow his money so vainely, bade his man tell them, hee could not as then heare their Musike, for he lamented for the death of his mother. Wherefore they went their way, for their hope was deceiued. A Gentleman, a friend of his in London, hearing the same, came to comfort him, and asked him when his mother dyed? Fayth (quoth hé) some xvi. yéeres agoe. When his friend vnderstood his deceit, he laughed heartily.

THE
PLEASANT
CONCEITES
OF
Old *Hobſon* the merry Londoner,
full of humorous diſcourſes,
and witty meriments.

Whereat the quickeſt Wittes may laugh, and the *Wiſer ſort take pleaſure.*

Printed at London for *John Wright*, and are to bee ſold at his ſhoppe neere Chriſt-Church gate.
1607.

genuine, a new and great interest attaches to these collections of old jokes.

"The Pleasant Conceites of Old Hobson the merry Londoner," is a famous book of jests published in 1607. Hobson, as figured in the book, is a great joker, practical and otherwise, though most of his jokes are to be heard of elsewhere. The book, in this first edition (we give the title-page), was in black-letter, and from the last of the stories, shown on the last page here reproduced, we may learn that the numerous "not at home" stories are by no means all of yesterday and to-day. Here, breathless punctuation and all, is the transcription of "How Maister Hobson said he was not at home. On a time Master Hobson upon some ocation came to Master Fleetewoods house to speake with him, being then new chosen the recorder of London, and asked one of his men if he were within and he said he was not at home, but maister Hobson perceving that his maister bad him say so, and that he was within not being willing (at that time) to be spoken withall, for that time desembling the matter he went his way, within a few dayes after it was Maister Fleete-wood's chaunse, to come to Maister Hobsons & knocking at the dore asked if he were within? maister Hobson hearing, and knowing how he was denyed maister Fleete-woods speach before-time, speake himselfe aloud, and said, hee was not at home, Then sayd maister Fleete-wood, what master Hobson, thinke you that I knowe not your voyce, where-unto maister Hobson answered and sayd, now maister Fleete-wood, am I quit with you: for when I came to speake with you, I beleeved your man that said, you were not at home, and now you will not beleeve mine owne selfe, and this was the mery conference betwixt these two merry gentlemen."

The original "Merry Andrew" is said to have been Andrew Boorde, or Borde, physician to Henry VIII. Our portrait on the opposite page is taken from a book of his in black-letter—the "Boke of the introduction of Knowledge" (with a foot or so more of title), and does not represent the doctor in particularly merry guise.

How Maiſter Hobſon ſaid he was not at home.

ON a time Maſter Hobſon vpon ſome ocation came to Maſter Fleete woods houſe to ſpeake with him, being then new choſen the recorder of London, and aſked one of his men if he were within and he ſaid he was not at home, but maiſter Hobſon perceiuing that his maiſter bad him ſay ſo, and that he was within not being willing (at that time) to be ſpoken withall, for that time deſembling the matter he went his way. within a few dayes after it was Maiſter Fleete-woods chaunſe, to come to Maiſter Hobſons, & knocking at the doze, aſked if he were within? maiſter Hobſon hearing, and knowing how he was denyed maiſter Fleete=woods ſpeach before time, ſpeake himſelfe aloud, and ſaid, hee was not at home, Then ſayd maiſter Fleete-wood, what maſter Hobſon, thinke you that I knowe not your voyce, where=vnto maiſter Hobſon anſwered and ſayd, now maiſter Fleete-wood, am I quit with you: for when I came to ſpeake with you, I beleeued your man that ſaid, you were not at home, and now you will not beleeue mine owne ſelfe, and this was the mery conference betwixt theſe two merry gentlemen,

Andrewe Boorde.

Rather is his expression suggestive of that of the uninventive sub-editor ordered by an arbitrary chief to produce a new joke in half an hour, and unfeelingly deprived of his scissors. His medical profession appears to be indicated by an extra-sized chest-protector, worn outside. When, notwithstanding the chest-protector, he was dead, and past protesting, the poor doctor was made responsible for many booksellers' sins. "Scoggin's Jests"—or Scogin's, or Scogan's, or Scoggan's, as the name was diversely spelt—"A Historie of the Mylner of Abyngton" and "Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham" (if no more) were issued with his name on the title-page, and nothing else of his in the books. "Scoggin's Jests" is one of the most famous jest-books in the language, and went through many varying editions. Still, it was little but a collection from other books, one at least of the stories being traceable to a prehistoric Hindu source. Scoggin is said to have been a facetious Master of Arts of Oxford, who, about 1480, was jester to Edward IV. But, needless to say, Scoggin also had nothing to do with the jokes in the book bearing his name. We give a facsimile of the title-page of the only copy known to exist of the first edition, now in the British Museum. One of Scoggin's anecdotes is a tale which is, and has been, familiar in many forms to everybody for hundreds—if not thousands — of years. It is the story of a stupid scholar, unable to master Latin, sent by his teacher (Scoggin) to obtain deacon's orders from the bishop's ordinary. He learns by rote the answer to certain questions in a certain order which it is expected that the ordinary will follow, but the ordinary asks other questions, and the scholar faithfully answers with the words he has been taught, with absurd effect. Then follows another familiar story, which we will transcribe. The scholar is sent again, and the ordinary, mollified by a bribe, makes the examination as easy as he can. The tale runs: "How the scholler said, Tom Miller of Osney was Jacob's Father. After this the said scholler did come to the next orders, and brought a present to the Ordinary from Scogin, but the schollers father paid for all. Then said the ordinary to

THE *w 867*
First and beſt Part
OF
Scoggins Ieſts:
Full of witty mirth and pleaſant ſhifts, done by him in France, and other places: being a preſeruatiue againſt melancholy.

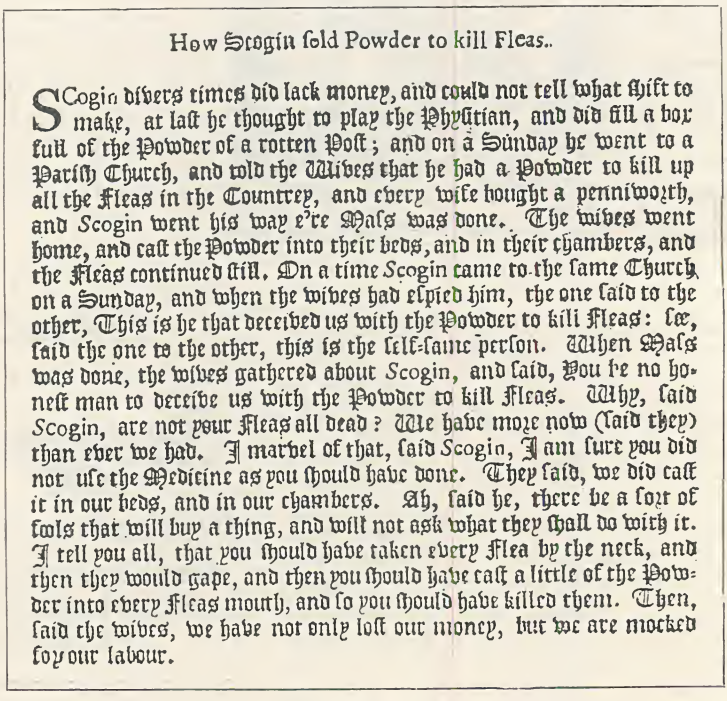
Gathered by *Andrew Boord*, Doctor of Phyſicke.

LONDON,
Printed for *Francis Williams*.

the scholler, I must needes oppose you" (meaning question you) "and for Master Scogins sake I will oppose you in a light matter. Isaac had two sons, Esau & Jacob, who was Jacobs father: The scholler stood still and could not tell. Well, said the Ordinary, I cannot admit you to be priest, until the next Orders, and then bring me an answer. The scholler went home with a heavy heart, bearing a letter to Master Scogin, how his scholler could not answer to this question, Isaac had two sonnes, Esau & Jacob, who was Jacobs father. Scogin said to his scholler, thou foole and asse-head, doest thou not know Tom Miller of Osney? Yes said the scholler. Then said Scogin, thou knowest he had two sonnes, Tom and Jacke, who is Jack's father: The Scholler said Tom Miller Why said Scogin thou mightest have said that Isaac was Jacob's father: then said Scogin, thou shalt arise betime in the morning, and carry a letter to the Ordinary and I trust he will admit thee before the Orders shall be given. The Scholler rose up betime in the morning and carried the letter to the Ordinary. The Ordinary said, for Master Scogin's sake I will oppose you no farther than I did yesterday; Isaac had two sonnes, Esau and Jacob, who was Jacob's Father? Marry, said the scholler, I can tell you now; that was Tom Miller of Osney. Goe, foole, goe, said the Ordinary, and let thy master send thee no more to me for Orders; for it is unpossible to make a foole a wise man."

Everybody will recognise this old yarn, best known, perhaps, in the form of the verses "Long Tom Smith the Doctor," where Noah is the father, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet the sons.

We give a facsimile of another of Scoggin's tales, from a later and differing edition. This again is a familiar favourite, and again we transcribe: "How Scogin sold Powder to kill Fleas. Scogin divers times did lack money, and could not tell what shift to make, at last he thought to play the Physitian, and did fill a box full of the Powder of a rotten Post; and on a Sunday he went to a Parish Church, and told the Wives that he had a Powder to kill up all the Fleas in the Countrey, and every wife bought a penniworth, and Scogin went his way e're Mass was done. The wives went home, and cast the Powder into their beds, and in their chambers, and the Fleas continued still. On a time Scogin came to the same Church on a Sunday, and when the wives had espied him, the one said to the other, This is he that deceived us with the Powder to kill Fleas: see, said the one to the other, this is the self-same person. When Mass was done, the wives gathered about Scogin, and said, You be no honest man to deceive us with the Powder to kill Fleas. Why, said Scogin, are not your Fleas all dead? We have more now (said they) than ever we had. I marvel of that, said Scogin, I am sure you did not use the Medicine as you should have done. They said, we did cast it in our beds and in our chambers. Ah, said he, there be a sort of fools that will buy a thing and will not ask what they shall do with it. I tell you all, that you should have taken every Flea by the neck, and then they would gape, and then



How Scogin sold Powder to kill Fleas.

Scogin divers times did lack money, and could not tell what shift to make, at last he thought to play the Phyſitian, and did fill a box full of the Powder of a rotten Poſt; and on a Sunday he went to a Pariſh Church, and told the Wives that he had a Powder to kill up all the Fleas in the Countrey, and every wife bought a penniworth, and Scogin went his way e're Mass was done. The wives went home, and cast the Powder into their beds, and in their chambers, and the Fleas continued ſtill. On a time Scogin came to the ſame Church on a Sunday, and when the wives had eſpied him, the one ſaid to the other, This is he that deceived us with the Powder to kill Fleas: See, ſaid the one to the other, this is the ſelf-ſame perſon. When Mass was done, the wives gathered about Scogin, and ſaid, You be no honeſt man to deceive us with the Powder to kill Fleas. Why, ſaid Scogin, are not your Fleas all dead? We have more now (ſaid they) than ever we had. I marvel of that, ſaid Scogin, I am ſure you did not uſe the Medicine as you ſhould have done. They ſaid, we did caſt it in our beds, and in our chambers. Ah, ſaid he, there be a ſort of fools that will buy a thing, and will not ask what they ſhall do with it. I tell you all, that you ſhould have taken every Flea by the neck, and then they would gape, and then you ſhould have caſt a little of the Powder into every Fleas mouth, and ſo you ſhould have killed them. Then, ſaid the wives, we have not only loſt our money, but we are mocked for our labour.

RICHARD TARLETON
one of the first Actors in
SHAKESPEARS PLAYS.

you should have cast a little of the Powder into every Fleas mouth, and so you should have killed them. Then, said the wives, we have not only lost our money, but we are mocked for our labour." It will be remembered that Captain Marryat worked up this old joke in "Japhet in Search of a Father."

Richard Tarlton ("Dick" Tarlton in most records) was a famous comedian in Elizabeth's time. The Earl of Leicester found him tending swine at his native village of Condover in Salop, and brought him to London, being pleased with his ready wit. He acted as judge in a play of "Henry V.," earlier in date than Shakespeare's play of the same name; but he was best as clown. He died in 1589, and was buried at Shoreditch. For some few years he escaped the post-humous penalty then inflicted by book-sellers on dead wits, but in 1611 the inevitable "Richard Tarleton's Jests" appeared, with the frontispiece here given, exhibiting Dick playing tabor and pipe on a grating, or a tiled paving, as the case may be. The portrait may or may not be like Tarlton, but if Tarlton had anything to do with the jests included in the book, he was a mere purveyor of chestnuts, and the Earl of Leicester was deceived. But poor Dick may safely be held blameless of this book, which, however, grew very popular. We give a reproduction of the first page of an edition of 1638, with two jests, neither irresistibly funny. The first describes how the Queen having, on one occasion, decided that Tarlton had drunk enough beer, and stopped the supply, "Feare not you (quoth Tarlton) for your Beere is small enough." Whereat, we are told, "her Majestie laughed heartily." Good Queen Bess seems to have had an enviable capacity for enjoyment. The other story we transcribe: "Tarlton having beene late at Court and comming homewards thorow Fleet street, he espi'd the Watch, and not knowing how to passe them, he went very fast, thinking by that meanes to goe unexamined. But the Watch men perceiving that he shunned them, stept to him, and commanded him in the Queenes name to stand. Stand? quoth Tarlton, let them stand that can, for I cannot. So falling downe,

Tarltons *Court witty Jests.*

How *Tarlton* plaid the Drunkard before the Queene.

THe Quéne being discontented: which Tarlton perceiuing, tok vpon him to delight her with some quaint ieſt: whereupon he counterfaited a Drunkard, and called for Béere, which was brought immediately. Her Maieſtie noting his humor, commanded that hee ſhould haue no more: for (quoth ſhé) he will play the beaſt, and ſo ſhame himſelfe. Feare not you (quoth Tarlton) for your Béere is ſmall enough. Whereat her Maieſtie laughed heartily, and command that he ſhould haue enough.

How *Tarlton* deceiued the watch in Fleetſtreet.

TArlton hauing béene late at Court, and comming homewards thorow Fléetſtréet, he eſpi'd the Watch, and not knowing how to paſſe them, hée went very faſt, thinking by that meanes to goe vnexamined. But the Watch men perceiuing that hee ſhunned them, ſtept to him, and commanded him in the Queenes name to ſtand. Stand, quoth Tarlton: let them ſtand that can, for I cannot. So falling downe, as though he had beene drunke, they helpt him vp, and ſo let him paſſe.

A BOVLSTER LECTVRE.
Will. Marshall. fculpsit.
This wife a wondrous racket meanes to keepe,
While th' Husband seemes to sleepe but do'es not sleepe:
But she might full as well her Lecture smother,
For ent'ring one Eare, it goes out at t'other.
London. Printed for R. Best and are to bee sould at his shop

as though he had been drunke, they helpt him up, and so let him passe." Not very funny and not very new. The volume is divided into three parts, The Court Witty Jests, The Sound City Jests, and the Country Pretty Jests—all witty, sound, and pretty perhaps, but very musty with age, even at that time.

In 1640 a book appeared with the title, "Art Asleepe Husband? A Boulster Lecture," which may well be considered the seventeenth century prototype of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," if we judge alone by the frontispiece and title-page. But the matter of the book scarcely bears out the promise of "all variety of witty jeasts, merry Tales and other pleasant passages," being something of a learned and sober, not to say pedantic and dull, exposition of woman's many excellencies. Still, it seems very likely that the idea of Mrs. Caudle may have been suggested to Douglas Jerrold by a sight of the quaint frontispiece and title-page.

We may recognise an old friend in the joke embodied in a verse printed in "Conceits, Clinches, Flashes, and Whimzies," published in 1639. The verse purports to be an epitaph "On a Cobler."

> If any aske why this same stone was made
> Know for a Cobler newly underlayd,
> Here for his overboasting; pray condole
> Him that translated many a weary sole.

Until quite lately—perhaps even now—"translators" were wretchedly paid cobblers, who patched up old boots to sell again.

But the most famous, the type of all jest-books, is the immortal Joe Miller. Now the book, "Joe Miller's Jests, or the Wit's Vade Mecum," is a double fraud. In the first place, Joe Miller had nothing to do with it, nor with any of its contents, though this, of course, was merely the usual thing. But a further fact was that poor Joe Miller himself never made a joke in his life, and could not see one when it was made. He was a comedian, it is true, and a man fond of bright company. Nevertheless, he seldom spoke and he never laughed, no matter how mirthful the company might be. He could neither read nor write, and he learned his parts (he played with ability at Old Drury Lane) by the assistance of his wife. He had a habit of spending his afternoons at the "Black Jack" in Portsmouth Street, where a sort of club of neighbouring tradesmen met. Here his immovable gravity and his lack of humour became a joke, and whenever any particularly funny thing was repeated, his companions ironically ascribed it to his facetious invention. This fact, and the other fact of his success as an actor, caused his name to be noised abroad, so that after his death, one Read, a small publisher of chap-books, having got together a shilling book of jests,

From an JOE MILLER. [*Old Print.*

Joe Miller's *JESTS:*

OR, THE

WITS

VADE-MECUM.

BEING

A Collection of the moſt Brilliant JESTS; the Politeſt REPARTEES; the moſt Elegant BONS MOTS, and moſt pleaſant ſhort Stories in the *Engliſh* Language.

Firſt carefully collected in the Company, and many of them tranſcribed from the Mouth of the Facetious GENTLEMAN, whoſe Name they bear; and now ſet forth and publiſhed by his lamentable Friend and former Companion, *Elijah Jenkins*, Eſq;

Moſt Humbly INSCRIBED

To thoſe CHOICE-SPIRITS *of the* AGE,

Captain BODENS, Mr. ALEXANDER POPE, Mr. Profeſſor LACY, Mr. Orator HENLEY, and JOB BAKER, the Kettle-Drummer.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by T. READ, in *Dogwell-Court, White Fryars, Fleet-Street.* MDCCXXXIX.

(Price One Shilling.)

with the aid of a poor hack, Mr. John Mottley, laid hands on the dead actor's name to give popularity to his venture. Thus, "Joe Miller's Jests" came into the world in 1739, with vast success. Second and third editions were published in the same year, another in the year succeeding, and a fifth in 1742. After that scarce a year passed without a new edition till almost the end of the eighteenth century. We print a copy of the title-page of the original edition.

It is the fashion to speak of "Joe Miller's Jests" as though the book were familiar to everybody. But how many have seen a copy of any edition? Copies of the first edition, indeed, are rare and difficult to find; though the jokes in them are the same old jokes easy to find always, anywhere. The book, indeed, is but a compilation from the jest-books of the preceding two centuries, brought up to date. The anecdotes throw much light on contemporary habits and manners, and the jokes are still found useful. We reproduce, in reduced facsimile, jokes numbered 99, 175, and 235 in the first edition. No. 99, like the lady it tells of, is resolved never to grow old; it is told or read somewhere every day. No. 175 is given as a quaint instance of the practice, frequent in cheap publications of the time, of imparting an air of mysterious innuendo, of half-daring libel, by the skeletonizing of words by aid of hyphens. Thus, "a certain Nobleman, a Courtier," is set down "a certain Noblem - - a Cour - - - r," and "the House of Lords" is made, as if with bated breath, "the H - - se of L - - ds." No. 235 is another evergreen. It has a way, of late years, of referring, not to two Englishmen eating apple-pie, but two unsophisticated Indians in their first encounter with mustard.

99. A Lady's Age happening to be queſtioned, ſhe affirmed, ſhe was but *Forty*, and call'd upon a Gentleman that was in Company for his Opinion; Couſin, ſaid ſhe, do you believe I am in the Right, when I ſay I am but *Forty?* I ought not to diſpute it, Madam, reply'd he, for I have heard you ſay ſo *theſe ten Years.*

175. A certain Noblem---, a Cour---r, in the Beginning of the late Reign, coming out of the H---ſe of L---ds, accoſts the Duke of *B----ham;* with, *How does your Pot boil, my Lord, theſe troubleſome Times?* To which his Grace replied, I never go into my Kitchen, but I dare ſay the *Scum is uppermoſt.*

235. One making a furious Aſſault upon a hot Apple-pye, burnt his Mouth 'till the Tears ran down; his Friend asked him, *Why he wept? Only*, ſays he, *'tis juſt come into my Mind, that my Grand-mother dy'd this Day twelvemonth: Phoo!* ſays the other, *is that all?* So whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly ſympathiz'd with his Companion; who ſeeing his Eyes brim full, with a malicious Sneer ask'd him, *why he wept? A Plague on you,* ſays he, *becauſe you were not hanged the ſame Day your Grand-mother dy'd.*

The tales of the Wise Men of Gotham

MERRY TALES.

OF THE

Wiſe Men of GOTHAM.

Printed and Sold in London.

went through many editions, of which we select one for illustration, that probably about the time of the first Joe Miller. Here one may read the title-page and tale III. The "k" and the "h" at the beginning of the first and second lines after the illustration have changed places, and the "k" is upside down; and "the" in the bottom line but one is spelt "teh." But errors of that sort count for little when present and past tenses are used as casually as in the sentence, "The Cuckoo when she *see* herself," etc.

The real and proper illustration to the cuckoo tale, however, is on the title-page, as is right and fitting, for the cuckoo tale is the best known of all. In this picture the hedge, apparently of wicker-work and about a foot or so high, is certainly too low to keep any able-bodied cuckoo prisoner. Indeed, a reversal of things seems to have taken place, for the cuckoo (about the size of a turkey) sits gaily aloft on a tree (such a tree !) while the sage representative of Gotham is imprisoned in the hedged-in space, and, by the label at his mouth, calling "Coocou" on his own account. Though whether it is the man or the cuckoo who says this, and which of them it is that says "Gotam," the confused state of the legends leaves one in doubt. In the body of the little book the tales are illustrated with whatever woodcut happened to be at hand. Thus, in tale II., the man on horseback, who is supposed to be carrying a bushel of wheat on his own shoulders in order to save his horse, has no bushel of wheat, and probably did duty for a bold highwayman, or the Duke of Marlborough, or a jockey winning a race, whenever the subject of a penny ballad or chap-book demanded it. This particular story, by the way, is of world-wide spread. It appeared in a monkish Latin poem in the twelfth century, but it was very old then. It was known in early times all over Europe and Asia, and it is told to-day in Ceylon and in Japan. Other stories in the set are of almost world-wide fame; the one, for instance, which tells of the three men going fishing, when one, on the way back, takes the precaution of counting to see if all are safe. But, omitting to count himself, he makes certain that one of them must be drowned, and laments accordingly.

TALE III.

ON a time the men of Gotham fain would have pinned the cuckoo, that ſhe might ſing all the year; all in the midſt of the town they had a hedge made in a round compaſs, and got a cuc-

hoo, and put her into it, and ſaid, Sing here and you ſhall lack neither meat nor drink all the year. The Cuckoo when ſhe ſee herſelf encompaſſed within the hedge, flew away. A vengeance on her ſaid the Wiſe Men, we made not teh hedge high enough.

From Cairo to Cataract.

By Sir George Newnes, Bart.

THIS is not an attempt to describe the archæological and historic wonders that abound in the land of the Pharaohs. That work has been done so often and so well, that further effort would probably result in mere repetition. It is an account of the experiences of six Britishers who spent about a month on the glorious Nile. What they saw and what they did may be of interest to those who have never traversed those regions, and it will revive pleasant memories perhaps in those who know them well.

Egypt is now in the hands of two armies of occupation. One is composed of British soldiers, and the other of the men of Thos. Cook and Sons. The latter generals have certainly taken possession of the Nile. The former are here to preserve order and insure good government, and the latter to issue coupons. Both appear to do their work well, and to have gained the confidence of their clients. Speaking of clients reminds us of lawyers, and the only time when either of the two armies has suffered serious defeat was when they fought against one another—in the Law Courts. The *casus belli* was the question of the ownership of some large postal steamers—and it is said that the army of coupons was worsted with severe loss, viz., £16,000. This from one point of view is rather to be regretted, as there is no doubt that they have made travel, here as elsewhere, cheaper and more comfortable than it would have been without them.

But we have embarked on the Nile too soon; we must first stay a few days at Cairo, the many-sided, many-coloured city of the desert. We first put up at the Gezirah Palace Hotel—a very fine palace built by the late Khedive to entertain the monarchs and other distinguished visitors who came to the opening of the Suez Canal. To erect such a huge place for a special occasion shows the breadth of hospitality of His Highness, and the confidence he had in the long-suffering endurance of the tax-payer. But the Palaces of the Khedive are numberless. Nearly all the largest houses in Cairo are inhabited by the Khedive and his relations. When you are passing a particularly fine place, you ask the dragoman what relative of the Khedive lives there, and he tells you that it is his mother, or his brother, or his cousin, and so on. We soon found the beautiful Gezirah Palace too far from the town, and removed to the world-renowned Shepheard's Hotel.

From a Photo. by] CAIRO AND ITS CITADEL. *[Bonfils.*

We did wisely. In front of this hotel is a large covered space, in which people sit and watch the ever-changing scenes of the liveliest street in Cairo. The costumes are endless in variety of shape and colour. Egyptians, Arabs, Bedouins, Turks, Greeks, Jews, Assyrians, Nubians, Maltese, and Europeans. The natives wear, for the men, a white flowing, folding garment, which looks more like night than day attire. The women are in a similar

From a] ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF SIAM AT THE GEZIRAH PALACE HOTEL. *[Photograph.*

of the female features. They are dusky and ugly.

One of the most curious sights in Cairo is that of the sais, or carriage-runners. Rich people employ one or two of these sais to run in front of their carriages to clear the way. They are dressed in a most picturesque costume, and carry a gold-tipped staff. On approaching a corner they shout a warning—or if anyone is in the way. They run most gracefully, and are fine-looking fellows. But they do not live long, and generally die of heart disease—the prolonged fast running, extending sometimes for several hours a day, proving in time too much for them. They are private servants, regularly engaged like footmen. The privilege of having two sais running side by side is supposed to be limited to the Khedive's relatives, high Government officials, Army officers, and some others,

dress, only mostly black. Their religion compels them to cover their faces with a veil, concealing all but their jet-black eyes. It is

AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN.
From a Photo. by Bonfils.

fastened to their headgear by a brass or wooden or silver nose-bridge, which looks like a chess king or rook. The few women's faces that are seen uncovered lead one to thank a religion which insures the concealing

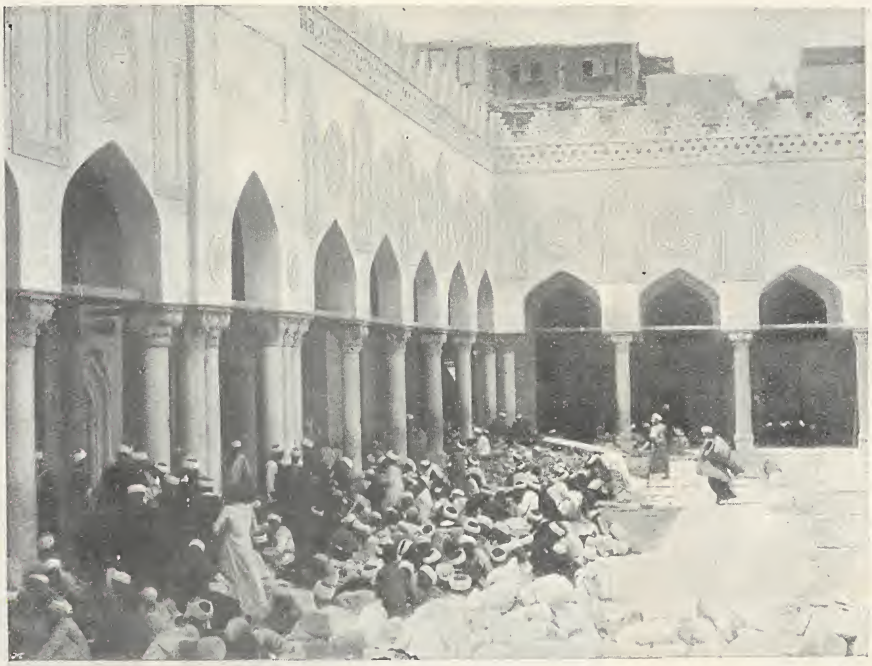
SAIS, OR CARRIAGE-RUNNERS.
From a Photo. by J. H. Lebah.

From a Photo. by] BAZAAR AT CAIRO. *[Zangaki.*

though, like that of the cockade in Britain, it is sometimes wrongfully appropriated.

The bazaars are, of course, the chief feature of Cairo. They are narrow lanes of shops—if one can call places not much bigger than large boxes or wardrobes by the name of shops. The owner sits cross-legged in the front, and his wares are on little shelves around him. Every necessary and unnecessary of life is exhibited. Also the making of jewellery, tin-work, brass-work, saddlery, clothes, slippers, etc., all done openly, with no windows. These bazaars are almost always crowded with people passing to and fro; and it is indeed a strange and lively scene.

Perhaps the most remarkable sight we witnessed was at the University Mosque. Students from all parts of the world come there, many of them with a view to becoming Mohammedan priests. The mosque is, for the most part, without roof, and there—squatting cross-legged, like tailors, on the floor—were 6,000 men and youths, in classes, learning the Koran and other religious works. Professors were talking to their classes or examining their pupils' work. This was about 11 a.m. We were told, had we gone at eight, we should have seen 15,000. This University is the one to which all Moham-



From a] A CORNER OF THE UNIVERSITY MOSQUE. *[Photograph.*

medans wish to go, no matter in what country they live. What strikes one is the utter slovenliness in dress. Although many of the students belonged to rich families, there was a complete absence of any attempt to adorn themselves even neatly, and fine raiment was not to be seen. They all looked as if on getting up in the morning they simply threw around their bodies some folds of white, blue, or black drapery, put on a turban, slided into slippers, and sallied forth.

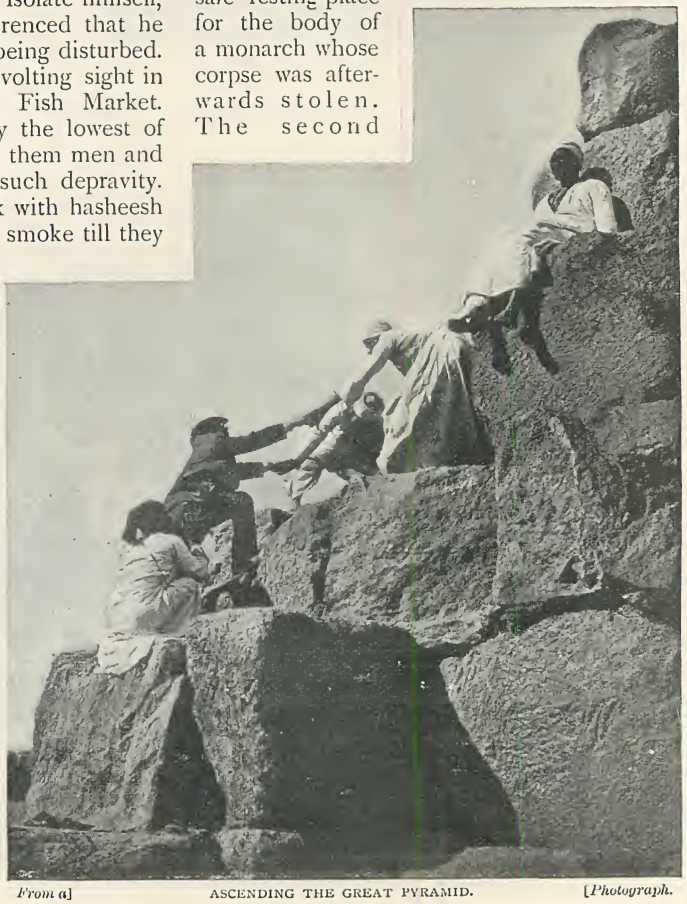
There are five hundred mosques in Cairo, and it is the custom to summon the people to prayer by shouting from the top of the minaret or tower of each mosque. At six in the morning they are all five hundred calling the faithful to their devotions, and you can imagine the babel there is. Besides attending mosque the Mohammedan has his other hours of prayer, and in the middle of his work, in his shop, in the street, anywhere, before any number of people, you will see him suddenly falling on his knees, swaying up and down, looking towards Mecca, and praying. He does not think it necessary to isolate himself, as the act of prayer is so reverenced that he is quite free from any risk of being disturbed.

A most remarkable and revolting sight in Cairo is what is called the Fish Market. This quarter is inhabited by the lowest of the low. You can hardly call them men and women, they have sunk to such depravity. The males are in cafés, drunk with hasheesh —a sort of opium, which they smoke till they imagine themselves in battle, and sway sticks about in a helpless, stupid kind of way, just as if they were dreaming. The women stand or lie about the dirty, narrow streets, openly plying their horrible trade. At eleven o'clock they are compelled to go inside, and they sit behind iron bars inviting passers-by to come into their dark dens. The sight is indeed a sad one. It would be impossible to find women more utterly lost to everything womanly. They are as degraded as they are ugly. It is a wonder that such a scene is possible in a country under British rule. It is only fair to say, however, that, since the British occupation, much has been done to sweep away these vice spots, and doubtless more will be accomplished in the future.

But for the most part Cairo is bright and cheerful. European cities are in many respects alike. Cairo has, so to speak, an individuality of its own. The hours slip rapidly by amid the varying scenes. No one is ever bored in Cairo. It seems as if every nation on earth has sent its quota to form the great kaleidoscope.

Lord Cromer (Sir Evelyn Baring), our Consul-General, really governs Egypt. He is extremely deferential to the Khedive at public functions, but it is well known that he holds the reins, and the Khedive does nothing without consulting him. Indeed, he is sometimes called the King of Egypt.

The trip to the Pyramids is now easy, as a good road has been made. A ten-mile drive brings you to the foot of Gizeh, the greatest of them all. It is said that 100,000 men were employed for thirty years over its construction—all to make a safe resting-place for the body of a monarch whose corpse was afterwards stolen. The second



From a] ASCENDING THE GREAT PYRAMID. *[Photograph.*

largest is close to it, and almost equals it in size. Then come others of varying distances and varying heights, the total number still standing reaching about fifteen. Many visitors make the ascent of the great Gizeh, and some are sorry for it afterwards; whilst many declare that there is no great difficulty in it—and for the young and strong and agile, perhaps there is not. It is astonishing to see the Bedouin Arabs, who are there, run up and down Gizeh against time. The two fastest agreed that for a few shillings they would undertake to run up to the top of Gizeh and down again in eight minutes. One of these monkey-like climbers took just under and the other just over the prescribed time.

From a] SALEM GAZIRI. *[Photograph.*

We referred previously to the passion of the Khedives for building houses. One of them has even placed a sort of villa or bungalow just at the foot of the great Pyramid, altogether out of place and out of keeping with its surroundings. It is merely put there so that his friends may have lunch in private. A few hundred yards from Gizeh is the greatest of the Sphinxes—known by sight to all the world.

We must now make a start for the First Cataract. We have chartered the good ship *Nitocris*, a small steamer with a crew of sixteen, with berths for eight passengers, a comfortable saloon, and an excellent upper deck extending fore and aft. It may be wondered where so many as sixteen sailors sleep on such a small ship. As a matter of fact, they sleep very comfortably on deck well wrapped up. When we go from the saloon aft to our beds forward, at night, we have to thread our way between their reclining forms.

In command of our little vessel is our dragoman, Salem Gaziri, who has for nearly twenty years in the winter been conducting parties up the Nile, and the rest of the year taking other parties through the Holy Land, Turkey, Greece, and elsewhere. Admirable Crichton was supposed to know everything and to do everything. So is a good dragoman. Salem provisions our ship, looks after the cook, helps to wait at the table, points out all the places of interest we pass, goes with us to the temples and tombs, knows every hieroglyphic in each, hires our camels and donkeys, keeps off the natives—who are for ever, men, women, children, and even babies, holding out their hands for backsheesh—pays all expenses, acts as captain of the ship, takes his turn at the helm, calls down the pipe orders to the engine-room, and generally superintends and bosses everything and everybody on board. If you wish it, he is quite willing and able to cut your hair and shave you; and one night, when two of our party went ashore to have some billiards, they were not in the least surprised when they looked up and saw Salem marking the game.

He is deferential to us, autocratic to the crew, and bullying to the crowds that follow us on shore. In his picturesque Syrian

From a] THE "NITOCRIS." *[Photograph.*

dress he looks the dignified genius which he is. Some people who had him last year were so pleased with him that they took him to London to show him the Jubilee procession, which he says was magnificent; and I believe the only regret he had with regard to it was that he himself was not conducting all the arrangements.

Our first stop is for the purpose of visiting Memphis and Sakkara. The tombs of the Sacred Bulls of the latter place, and very many others, were discovered and excavated by the great French Egyptologist, M. Mariette, who built himself a house out in the desert, so as to be near his beloved labours. He lived there for thirty years. The tomb mentioned is a great cavernous passage nearly a mile long, on each side of which are the sarcophagi of these sacred beasts. Each one was worshipped for twenty-five years, then put to death and buried here, and another reigned in its stead.

Pagans on the banks of the Nile worshipped all kinds of animals—cows, jackals, geese, crocodiles, birds—especially the ibis, the owl, and the vulture—sheep, hogs, rams, goats, serpents, scorpions, and even the ungodlike domestic, the cat. If anyone was known to ill-treat a pussy, he and all his family were burnt to ashes. This idolatry lasted 4,000 years. In other parts of Egypt the rising sun, the midday sun, and the setting sun were all worshipped; and, in fact, in different places they seem to have set up gods of every conceivable and inconceivable kind.

While visiting the tombs of Beni Hassan we heard a wild, wailing sound in the valley below, which turned out to be a native funeral. The procession crossed a field from a village of mud huts to the cemetery, the men in front singing, "There is no God but one God, and Mohammed was sent by God," the children behind singing and the women moaning and groaning. It was a weird scene.

At Beni Hassan is the tomb of Ameni, who appears to have had a very high opinion of his manifold virtues, and not to be overburdened with modesty in setting them forth. This is the inscription which runs right round the walls of his tomb:—

I have done all that I have said. I am a gracious and a compassionate man, and a ruler who loves his town. I have passed the course of years as the ruler of Meḥ, and all the labours of the palace have been carried out by my hands. I have given to the overseers of the temples of the gods of Meḥ 3,000 bulls with their cows, and I was in favour in the palace on account of it, for I carried all the products of the milk-bearing cows to the palace, and no contributions to the king's storehouses have been more than mine. I have never made a child grieve, I have never robbed the widow, I have never repulsed the labourer, I have never shut up a herdsman, I have never impressed for forced labour the labourers of a man who only employed five men; there was never a person miserable in my time, no one went hungry during my rule, for if there were years of scarcity I ploughed up all the arable land in the nome of Meḥ, up to its very frontiers on the north and south. By this means I made its people live and procured for them provisions, so that there was not a hungry person among them. I gave to the widow the same amount as I gave to the married woman, and I made no distinction between the great and the little in all that I gave. And, behold, when the inundation was great, and the owners of the land became rich thereby, I laid no additional tax upon the fields.

One day we stayed at a village quite unknown to the usual tourist, just for the sake of an hour's exercise. It proved to be a happy thought. The place was most interesting. It consists of the usual mud huts and bazaars. It was market day, and the people

From a Photo. by] ENTRANCE TO AMENI'S TOMB, BENI HASSAN. *[A. Beato.*

had come in from the country-side and the edge of the desert. We created a sensation; not being a place where Cook's steamers stop, the folks had probably never or seldom seen Britishers before. They stopped their work to stare at us, and when we halted at a shop to buy a few things, a crowd collected, and followed us all through our wanderings. The policeman on duty took us under his care, and went with us, beating off with a stick any whom he thought were pressing us too closely. We were quite a little procession. The dragoman, who had not landed here before, took on shore a sturdy boatman, who marched in front with a big stick. Next came Salem.

Then we followed with the policeman. The market-place was crowded with buyers and sellers, all squatting on the ground. Everybody sits tailor-fashion in Egypt, apparently. This was a rough, swarthy, grizzly crowd, and all dressed in the long folding garment which reaches from head to foot, except the children of both sexes, and their account at the tailor's or dressmaker's is *nil*. I recommend all travellers on the Nile, who charter their own private steamers, to visit some of those places where Cook's tourist boats do not stop. There you see the real Eastern life, untouched by European invasion, and the curiosity you arouse in them and they arouse in you is mutually interesting.

For this purpose, on another day we selected an out-of-way mud hut village, almost hidden behind a belt of date palms. It was far away from any show-place, and had a difficult landing. Here we ought to see the dusky native in all the rough simplicity of his home. And so it was. Salem thought it wise to take two sailors with us, a precaution which we did not desire, as we thought six fairly muscular Christians ought to be able to take care of themselves. But any escort was quite unnecessary. The people were very civil, simply opened their eyes wide, and their mouths also, as they followed us around. The Sheikh, or chief of the village, told us that no European had visited them before, at any rate, dressed as we were.

We never could have believed that the prosaic, inartistic appendages to the lower limbs of the animal man would have excited so much wonderment; it was, indeed, like the name of the garment in question, inexpressible.

Our next stop was at Naghr Hamadi, which was the extreme limit of the railway which ultimately, it is said, will reach Khartoum. At the station we saw a large number of workmen and soldiers who had been engaged on the Berber portion of the line, and were invalided home to Cairo. We were told they had been very badly fed in the desert, not having tasted meat for two months, and, in fact, only subsisting on hard, stony bread, which has to be boiled two or three times before the teeth can bite it. Hearing this, we bought up all the provisions we could get in the station—bread, cheese, oranges, dates—and we gave these out to them as they sat or stood in open compartments waiting for the train to start. We also gave them cigarettes, and as the train steamed out they raised a tremendous cheer for us, something like our "Hip! hip! hurrah!" and we felt that for a few shillings we had enjoyed more genuine pleasure than perhaps in seeing half-a-dozen ancient tombs.

We once more embark on the good, albeit venerable, ship *Nitocris*.

There is one, and so far only one, disappointment with the river. There are two Niles, the Blue Nile and the White Nile. This is the Blue Nile—but, alas! it is not blue. It is a muddy brown caused by the deposits from the Abyssinian Hills. But there are always compensations in Nature, and if the Egyptians are deprived of looking upon blue waters flowing down their beloved river, they are at any rate consoled by the fact that these selfsame deposits are the great cause of the fruitfulness of the land upon its shores. The Nile is said to be one of the tributaries of the river spoken of in the Bible which ran through the Garden of Eden, and then parted into four huge rivers and watered the earth—the other three being the Indus, the Tigris, and the Euphrates.

Luxor is perhaps the most interesting place we have seen. Not for itself—but because it is built upon the site of ancient Thebes, once the capital of Egypt, and, indeed, of the world. The Thebes of to-day consists of a few mud huts. Here is the great temple of Karnak—by far the finest we have seen. It contains one hundred and thirty-four carved columns, each one as large in circumference as the Vendôme Column in Paris. It took about a dozen kings to complete it. The ancient Egyptians knew not how to make arches, so they had to choke up their temples with pillars—placed no farther apart than would admit of one stone spanning across from one pillar to the other in forming the

From a] DAHABEAH AND TEMPLE OF LUXOR. *[Photograph.*

being a continuous dull monotone.

To visit Thebes, we crossed the river, and spent six hours amongst the tombs and temples. We went on donkeys over a high mountain of sand and stone in the Libyan range. There is not a vestige of verdure in it, and yet it is imposing, and the air most exhilarating. At the Ramasseum there is the fallen colossal statue of Rameses II., which weighs a thousand tons, and is one solid stone.

roof. It is said that a life was lost for every stone put in its place in Karnak temple.

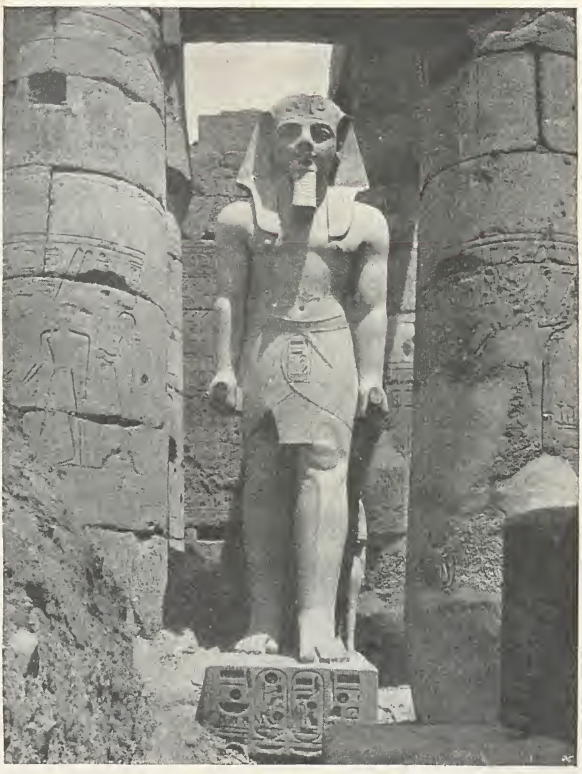
The Egyptians appear to have had no cranes or other appliances known to the modern builder. It was, so to speak, brute force architecture, and the masses of stone were only dealt with by the employment of enormous numbers of men and beasts. Having no scaffolding, they heaped up sand and earth against the building as it arose, and thus carried the materials. When finished the sand and earth were dug away and removed.

In Luxor Temple is a colossal statue of Pharaoh Rameses II. Behind him will be observed his wife meekly standing, her height scarcely reaching to the knee-cap of her lord and evident master, showing in what esteem, or want of it, women were held in those heathen times. The ladies have taught us much civilization since then. What Britisher of to-day would dare to have a family representation made in such proportions?

In accordance with a custom often followed, we gave the men a sheep at Assiout and another at Luxor. In acknowledgment, they decorated the ship with palm leaves and scores of Chinese lanterns, and gave us an Arabian concert. Strange and weird it was, though not very entertaining,

This was the Pharaoh who gave the Israelites such a bad time. He is everywhere in evidence. He seems to have built more than any six of the other kings, and his manifold

From a] KARNAK COLUMNS AND OBELISK. *[Photograph.*



STATUE OF RAMESES THE GREAT.
From a Photo. by A. Beato.

works have given him the name of Rameses the Great. All the way from Cairo to the Cataract the name which is most constantly on the dragoman's lips is Rameses II. He was the father of the Pharaoh whose hosts were drowned in the Red Sea.

As stated at the outset, there will be no room in this skeleton sketch to describe the antiquities of this ancient land. Of the great ruins of Tel-el-Amarna Sohag, Abydos, Denderah Isneh, Elkab, Edfon, and Komombos nothing has been said.

At Luxor the Consular Agent kindly invited us to an Oriental lunch. All sit on the floor round a table without legs. Each course is brought in on one dish — meat, vegetables, etc., together—and placed in the centre. It is eaten with the fingers, with a spoon or on pieces of bread. There are no knives or forks, and everyone dips in, like in a lucky-bag at a bazaar, and takes what happens to come. The food was good, well-cooked, and even tasty, but the method of eating it is not conducive to the stimulating of British appetites.

We have been much struck with the primitive way they do many things on the banks of this great river. Round great fields of doora —a sort of Indian corn—8ft. high, you will see half-a-dozen men on high mounds aiming at sparrows with slings and stones, identically the same as that with which David ended Goliath's career. They do not often hit them, but it frightens them off. A couple of ugly scarecrows made to turn with the wind would answer the same purpose, and these six men on each field could be working at something else.

Every few hundred yards men are seen pulling up water, for irrigating the fields, by means

From a Photo. by] ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE CITY OF THEBES. *[A. Beato.*

of a weighted pole resting on a cross-bar. The men—sometimes two, three, or even four men—pull the bucket down and fill it, then the weight raises it again, and the water is emptied into a basin. Above is another man—or more—getting it into a higher basin, and perhaps a third still higher. It is then run in channels over the fields. One would have thought that suction or force-pumps would have done twice the work, with a sixth part of the labour, but as the irrigation is under the supervision of the British Government official experts, it is to be presumed that it is found the best available. There is some talk of utilizing the force of the First Cataract for irrigating purposes. Except during the inundations, which are caused by the rain and the melted snow coming down from the Abyssinian mountains, and which last from June till September, the crops are entirely dependent for moisture on artificial means.

From a] SADOUF, OR IRRIGATOR. *[Photograph.*

The demand for backsheesh is everywhere; it is the first word a baby is taught to say, before even "father" or "mother," and tiny ones in arms hold out their hands and lisp it long before they know what it means. People even going about their ordinary work will put down their burdens to ask for backsheesh. The old, the young, the halt, the lame, the blind, and even the strong and healthy utter the same cry, which appears to be the watch-word of the country. It means literally "the sprinkling of iron," which metal was formerly used as coin. A nickel worth about a fifth of a halfpenny used to be sufficient, but British and American tourists by their lavishness have made the natives dissatisfied with less than half a piastre (1¼d.). But the best way is to pay only for services rendered, and thus discourage this tiresome and demoralizing wholesale beggary. To be followed in all your trips by a crowd asking for backsheesh does not add to your enjoyment of the study of Egyptology, and the only thing which sends them away is the application of a thick stick, which one is naturally averse to use.

Our furthest point south is Philæ, an island a few miles beyond the First Cataract. We started for this from Assouan on donkeys, for, although there is a train, the back of the useful moke is much the best way to go, as he gives you a comfortable seat and takes you about seven miles across the Arabian desert. The train also traverses part of the desert, but is not a very inviting conveyance. First and second class are very poor, and as for the third — the passengers have to sit on the top of the loaded open trucks. This morning, when I saw them off, about fifty of them were enjoying the delights of sitting on coal. As there is no chance of rain, and they can stand any amount of sun, this is not perhaps so dreadful as the Midland third-class dining-car passenger might regard it; still, it is not luxury.

But to return to our donkeys. Our first stop was at, perhaps, the most ancient quarry in Africa. This supplied the huge monoliths which form the obelisks now in London, Paris, New York, and Thebes. There is one splendid piece of granite about the same size lying down. It was formerly all one stone, but Salem tells us that the Romans lately cut it in two. Asked what "lately" meant, he replied, "About 300 years B.C." After all, the affairs of life are largely matters of degree

From a] ISLAND OF PHILÆ, ARAB VILLAGE IN FOREGROUND. *[Photograph.*

and proportion, and a man who has been in the habit of talking about thousands of years has a contempt for mere hundreds B.C. Near here is the sacred cemetery, situated on the

From a] THE SACRED CEMETERY OF ASSOUAN. *[Photograph.*

battlefield where the Mohammedan hosts were slain by the Christian and heathen allied forces. Next to Mecca this is regarded of all burying-places with the greatest reverence, and one of the most profound oaths a Mohammedan can take is when he swears by the sacred cemetery of Assouan.

The ride across the desert is most exhilarating; the air, which, of course, is very dry, is also bracing. After desecrating the beautiful ruins of the Temple of Philæ by spreading out a luncheon in them, and regretting that the frailties of modern flesh so much clashed with the study of ancient history, we started in our boat for the trip so long looked forward to—the shooting of the Cataract. Before taking the rapids ourselves, we landed in order to see about a dozen natives dive in and

From a] A RIDE ACROSS THE DESERT. *[Photograph.*

swim or ride through them on big blocks of wood. This is one of the funniest sights. One after the other they jump in, and, shouting and singing as they ride the boiling surf, all come safely out into comparatively smooth water. And then, saving their best performance in order to get double payment, they offer to dive from a rock about 30ft. high into the Cataract. This they did with great skill and confidence, and buffeted through the swirling waves as before.

From a Photo. by] THE CATARACT THE MEN SWIM. *[J. B. Sebah.*

Some people are disappointed that there are no perpendicular falls as at Schaffhausen; but of course, if there were, it would be impossible for boats to shoot them. These rapids are more like the river above Niagara Falls, which rushes down around numberless rocks, making eddies and whirlpools as it pursues its angry course.

There is a very black spot in Assouan, which is depressing. A prison is there, nearly all the inmates of which are murderers. They work a good deal on the river front unloading vessels, and always in heavy, clanging chains. Visitors stop and stare at them for a long time, out of somewhat morbid curiosity at seeing a hundred murderers pass them in single file, and who are utterly callous of this want of respect for possible feelings of shame. They are all there for life, with never a vestige of hope of liberty.

The *Nitocris* now starts on her return trip, with a great difference in her speed. Going towards the Cataract we have been all the time working against stream, and only making six or seven miles an hour. Going back with the current, about double that rate of progress is easily maintained. On leaving Assouan we had an unpleasant experience, which one is always liable to on the Nile. We ran aground on a sand-bank. Our own sailors could not get us off, so thirty or forty men were sent for from shore, and pulled all together at a rope attached to an anchor, and so released us. Two of our party were playing chess, and another came up and asked, "Whose move is it?" "It's the ship's turn to move," was the reply; "we've been here for three hours."

Between Assouan and Luxor are the Chari Mountains, interesting from the fact that the sandstone used in constructing all the temples on the Nile was quarried here. Each king has put an inscription on a panel stating when and where he used the stone. From here we steam back rapidly. The friendly stream, after resisting us so long, now works almost as hard for us as the engines, whilst the beautiful full moon lights up hill and dale and river far into the night.

And so we come once again to Cairo, full of enthusiasm for the enjoyment we have had, and our memories stored with recollections that will linger there for many a day.

To have a quiet life upon the smooth waters; to know as you go to bed at night that when you wake in the morning the sun will be streaming through the windows of your room, and that you will be able to enjoy all day its warm and constant rays; to have no fear of rain or snow or fog; to inhale genial, yet invigorating, air; to look, hour by hour, upon an ever-changing panorama; to find these happy and healthy days pass by amidst the oldest and greatest temples and monuments the world has ever known—these are the temptations presented to those who are able to go from Cairo to Cataract.

[*Next month an article will appear by Sir George Newnes describing a journey to Jerusalem.*]

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Southwell Bros.

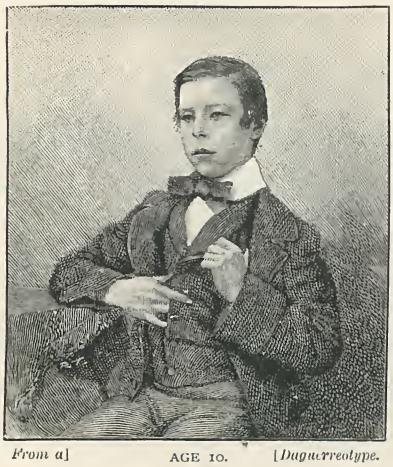
AGE 41.
From a Photograph.

AGE 26.
From a Photo. by Mault & Co.

THE EX-EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

MARIA DAGMAR, who was married in 1866 to the late Czar, Alexander III., is the daughter of the King of Denmark, and the sister, therefore, of the Princess of Wales and the King of Greece. Nearly thirty years of the anxious life which every Czarina has of necessity to undergo, has failed to rob Her Majesty of her beauty. She has always shrunk somewhat from public affairs, but this has served to make her the more powerful in the home of her family, and the more popular with the Russian people. She has caused her children to be trained and educated with a severe absence of all softening luxury, and it is pleasing to recall the late Czar's love for his children; no matter how late he returned, he always made a point of coming to the cots of the little ones to kiss them in their sleep, and the love of the Empress for her children was as great as his own.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*



From a] AGE 10. *[Daguerreotype.*

MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

BORN 1845.

AT sixteen years of age Linley Sambourne, of *Punch* fame, went as gentleman apprentice to the Marine Engine Works of Messrs. Penn, of Greenwich. He was there for six years, going through the whole of the routine, and working hard as a practical engineer. The extraordinary accuracy in all the details of his drawings is distinctly traceable to that early training. Through Mr. German Reed he was introduced to Mark Lemon, the then editor of *Punch*,

AGE 22.
From a Photo. by Charles B. Taylor, Strand.

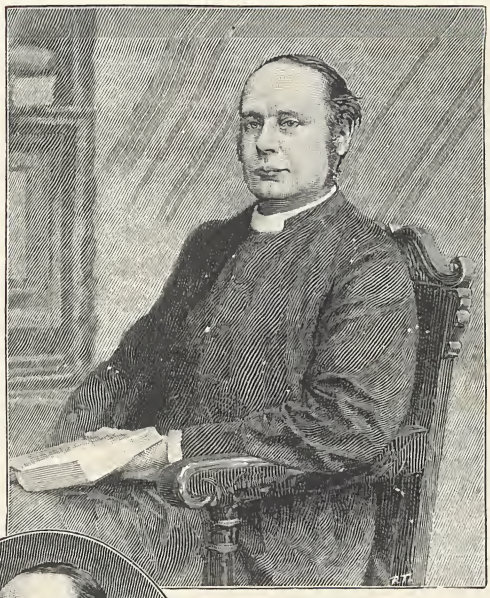
and his first drawing appeared in that paper in April, 1867. Mr. Sambourne can well be proud of the fact that he has never missed a week since. He has worked for *Punch* under four editors—Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks,

AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Palmer, Ramsgate.

and Burnand—in addition to which he has also illustrated a number of books.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Bassano.*

AGE 21.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.



AGE 41.
From a Photo. by Villiers & Quick.

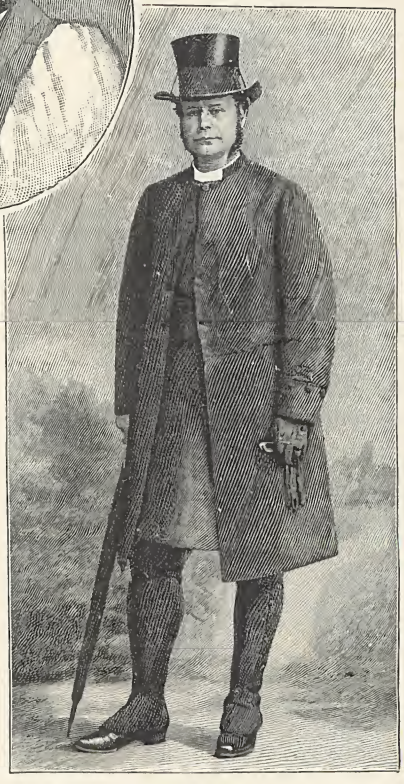
BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

BORN 1840.

THE RIGHT REV. ERNEST ROLAND WILBERFORCE, D.D., Bishop of Chichester since 1895, is the son of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester. Educated at Exeter College, Oxford, he became Curate of Cuddesdon in 1864, Vicar of Middleton Stoney, Oxfordshire, in 1866. He was appointed Sub-Almoner to the Queen in 1871. From 1873 to 1878 he was Vicar of Seaforth, Liverpool, and Canon-Residentiary of Winchester from 1877 to 1882, in which year he was called to the Bishopric of Newcastle.

AGE 50.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

AGE 27.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Miss Cayley's Adventures.

By Grant Allen.

I.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE CANTANKEROUS OLD LADY.

ON the day when I found myself with twopence in my pocket, I naturally made up my mind to go round the world.

It was my step-father's death that drove me to it. I had never seen my step-father. Indeed, I never thought of him as anything more than even Colonel Watts-Morgan. I owed him nothing except my poverty. He married my dear mother when I was a girl at school in Switzerland; and he proceeded to spend her little fortune, left at her sole disposal by my father's will, in paying his gambling debts. After that, he carried my dear mother off to Burma; and when he and the climate between them had succeeded in killing her, he made up for his appropriations cheaply by allowing me just enough to send me to Girton. So, when the Colonel died, in the year I was leaving college, I did not think it necessary to go into mourning for him. Especially as he chose the precise moment when my allowance was due, and bequeathed me nothing but his consolidated liabilities.

"Of course you will teach," said Elsie Petheridge, when I explained my affairs to her. "There is a good demand just now for high-school teachers."

I looked at her, aghast. "*Teach!* Elsie," I cried. (I had come up to town to settle her in at her unfurnished lodgings.) "Did you say *teach?* That's just like you dear good schoolmistresses! You go to Cambridge, and get examined till the heart and life have been examined out of you; then you say to yourselves at the end of it all, 'Let me see; what am I good for now? I'm just about fit to go away and examine other people!' That's what our Principal would call 'a vicious circle'—if one could ever admit there was anything vicious at all about you, dear. No, Elsie, my child, I do *not* propose to teach. Nature did not cut me out for a high-school teacher. I couldn't swallow a poker if I tried for weeks. Pokers don't agree with me. My dear, between ourselves, I am a bit of a rebel."

"You are, Brownie," she answered, pausing in her papering, with her sleeves rolled up—they called me "Brownie," partly because of my complexion, but partly because they could never understand me. "We all knew that long ago."

I laid down the paste-brush and mused.

"Do you remember, Elsie," I said, staring hard at the paper-board, "when I first went to Girton, how all you girls wore your hair quite straight, in neat smooth coils, plaited up at the back about the size of a pancake; and how of a sudden I burst in upon you, like a tropical hurricane, and demoralized you; and how, after three days of me, some of the dear innocents began with awe to cut themselves artless fringes, while others went out in fear and trembling and surreptitiously purchased a pair of curling-tongs? I was a bomb-shell in your midst in those days; why, you yourself were almost afraid at first to speak to me."

"You see, you had a bicycle," Elsie put in, smoothing the half-papered wall; "and in those days, of course, ladies didn't yet bicycle. You must admit, Brownie, dear, it *was* a startling innovation. You terrified us so. And yet, after all, there isn't much harm in you."

"I hope not," I said, devoutly. "I was before my time, that was all; at present, even a curate's wife may blamelessly bicycle."

"But if you don't teach," Elsie went on, gazing at me with those wondering big blue eyes of hers, "what ever will you do, Brownie?" Her horizon was bounded by the scholastic circle.

"I haven't the faintest idea," I answered, continuing to paste. "Only, as I can't trespass upon your elegant hospitality for life, whatever I mean to do, I must begin doing this morning, when we've finished the papering. I couldn't teach" (teaching, like mauve, is the refuge of the incompetent); "and I don't, if possible, want to sell bonnets."

"As a milliner's girl?" Elsie asked, with a face of red horror.

"As a milliner's girl; why not? 'Tis an honest calling. Earls' daughters do it now. But you needn't look so shocked. I tell you, just at present, I am not contemplating it."

"Then what *do* you contemplate?"

I paused and reflected. "I am here in London," I answered, gazing rapt at the ceiling; "London, whose streets are paved with gold—though it *looks* at first sight like muddy flagstones; London, the greatest and richest city in the world, where an adventurous soul ought surely to find some loophole for an adventure. (That piece is hung crooked, dear; we must take it down again.) I have a Plan, therefore. I submit myself to

fate; or, if you prefer it, I leave my future in the hands of Providence. I shall go out this morning, as soon as I've 'cleaned myself,' and embrace the first stray enterprise that offers. Our Bagdad teems with enchanted carpets. Let one but float my way, and, hi, presto, I seize it. I go where glory or a modest competence waits me. I snatch at the first offer, the first hint of an opening."

Elsie stared at me, more aghast and more puzzled than ever. "But, how?" she asked. "Where? When? You *are* so strange! What will you do to find one?"

"Put on my hat and walk out," I answered. "Nothing could be simpler. This city bursts with enterprises and surprises. Strangers from east and west hurry through it in all directions. Omnibuses traverse it from end to end, even, I am told, to Islington and Putney; within, folk sit face to face who never saw one another before in their lives, and who may never see one another again, or, on the contrary, may pass the rest of their days together."

I had a lovely harangue all pat in my head, in much the same strain, on the infinite possibilities of entertaining angels unawares, in cabs, on the Underground, in the Aërated Bread shops; but Elsie's widening eyes of horror pulled me up short like a hansom in Piccadilly when the inexorable upturned hand of the policeman checks it. "Oh, Brownie," she cried, drawing back, "you *don't* mean to tell me you're going to ask the first young man you meet in an omnibus to marry you?"

I shrieked with laughter. "Elsie," I cried, kissing her dear yellow little head; "you are *impayable*. You never will learn what I mean. You don't understand the language. No, no; I am going out, simply in search of adventure. What adventure may come, I have not at this moment the faintest conception. The fun lies in the search, the uncertainty, the toss-up of it. What is the good of being penniless—with the trifling exception of twopence—unless you are prepared to accept your position in the spirit of a masked ball at Covent Garden?"

"I have never been to one," Elsie put in.

"Gracious heavens, neither have I! What on earth do you take me for? But I mean to see where fate will lead me."

"I may go with you?" Elsie pleaded.

"Certainly *not*, my child," I answered—she was three years older than I, so I had the right to patronize her. "That would spoil all. Your dear little face would be quite enough to scare away a timid adventure." She knew what I meant. It was gentle and pensive, but it lacked initiative.

So, when we had finished that wall, I put on my best hat, and strolled out by myself into Kensington Gardens.

I am told I ought to have been terribly alarmed at the straits in which I found myself—a girl of twenty-one, alone in the world, and only twopence short of penniless, without a friend to protect, a relation to counsel, her. (I don't count Aunt Susan, who lurked in ladylike indigence at Blackheath, and whose counsel was given away too profusely to everybody to allow of one's placing any very high value upon it.) But, as a matter of fact, I must admit I was not in the least alarmed. Nature had endowed me with a profusion of crisp black hair, and plenty

"I AM GOING OUT, SIMPLY IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE."

of high spirits. If my eyes had been like Elsie's—that liquid blue which looks out upon life with mingled pity and amazement—I might have felt as a girl ought to feel under such conditions; but having large dark eyes, with a bit of a twinkle in them, and being as well able to pilot a bicycle as any girl of my acquaintance, I have inherited or acquired an outlook on the world which distinctly leans rather towards cheeriness than despondency. I croak with difficulty. So I accepted my plight as an amusing experience, affording full scope for the congenial exercise of courage and ingenuity.

How boundless are the opportunities of Kensington Gardens—the Round Pond, the winding Serpentine, the mysterious seclusion of the Dutch brick Palace. Genii swarm there. It is a land of romance, bounded on the north by the Abyss of Bayswater, and on the south by the Amphitheatre of the Albert Hall. But for a centre of adventure I chose the Long Walk; it beckoned me somewhat as the North-West Passage beckoned my seafaring ancestors—the buccaneering mariners of Elizabethan Devon. I sat down on a chair at the foot of an old elm with a poetic hollow, prosaically filled by a utilitarian plate of galvanized iron. Two ancient ladies were seated on the other side already—very grand-looking dames, with the haughty and exclusive ugliness of the English aristocracy in its later stages. For frank hideousness, commend me to the noble dowager. They were talking confidentially as I sat down; the trifling episode of my approach did not suffice to stem the full stream of their conversation. The great ignore the intrusion of their inferiors.

"Yes, it's a terrible nuisance," the eldest and ugliest of the two observed—she was a high-born lady, with a distinctly cantankerous cast of countenance. She had a Roman nose, and her skin was wrinkled like a wilted apple; she wore coffee-coloured point-lace in her bonnet, with a complexion to match. "But what could I do, my dear? I simply *couldn't* put up with such insolence. So I looked her straight back in the face—oh, she quailed, I can tell you; and I said to her, in my iciest voice—you know how icy I can be when occasion demands it"—the second old lady nodded an ungrudging assent, as if perfectly prepared to admit her friend's gift of iciness—"I said to her, 'Célestine, you can take your month's wages, and half an hour to get out of this house.' And she dropped me a deep reverence, and she answered: '*Oui, madame; merci beaucoup, madame; je ne désire pas mieux, madame.*' And out she flounced. So there was the end of it."

"OUI, MADAME; MERCI BEAUCOUP, MADAME."

"Still, you go to Schlangenbad on Monday?"

"That's the point. On Monday. If it weren't for the journey, I should have been glad enough to be rid of the minx. I'm glad as it is, indeed; for a more insolent, independent, answer-you-back-again young woman, with a sneer of her own, *I* never saw, Amelia—but I *must* get to Schlangenbad. Now, there the difficulty comes in. On the one hand, if I engage a maid in London, I have the choice of two evils. I must either take a trapesing English girl—and I know by experience that an English girl on the Continent is a vast deal worse than no maid at all: *you* have to wait upon *her*, instead of her waiting upon you; she gets seasick on the crossing, and when she reaches France or Germany, she hates the meals, and she can't speak the language, so that she's always calling you in to interpret for her in her private differences with the *fille-de-chambre* and the landlord: or else I must pick up a French maid in London, and I know equally by experience that the French maids one engages in London are invariably dishonest—more dishonest than the rest even; they've come here because they have no character elsewhere, and they think you aren't likely to write and inquire of their last mistress in Toulouse or St. Petersburg. Then, again, on the other hand, I can't wait to get a Gretchen, an unsophisticated little Gretchen of the Taunus at Schlangenbad—I suppose there *are* unsophisticated girls in Germany still—made in Germany—they don't make 'em any longer in England, I'm sure—like everything else, the trade in rustic innocence has been driven from the country. I can't wait to get a Gretchen, as I should like to do, of course, because I simply *daren't* undertake to cross the Channel alone and go all that long journey by Ostend or Calais, Brussels and Cologne, to Schlangenbad."

"You could get a temporary maid," her friend suggested, in a lull of the tornado.

The Cantankerous Old Lady flared up. "Yes, and have my jewel-case stolen! Or find she was an English girl without one word of German. Or nurse her on the boat when I want to give my undivided attention to my own misfortunes. No, Amelia, I call it positively unkind of you to suggest such a thing. You're *so* unsympathetic! I put my foot down there. I will *not* take any temporary person."

I saw my chance. This was a delightful idea. Why not start for Schlangenbad with the Cantankerous Old Lady?

Of course, I had not the slightest intention of taking a lady's-maid's place for a permanency. Nor even, if it comes to that, as a passing expedient. But *if* I wanted to go round the world, how could I do better than set out by the Rhine country? The Rhine leads you on to the Danube, the Danube to the Black Sea, the Black Sea to Asia; and so by way of India, China, and Japan, you reach the Pacific and San Francisco; whence one returns quite easily by New York and the White Star Liners. I began to feel like a globe-trotter already; the Cantankerous Old Lady was the thin end of the wedge—the first rung of the ladder!

I leaned around the corner of the tree and spoke. "Excuse me," I said, in my suavest voice, "but I think I see a way out of your difficulty."

"'EXCUSE ME,' I SAID, 'BUT I THINK I SEE A WAY OUT OF YOUR DIFFICULTY.'"

My first impression was that the Cantankerous Old Lady would go off in a fit of apoplexy. She grew purple in the face with indignation and astonishment, that a casual outsider should venture to address her; so much so, indeed, that for a second I almost regretted my well-meant interposition. Then she scanned me up and down, as if I were a girl in a mantle shop, and she contemplated buying either me or the mantle. At last, catching my eye, she thought better of it, and burst out laughing.

"What do you mean by this eavesdropping?" she asked.

I flushed up in turn. "This is a public place," I replied, with dignity; "and you spoke in a tone which was hardly designed for the strictest privacy. Besides, I desired to do you a service."

The Cantankerous Old Lady regarded me once more from head to foot. I did not quail. Then she turned to her companion. "The girl has spirit," she remarked, in an encouraging tone, as if she were discussing some absent person. "Upon my word, Amelia, I rather like the look of her. Well, my good woman, what do you want to suggest to me?"

"Merely this," I replied, bridling up and crushing her. "I am a Girton girl, an officer's daughter, and I have nothing in particular to do for the moment. I don't object to going to Schlangenbad. I would convoy you over, as companion, or lady-help, or anything else you choose to call it; I would remain with you there for a week, till you could arrange with your Gretchen, presumably unsophisticated; and then I would leave you. Salary is unimportant; my fare suffices. I accept the chance as a cheap opportunity of attaining Schlangenbad."

The yellow-faced old lady put up her long-handled tortoise-shell eyeglasses and inspected me all over again. "Well, I declare," she murmured. "What are girls coming to, I wonder? Girton, you say; Girton! That place at Cambridge! You speak Greek, of course; but how about German?"

"Like a native," I answered, with cheerful promptitude. "I was at school in Canton Berne; it is a mother tongue to me."

"No, no," the old lady went on, fixing her keen small eyes on my mouth. "Those little lips could never frame themselves to 'schlecht' or 'wunderschön'; they were not cut out for it."

"Pardon me," I answered, in German. "What I say, that I mean. The never-to-be-forgotten music of the Fatherland's-speech has on my infant ear from the first-beginning impressed itself."

The old lady laughed aloud.

"Don't jabber it to me, child," she cried. "I hate the lingo. It's the one tongue on earth that even a pretty girl's lips fail to render attractive. You yourself make faces over it. What's your name, young woman?"

"Lois Cayley."

"Lois! *What* a name! I never heard of any Lois in my life before, except Timothy's grandmother. *You're* not anybody's grandmother, are you?"

"Not to my knowledge," I answered, gravely.

She burst out laughing again.

"Well, you'll do, I think," she said, catching my arm. "That big mill down yonder hasn't ground the originality altogether out of you. I adore originality. It was clever of you to catch at the suggestion of this arrangement. Lois Cayley, you say; any relation of a madcap Captain Cayley whom I used once to know, in the Forty-second Highlanders?"

"His daughter," I answered, flushing. For I was proud of my father.

"Ha! I remember; he died, poor fellow; he was a good soldier—and his"—I felt she was going to say "his fool of a widow," but a glance from me quelled her; "his widow went and married that good-looking scapegrace, Jack Watts-Morgan. Never marry a man, my dear, with a double-barrelled name and no visible means of subsistence: above all, if he's generally known by a nickname. So you're poor Tom Cayley's daughter, are you? Well, well, we can settle this little matter between us. Mind, I'm a person who always expects to have my own way. If you come with *me* to Schlangenbad, you must do as I tell you."

"I *think* I could manage it—for a week," I answered, demurely.

She smiled at my audacity. We passed on to terms. They were quite satisfactory. She wanted no references. "Do I look like a woman who cares about a reference? You take my fancy; that's the point! And poor Tom Cayley! But, mind, I will *not* be contradicted."

"And your name and address?" I asked, after we had settled preliminaries.

A faint red spot rose quaintly in the centre of the Cantankerous Old Lady's sallow cheek. "My dear," she murmured, "my name is the one thing on earth I'm really ashamed of. My parents chose to inflict upon me the most odious label that human ingenuity ever devised for a Christian soul; and I've not had courage enough to burst out and change it."

A gleam of intuition flashed across me. "You don't mean to say," I exclaimed, "that you're called Georgina?"

The Cantankerous Old Lady gripped my arm hard. "What an unusually intelligent girl!" she broke in. "How on earth did you guess? It *is* Georgina."

"Fellow-feeling," I answered. "So is mine, Georgina Lois. But as I quite agree with you as to the atrocity of such conduct, I have suppressed the Georgina. It ought to be made penal to send innocent girls into the world so burdened."

"My opinion to a T! You are really an exceptionally sensible young woman. There's my name and address; I start on Monday."

I glanced at her card. The very copperplate was noisy. "Lady Georgina Fawley, 49, Fortescue Crescent, W."

It had taken us twenty minutes to arrange our protocols. As I walked off, well pleased, Lady Georgina's friend ran after me quickly.

"You must take care," she said, in a warning voice. "You've caught a Tartar."

"So I suspect," I answered. "But a week in Tartary will be at least an experience."

"She has an awful temper."

"That's nothing. So have I. Appalling, I assure you. And if it comes to blows, I'm bigger and younger and stronger than she is."

"Well, I wish you well out of it."

"Thank you. It is kind of you to give me this warning. But I think I can take care of myself. I come, you see, of a military family."

I nodded my thanks, and strolled back to Elsie's. Dear little Elsie was in transports of surprise when I related my adventure.

"Will you really go? And what will you do, my dear, when you get there?"

"I haven't a notion," I answered; "but, anyhow, I shall have got there."

"Oh, Brownie, you might starve!"

"And I might starve in London. In either place, I have only two hands and one head to help me."

"But, then, here you are among friends. You might stop with me for ever."

I kissed her fluffy forehead. "You good, generous little Elsie," I cried; "I won't stop here one moment after I have finished the painting and papering. I came here to help you. I couldn't go on eating your hard-earned bread and doing nothing. I know how sweet you are; but the last thing I want is to add to your burdens. Now let us roll up our sleeves again and get on with the dado."

"But, Brownie, you'll want to be getting your own things ready. Remember, you're off to Germany on Monday."

I shrugged my shoulders. 'Tis a foreign trick I picked up in Switzerland. "What have I got to get ready?" I asked. "I can't go out and buy a complete summer outfit in Bond Street for twopence. Now, don't look at me like that: be practical, Elsie, and let me help you paint the dado." For unless I helped her, poor Elsie could never have finished it herself. I cut out half her clothes for her; her own ideas were almost entirely limited to differential calculus. And cutting out a blouse by differential calculus is weary, uphill work for a high-school teacher.

By Monday I had papered and furnished the rooms, and was ready to start on my voyage of exploration. I met the Cantankerous Old Lady at Charing Cross, by appointment, and proceeded to take charge of her luggage and tickets.

Oh my, how fussy she was! "You will drop that basket! I hope you have got through tickets, *viâ* Malines, *not* by Brussels—I won't go by Brussels. You have to change there. Now, mind you notice how much the luggage weighs in English pounds, and make the man at the office give you a note of it to

"A MOST URBANE AND OBLIGING CONTINENTAL GENTLEMAN."

check those horrid Belgian porters. They'll charge you for double the weight, unless you reduce it at once to kilogrammes. *I* know their ways. Foreigners have no consciences. They just go to the priest and confess, you know, and wipe it all out, and start fresh again on a career of crime next morning. I'm sure I don't know why I *ever* go abroad. The only country in the world fit to live in is England. No mosquitoes, no passports, no—goodness gracious, child, don't let that odious man bang about my hat-box! Have you no immortal soul, porter, that you crush other people's property as if it was blackbeetles? No, I will *not* let you take this, Lois; this is my jewel-box—it contains all that remains of the Fawley family jewels. I positively decline to appear at Schlangenbad without a diamond to my back. This never leaves my hands. It's hard enough nowadays to keep body and skirt together. *Have* you secured that *coupé* at Ostend?"

We got into our first-class carriage. It was clean and comfortable; but the Cantankerous Old Lady made the porter mop the floor, and fidgeted and worried till we slid out of the station. Fortunately, the only other occupant of the compartment was a most urbane and obliging Continental gentleman—I say Continental, because I never quite made out whether he was French, German, or Austrian—who was anxious in every way to meet Lady Georgina's wishes. Did madame desire to have the window open? Oh, certainly, with pleasure; the day was so sultry. Closed a little more? *Parfaitement*, there *was* a current of air, *il faut l'admettre*. Madame would prefer the corner? No? Then perhaps she would like this valise for a footstool? *Permettez*—just thus. A cold draught runs so often along the floor in railway carriages. This is Kent that we traverse; ah, the garden of England! As a diplomat, he knew every nook of Europe, and he echoed the *mot* he had accidentally heard drop from madame's lips on the platform: no country in the world so delightful as England!

"Monsieur is attached to the Embassy in London?" Lady Georgina inquired, growing affable.

He twirled his grey moustache: a waxed moustache of great distinction. "No, madame; I have quitted the diplomatic service; I inhabit London now *pour mon agrément*. Some of my compatriots call it *triste*; for me, I find it the most fascinating capital in Europe. What gaiety! What movement! What poetry! What mystery!"

"If mystery means fog, it challenges the world," I interposed.

He gazed at me with fixed eyes. "Yes, mademoiselle," he answered, in quite a different and markedly chilly voice. "Whatever your great country attempts—were it only a fog—it achieves consummately."

I have quick intuitions. I felt the foreign gentleman took an instinctive dislike to me.

To make up for it, he talked much, and with animation, to Lady Georgina. They ferreted out friends in common, and were as much surprised at it as people always are at that inevitable experience.

"Ah, yes, madame, I recollect him well in Vienna. I was there at the time, attached to our Legation. He was a charming man; you read his masterly paper on the Central Problem of the Dual Empire?"

"You were in Vienna then!" the Cantankerous Old Lady mused back. "Lois, my child, don't stare"—she had covenanted from the first to call me Lois, as my father's daughter, and I confess I preferred it to being Miss Cayley'd. "We must surely have met. Dare I ask your name, monsieur?"

I could see the foreign gentleman was delighted at this turn. He had played for it, and carried his point. He meant her to ask him. He had a card in his pocket, conveniently close; and he handed it across to her. She read it, and passed it on: "M. le Comte de Laroche-sur-Loiret."

"Oh, I remember your name well," the Cantankerous Old Lady broke in. "I think you knew my husband, Sir Evelyn Fawley, and my father, Lord Kynaston."

The Count looked profoundly surprised and delighted. "What! you are then Lady Georgina Fawley!" he cried, striking an attitude. "Indeed, miladi, your admirable husband was one of the very first to exert his influence in my favour at Vienna. Do I recall him, *ce cher* Sir Evelyn? If I recall him! What a fortunate rencounter! I must have seen you some years ago at Vienna, miladi, though I had not then the great pleasure of making your acquaintance. But your face had impressed itself on my sub-conscious self!" (I did not learn till later that the esoteric doctrine of the sub-conscious self was Lady Georgina's favourite hobby.) "The moment chance led me to this carriage this morning, I said to myself, 'That face, those features: so vivid, so striking: I have seen them somewhere. With what do I connect them in the recesses of my memory? A high-born family; genius; rank; the diplomatic service; some unnameable charm; some faint touch of eccentricity. Ha! I have it.

Vienna, a carriage with footmen in red livery, a noble presence, a crowd of wits—poets, artists, politicians — pressing eagerly round the landau.' That was my mental picture as I sat and confronted you: I understand it all now; this is Lady Georgina Fawley!"

I thought the Cantankerous Old Lady, who was a shrewd person in her way, must surely see through this obvious patter; but I had underestimated the average human capacity for swallowing flattery. Instead of dismissing his fulsome nonsense with a contemptuous smile, Lady Georgina perked herself up with a conscious air of coquetry, and asked for more. "Yes, they were delightful days in Vienna," she said, simpering; "I was young then, Count; I enjoyed life with a zest."

"Persons of miladi's temperament are always young," the Count retorted, glibly, leaning forward and gazing at her. "Growing old is a foolish habit of the stupid and the vacant. Men and women of *esprit* are never older. One learns as one goes on in life to admire, not the obvious beauty of mere youth and health"—he glanced across at me disdainfully—"but the profounder beauty of deep character in a face—that calm and serene beauty which is imprinted on the brow by experience of the emotions."

"PERSONS OF MILADI'S TEMPERAMENT ARE ALWAYS YOUNG."

"I have had my moments," Lady Georgina murmured, with her head on one side.

"I believe it, miladi," the Count answered, and ogled her.

Thenceforward to Dover, they talked together with ceaseless animation. The Cantankerous Old Lady was capital company. She had a tang in her tongue, and in the course of ninety minutes she had flayed alive the greater part of London society, with keen wit and sprightliness. I laughed against my will at her ill-tempered sallies; they were too funny not to amuse, in spite of their vitriol. As for the Count, he was charmed. He talked well himself, too, and between them, I almost forgot the time till we arrived at Dover.

It was a very rough passage. The Count helped us to carry our nineteen hand-packages and four rugs on board; but I noticed that, fascinated as she was with him, Lady Georgina resisted his ingenious efforts to gain possession of her precious jewel-case as she descended the gangway. She clung to it like grim death, even in the chops of the Channel. Fortunately I am a good sailor, and when Lady Georgina's sallow cheek began to grow pale, I was steady enough to supply her with her shawl and her smelling-bottle. She fidgeted and worried the whole way over. She *would* be treated like a vertebrate animal. Those horrid Belgians had no right to stick their deck-chairs just in front of her. The impertinence of the hussies with the bright red hair — a grocer's daughters, she felt sure — in venturing to come and sit on the same bench with *her*—the bench "for ladies only," under the lee of the funnel! "Ladies only," indeed! Did the baggages pretend they considered themselves ladies? Oh, that placid old gentleman

in the episcopal gaiters was their father, was he? Well, a bishop should bring up his daughters better, having his children in subjection with all gravity. Instead of which—"Lois, my smelling-salts!" This was a beastly boat; such an odour of machinery; they had no decent boats nowadays; with all our boasted improvements, she could remember well when the cross-Channel service was much better conducted than it was at present. But *that* was before we had compulsory education. The working classes were driving trade out of the country, and the consequence was, we couldn't build a boat which didn't reek like an oil-shop. Even the sailors on board were French—jabbering idiots; not an honest British Jack-tar among the lot of them; though the stewards were English, and very inferior Cockney English at that, with their off-hand ways, and their School Board airs and graces. *She'd* School Board them if they were her servants; *she'd* show them the sort of respect that was due to birth and education. But the children of the lower classes never learnt their catechism nowadays; they were too much occupied with literatoor, jography, and free-'and drawrin'. Happily for my nerves, a good lurch to leeward put a stop for a while to the course of her thoughts on the present distresses.

At Ostend, the Count made a second gallant attempt to capture the jewel-case, which Lady Georgina automatically repulsed. She had a fixed habit, I believe, of sticking fast to that jewel-case; for she was too overpowered by the Count's urbanity, I feel sure, to suspect for a moment his honesty of purpose. But whenever she travelled, I fancy, she clung to her case as if her life depended upon it: it contained the whole of her valuable diamonds.

We had twenty minutes for refreshments at Ostend, during which interval my old lady declared with warmth that I *must* look after her registered luggage; though, as it was booked through to Cologne, I could not even see it till we crossed the German frontier; for the Belgian *douaniers* seal up the van as soon as the through baggage for Germany is unloaded. To satisfy her, however, I went through the formality of pretending to inspect it, and rendered myself hateful to the head of the *douane* by asking various foolish and inept questions, on which Lady Georgina insisted. When I had finished this silly and uncongenial task—for I am not by nature fussy, and it is hard to assume fussiness as another person's proxy—I returned to our *coupé* which I had arranged for in London. To my great amazement, I found the Cantankerous Old Lady and the egregious Count comfortably seated there. "Monsieur has been good enough to accept a place in our carriage," she observed, as I entered.

He bowed and smiled. "Or, rather, madame has been so kind as to offer me one," he corrected.

"Would you like some lunch, Lady Georgina?" I asked, in my chilliest voice. "There are ten minutes to spare, and the *buffet* is excellent."

"An admirable inspiration," the Count murmured. "Permit me to escort you, miladi."

"You will come, Lois?" Lady Georgina asked.

"No, thank you," I answered, for I had an idea. "I am a capital sailor, but the sea takes away my appetite."

"Then you'll keep our places," she said, turning to me. "I hope you won't allow them to stick in any horrid foreigners! They will try to force them on you unless you insist. *I* know their tricky ways. You have the tickets, I trust? And the *bulletin* for the *coupé*? Well, mind you don't lose the paper for the registered luggage. Don't let those dreadful porters touch my cloaks. And if anybody attempts to get in, be sure you stand in front of the door as they mount to prevent them."

The Count handed her out; he was all high courtly politeness. As Lady Georgina descended, he made yet another dexterous effort to relieve her of the jewel-case. I don't think she noticed it, but automatically once more she waved him aside. Then she turned to me. "Here, my dear," she said, handing it to me, "you'd better take care of it. If I lay it down in the *buffet* while I am eating my soup, some rogue may run away with it. But mind, don't let it out of your hands on any account. Hold it so, on your knee; and, for Heaven's sake, don't part with it."

By this time my suspicions of the Count were profound. From the first I had doubted him; he was so blandly plausible. But as we landed at Ostend, I had accidentally overheard a low whispered conversation when he passed a shabby-looking man, who had travelled in a second-class carriage from London. "That succeeds?" the shabby-looking man had muttered under his breath in French, as the haughty nobleman with the waxed moustache brushed by him.

"That succeeds admirably," the Count had answered, in the same soft undertone. "*Ça réussit à merveille.*"

I understood him to mean that he had

"'THAT SUCCEEDS?' THE SHABBY-LOOKING MAN MUTTERED."

prospered in his attempt to impose on Lady Georgina.

They had been gone five minutes at the *buffet*, when the Count came back hurriedly to the door of the *coupé* with a *nonchalant* air. "Oh, mademoiselle," he said, in an off-hand tone, "Lady Georgina has sent me to fetch her jewel-case."

I gripped it hard with both hands. "*Pardon*, M. le Comte," I answered; "Lady Georgina intrusted it to *my* safe keeping, and, without her leave, I cannot give it up to anyone."

"You mistrust me?" he cried, looking black. "You doubt my honour? You doubt my word when I say that miladi has sent me?"

"*Du tout*," I answered, calmly. "But I have Lady Georgina's orders to stick to this case; and till Lady Georgina returns, I stick to it."

He murmured some indignant remark below his breath, and walked off. The shabby-looking passenger was pacing up and down the platform outside in a badly-made dust-coat. As they passed, their lips moved. The Count's seemed to mutter, "*C'est un coup manqué*."

However, he did not desist even so. I saw he meant to go on with his dangerous little game. He returned to the *buffet* and rejoined Lady Georgina. I felt sure it would be useless to warn her, so completely had the Count succeeded in gulling her; but I took my own steps. I examined the jewel-case closely. It had a leather outer covering; within was a strong steel box, with stout bands of metal to bind it. I took my cue at once, and acted for the best on my own responsibility.

When Lady Georgina and the Count returned, they were like old friends together. The quails in aspic and the sparkling hock had evidently opened their hearts to one another. As far as Malines, they laughed and talked without ceasing. Lady Georgina was now in her finest vein of spleen: her acid wit grew sharper and more caustic each moment. Not a reputation in Europe had a rag left to cover it as we steamed in beneath the huge iron roof of the main central junction.

I had observed all the way from Ostend that the Count had been anxious lest we might have to give up our *coupé* at Malines. I assured him more than once that his fears were groundless, for I had arranged at Charing Cross that it should run right through to the German frontier. But he waved me aside, with one lordly hand. I had not told Lady Georgina of his vain attempt to take possession of her jewel-case; and the bare fact of my silence made him increasingly suspicious of me.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," he said, coldly; "you do not understand these lines as well as I do. Nothing is more common than for those rascals of railway clerks to sell one a place in a *coupé* or a *wagon-lit*, and then never reserve it, or turn one out half way. It is very possible miladi may have to descend at Malines."

Lady Georgina bore him out by a large variety of selected stories concerning the various atrocities of the rival companies which had stolen her luggage on her way to Italy. As for *trains de luxe*, they were dens of robbers.

So when we reached Malines, just to satisfy Lady Georgina, I put out my head and inquired of a porter. As I anticipated, he

replied that there was no change; we went through to Verviers.

The Count, however, was still unsatisfied. He descended, and made some remarks a little further down the platform to an official in the gold-banded cap of a *chef-de-gare*, or some such functionary. Then he returned to us, all fuming. "It is as I said," he exclaimed, flinging open the door. "These rogues have deceived us. The *coupé* goes no further. You must dismount at once, miladi, and take the train just opposite."

I felt sure he was wrong, and I ventured to say so. But Lady Georgina cried, "Nonsense, child! The *chef-de-gare* must know. Get out at once! Bring my bag and the rugs! Mind that cloak! Don't forget the sandwich-tin! Thanks, Count; will you kindly take charge of my umbrellas? Hurry up, Lois; hurry up; the train is just starting!"

I scrambled after her, with my fourteen bundles, keeping a quiet eye meanwhile on the jewel-case.

"HE MADE AN UNEXPECTED DASH BACK."

We took our seats in the opposite train, which I noticed was marked "Amsterdam, Bruxelles, Paris." But I said nothing. The Count jumped in, jumped about, arranged our parcels, jumped out again. He spoke to a porter: then he rushed back excitedly. "*Mille pardons*, miladi," he cried. "I find the *chef-de-gare* has cruelly deceived me. You were right, after all, mademoiselle! We must return to the *coupé*!"

With singular magnanimity, I refrained from saying, "I told you so."

Lady Georgina, very flustered and hot by this time, tumbled out once more, and bolted back to the *coupé*. Both trains were just starting. In her hurry, at last, she let the Count take possession of her jewel-case. I rather fancy that as he passed one window he handed it in to the shabby-looking passenger; but I am not certain. At any rate, when we were comfortably seated in our own compartment once more, and he stood on the footboard just about to enter, of a sudden, he made an unexpected dash back, and flung himself wildly into a Paris carriage. At the self-same moment, with a piercing shriek, both trains started.

Lady Georgina flung up her hands in a frenzy of horror. "My diamonds!" she cried aloud. "Oh, Lois, my diamonds!"

"Don't distress yourself," I answered, holding her back, or I verily believe she would have leapt from the train. "He has only taken the outer shell, with the sandwich-case inside it. *Here* is the steel box!" And I produced it, triumphantly.

She seized it, overjoyed. "How did this happen?" she cried, hugging it, for she loved those diamonds.

"Very simply," I answered. "I saw the man was a rogue, and that he had a confederate with him in another carriage. So, while you were gone to the *buffet* at Ostend, I slipped the box out of the case, and put in the sandwich-tin, that he might carry it off, and we might have proofs against him. All you have to do now is to inform the conductor, who will telegraph to stop the train to Paris. I spoke to him about that at Ostend, so that everything is ready."

She positively hugged me. "My dear," she cried, "you are the cleverest little woman I ever met in my life! Who on earth could have suspected such a polished gentleman? Why, you're worth your weight in gold. What ever shall I do without you at Schlangenbad?"

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XLI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

MORE SMOKING-ROOM CONFIDENCES.

LAST month I was privileged to record the opinion of an eminent publicist on the chances and probabilities of the next Liberal Premier. The conversation, or, to be more precise, the monologue, later extended to the Conservative field. Here, as in the earlier chapter, my part is absolutely confined to the humble duty of recorder. I can only repeat that if I were at liberty to mention the name of the authority for these *obiter dicta* they would gain alike in personal interest and in political importance.

"The question of who is to be the next Conservative Premier is one," my mentor said, "more likely to present itself on an early day than is the other we have been talking about. Lord Salisbury is not of a resigning disposition. 'I will never,' he has wittily said, 'consent to be in politics the Dowager Lord Salisbury.' He is a man of indomitable pluck, with a high sense of his duty to his country, and an honest conviction that it is most completely performed when Robert Cecil has his hand on the helm of State. But no one who watched him in the House of Lords last Session, or who has had personal dealings with him during the past six months, can fail to perceive that the state of his health leaves much to the desire of his many friends and innumerable admirers. At best he is not likely to form a Fourth Administration. Inevitably within a year or two the Conservative Party will be face to face with the necessity of electing a new Leader.

THE UNEXPECTED FOOTPRINT.

MR. GOSCHEN.

"I fancy when Goschen finally made up his mind to cross the Rubicon, on the marge of which he had long dallied, he was not free from expectation that some day he might be called upon to lead the Tory Party. When he went over, Arthur Balfour was untried; Hartington had declared against fusion of the two elements of the Unionist Party; whilst Chamberlain was yearning after what he called a Nationalist Party, presumably made up of Jesse Collingses and Powell Williamses. It was quite on the cards when Goschen delivered the Conservatives from the dilemma in which Randolph Churchill's defection left them that events might so shape themselves as to bring him to the Leadership of the House of Commons. But events took other shapes, notably in the development of Arthur Balfour into a first-class Leader. Hence Goschen's opportunity has finally eluded his grasp. So far from leading the party, it is doubtful whether the inexorable age limit will not preclude his inclusion in the next Conservative Ministry, whenever, by whomsoever, it is formed. No one recognises that fact more clearly than does the present First Lord of the Admiralty, and none will accept the situation with greater dignity.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

"Failing Arthur Balfour, the man on the Treasury Bench whom the Conservative Party of all sections would hail with acclamation as Leader is Hicks-Beach. I saw last year you noted the curious—as far as my personal knowledge goes, the unique—case of a man who has by ordinary

stages, dating from early manhood, won a high position in politics and Parliament, remaining stationary for a period, beginning again, and making steady, unmistakable advances in public favour. Last Session, though not marked on his part by any special achievement, was the high-water mark of Hicks-Beach's Parliamentary career. It is possible that he benefits by comparisons suggested by near companionship. In matters of fact, especially of finance, he is more reliable than his more brilliant colleague, the First Lord of the Treasury. Against the ultimate supremacy of Chamberlain he offers a barrier which good Conservatives fondly contemplate. 'If,' they say to each other, 'anything were to happen to Arthur Balfour, Joe would be inevitable save for Hicks-Beach.'

"That is a fresh bond between this upright, stiff-backed, uncompromising Conservative country gentleman and the party whose best instincts and habits he worthily represents.

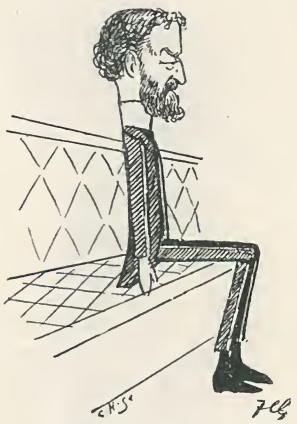
MR. CURZON.

"It is too soon to speak of George Curzon. But if there did not hang over him the extinguisher of a coronet, I should confidently look for him seated in due time in the place of the Leader of the House of Commons, with the Premiership to follow. He holds on the Treasury Bench a position closely analogous to that of Edward Grey in the Opposition Camp. Young, of good birth, impelled by Parliamentary instincts, a clear thinker, a forcible speaker, he has the advantage over his predecessor at the Foreign Office that he means to get to the top of the Parliamentary ladder. It is the fashion among some people to sneer at his superior manner and alleged affectation of speech. These superficial judges regard him as a sort of Parliamentary dandy. Wherein they are mightily mistaken. George Curzon is not physically a strong man, though hard work happily agrees with him, and since he went to the Foreign Office his health has been better than at any time since he left Oxford. But confronted with what he regarded as the duty of mastering the Eastern Question, he set out on an arduous journey, visiting Persia, Siam, Central Asia, Indo-China, and the Corea, scaling the Pamirs, making a morning call on the Ameer at a time when Cabul was in unrest, and the Khyber Pass promised to renew its old character as a death-trap for adventurous Englishmen.

"A man that goes to work in this fashion is the kind out of which able Ministers are made. Met in a drawing-room or seen lolling on the Treasury Bench, George Curzon looks a lath. He is really a blade of tempered steel, and will go far. The pity of it is that his father is a peer, and he the eldest son.

MR. BALFOUR AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

"These reflections deal with contingencies at present remote. The actual competition for the Leadership of the Constitutional Party lies between the nephew of the Marquis of Salisbury and the ex-Mayor of once Radical Birmingham, the Jack Cade of Stafford Northcote's startled fancy, the politician who in 1885 affrighted staid Liberals with his unauthorized programme.



UPRIGHT AND STIFF-BACKED.

"The surprise of such a position of affairs is so dazzling in the case of Mr. Chamberlain as to obscure all lesser lights. Nevertheless, Mr. Arthur Balfour's contribution is part of the romance of political life. There were none even among the far-seeing who, sixteen or even a dozen years ago, ventured to predict the Arthur Balfour of to-day. The Leader of the present House of Commons has been a member for nearly a quarter of a century, and though perennially young, may commence to reckon himself among the old stagers. In his first Parliament, from 1874 to 1880, so far from having made a mark, he passed absolutely unrecognised. Very early in the next Parliament, incited by the vitality of Lord Randolph Churchill and his colleagues of the Fourth Party, the young member for Hertford began to come to the front."

[The first note made of his appearance by a long-time student of Parliamentary men and manner bears date August 20, 1880. As it was placed on public record at the time, I may quote it here without risk of accusation of being wise after the event. "The member for Hertford," it was then written,

THE RACE FOR THE LEADERSHIP.

" is one of the most interesting young men in the House. He is not a good speaker, but he is endowed with the rich gift of conveying the impression that presently he will be a successful Parliamentary debater, and that in the meantime it is well he should practise. He is a pleasing specimen of the highest form of the culture and good breeding which stand to the credit of Cambridge University. He is not without desire to say hard things of the adversary opposite, and sometimes yields to the temptation. But it is ever done with such sweet and gentle grace, and is smoothed over by such earnest protestation of innocent intention, that the adversary rather likes it than otherwise."]

"At the date of publication," said my mentor, to whom I showed the note, "that would doubtless be regarded as a somewhat exaggerated estimate of Balfour's position and potentiality. He was, in truth, then regarded as a sort of fragile ornamentation of the hard-headed, hard-working Fourth Party. They suffered him, liked him, but could very well do without him. In his first Ministerial office as Secretary for Scotland, Balfour did not stir the pulses of the House. His chance came when illness drove Hicks-Beach from the Irish Office, and a belated Premier was peremptorily called upon to find a successor. From the very first, Arthur Balfour set his back against the wall and let it be seen that if the Irish members wanted fight, here was a man who would give them plenty. From the time he went to the Irish Office up to the present day, he has, with occasional temporary lapses due to physical lassitude and exhausted patience, steadily pressed forward. On the death of W. H. Smith he was the inevitable Leader of the House of Commons, and took his seat on the Treasury Bench, with Randolph Churchill finally out of the running, John Gorst in subordinate office under him, Drummond Wolff comfortably shelved in Ambassadorial quarters. Thus shall the last be first and the first last.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

"Arthur Balfour is, as he deserves to be, popular with the Conservative Party. I should say his personal popularity exceeds that of any of his colleagues, not excepting the Prime Minister. Lord Salisbury is highly esteemed in the City of London, now, as Goschen must sometimes reflect with surprise, the beating heart of British Toryism. I well remember a time when Arthur Balfour in his chivalrous manner made excuses for non-attendance at Lord Mayors' Banquets and the like, being painfully embarrassed by the exuberance of a reception which thrust his uncle for the time into the second place.

"Of the many causes of his popularity with good Conservatives this stands forth with supremest force: 'Arthur Balfour,' they say, 'keeps Joe out of the Leadership.' That, I fancy, is as near the exact truth as club axioms run. If Arthur Balfour were to-morrow to be removed from the House of Commons, Chamberlain would, within possibly a decent interval of twelve months, be seated in the place of Disraeli and of Sir Robert Peel. For a long time after his secession from the Liberal camp I personally clung to the conviction that, however far he might go in his opposition to Gladstone and to those who remained faithful to the old chief, he would never appear in public and in history as Leader of the Party of which he was up to January, 1886, the most violent denouncer, the most relentless foe. I have to-day no particle of such faith. I do not believe Chamberlain's Radical instincts and convictions have faded by a shade. But I perceive he has convinced himself that they may, for all practical purposes, be just as well exploited from the Conservative camp as from the Liberal. The Conservative Party, scarcely yet recovered from the surprise of their majority,

having passed the Workmen's Compensation Bill of last Session, and with other kindred memories crowding upon them, perceive that Chamberlain is, as usual, pretty correct. Ever since he went over to help them they have feared him more than they have loved him. They will not, save *in extremis*, accept him as Leader. Chamberlain, not unconscious of this prejudice, may console himself with reflection on the fact that, fifty years ago, analogous circumstances existed with at least equal bitterness to the detriment of Disraeli, who yet lived to become not only the Leader but the idol of the Tory Party.

"Still, there is always Arthur Balfour, over whom no deadly peerage hangs, and who is twelve years younger than his esteemed friend and admired colleague, the Secretary of State for the Colonies."

FRANK LOCKWOOD.

Although the Session is nearly a month old the House of Commons has not yet grown accustomed to the absence of Frank Lockwood. His burly figure with its more than 6ft. of height was not one easy to miss in a crowd. Superadded were a sunny countenance and a breezy manner, that made their influence promptly felt.

IN THE PLACE OF DISRAELI.

The position finally secured by Lockwood in Parliamentary debate disappointed some of his friends, who looked for fuller development of his great gifts. Lockwood himself felt somehow he ought to have done better. But the situation did not affect his loyal esteem for the House of Commons, a feeling deepening almost to personal affection. He had good cause to be satisfied with his success at the Bar. He would have bartered a large slice of it for a stronger hold on the House of Commons. That he did not secure it was due to temperament rather than to lack of capacity. He was, up to the last, afraid of the House, a superstition that had to some extent the effect of paralyzing his powers. If he could have flung himself into Parliamentary debate with the same *abandon* that he tackled a witness in court or addressed a common-law jury, he would have carried all before him at Westminster, as was his wont in the courts of justice. He was aware of this curious failing, and strove to overcome it, with increased success, notably in his last Session. In a brief rejoinder or in a remark flung across the table in debate he equalled his own renown. When taking part in set debate, he felt it due to the House of Commons to make elaborate preparation, and the more prolonged the labour the less striking was the measure of success.

HIS FIRST BRIEF.

It is quite true, as was stated at the time of his death, that Frank Lockwood, regarding the world as his oyster, resolved to open it from the stage of the theatre. The lady who is now Mrs. Kendal helped him to engagement with a travelling company of players. His explanation of his reason for withdrawing from the alluring prospect of histrionic success was the chagrin that filled his breast on regarding the bills at the theatre door and on the walls of the towns the troupe visited.

"There was," he said, in indignant tones, belied by the twinkle in his eye, "Miss This and Mr. That, in letters half a foot long, whilst my name was incidentally mentioned in smallest type at the end of the list. When I looked at the bill I felt my vocation had nothing to do with the call-boy at the theatre."

Mrs. Kendal did something better than help Lockwood on to the stage. She obtained for him his first brief, which at her personal entreaty was sent by Sir Albert Rollit, then in business as a solicitor at Hull.

HIS SKETCHES.

In the House of Commons, as at the Courts of Justice, Lockwood was as well known for his sketches as for his wise and witty sayings. His drawings lacked the finish that made possible reproduction in pages of established artistic merit. But they were full of humour, with rare knack of hitting off the situation. The execution was remarkably swift. Many a time through the Session Lockwood came to me with

From a Sketch by] SIR RICHARD WEBSTER LED CAPTIVE. *[the late Sir Frank Lockwood.*

suggestion of treatment of some episode adaptable for *Punch*. Having discussed the matter, he would withdraw to one of the writing tables in the division lobby, returning in five or six minutes with a bright sketch. It was one of his most cherished ambitions to draw for *Punch*. His sketches were usually redrawn by a more practised hand, but the fun was all there in the hurried sketches on House of Commons' note-paper, or waste places on briefs, of which hundreds are scattered about among the possessions of his friends. The only fee Lockwood sought for his really valuable *Punch* work was that he should be placed on a footing of equality with the staff, and receive an early copy of the week's number. Of this privilege he was gleefully proud.

His pen, travelling rapidly over the sheet, was wonderful at catching a likeness, with just sufficient caricature to make it more attractive for the friends of the model. His favourite subjects in the House of Commons were Sir Richard Webster and Sir Robert Reid, whose gravity of mien had irresistible fascination for him.

At the time of the last visit to London of the Shah there was some talk of his authorizing missionary enterprise in Persia. This suggested to Lockwood's vivid imagination a picture of Sir Richard Webster led captive by his business-like Majesty *en route* for Teheran.

Another pair of sketches commemorates a famous sentence in a speech by Mr. Robert Spencer, delivered in debate on a Bill affecting the agricultural labourer. In one sketch we have "Bobby," as the sometime member for Mid-Northamptonshire was affectionately called, standing at the table of the House of Commons arrayed in the last resources of civilization as provided in the tailor's shop, diffidently deprecating the possible assumption that he was an agricultural labourer. In the other, we see him got up as he probably would have ordered matters had he been born to the estate of Hodge, instead of to that of the Spencer earldom.

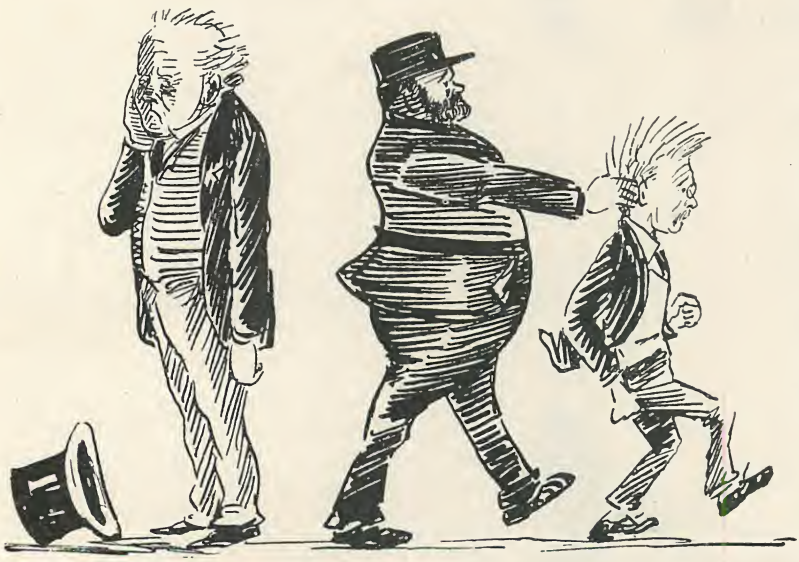
From a Sketch by the late Sir Frank Lockwood.

"BOBBY," AS HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.
From a Sketch by the late Sir Frank Lockwood.

In another sketch that bears no date, but evidently was circulated about the time of a Lobby incident, in which an Irish M.P. and a well-known artist in black-and-white figured, Lockwood illustrated the following extract from a leading article which appeared (if I remember rightly) in the pages of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"If one could imagine so untoward a proceeding as, say, Mr. Henry Lucy slapping the face of Mr. Frank Lockwood in the Lobby of the House of Commons, the issue would be very different. It would not be the insulted M.P. who would be ordered to move on, but the brawling journalist who would be removed. The gigantic personality of Mr. Inspector Horsley would intervene with neatness and dispatch."

He sent the sketch to me with the injunction, "Brawler, Beware!"



From a Sketch by the late Sir Frank Lockwood.

In a letter dated from Lennox Gardens, 21st July, 1894, he writes: "My dear Lucy,—Don't you think that when Haldane and I spoke on Thursday night it was something like Preachers on probation—the calm and philosophical and the fire and fury?—Yours ever, FRANK LOCKWOOD." The note inclosed the two sketches next reproduced, illustrating the theme. As a portrait, Mr. Haldane's is not so successful as some. But Lockwood's own is capital, and shows how freely he extended to himself that measure of humorous exaggeration he was accustomed to bestow upon others.

The late Lord Chief Justice was another tempting subject. Lord Coleridge, dining one evening at Lennox Gardens, was much interested in the overflowing gallery of portraits of contemporaries at the Bar and on the Bench, drawn by this facile pen. "But, Mr. Lockwood," said Lord Coleridge, "you don't seem to have attempted me." "The fact is," said Lockwood, relating the story, "I had come home early from the Courts, and spent an hour hiding away, in anticipation of his visit, innumerable portraits I had done of the Chief."

His first important pictorial work is bound up in the volumes of evidence taken when he sat as Commissioner in an election inquiry heard at Chester nearly twenty years ago. With the red and blue pencils supplied by a confiding State, Lockwood illustrated the broad margins of the printed evidence with an illimitable procession of witnesses and scenes in court. As far as I know, that is the only case where he used other media than pen and ink for his sketches. For many years he superseded the ordinary Christmas card by sending to his friends a sketch drawn with his own hand. On the next page is a reproduction of the last one designed, in serene unconsciousness of the shadow hanging over the happy household and the far-reaching circle of friends and acquaintances.

HIS LAST ASPIRATION.

In conversation with his friends, Lockwood did not hide the desire of his heart. He wanted to be a judge. Although a diligent attendant at the House of Commons, and always ready to serve his party with a speech in the country, he was by no means a keen politician. When a man of his native ability becomes Solicitor-General, there is no reason why he should not look forward to steadily walking up the ladder till he reaches the Woolsack. Lockwood would have been content at any

From a Sketch by the late Sir Frank Lockwood.

From a Sketch by the late Sir Frank Lockwood.

time during the last two years of his life to step aside to the quiet dignity of the Bench.

The estimation in which he was held in the House of Commons was testified to on the retirement of Mr. Peel from the Chair by his name being prominently mentioned in succession to the Speakership. He would have admirably filled the Chair, and was, I have reason to know, ready to take it had acceptance been pressed upon him. But the project blew over, and through a curious avenue of chances, his old friend, Mr. Gully, came to the opportunity, modestly accepted, splendidly utilized.

From a Sketch by the late Sir Frank Lockwood.

A Shifted Cargo.

A TRUE SEA STORY.

By Alan Oscar.

IN The Strand Magazine for last November appeared an exceedingly clever imaginary story, so well told that it carried conviction, of a man who, to gain a million pounds, kept awake for seven days, during which time he carried eight tons of sovereigns, two pounds at a time, from one end to the other of a room forty-five feet long.

As I had had an actual experience of the kind, I suggested to the Editor that a history of it might interest his readers. This history is given here, and the two stories, the imaginary and the real, can now be compared.

We, who went through the experience I am about to relate, were not working for money, but for life—though we saved at the same time a valuable new steamer and her cargo. We were not moving weights of two pounds, but were shovelling coal and carrying sacks of grain. We were not working on a level surface, but on the decks of a ship which sloped like the roof of a house. Our surroundings were not pleasant, as in the story—we were working below deck by dim lamp-light. Our food was not choice, but tinned meat and sea-biscuit. The time which we passed without sleep was four days and a half—109 hours; towards the end of that time we were falling asleep at our work. Taking everything into consideration, I think our endurance was as wonderful as that of the man in the story above mentioned. You who read must judge.

I will now tell the story just as it happened. First, as to the ship. Here are her particulars from Lloyd's Register:—

"*Gresham.* Iron screw steamer, 1,690 tons, 140h.-p.; built at North Shields in 1872; length, 260ft.; breadth, 34ft. 3in.; depth, 23ft. 4in."

She had a midship bridge-house containing officers' cabins; and aft, in place of a poop, a long deck-house containing passenger accommodation. Her dimensions were bad for "stability," that is, she was of a dangerous shape for carrying grain or coal. With such cargoes she was not easily kept upright.

We loaded grain at Montreal, for London. The previous season several grain-laden steamers had left the Saint Lawrence, and had never been heard of again. In consequence, the port authorities were stirring, and we had a Government Inspector to tell us what we were to do; and under his supervision the lower holds were well stowed—luckily for us. But she would not go down the river fully laden, and we had to finish at Quebec. The cargo we took in there was in "bags"—small sacks. This was stowed in the "between-deck," or upper platform of the hold—like the top floor of a warehouse. The ship could not carry this space full—she would have been too heavily laden—so that these bags were stowed level until we had enough on board. There then remained an empty space above the bags of about three feet; and there was no middle partition dividing the cargo into two sides. The want of this division was the cause of all our trouble.

From a Drawing] "THE GRESHAM." *[by the Author.*

Before leaving Montreal we had a sailor's warning; for, curiously enough, though we were loading grain, the rats all left us. You could see them after dark scurrying ashore along our mooring-ropes. The fourth

engineer *did* get scared, and swore he would leave the ship, but was persuaded to remain. I can see no reason for their departure. But "rats leave a sinking ship," so old sailors aver.

We were all strange to a grain cargo except the mate, who did not like this method of stowing the bags, and prophesied disaster. But his warnings were unheeded, and we sailed.

Quiet weather followed us down the Gulf, past Cape Breton, and over the Grand Banks. We were making sure of a quick passage, and all thoughts of the cargo beneath us had gone from our minds, when one afternoon the glass began to fall, and during the night the wind increased to a gale, with thick, drizzling weather. Here is a bare extract from my Abstract Log :—

"Sept. 26th. Increasing gale; a.m. cargo and coals shifted and ship went over on beam-ends, lee coamings of hatches in the water, lee-rail out of sight. Washed away all boats, flooded saloon and bridge quarters; engine-room and bunkers flooded through bunker-hatches, putting out all but one weather fire. Bilge-pumps choked. All hands shifting cargo and coal from this date to 5 p.m. of 30th, without stopping. Righted ship and started again."

So far the log. What this bare extract really meant to us I am now about to tell.

The wind increased fast, and we reduced sail to trysails and close-reefed topsails. Far better had we taken in all sail. The vessel lurched heavily to leeward and seemed to be lying over altogether too much. I was just thinking of turning in when the mate, whose berth was opposite mine, said :—

"Mister, it's my belief that some of our cargo has gone over."

With that he went aft to speak to the captain. As I stood there alone, a heavier sea than usual came along, and as she gave to it she put her lee-rails under. This brought the skipper out in a hurry.

"Take the canvas off her," was the first order.

But it was too late! Before we got the sails in, the third engineer came clawing along the deck, which was already at a sharp angle, to report that the coal in the fore bunker had begun to run over and had nearly buried one of the trimmers.

The helm was put down with the intention of bringing her head to sea. As she came to, we could tell by the sudden increase in the shriek of the gale that it was blowing hard. Up she came! She took a heavy sea on board abaft the bridge, the spray dashing clear over her funnel. She was just beam on when a heavy mountainous sea came rolling along. We felt her take a rapid lurch to leeward in the hollow of the sea, the great, watery mountains towering up on either hand and shutting out the misty distance. Again she rolled; a fearful sea struck her, smashing the starboard lifeboat, and now over, over, she went. Would she never stop? Down, down, till the lee-rails disappeared in the foam, and the water came creeping up her deck, which was now angled like a house-roof. No word was spoken. I heard one fellow give a choking sort of cry. We all stood silent, staring, and holding on like grim death. We thought she was done for. She stopped, and again lurched to windward with a dull, lifeless motion, but did not come upright again, and there lay with the top of the side-rails just appearing now and again. Thus she remained. It was a sufficiently terrifying picture—the howling gale, the misty rain shutting out the distance, the wicked-looking seas, that came roaring up to windward and dashing against the side, not now breaking on board, but sending their spray hissing over us in blinding showers. So she lay, helpless! Already the lee boats were smashed to atoms. We

From a Drawing] THE "GRESHAM" ON HER BEAMS. *[by the Author.*

could not leave the ship even if we would. Sounds of angry exclamations and curses rose up from the stoke-hole. Looking down, I saw the chief engineer coming up the iron ladder. Beneath was a wild scene of confusion: an enormous mass of water washed about to leeward, and terrified men were climbing out of its way.

The engineer gained the deck; his face was white, his voice stammered.

"The water, sir!" he said.

"What?" said the captain.

"It's coming below in tons. The stoke-hole plates are all washed up already."

"Where's it coming from?"

"I don't know," answered the engineer, half crying. "The men are all at their prayers and won't work!"

The skipper's answer was more forcible than polite.

"Come on, you fellows!" he shouted to us, and began clambering down the stoke-hole ladder.

We followed him below.

The state of things appeared appalling—the coal-black water rushing up the sides and then back across the stoke-hole; two wretched-looking firemen hanging on to the weather bunker door; another, who had somehow wedged himself up to windward, on his knees praying. The swashing water was a good five feet deep. Already it had washed out the leemost boiler fires.

We found that it was coming through the coal-bunkers, and a further search showed that it was pouring in through a deck bunker-hatch which was completely under water. After some trouble we managed to secure it with a couple of mattresses wedged up from the deck below with wooden props; but, do what we might, the water still found its way below, and before long washed all the fires out, having risen to a depth of 10ft. to 12ft. The engineers tried their steam bilge-pumps, before it had risen thus far, but these were soon useless, the pipes getting choked up, *solid*, with grease and coal-dust.

We clambered up to the bridge again, to find the weather worse. The scene was enough to scare the bravest—the roar of the gale, the flying spray, the rush and swirl of the foaming water to leeward, and a helpless vessel under foot! Bad enough! But Anglo-Saxons are not easily daunted. As it happened, nearly all our seamen were Canadian lake sailors, but they were of our own blood.

Again we went below, and, having sawed a hole in a bulkhead, got into the cargo space. We found that the whole of the grain bags had gone over to leeward. I went up and reported to the captain.

"Start at once!" he said—"all hands, mind! Cook, steward, and all, and work the bags up to windward. Tell the engineer to set all *his* crowd on to the coal to get that over."

We set to work.

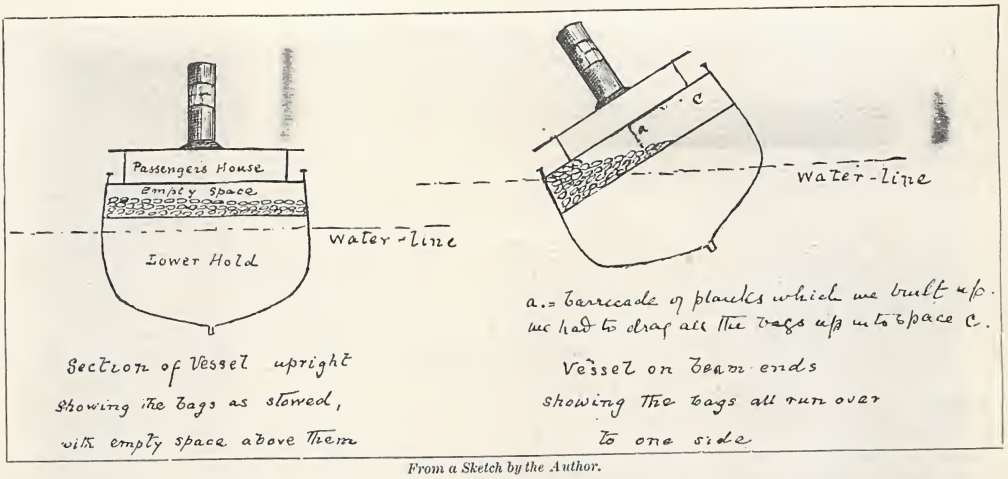
It was just then that I met with an accident, which very nearly put an end to my career. I had gone to the carpenter's berth for an axe, when a huge sea came along and washed me overboard. As I was swept along under water, I felt a rope running through my hands, and, grabbing it, hauled myself back. Then I found that I had split my nose open against a coaling-hatch. I crawled to the saloon and dabbed some friar's-balsam on it, then a lump of lint and some plaster; and here I sat for a bit, in company with the stewardess, for it had been a severe blow, and for the time I was dazed. It had knocked the pluck out of me, too. I got round again presently, but the wound was so painful that I was told off to the job of keeping watch through that first night, giving the captain a chance of going below. For night was now coming on.

I am not likely to forget those solitary twelve hours, alone on the deck of a disabled vessel, in the midst of a howling gale. The fear of death was added to my experiences; for what with the blow I had received, and the long, solitary hours of darkness, I don't mind confessing that I had given up hope. There I sat, the stinging rain and spray drenching me, looking down into the engine-room, and hearing the fierce wash of the water as at every plunge it rushed up into the bilges. Hour after hour, like old Paul in his shipwreck upon Malta, "I wished for the day."

I was supremely thankful when morning came at last, and was glad enough to go below and help at shifting the cargo.

The procedure was this. We lashed planks along the middle stanchions which support the beams. Then we dragged the bags up and over this barricade—for without it they would have slid back as fast as we hauled them up to windward. The firemen proceeded the same way with the coals, only working with shovels instead of hands.

We worked on steadily, knowing it was for life or death. But it was terrible labour. We found it absolutely necessary to take short spells for resting, but none of us thought of sleep, or of regular meals. We



From a Sketch by the Author.

broke off work one by one to snatch hurried lunches of tinned meat and biscuit. There was no thought of cookery—the galley-fire was washed out; and, besides, the place was dangerous of access.

On—ever on! Day and night were the same to us; below there with no light, except the dim globe lamps. I could not have believed it possible that men could have worked so long at such heavy labour. But there was no skulking—no hanging back.

After the first twenty-four hours we were cheered a bit by the gale decreasing, but we knew that if another storm arose—a thing to be looked for at that time of year—we should certainly be lost.

On we worked. Forty-eight hours had passed; and yet the ship gave no sign of righting herself. How we longed for a sail to heave in sight! Could we have but signalled another vessel we should instantly have abandoned our ship. But none appeared. There was nothing for it but to work on.

It was well that we had not a crew of "Dutchmen." They would have given in long ago; even as it was, when day followed day, when we imagined it impossible that we could work much longer—and when the ship gave no sign of righting—our men began to show signs of despair, and to think more than was good for them of that death which was staring us in the face. I consulted the third mate, a good chum of my own. We thought it best to conceal what liquor there was aboard, for fear the fellows should remember it, and drink themselves senseless. So we sneaked off on the quiet, and having made the steward hand it over, stowed it all away, beneath some bags of grain in the after "'tween decks."

It was now ninety-six hours since our ship had gone on her beam-ends. All this time we had been working continuously at this tremendous task. A dock labourer who

From a Drawing] SHIFTING THE GRAIN-BAGS. *[by the Author.*

From a Drawing] FIREMEN SHOVELLING THE COAL OVER. *[by the Author.*

works for nine hours at handling sacks, with a dinner-hour between, considers he has done a good day's work and earned his night's rest. We had already done ten times as much without a wink of sleep. We were at the end of our endurance. Here and there a man stooping to grab at a sack would fall upon it—fast asleep. In addition to this, our hands were now so sore that we could scarcely bear to lift the bags.

Just at this awful crisis the vessel began to move!

What the present fear of death had been unable to do, hope made possible to us. We worked on, though still now and again stumbling and dozing off; till by five in the evening—so rapid had been the change for the better—our ship was on her legs again.

The captain called every one up from below and ordered them to turn in, he remaining on deck to keep watch. I can remember tumbling into my bunk, as I stood, boots, coat, and all. I was asleep—dead—before my head reached the pillow.

Four hours only were given us for sleep, it seemed like half a minute; for, though we were now safe, much remained to be done. It was a long job to get the engine-room ready for work again. First, the suction-pipes of the pumps had to be brought up on deck, and the solid coal and grease with which they were clogged rammed out with iron rods. Then, after the water had been pumped out, the coal and rubbish of all kinds which had been washed everywhere had to be cleared away.

At last the fires were lighted again, and presently the engines began to move once more. Then we found time to look round us. One life had been lost. When the chief engineer was once more able to get to his cabin—which had been under water—he found his canary dead, whether starved or drowned it was impossible to say.

During the whole of those first four days we never saw a ship. Had we done so, we should, as I have said, immediately have left the *Gresham* to founder. An hour or two before we finished our work, a barque passed close to us, but we were not going to leave our ship then.

"Arrah! you lazy toad!" I heard one fellow mutter. "Why didn't ye come along sooner?"

I am glad, now, that no vessel did come along, for it is interesting to go through an experience like this; the interest comes in after it is over. As it was, we had no choice, and I doubt whether any other body of men ever worked for so long at such hard labour. We were 109 hours in all without sleep. As soon as we reached London I left the ship. She sailed for many years afterwards, and then was lost—by stranding, if I rightly remember.

I felt no after-effects, and my only *souvenir* of the occurrence is a black mark which adorns my nose, and which I shall carry to my grave. Say, now! Was not our experience as wonderful as his who moved the million of gold?

A Procession of Giants.

By Emile Dessaix.

[*From Photographs by Alexandre, Brussels.*]

WOULD that this article were a biograph, in order that these curious giants might pass before your eyes as they passed before mine some time back in Brussels. It was a lively sight. The wooden giants, with their rough-hewn faces and costly raiment, towered high above the crowds that lined each side of the streets, frightening the little children when some cruel monster of tradition went striding by, and drawing cheers from the older people, as Saint Michael or some other patron saint of a Belgian town came into view. At one moment the procession was like a Lord Mayor's show; at another, it was like a Guy Fawkes' carnival; at another, like the "Ancient and Horrible" processions which are to be seen in some parts of the United States on Fourth of July morning; and at every moment it was unique and memorable.

THE GIANT OF HASSELT.

The Belgians dearly love a procession, and in early times used to celebrate all great national or municipal events by a so-called "cavalcade" or "omgang," in which the noted personages of Scripture and history were represented. In many respects it was like the ancient English Miracle plays. As far back as 1490, for instance, there was a procession at Louvain, held to celebrate the deliverance of the city by the defeat of the Normans, and this procession, headed by a triumphal chair carrying the Virgin of Louvain, contained Biblical characters, trade tableaux, representations of the legends of chivalry and earlier times, and "the giants." To-day, with one or two exceptions, the giants are all that remain of this former splendour, and so deeply are these favourites seated in the hearts of Young Belgium, that they are unlikely soon to be forgotten.

You can, in fact, see them annually in various parts of Belgium. The "kermesse," which used to be held in honour of the Church and its patron saint in many towns, and later took its place as the annual fête of the municipalities, is now the occasion upon which the giants come forth from their hiding-places to delight the populace. At Antwerp, Ath, and Cambrai the giants appear in might; and at Mons, as well as in Brussels, Bruges, Tournai, and a few other places, the giants are accompanied by different ridiculous wooden figures—burlesque representations of local by-words and people of traditional or current notoriety.

That the figures are not necessarily representations of the famous ogreish giants of the nursery is shown by the appearance of such figures as the Giant of Hasselt, Charlemagne, and others. The Hasselt giant is merely the traditional pet of the little Belgian town. His figure is seen everywhere, just as the bear is seen in Berne, or the little monk in Munich. His relation to Hasselt is very like that of Gog and Magog to London.

CHARLES THE GRAND.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the important place which Charlemagne holds in legend and in the hearts of the Flemish people. Their love for him is shown by the never-ending appearance of his mighty figure in the processions, from the church cavalcade down to the present time. The grand King was reputed to be eight feet in height, and he was so powerful that he could straighten three horse-shoes with one movement of his hand. He had nine wives, but, unlike the wife of Goliath and a few other married ladies, the wives of Charlemagne rarely appear in the procession of giants. His sword, which we may see in the accompanying illustration, was called "La Joyeuse." A German legend says that he appears in seasons of plenty, crossing the Rhine on a golden bridge, and blessing both cornfields and vineyards.

Next came the giant Crusader, followed by one of the Virgins of Brussels—the one with a curious helmet, a dangerous-looking moustache, and a cross upon his breast; the

THE GIANT CRUSADER AND THE VIRGIN OF BRUSSELS.

POLYDORE, POLYDORA, AND POLYDOORKA OF ALOST.

other with most graceful pose, a well-fitting wrap, black hair, and a maidenly face. The Crusader gave a great deal of trouble during the march, and had to be constantly held up by his attendants. His costume was perhaps not exactly in the regular Crusader style, but anachronisms in these processions are rarely noted and as rarely ridiculed. In one procession recently, Goliath appeared in an academic helmet, while Hercules wore the costume of mediæval times.

Polydore, Polydora, and Polydoorka, the three comical giants contributed by the town of Alost to the Brussels procession, are intended to burlesque the family of Termonde giants. It will be noticed that Polydora, the portly and fascinating wife of her fashionably-dressed spouse, holds a bunch of onions in her hand. Therein lies a tale, for it is reported that the people of Termonde, in their superiority, once dubbed the people of Alost with the interesting nickname of "Onions"—a name which the inhabitants of Alost immediately adopted, with no spiteful feeling, as their own. They now look upon it as a title of honour, and they never lose an opportunity to let the Termonde people see that their superior specimen of humour failed of its effect.

Another interesting legend is attached to the wonderfully-made horse seen in the illustrations on this page. He follows Polydore and Polydora, and keeps a respectful dis-

THE HORSE BAYARD AND THE FOUR SONS OF AYMON.

THE VIRGIN OF LOUVAIN.

tance away. It is said of Bayard that he possessed incredible swiftness, and belonged to the four sons of Aymon. If one of the sons mounted, Bayard remained an ordinary size; but if all four mounted, Bayard's body became elongated to an appropriate length. One of his footprints is still said to be in existence at Soignies, and another is to be found on a rock near Dinant. The four sons of Aymon sit gracefully astride his expanded back, fine military-looking figures, even though made of wood.

Nearly every Belgian city possesses a "pucelle," or Virgin, to whom the people love to do endless honour. Just the same as in France, where Joan of Arc, the Pucelle d'Orleans, may often be seen in religious processions, so in Belgium the Virgin of Louvain is an oft-appearing attraction. She is a stately figure, with the sign of her maidenly occupation in her hand, and so unwieldy at times that she has to be supported by ropes in the hands of diminutive but living men.

The Antwerp giants possess a remarkably interesting history, and their appearance is

ANTIGONUS, THE ANTWERP GIANT.

SILVIUS BRABO.

always the signal for a shout of welcome. When the Antwerpers themselves hold their procession, the welcome is, of course, even more spontaneous and overwhelming. They have a legend to the effect that one Silvius Brabo, a man of enormous strength and a hero of undaunted courage, once defeated and cut off the hand of the giant Antigonus, who was accustomed to exact a heavy toll from vessels entering the Schelde, and who ruthlessly cut off and tossed into the river a hand of every shipmaster who refused to pay. Antigonus has been hated for centuries, and Brabo stands on a bronze fountain in front of the Hotel de Ville in Antwerp. When they appear in the procession of giants, they are usually followed by Pallas Minerva, another gigantic contribution from Antwerp. It is related of Pallas Minerva that she got her sobriquet by killing Pallas, one of the Titan giants, and then flayed him, using his skin for armour. In the procession she is beautiful and majestic, shining brilliantly in her splendid armour. On the breast of Antigonus you will be able to distinguish an enormous hand—the sign of his brutal profession.

The Grand Turk is one of the figures that take us back to the times of the cavalcade, for he, too, held a prominent place in the Louvain procession of 1490. The name, as everyone knows, was given by the Christians to the Ottoman rulers, and it is curious to note the costume which tradition assigned

PALLAS.

"MY UNCLE" AND THE GRAND TURK.

to the Grand Turk, and the Gallic cast of features which the man who carved the statue gave to this most stalwart and handsome favourite.

It may, perhaps, be wondered at how these giants, so apparently unwieldy, are carried with safety through the streets; but the explanation is easy. In nearly all the figures, the wooden dummy on which the clothes are placed extends not farther than the waist. The clothes are then tacked to the wood, and are allowed to drop gracefully to the ground—thus hiding the man inside the clothes who is holding the dummy up. Each figure is also supported in the air by three or four men, sometimes with their hands alone, as in the illustration of "My Uncle" and the Grand Turk, and sometimes by means of ropes, as in the case of the Virgin of Louvain. The man inside gets air by means of openings cut in the clothes—openings shown in nearly all the illustrations. "My Uncle," it may be said in passing, is a popular skit upon that most unpopular of men—the pawnbroker and usurer.

The giant of Ath and his wife are very popular giants, perhaps because the wife is so pretty with her bouquet of flowers and her flowing veil, and the husband so masterful with his glistening helmet and spiked club. In nearly every sense, they were the handsomest giants in the procession. One

THE GIANT OF ATH AND HIS WIFE.

A QUARTETTE OF BRUSSELS FAVOURITES.

which make up the quartette of Brussels favourites, shown on this page.

Some idea of the costly raiment worn by these giants may be gained from our illustration of the giants of Nivelles. They wear expensive black velvet, bordered with gold, and the sleeves upon Araygon's wife are made of costly lace. The towns which contribute these figures to the procession take pride in dressing them as well as possible, and the amount of cloth swallowed up by these tremendous dummies is sometimes beyond belief.

can hardly believe that the expressive faces of these two were carved from a block of wood.

Strange to say, some of these figures have no name. According to one writer on Flemish costumes they represent neither the founder nor the liberator of the city, neither the heroes of Scripture nor of mythology, neither an inhabitant of Heaven nor Hell. They have no character, sacred or profane, and no significance, good or bad; they are simply "the giants"—that is to say, the puppets of a people who have forgotten almost the traditions connected with them. Of such a nature are the curious figures

Everyone who has been to Brussels knows the Mannikin Fountain. It is one of the curiosities of the city, and possesses no little artistic excellence. He is a great favourite of the lower classes, and on all great occasions he is dressed in gala attire. When he appears in procession during the Kermesse, he stands high upon a triumphal car, drawn by four horses, and gaily decked with rich trappings and flowers. The city fathers spare no expense for the Mannikin, and they walk

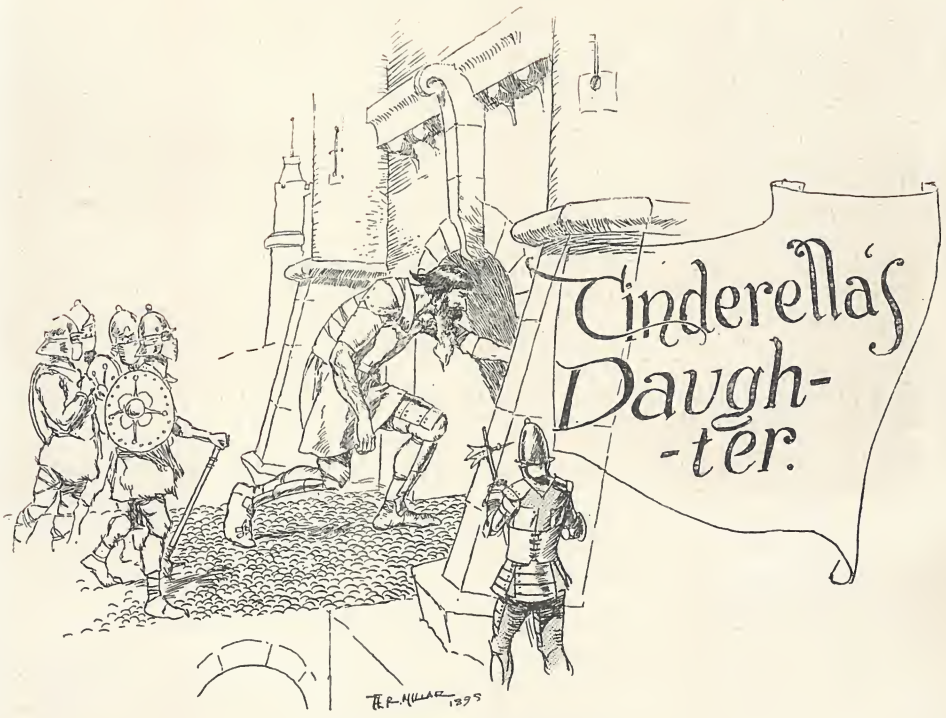
THE GIANTS OF NIVELLES.

THE BRUSSELS MANNIKIN.

beside the car with top-hats and swelling pride.

The ability of the giants to create laughter is immense. As they move along the streets they are manipulated by the men who carry them, so that they curtsey, dance, hop, skip, and jump to the point of exhaustion. In narrow streets they peep into second story windows, and flirt with the girls and boys who watch them. This unnatural activity often results in damages to personal beauty, and the loss of valuable arms and heads. In the procession of 1890, the wife of the giant of Nivelles lost her head, Janus lost his necktie, and Pallas dropped an arm along the route. The Grand Turk, at one time, entirely disappeared, and was not discovered until the men who had been attending him came out of the "brasserie," where they had been slyly tippling, and started in search.

JANUS.



A Story for Children.

From the French of Jules le Maitre.

"So Cinderella married the King's son." And a few months later the King died, and Cinderella's husband himself was King.

Shortly after this the Queen had a little daughter, who was called Mimi. Princess Mimi was as beautiful as the day; her hair was pale gold dotted with sunbeams, her skin the delicate pink of a moss rose.

Now, the law of that country was that she should be married when she was fifteen, and, being a Princess, she could marry only a Prince. But in all the neighbouring countries only two Princes could be found: Polyphemus, who was seven times taller than the Princess; and Hop o' my Thumb, who was seven times smaller. Both these Princes adored her, but she cared for neither of them: one was too big, the other too little, to please her.

But, nevertheless, the King, her father, commanded her to choose between them, and gave her only a month to make up her mind. He told the Princes, too, that they were permitted to court her, and it was settled beforehand that the rejected suitor was to bear no malice to the successful one, and not to do him any harm.

Polyphemus arrived with plenty of presents—sheep, oxen, cheeses, great baskets of fruit, and, behind him, a train of giant warriors, clothed in pieced skins. Hop o' my Thumb brought presents, too—birds in a gilt cage, flowers, jewels; and his followers were clowns in cap and bells and dancers dressed in silk.

Polyphemus at once began to tell his history.

"You must not believe all a fellow called Homer has written about me," he said. "First of all, he says I have only one eye, and you see for yourself I have two. Next,

although it is true that I lived once on an island, and ate mariners who landed there, I only did it because they were little mites. Just, dear Princess, as you might pick the bones of a plover or young rabbit at your father's table, and see nothing cruel in it. And besides that, I haven't done it once since another fellow called Ulysses explained to me that the poor little mites were men like myself, and that some of them had families that grieved dreadfully when they were eaten. Ever since then I have lived altogether on the flesh and milk of my flocks and herds. For really and truly I'm not at all a bad fellow. You can see it for yourself, dear Princess, for though I am so big and strong, I'm as gentle as a lamb with you."

But he was too vain to tell Mimi that, strong as he was, Ulysses had overcome him and put out one of his eyes; and that ne only recovered his sight through the art of a magician.

Meantime Mimi was thinking.

"It's all very well, but if he were very hungry he might just eat *me*. Now, Hop o' my Thumb is so little, that it is I who could crunch him, if I were in the mood for it."

Next it was the little Prince's turn to tell his story:—

"A wicked spell was cast over me and my six brothers, to make us lose our way in a forest. But I scattered white pebbles along the road to show us the way back. Unfortunately, however, we met the Ogre, who carried us off to his castle and put us all into one big bed together, intending to eat us up next day. But, instead of that, he killed his own seven daughters, for I had put them into the bed where he expected to find us. I took away his seven-leagued boots, too, and very useful they were afterwards, when I went to war with a neighbouring King. For by means of the boots I followed every move of the enemy, and that is how I became a powerful Prince. But I never wear the boots now. They are in the museum of my palace. To begin with, they were very hard on my feet, and then it wasn't convenient to take such very long steps when I went out only for a little walk. But you shall see them some day, dear Princess."

But he was too vain to tell her that his father was nothing but a poor wood-cutter, and, like Polyphemus, he mixed up the true with the false, a thing that love, selfishness, and imagination make many people do. But the Princess admired him for his great cleverness.

One day Polyphemus was stretched on a couch in the boudoir of the Princess, and he was so big the room seemed full of him; and when he spoke his huge voice shook the light furniture and made the windows rattle as if it were thundering.

"I am a simple fellow," he began, "but my heart is in the right place, and I am very strong. I can pluck up rocks and throw them into the sea; or fell an ox with a tap of my fist. Even lions are afraid of me. Come, dear Princess, with me to my country. I will show you beautiful things there: mountains that are blue when the sun rises, and rose pink when he sets; lakes that shine like polished mirrors; forests that are as old as the world itself. And, no matter where you want to go, I will take you, even to the highest mountains to gather strange flowers that no woman has ever worn before. I will be your slave, too, and so shall all my people be. Don't you think it would be rather fine, dear Princess, to be a sort of goddess served by a giant host? To be the Queen, and you so tiny and delicate, you know, of forests and mountains, of torrents and lakes, of eagles and lions?"

All this stirred the Princess a good deal; and though she was rather tremulous, it was only as a timid little bird quivers when it finds itself in the warm, kind hand it knows and looks to for protection. But Hop o' my Thumb, hidden all this time in a fold of her dress, began now to speak in his tiny voice like a clear crystal bell:—

"Dear Princess, choose me. I take so little room. I am so tiny that you can do just what you please with me, too. And then I have wits to love you according to your mood. I can suit my words and caresses to the inmost secret of your heart, whether you are merry or sad; and to all seasons and all kinds of weather. I shall have endless ways of entertaining you, too, and will surround you with every invention of mankind to make life pleasant. You shall see only beautiful things: the loveliest flowers, jewels, stuffs, statues; smell only the most delicious perfumes. I will tell you charming stories; have plays acted for you by the best performers. I can sing, too, and play the mandoline, and compose verses. It is a finer thing to describe beautiful things one has seen and felt, in harmonious language, than to stride over torrents. To master words is more difficult than to master wild beasts. Fine muscles are commoner than fine wits."

And the Princess, dreamy, silent, listened to all he said as to a melody.

One day she said to both her lovers: "Please make me some verses."

Prince Hop o' my Thumb reflected just a moment and then recited some lines, little ones like himself:—

A Prince I am of Royal blood,
As all the world may see:
And sweetest Princess Mimi
Is all the world to me.

I am no Hercules, not I!
Nor do not wish to be.
My heart is large and loving,
And that's enough for me.

A field of gathered roses
In tiniest vial lies;
The least of little dewdrops
Reflecteth azure skies.

My body small indeed is,
But that you will not mind;
You know how great my love is,
And surely will be kind.

"Charming! exquisite!" said the Princess, and she felt proud to be loved by a little man who could so easily string rhymes together.

"Bah," said Polyphemus, "such little verses as that cannot be hard to make."

"Try," said Hop o' my Thumb.

And try he did, all day long. But nothing came, not even when he hammered his forehead with his fist at last, in a rage at not being able to express what he felt so intensely; somehow, it didn't seem fair. But there he stuck from morn till eve, his mouth open, his eyes wandering. It was almost nightfall, when at last he discovered that *love* and *dove* rhymed, and rushing to Mimi, he cried:—

"I've got it, got it!"

"That's right," said the Princess, "let us hear it, then."

"Here it is," said the giant:—

Oh, my dove
I assure you I you love.

This, of course, made the Princess laugh heartily.

"What," said poor Polyphemus, abashed, "aren't they good verses?"

Hop o' my Thumb enjoyed this very much, as it showed his superiority.

"It was not so hard all the same," he said.

"You might just have said this, you know:—

My Princess you are fair;
For love of you I'm all despair.

Or,

I'm a giant good and true,
Who breaks his heart, for love of you.

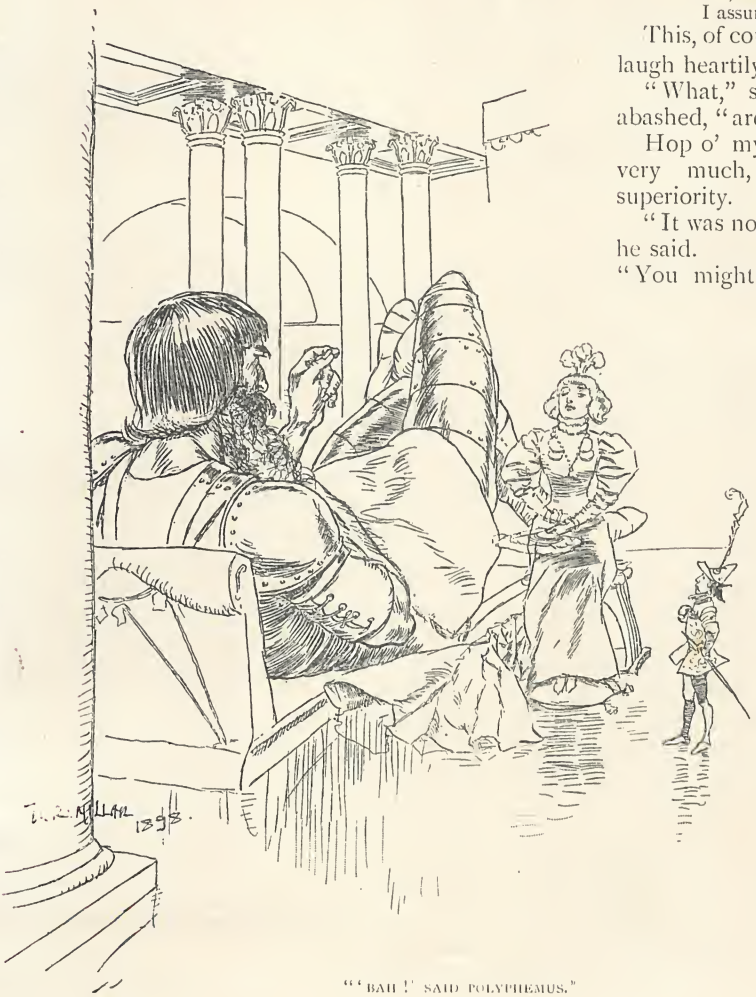
Or,

A little, little maiden
Who wields a conquering dart,
She scarce can reach my instep,
How hath she pierced my heart?

Or else, if you like it better:—

Among the trees,
The oak, the grandest giant grows,
And loves, among
The blossoms, that fairest flower, the Rose."

"Lovely, charming, delightful!" said Mimi. But at that moment she saw in



"'BAH!' SAID POLYPHEMUS."

one of Polyphemus's eyes a tear the size of a hen's egg, and he looked so wretched she felt sorry for him. Besides, there was something in Hop o' my Thumb's self-satisfaction that didn't quite please her. Polyphemus, in comparison, looked so subdued and simple that she was touched.

"After all," she thought, "with one fillip of his finger he could send the other flying, or he could pop him into his pocket. Indeed, though, of course, I'm bigger than Hop o' my Thumb, he could easily enough tuck me under his arm and do anything he liked with me. He must be very good-hearted to bear all this so patiently."

Then, speaking to Polyphemus, she said:—

"Don't be too much grieved, my friend. Your verses are not first-rate, but they have heart in them, and that is the essential thing."

"But," objected Hop o' my Thumb, "they are not proper verses at all. You could not possibly scan them. There are only three syllables in the first line and seven in the other."

"Hold your tongue," said the Princess, sharply; "thank goodness everyone is not born a critic like you."

The palace where Mimi lived was in a large park, across which ran a beautiful blue river, in the midst of which was an island, so covered with flowers that it was like a nosegay floating between the blue sky and the blue river. Mimi loved this island, and spent all the time she could there, either among the flowers, or resting in the porcelain pavilion, which in shape and colour was built to resemble an immense tulip, with windows of precious stones set in silver.

One day she was there as usual, half asleep in her pavilion, dreaming and thinking, or singing touching little songs to herself, her eyes half shut, so that not until aroused by the sound of waves lapping against the wall did she perceive that the river was overflowing. Opening one of the windows, she saw to her horror that already she was cut off from the mainland, the bridge being under water, and in a few more moments the whole island would be flooded. Terrified, she shrieked for help to her father and mother, who, with Hop o' my Thumb, had rushed to the river bank, but stood there in despair, unable to save her. Just then, however, Polyphemus joined them, and, learning that Mimi was on the island, he calmly stepped into the rushing river (which hardly reached his belt), in three strides reached the pavilion, and, having rescued the Princess, brought her safely and gently to her parents.

"A TEAR THE SIZE OF A HEN'S EGG."

"Oh," thought Mimi, "how grand to be so strong and big! How sweet to lie under such protection always! With Polyphemus to take care of me, I should never have a fear or anxiety. I really think I had better choose him."

And with that she smiled, and his huge frame shook with pleasure just because that little mouth had smiled at him. But next day she found Hop o' my Thumb so sad, that, to comfort him, she asked him to come for a walk in the fields with her.

She held him by the hand all the time, and pretended she was so tired, not to make him walk too fast. Presently they came across a flock of sheep, and as Hop o' my Thumb was unfortunately wearing a cherry-coloured doublet, the ram became irritated, and made for the little Prince with lowered horns.

Hop o' my Thumb had plenty of self-respect, and, in spite of his alarm, stood his ground. But he would probably have been killed had not the Princess, with great presence of mind, caught him up in her arms and then opened her parasol so suddenly in the angry animal's face, that he was frightened, turned sharp round, and ran away.

"It's lucky for him he went off," said

"HE CALMLY STEPPED INTO THE RUSHING RIVER."

Hop o' my Thumb. "Of course I wasn't at all afraid. You saw for yourself, dear Princess, that I was ready for him."

"Yes, yes," she answered, "I know you are very brave." And to herself she thought: "How sweet to protect someone feebler than oneself. I'm sure one would grow very fond of anyone to whom one was really useful, particularly of one so pretty and refined as this little Prince."

The next day Hop o' my Thumb brought her a little rose scarcely more than a bud, but more exquisite in tint and scent than any rose that ever was seen before.

She took it from him, saying:—

"Thank you, thank you, dear kind little Prince."

Her gown that day was made of a sort of fine gossamer, shaded with changing lights, like a dragon-fly's wings.

"Ah," said Hop o' my Thumb, "how beautiful your dress is!"

"Yes," said Mimi, "isn't it pretty? And just see how well your rose looks fastened in it."

"*A* rose," thought Polyphemus; "what's *one* rose? I'll just show her what the bouquets *I* give are like."

And with that, he went off to the Indies, to a large tree covered with enormous bright flowers as big as cathedral bells, and, plucking up the tree, he bore it in triumph to the Princess.

"It is very beautiful," said Mimi, laughing, "but what shall I do with it, dear Prince? I cannot wear that in my dress or hair, can I?"

Poor Polyphemus, abashed at these words, could think of no answer, and only hung his head. But while doing this, he saw that Hop o' my Thumb was dressed in stuff

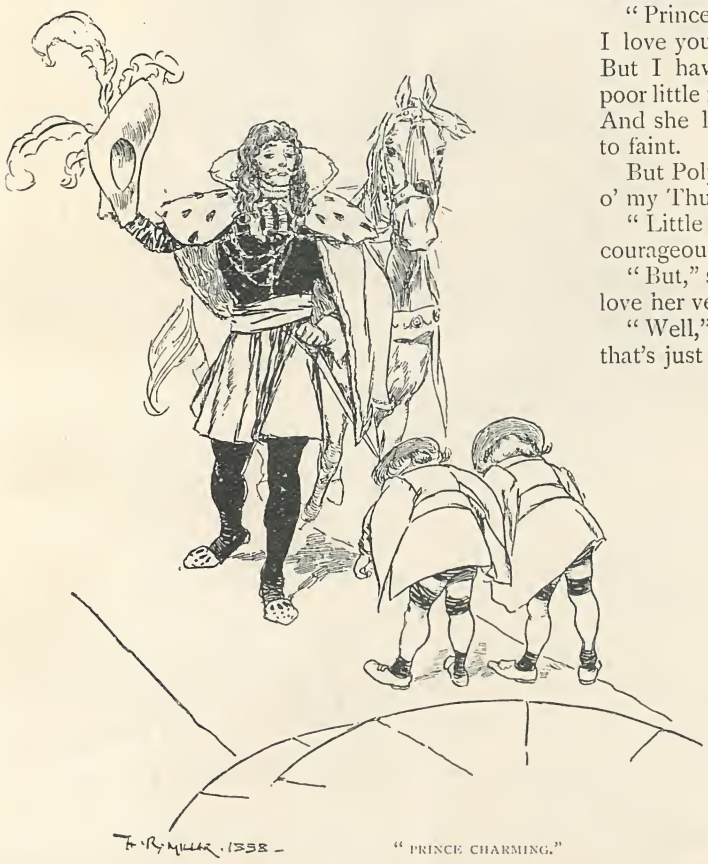
like the Princess's gossamer gown, and he cried:—

"Oh!"

"Yes," said Mimi, "I had it made for him, out of one of the snips left. There was not enough to make even a neck-tie for you; so I didn't offer you any."

And with that she turned to the King, her father, and said:—

"The time for me to decide has come, father, and I choose Prince Hop o' my Thumb to be my husband. Prince Polyphemus will forgive me, I hope. I am sorry to make him unhappy, and I have a great regard for him."



"PRINCE CHARMING."

Polyphemus was true to the compact, and gently grasping his successful rival's tiny hand, he said:—

"Only make her happy."

The marriage day arrived, and the bride seemed neither glad nor sorry. She liked Hop o' my Thumb, but did not really love him.

Now, just as the wedding procession was leaving the palace for the church, a servant announced Prince Charming: he had been travelling in foreign lands for several years, and had only arrived in time to be present at the ceremony.

He was a very handsome young man, rather taller than Princess Mimi, very distinguished looking, and as clever as clever can be. Mimi had never seen or even heard of him before, but, directly he was introduced to her, she grew first pale, then red, and, as if she couldn't help herself, said:—

"Prince, I was waiting for you. I love you, and I know you love me. But I have pledged my word to this poor little fellow, and I can't break it." And she looked as if she were going to faint.

But Polyphemus bent down to Hop o' my Thumb, and said:—

"Little Prince, if I did it, aren't you courageous enough to do it too?"

"But," said Hop o' my Thumb, "I love her very much indeed."

"Well," said the good giant, "and that's just the reason why——"

"Madam," said Hop o' my Thumb, "this good fellow is right. I love you too much to want to make you unhappy. None of us knew that Prince Charming would come. But if you wish it, let him be your husband."

He said all this very gravely and with much dignity, but when the Princess in her joy and relief caught him up in her arms and kissed him on both cheeks, saying:—

"Ah, this is kind of you," he burst into tears and said:—

"That's the hardest cut of all."

"Come, dear little Prince," said the giant; "come away with me. No one can understand your grief as I can. You will talk of it to me; all day long we will talk of her to each other; and watch over her, too, if at a distance."

And with these words he raised his little friend to his shoulder and strode away with him, and both disappeared where earth and sky meet.

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A REMARKABLE SNOWBALL.

This may be called a military snowball, and here is the history of it as narrated by Mr. D. E. Sparrow, of 132, Selhurst Road, S.E. : "The enormous snowball represented here was begun by a German officer, who afterwards ordered two soldiers to go on rolling it. As the snowball grew larger and larger, the number of soldiers was increased, until at length a whole company of German infantry were required to move this enormous snowball, and it was found that they keenly enjoyed the fun. At length operations were suspended, owing mainly to the fact that it was impossible for all the hands requisite to be placed on the surface at once. This great snowball was no less than 6ft. high." This may well be judged from the figures that are seen in the photo.

A CURIOUS FREAK OF INSECTS.

In the accompanying photograph we see a large piece of wood which was found in a woodyard belonging to a gentleman living at Beccles, in Norfolk. It will be seen that some insects have eaten away the wood, but have been obliged to leave the knots, which in their curious ramifications resemble nothing so much as a tree growing inside the wood. This is one of the most curious "gnawing" freaks imaginable. We are indebted for the use of this interesting and curious photograph to Mr. H. Nockolds, Priory House, Dover College, Dover.

THE QUEEREST HOTEL IN THE WORLD.

The extraordinary colossal figure of an elephant seen in the accompanying photograph is nothing more or less than a gigantic hotel. Mr. W. R. Tilton, of Prairie Depôt, Ohio, U.S.A., writes as follows: "Among the many interesting sights of Coney Island, N.Y.—the popular sea-side resort near New York City—the great elephant hotel, unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1896, was by far the most unique. The mammoth size of this astonishing structure made it visible for a great distance out at sea." Note the windows in the elephant's legs.

From a Photo. by Mr. W. R. Tilton, Wood Co., Ohio, U.S.A.

From Photos. by] AN AMAZING PIECE OF CARVING. *[Hodson, San Francisco, Cal.*

The story about these two photos. is simply this: The Japanese workman, Hananuma Masakichi, of Tokio, carved a figure in wood so like himself that when the two are placed side by side, as we see in the photos. here shown, it is absolutely impossible to tell which is which. The wooden figure seems to live and breathe. By many connoisseurs in art this is pronounced to be the most human and perfect image of a man ever created. It is the artist's own production of himself, reproducing every detail, even to the most minute scar, vein, and wrinkle. The figure is composed of 2,000 separate pieces of wood, so skilfully dovetailed and jointed that no seams are detected, even under a magnifying glass. Will it be believed that millions, perhaps, of tiny holes were drilled for the reception of the hairs of the head, over the eyes, and even on the back of the hands? It is a marvellous production. In the counterfeit root-places this wondrous artist planted hairs from his own person. In the pose, the artist stood as if carving a small mask, with intent devotion to his work. The wooden figure has glass eyes and eyelashes that are exact facsimiles of Hananuma's own. This marvellous Japanese modelled his work whilst posing between two mirrors, and for some months after its completion he posed on exhibition beside it, to the utter confusion of the audience, who, even at close quarters, were quite unable to distinguish the artist from his counterfeit figure in wood. We are indebted for the two photographs to Mr. H. A. Leake, of Clinton, Mo., U.S.A.

A TWO-HEADED TURTLE.

The accompanying photo. shows a turtle, or, rather, two turtles, which are worthy of notice as an extraordinary freak. This "Siamese" turtle was found by Lieut.-Commander Z. L. Tanner, U.S.N., of the United States Fishery Commission steamer *Albatross*, whilst on a visit to the Galapagos Islands. This two-headed turtle was for some time alive in Commander Tanner's possession. It is difficult to see how this strange creature obtained food, or how the opposite halves reached an agreement as to the direction which the whole should take. This strange monstrosity is now preserved in spirits in the museum at Hartford, Conn., U.S.A. Photo. sent in by Mr. Jas. H. Beard, 543, Hancock Street, Brooklyn, U.S.A.

A PECULIAR PHOTOGRAPH.

The accompanying photograph is, perhaps, one of the most curious prints yet obtained by that process which is well known to photographers as "double printing." This extraordinary result, which shows two children apparently pouring water upon their astonished and indignant selves, was, of course, obtained by taking two separate photos., and then super-imposing them on one plate. It is the Rev. Arthur East, of Southleigh Vicarage, Witney, Oxon., who has sent in this curious photo.

A HORSE-SHOE THAT GREW IN A TREE.

The accompanying photograph shows a horse-shoe firmly embedded in a piece of oak. This oak grew on the side of Loch Lomond, and when the curiosity was discovered, it was found that one of the branches had grown right over the shoe. The only explanation seems to be that the horse-shoe was hung on the oak when the branch was a mere twig. The original of the photo. is in the possession of Mr. Muirhead, merchant, of Bannockburn, whilst the photo. itself was sent by Mr. Arthur Thompson, solicitor, Stirling.

Photo. by Crowe and Rodgers, Stirling.

A GRAND RATTER.

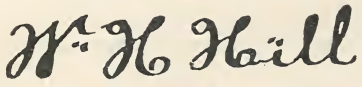
Attacked by several hundred rats, which swarmed upon her when she was in a very narrow space, the celebrated rat-terrier belonging to Mr. J. E. Prosser, of East Treeport, Ohio, U.S.A., made a most noble fight, killing some 300 rats, and compelling many more to fly. In the photo., "Fanny" is seen calmly posing before some serried rows of her victims' bodies. It is no wonder that Mr. Prosser has recently refused several tempting cash offers for this plucky little animal. Mr. Prosser dwells with positive ecstacy on the prowess of his canine champion; and there can be no doubt whatever that champion ratting terriers often represent a large sum of money. The photo. was sent in by Mr. W. R. Tilton, Prairie Depôt, Wood Co., Ohio, U.S.A.

THE RESULT OF A CARELESS SNAP-SHOT.

Mr. Ruthven Deane, of 30, Michigan Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A., writes: "This photo. shows a snap-shot taken at too close a proximity to the object. The cow seems to be some strange monstrosity. It was taken by me on the grounds of the English Lake Shooting Club, Indiana, U.S.A., in April, 1890." Many grotesque things of this kind have been sent in, but so far this is the queerest we have seen.

A CURIOUS SIGNATURE.

The wonderful thing about this signature is that it reads the same upside down. It was kindly sent for our inspection by Mr. Richard C. Herrick, secretary



to the Department of Public Safety, Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A. Mr. Herrick writes: "I have been called several times as an expert in forgery cases, and to give my personal attention to such cases coming before this Department."

A POTATO GROWING THROUGH A KEY.

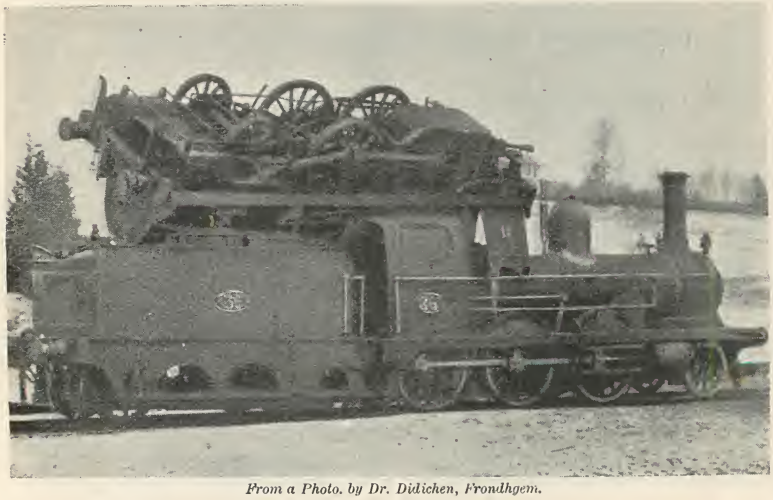
The photograph of this curiosity was sent by Mr. A. J. Nixon, of 81, High Street, Burton-on-Trent. Says Mr. Nixon: "I have had the potato since early last season, and you will see that it is now

From a Photo. by Richard Keeve, Burton-on-Trent.

commencing to grow. It has been seen by hundreds of people, and you will notice that the potato has grown through the ring of the key, and is, moreover, as equal as possible on both sides." This is in no sense a doctored curiosity.

EXTRAORDINARY RESULT OF A RAILWAY COLLISION.

In this photo. we see the astonishing result of an accident at the railway station of Strommen, not far from Christiania, in Norway. The incident happened in December, 1887. The engine No. 36 seems to have kept the rails, and literally thrown the other engine backwards on to its own tender, so that it actually carried it away for some little distance. The boiler of the wrecked engine seen on top exploded with a terrific report, but fortunately no one was injured. The photo. was sent in by Mrs. Fisher, of 5, St. Luke's Road, Bayswater, W., and is the property of Dr. Didichen, of Rotvold, Leangen, Norway. This photo. illustrates in the most striking way the terrific force brought into play when two great locomotives come into collision.



From a Photo. by Dr. Didichen, Frondhgem.

"THE MASS STRUCK SALIM FULL ON THE FOREHEAD."

(*See page* 366.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xv. APRIL, 1898. No. 88.

The Treasure of Nephron.

By Eden Phillpotts.

NEAR the huge pyramids of Dashur, and dwarfed by their size, there may be found upon the confines of the Nubian desert a sepulchral mound, once also a pyramid, now little more than a large and irregular mass of shattered limestone. Beside the adjacent giants this pyramid of Nephron appears little more than a rubbish heap; but seen apart, the mass is of no small elevation, while matters of considerable interest lie entombed within it. Just short of a hundred years ago came forth from its interior the mummy of that notable person whose grave it was; and skilled Egyptologists, their success at that time much accelerated by the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, soon deciphered the hieroglyphics which adorned dead Nephron's coffin and sepulchre. The withered brown carcass, here "sealed from the moth and the owl and the flittermouse" for a space of time extending over three thousand years, had once been a high priest who ministered at the shrine of Horus, in the Middle Age of Egypt; and here, moved thereto by opinions peculiar to himself, the bygone cleric, if his story might be credited, had caused to be buried with him much of the wealth accumulated on earth during a lengthy and prosperous career. This fact was not remarkable, but what struck experts as strange has to be told. Though the cryptic chamber in which Nephron's corpse had been discovered was spacious, nothing but the dead priest himself occupied it, and no amount of research revealed his alleged treasure.

All that French and English savants could think upon to do was done, and with assistance from the fellaheen of the adjacent village, they probed the mass of limestone to its core, and made searching exploration for the "gold and silver and Orient gems" declared to be hidden within Nephron's shattered mausoleum; but nothing rewarded the search save the granite presentment of a Krio-Sphinx which blocked one end of a subterranean gallery in the pyramid. To remove the ram-headed monster was impossible; it formed an integral portion of the mass; and no amount of poking and prying had revealed in the solid body of it any receptacle or chamber which might represent the portal of a treasure-house.

Thus, then, stood human knowledge upon the subject of Nephron's pyramid on the forenoon of a day in summer some fifty years ago.

Two Arabs sat smoking cigarettes not far distant from the high priest's monument on this occasion, and watched a cavalcade departing over the sand in the direction of Cairo.

"They have failed, like all who came before them," said young Faraj, the Nile boatman.

"Verily," answered his friend and companion, Salim Subra, a man whose occupation, if he had any, was that of pyramid guide to tourists. "Allah wills not that Nephron's treasures go to fat the pockets of these pale, steel-eyed infidels. They come and grub here and search each nook and cranny and jackal-lair, to no purpose. And these have wasted their sweat like the rest."

He pointed to half-a-dozen Englishmen with their baggage and attendants. They represented a learned Commission which, amongst other more successful explorations, had devoted a portion of its time to renewed study and research in Nephron's tomb. But no fortune rewarded their efforts, and as they departed on asses, with camels and yelling fellaheen to bear the baggage, they cried "Sour grapes" in a manner quite unscientific. One grey, spectacled personage doubted not that the treasure, even if discovered, would add little to human knowledge, and possibly be found of no intrinsic value whatever; another professor gave it as his opinion that a generation of men long dead had discovered Nephron's

gold and silver, perhaps thousands of years before, and that any further search must be vain. All greatly wished that the gigantic and perfect Krio-Sphinx might be dragged forth from its many thousand years of night to adorn the garden of the Gizeh Museum of Cairo; but that was beyond their power to achieve, for to disentomb the statue it would have been necessary to demolish the shattered mountain that contained it. So the erudite English departed with no greater riches than those a measuring tape could furnish; and Faraj and Salim watched them go.

In Dashur the treasure of Nephron had grown into a tradition, but though many an Arab of the village knew the pyramid and its dark ways as well as his own mud cottage, none had yet reached the rumoured gold. Yet each successive generation became fired with the hope in turn. Nephron's hoard was a real fact to Dashur minds; and not a few lazy men wasted half their lives in vain dreams of the bygone priest, and vain subterranean searching after his wealth. A hundred stories of weird adventures and strange meetings with jinn and marids in the bat-haunted gloom of the pyramid were familiar to the ears of the fellaheen. Blood, too, had been shed there by an unknown hand, and one gloomy chamber was held sacred to the shade of an unhappy traveller from Alexandria, whose assassin had never been traced.

"The treasures are safe," said Faraj. "They will pass into the hands of the faithful in Allah's own time. Inshallah! He doeth what seemeth good to him. Allah send we may yet prevail against the evil mystery lying between what man hid there in the morning of the world and our living eyes to-day. Our compact was to share Nephron's riches as we share love and kindred affection. So be it. We may yet succeed, Salim."

"How did they prosper?" continued Faraj, regarding the retreating explorers.

"Neither better nor worse than others. As a man with deep knowledge of the pyramid, they engaged me, and I showed them all I know and did their bidding."

"'All you know,' Salim Subra?"

The other laughed, doffed his fez, and passed a hand over his closely-cropped head.

"All save only the hole under the left paw of the stone monster they call Krio-Sphinx. That I left them to find themselves."

"Did they?"

"Truly. Nothing was too difficult for them. They discovered it and descended into the little chamber below; and they held that hole to be the place of a coffin."

"Did they question you concerning the opening at the side of it?"

"They did, and thrust their heads in and lowered a line which told them naught. They asked if any boy small enough might be found to get through the aperture, and I shook my head, but assured them that one in the past, of small stature, had entered and found only a second little empty chamber like the first."

Faraj laughed.

"These northern giants, with their huge shoulders, strange garments, and stiff joints, might well believe nothing bigger than a young child could pass that way. How if you yourself had climbed through before their eyes?"

"They would have doubted they saw aright.

"'THE TREASURES ARE SAFE,' SAID FARAJ."

But I did no such thing. Yet I only spoke the truth to them."

"Not all of it."

"Why, what more was there to tell them?"

"That from the second chamber falls a sheer well, down to the heart of the earth for all we can say. You were dumb as to that dark drop into nothingness known only to you and me among the living."

"And we might as well not know it. The thing is beyond human power to probe. It may reach straight to the central fires, for all we can tell. 'Tis beyond the power of any living thing but a snake to probe. On steel and Koran we swore to share such fortune as Fate might store for us in Nephron's grave or elsewhere, Faraj Tabit; but it will not come through that black throat. The well leads down to death and only death, as I have seen in dreams."

Though not of kin, a greater love than that for the most part obtaining between brothers marked the friendship of these young men; yet close upon the very occasion of this discourse arose the first cloud between them—a cloud destined to produce tragedy as strange, and sequel as startling, as any recorded in all the history of Nephron's pyramid. Faraj Tabit, the elder, worked upon the river, and devoted his leisure to prying with Salim amid the great relics of the past at Dashur; while his friend, though poor also, yet had prospects of a better position to come. In Cairo dwelt his uncle, 'Aziz-ul-Hajj, a vendor of curios and objects of art—an old, wifeless gentleman whose wealth was rumoured to be considerable, and who showed amiability towards his nephew, though he had at no time assisted him to better his worldly position. The young men had little in common save good looks, mutual regard, and a great ambition to come at wealth and fortune. One other interest they indeed shared—their love for the same woman—Laylá Birbâri.

A woman we call Laylá, in that she was wife-old; but the girl had seen no more than thirteen summers, in which time, after the hot-house fashion of the East, she arrived at physical maturity. An olive-skinned and bright-eyed maid was she, with cherry-red lips and a smile usually hidden from young, fiery hearts by her hideous yashmak of tawdry, flesh-coloured cotton stamped with some conventional arabesque. The dark blue robe of the fellaheen women encompassed her; and beneath the bright beads and coins that rose and fell upon her breast was a little heart as hard and calculating as ever beat in an ice-cold Northern bosom. Nobody knew better than Laylá the power of her dark eyes and pretty voice. She was a flirt, too—in so far as an Eastern woman of respectable position can be—and the homage of the men brightened a lonely existence. With her father, Nasîm Birbâri, she dwelt; her own mother was dead, but Nasîm's living wife, luckily for Laylá, was an amiable soul, and she enjoyed a measure of liberty beyond that of most unmarried Moslem girls in Dashur. This she employed as she pleased, and was at present engaged in a brisk interchange of love promises with Faraj Tabit; whereas in the case of Salim, their intercourse had by no means reached so far. The young men had acted each as his disposition dictated, and while Faraj was content with his sweetheart's assurance of love, Salim, more cautious and more conventional, had sought Laylá's father before pushing his suit. One therefore rejoiced secretly in the girl's love and promise; the other had reason to believe that his expectations from his uncle, the old virtuoso and curio dealer in Cairo, would carry the necessary weight with Nasîm Birbâri, on whose decision lay the final disposal of Laylá.

II.

A WEEK passed by, and the festival of the Mahmoud was at hand. On the occasions of this celebration, thousands of fellaheen from the surrounding villages flock to Cairo that they may witness the departure of the Sacred Carpet to Mecca. The festival is one of great rejoicing—a red-letter day in the calendar of every right Moslem. Before this event, however, the hopes and fears of the lovers were set at rest.

Salim Subra acted with the greater promptitude, and an hour after leaving Faraj he was drinking coffee with Nasîm Birbâri and setting out his case to the best advantage. In the end he won the old man to his way of thinking, and then departed to wait with what patience he might for more intelligence. Meantime, the father had a conversation with his daughter, and found her extremely pliable.

"I had spoken words with Faraj, the boatman," she said, "but they were to no purpose, and no more than the jests of friends. Salim is of different clay; besides, when his uncle shall die, great store of riches must fall into his life and better it. I will marry him in due season."

When therefore Faraj, a day later, paid his visit to Laylá's home, he found himself in the cold. His sweetheart he did not see, and

he departed in the extremity of wrath. He showered bitter words on Nasîm Birbâri, taxed him with selling his daughter to the highest bidder, and refused to believe that Laylá herself had abandoned him thus readily for one of better worldly prospects. Accordingly, he waited until he might come upon her and learn from her own red lips the truth. But such a meeting Laylá little desired, and kept within doors to avoid it. Her action only led heart-stricken Faraj into further error. Now he openly declared that foul means had been taken to keep Laylá from him, and that she was even at that hour shut up within her father's house, a prisoner. But though Laylá appeared not, Faraj met with Salim. On the dawn of the great festival they stood face to face again; and thus it happened.

Salim Subra, elated beyond measure at his success, had arranged to accompany his future wife and father-in-law to the festival; and after the celebration it was proposed that the young man should call upon his uncle, 'Aziz-ul-Hajj, and introduce to the curio merchant the fair Laylá and her father.

So Salim, adorned in his richest garments, proceeded at early light to seek his friends; and as he did so there passed, desert-wards, not noting him, his rival. For the Orient mind cruelty has a sort of fascination; and the spectacle of his listless and defeated friend woke no pity in Salim's heart just then. He remembered, too, that he was full early for the meeting with Nasîm and his daughter, and therefore, in an evil moment for himself, he followed Faraj, as that solitary soul proceeded despondent towards the ruined pyramids under a black cloud of everlasting despair. The young man now regarded himself as a victim of dark plots and superior cunning. He fully believed that Laylá was by force withheld from him, and that, in the prison seclusion of her father's home, she suffered even as did he. Thus in a dangerous and deadly mood was Faraj when Salim, with pretended unconcern, approached and walked beside him beneath the earliest gold of a risen sun.

"How is it with thee, Faraj Tabit?" he asked. "May perdition eat thy foes."

"Thou callest a curse upon thine own vile head in saying it, son of a dog!" thundered back the other.

"Nay, friend that was, we have fought a fair battle, and this is no language from vanquished to victor."

The eyes of Faraj burnt in his head, and dark hate shot from them upon the smirking Salim. One stood all smiles and brave apparel, the other was in his ragged working clothes, and his mind raged so that the storm of its working blackened his face. Faraj valued his own life at less than a piastre just then, and his foe would have been safer with a hungry Nubian lion; but the victor knew it not, and poured oil upon the flame of the other's wrath.

"You do not understand," he said. "Laylá comes to me of her free will, because she loves me better than she can love you. She has listened to nobody and obeyed nothing but her heart's voice. A woman's heart lies not."

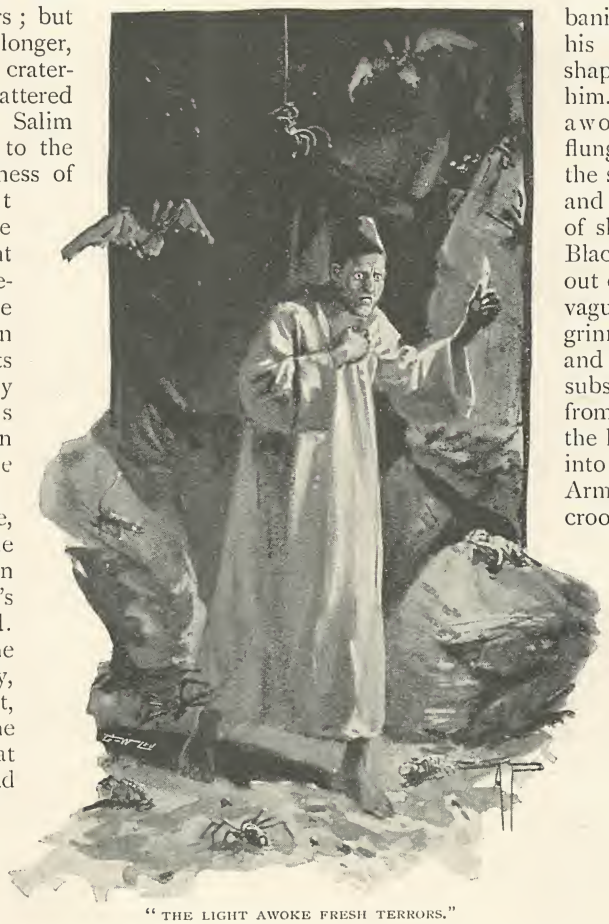
"A man's tongue does; and thou art he. Lies bubble from your lips, so that Allah sees you not for the black smoke of them, that hides you from Him. But Iblis, the father of all the devils, knows you, and is impatient for you."

"This is the cry of a child, angry that he has lost his toy. You crowed too loud, Faraj Tabit; you crowed too loud, and now your case is the worse. Laylá will twine about my heart——"

"Let her if she will; but, by the breath of God, it shall be cold first!"

As he spoke the boatman, shaking with passion, stooped, picked up a fragment of stone, placed to his hand by the Fiend, and hurled it swift and straight. The mass struck Salim full on the forehead, its force in some sort broken by the white turban wound about his fez; but even thus the blow was enough to slay a stronger man than the young Arab. His hands shot into the air, then he fell heavily backward and lay still, while from his head wound a thick stream of blood, sucked up as it flowed by the yellow sand. No groan or cry marked his downfall. Death, terrific and sudden as from stroke of lightning, leaden bullet, or paw of savage beast, had swept him from the living in his hour of triumph. Profound silence followed, broken only by the distant sound of a Muezzin's call from the far-off minaret. Like a bird's note it came through the thin air, but Faraj Tabit heard it not. He stood motionless, with no visible life nearer to him than the vultures that soared like specks aloft in the golden morning. They indeed saw and knew, but nothing else. For one mad moment the man fell on his knees and began scooping sand with both hands upon the supine shape before him; but as he did so, there came to his ears a sound of laughter, and he thought his kind were near at hand, and desisted, and rose. Sudden terror, that he might be captured

with his hands red, got hold upon him, and he departed, slinking in the western shadows of the scattered rocks, like a pariah dog. Salim Subra would be missed by those departing for the Mahmoud. He might be sought and even found, though that was improbable, for the place of his destruction lay without Dashur, in a lonely, rock-strewn spot, the home of the jackal and sand-coloured snake. In reality, no one was near. Faraj had heard ghost-voices only, awakened by his own thick-coming fears; but he stayed no longer, left the rough, crater-like ring of scattered limestone where Salim lay, and hurried to the safety and darkness of a sanctuary at hand. Here stood the gaunt pyramid of Nephron, and the murderer soon plunged into its heart, there only to find terrors more fearful than any the sunshine held.



"THE LIGHT AWOKE FRESH TERRORS."

For a short time, as he rested at the portal of the main tunnel, the man's fear vanished. Recollection of the other's treachery, as he imagined it, returned, and he felt glad again at the thing he had done. He steeled his heart, told himself he was Allah's instrument to shorten the span of a vile life, and then concerned himself with thoughts for his own safety. He would remain in the secret places of the pyramid until nightfall, then depart, cross the Nile and enter Cairo, where there was small fear of being discovered. So resolving, he burrowed into the subterranean ways, and hastened so suddenly from the light that his eyes throbbed under the inky blackness. Now chaos returned to his mind again, and a million superstitious fears, bred of his sin, made the familiar recesses of the pyramid seem strange, and filled the velvet pall of that eternal night with many eyes, that shone as red as blood. The echoes were awake and alive, and the rustle and squeak of the bats that dwelt here by day was magnified upon his ear into serpent hissings and the voices of strange, monstrous things, half man, half reptile.

Faraj knew where candles were hidden, and presently, lighting one, he strove with its flickering flame to banish the horrors of his mind now taking shape and voice about him. But the light only awoke fresh terrors, flung back the sides of the surrounding gloom, and set a demon dance of shadows everywhere. Black limbs were thrust out of the dark corners, vague, bodiless heads grinned from the roof, and headless bodies took substance and passed from the gloom into the light, from the light into the gloom again. Armless hands with crooked fingers, like hairy spiders, stole along the floor and gripped his skirts, then hung upon them as he moved; a hundred nameless horrors crowded and gibbered and squeaked within sight of his eyes: and the candle itself, which summoned this fearful throng, burnt like a red eye from the brow of some Cyclopean abortion created from the rock where Faraj had set it up. He struck out the light to banish this pandemonium, then flung himself upon the dry dust of the tunnel, and there lay with his head on his arms, his fingers thrust in his ears and his eyes tightly closed. Presently he fell into a sort of trance, while the past retraced its steps before him. Again he slew the slain, dreamed that he plunged a knife into Laylá's breast also, and

then into his own. Together they woke on the shores of Paradise, but the murdered man was there before them, and Salim took Laylá into his arms, while winged things with swords of live fire thrust the murderer forth. From such nightmare rest he presently awoke and sought the mouth of the pyramid.

Far distant, at the embouchure, a mellow lance of light told that the sun had westered, and that within a few hours darkness would return and enable him to fly. Then Faraj lighted his candle again, shivered at the cold around him, and, his fears now decreased, passed onward into the depths, where one long passage terminated abruptly between the paws of the great granite sphinx with a ram's head already mentioned. Beneath one paw of the monster appeared a little receptacle, and from this a second, like to it, might be reached by a narrow aperture. Here it was that the ingenuity of the English explorers failed them, for the opening between the two chambers was so small that the possibility of anything larger than a dog creeping through it had not entered their speculations. Nevertheless, both Faraj and Salim, if no others, could get into the inner chamber, for the feat to a narrow-shouldered and lithe native was not extraordinary.

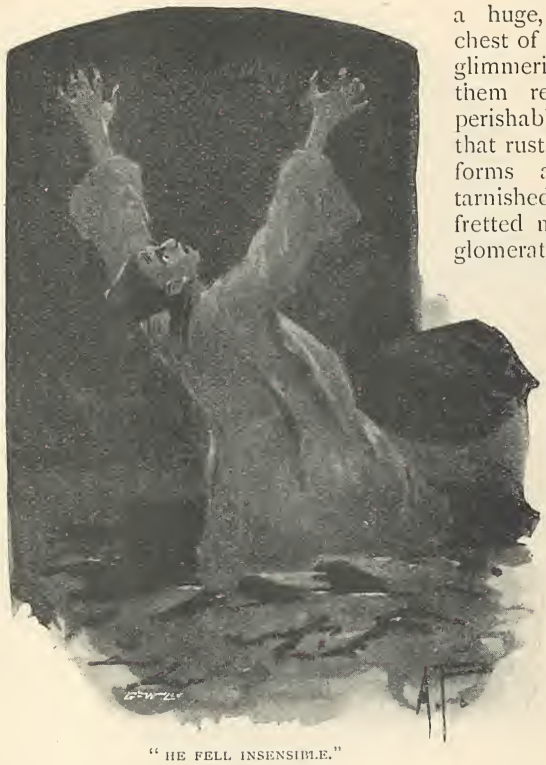
The man now standing before the Krio-Sphinx, for no reason that he could have named to himself, presently wriggled into this second receptacle beneath it, put his candle on a ledge, and squatted down in a place scarce large enough to hold a coffin. This was the spot which Salim Subra had assured the explorers held nothing; and in that he spoke the truth; but at one end of the place there descended a circular narrow shaft into the bowels of the pyramid; and of this he had not spoken. To him and to Faraj alone of men was this dark channel known; but neither at any time had descended into it, for the sides were steep and the air below the surface very foul. They had often cast down stones, but no answering echo returned, and thus they assumed the tunnel must be bottomless and beyond human skill to search or fathom.

Above this black hole Faraj sat, and the cloud fell again upon his heart before the spectacle of a blood-stained future. Laylá had sunk to a spectre in his mind; only the dead man lying outside in the sand occupied it. He pictured the jackals when night hid Salim Subra; he saw the naked-necked vultures that wait not for darkness. For a moment the thought of self-destruction crossed his mind. Here, at his feet, gaped a ready death, and no human eye would ever see his mangled limbs, no beast rend them. To fling himself down this dark mouth of stone would be the work of a moment, and now death began to look a better thing than the haunted, hunted life awaiting him on earth. He almost forgot his crime before the arguments for and against self-slaughter. The thought of it grew less and less terrible; while each moment now made life appear a vainer business. He saw himself meeting with Salim in the shadow world, and there came a lust and a yearning to cross the dark threshold and see and know what lay beyond. He crept near to the black aperture in the floor of the narrow chamber, and let his legs dangle over. Voices called him from below—the pleasant, happy voices of women. He edged nearer until he rested in a position of utmost peril on the brink. Taking his candle he dropped it down, and he saw the light flicker redly down the funnel of stone, then vanish. Impenetrable gloom now wrapped him, and out from it crept and glimmered the old shapes and faces and burning eyes. Weird creatures with strange double heads and unfamiliar limbs arose and passed in procession before him. The gods of the dead were there—the gods of ancient Egypt, with heads of men and women, of bird and beast. Sanctified creatures moved and crawled about him: huge live scarabs with opal eyes; cats; snorting bulls, that puffed sweet breath into his face; crocodiles, with great golden rings in their long snouts. He heard music, and saw bygone men, as from some Egyptian frieze, marching on either side of a bier. And upon it lay no mummied corpse, but Salim Subra, with his great toes tied together, salt upon his breast, and a silk shroud wrapped about him, after the modern fashion of the Moslem. The dead lay calm, and his eyes were shut, but on his brow was black blood. The fresco figures passed silent and grim; their song died in a sigh of cold wind, and Faraj, knowing that another had yet to come, crept nearer the shaft and watched and waited. He would remain in the land of the living until Death himself appeared, then he meant to fling himself downward and so die, that he might escape Death. He laughed at this conceit, and an echo answered him again, while it seemed that an invisible hand suddenly touched his—a hand hard and cold as stone. Mad with fear, Faraj Tabit tore himself from it and dropped into the pit

yawning at his feet. One shriek echoed with a hundred voices, then consciousness departed from him, and he fell insensible through the black air—to Iblis and the abode of evil Ifrits and foul Jinn.

III.

But it was in the flesh and not the spirit that Faraj found himself, on again opening his eyes and recovering consciousness some seconds later. He moved this way and that, felt himself, discovered himself recumbent on a pile of some soft material, and found himself unscathed, though he experienced a little difficulty in breathing. About him were heavy stones, and now he realized why these fragments, thrown from above in the past, had brought no answering sound to the ears of Salim and himself, for they had fallen into thick, soft dust. The unearthly silence that ever brooded in the heart of the pyramid hung heavy about him; his mind grew clear again, and his only speculation was as to how far he had fallen and how long he might expect to survive in his present position. A cautious survey by touch told that the place in which he now stood trapped was small. He felt round its walls, and in doing so set his foot on some sharp object, and felt a pang. Bending, hot blood from the wounded member flowed upon his hand, and he tore a bandage from his skirt and bound it up. Then he remembered the candle he had flung down before him, and now felt through the thick dust of the floor in hope that it might come to his hand. Here he was fortunate, for he soon recovered the candle, and relighted it; and, though it burnt but dimly under the heavy air, the light given was sufficient to show Faraj the nature of his new environment. The place was empty save for a deep layer of dust and an object of strange appearance that filled half the chamber. It looked, at first sight, like some enormous insect, lying upon its back, with long twisted legs extended in the air above it, and a glimmering body of irregular shape beneath them. But closer investigation brought a truer explanation. The bent and twisted bands of metal were all that remained of what had once been a huge, brass-bound chest of wood; and that glimmering mass within them represented imperishable stones, gold that rusts not, and other forms and shapes of tarnished silver and fretted metal. The agglomeration stood three feet high and covered a considerable space. From it gleamed red rubies and green emeralds, the flash and twinkle of diamonds, the soft fire of opals, the lustre of red gold—treasures all that had not answered light with light for more than three thousand years. Strange mystic jewels lay there, the use of which was long vanished out of man's knowledge; time had gnawed the silver into black ruins, and many of the treasures of necklace and fillet and pectoral were in part destroyed; but unutterable gems and feats of workmanship, scarce to be credited, still remained to glitter on man's eyes again after their centuries of repose. Golden hawks, with diamond breasts and lapis lazuli wings, were here; crystal sphinxes, and wrought ivory plaques crusted with gems; the uræus and winged globe of majesty fashioned in precious stones; regal diadems; statuettes of gods and goddesses with diamond eyes; lotus lilies with petals of beaten gold and emerald leaves—these and a hundred other marvellous achievements of men long since dust, here, escaped from the clutch of time, glimmered and shone in the mass of treasure as Faraj turned it about beneath the light of his waning candle.



"HE FELL INSENSIBLE."

Here at last, at this unexpected moment, appeared the treasure of Nephron to the eye of a murderer and a prisoner; to him who could neither personally profit by the discovery nor proclaim it to the world. One other man alone knew of the tunnel down which Faraj had fallen, and that man was dead. The thing

"AT LAST APPEARED THE TREASURE OF NEPHRON."

desired, dreamed of, prayed for, had come indeed; but a time must be at hand when this lonely wretch would be glad enough to barter every gem and jewel of that vast hoard for a jug of water and a crust of bread. Lust of life reasserted itself in the man before his discovery. Egyptian justice fifty years ago was no immaculate thing, and now he dwelt with throbbing brain on the possibilities of salvation from death which the treasure of Nephron might compass for him. His light began to wane and the hot wax touched his hand. He turned, therefore, and continued his scrutiny with special reference to the dark entrance of the treasure-house down which he had fallen. That he should have received no injury argued an inconsiderable descent, and for a moment hope flickered again in the dead ashes of his soul. Above him opened the hole down which he had come, and below it lay the dust. Investigation showed the aperture in the roof to be just above his reach, but by piling the treasure of Nephron below it, and standing upon the glittering heap, Faraj could get his head and shoulders into the tunnel and hold the candle above him. Then the man's heart leapt, for on a level with his eyes appeared the first of a succession of foot-holes cut deep in the stone. It was clear that the shaft had formed a regular means of entrance to the treasure-house. Chance had opened the upper end beneath the Krio-Sphinx; and Faraj now doubted not that it was within his power to ascend again to sunlight and life if he would do so. Yet upon this discovery he hesitated. The man with whom he had sworn to share such fortune as should fall to him was gone beyond call of gold or silver or precious stone. The old friendship, dimmed by no vision of Laylá's bright eyes, recurred to his mind; and for the first time personal fear gave place to personal sorrow before the deed he had done. His own safety gave him less and less concern.

Among Moslems none may testify of what he has not seen with his own eyes; therefore no one but himself could declare his crime. Only God, and the devil, and the dead, had power to accuse him. With the possibility of an increase of life before him its desirability waned. He thought of the riches beneath his feet. After all, though they seemed so vain, such an anti-climax to the great tragedy of his life when first he found them, yet they had made it possible for him to save that wretched existence if now he chose so to do. Without them piled beneath his feet he could nevermore have left the treasure-house.

Long he debated with himself, then determined at least to clamber back into the world and see the sun and moon again before he died. The toil of ascending was laborious enough to one faint for food and drink, and with a mind greatly overwrought; but Faraj accomplished his design, struggled with bleed-

ing knees and elbows up the last yard or two of the shaft (which offered no foothold, but was fortunately narrow enough to be scaled by lateral pressure of legs and arms), and then fell exhausted and out of breath in the sweeter air of the chamber above.

"HE SAW THE MOONLIGHT GLIMMER IN THEIR AMBER EYES."

Presently he passed through dark, familiar ways into a night of silver stars, with Venus in the arms of the young moon. Then life looked a good thing again, and the man's tongue was loosened, and he prayed to Allah for pardon and wept bitter tears as he crossed the lonely sand. The recovered treasure left his mind as Salim Subra filled it once again. So, with weak feet, he neared the spot where he had slain his friend, and his blood froze in his veins at sound of a jackal's howl from the crater of stones; but he steeled himself to the ordeal, and hastened onwards to drive the unclean beast from the dead. As he hurried across the little cup of sand, a pair of dark night scavengers turned with bristling backs and gleaming teeth at his intrusion. He saw the moonlight glimmer in their amber eyes; he heard their angry yelp and snarl; then, as he came on, they turned tail, and skulked into the darkness of the adjacent rocks. Thereupon Faraj sought, trembling, only to find that the silver mystery of the night brooded over an empty space. On the sand was a black patch of dry blood surrounded by the paw-marks of the beasts; that was all; and gazing further, the Arab saw that no concourse of men had borne the dead away, for the tell-tale sand must have revealed that story. Only one straggling and uncertain line, such as the feet of the drunken draw, appeared; and it led, with bend and break, backward to Dashur.

Salim Subra had surely come to life again and passed on his own legs homewards. For a moment Faraj sank down in a wordless prayer of thanksgiving to Allah; then he pressed forward with his remaining strength in mingled joy and fear. Now he rejoiced that murder was not written in the Book against him; now he feared at every shadow on the way that he had found his friend, fallen again, this time in reality a corpse.

His thought was to surrender himself to justice, as became one whom Allah had mercifully preserved from deadly sin; but he changed his mind, and, on reaching the village, determined just to visit the abode of Salim Subra and learn his fate, together with particulars of the hope of life remaining to him. Neither weeping nor wailing marked the lonely home of his friend. The place was silent under the night, but the beam of a candle glowed from the open window, and gazing through it, Faraj saw the man he had left for dead, lying peaceful, with open, living eyes, upon his couch. Beside him stood one skilled in the framework of men and in the herbs and medicaments proper to all its ills; bandages were about the sufferer's brow, and he lay awake and sensible. Then the newcomer entered, cried aloud, sank upon his knees beside the sufferer, and bent low until his head touched the ground.

IV.

For a fortnight Salim Subra lay between life and death; then the white angel had her

way, and he returned by slow degrees to health. Day and night did Faraj minister at the couch of the injured man, and then, when it was told him that Salim would not die, he too tottered on the verge of peril, and his brain was stricken with fever, in the wild ravings of which he uttered many mad words of an under-world wherein the incarnate gods of Egypt still dwelt and guarded the treasure of Nephron.

But in time it pleased Allah that each young man should come again to his full strength and powers of body and mind. They conversed together, as friends converse, and marvelled that no sign or token of black-eyed Laylá had reached Salim whilst he lay at the door of death. The mystery was not long in solving, and when summer had come, and Salim and Faraj were mighty busy about some private concerns, which required many visits to high places in Cairo, it chanced that, on one occasion of passing through the bazaar, Faraj ran upon Laylá, and recognised her, and had some speech with her.

"It is true, then," he said, "that your father, old Nasîm Birbâri, hath left Dashur and now abides in the city?"

"Aye," she answered. "'Twas ever my wont to be plain with thee, Faraj Tabit, and I will be now. A girl has but one life, and though I loved thee well enough, thou hadst little to give in exchange, and little to promise a wife. So, at my father's wise speech, I consented to wed with Salim."

"Then how comes it——"

"Hear me. We saw him not on the morn of the Mahmoud, and so went our way, counting to meet with him at the house of 'Aziz-ul-Hajj, his uncle. But he came not, though the good man made a feast, and spread for us ducks stuffed with pistachio nuts, sweetmeats scented with musk and attar, rice and honey, red wine and white. These things are dear to me, and I loved them; while old, wifeless 'Aziz, looking upon me, loved me, and—and——"

"No need to say more."

"A girl can only live her life once. Is it not so? That is why Salim passed from my mind. Here was the fortune he promised at first hand. My husband, for we are wedded, is not passing rich, yet well-to-do and comfortable withal. When had you or Salim Subra set ducks stuffed with pistachio nuts before me?"

"Why, truly, 'Aziz-ul-Hajj holds some store of paltry trinkets and tin gods and stone scarabs, whose origin is hidden from the credulous that buy them; but consider, woman, the treasure of Nephron! Was that not worth while waiting a little for?"

She laughed.

"Poor children! Still grubbing in the dark for that! Give me the thing that is sure."

"Wretched, stone-hearted fool!" he burst out. "Go to thy dotard, and thy roast ducks! Drink thy sour wine, and glory in thy pitiful prosperity. Allah has been merciful to two young men, and heaped a curse on the grey hairs of an old one. Begone to thy unhappy husband, false, lying daughter of Iblis; and tell him that Salim Subra and Faraj Tabit have come at the treasure of Nephron in very truth, that the world of Egypt will ring with a wonder before the new moon. Tell him that great news, evil one; and know thyself, for thy future reflection, that either of those whom thou put to shame before the people might now, if so he willed it, buy a hundred times over all the rubbish in thy husband's house. Thousands of pounds of yellow, English gold are ours, and we depart ere long from the shores of Egypt to the greater world beyond. One soul dwells within us, one love—that of each for the other—animates us; and may God blacken our faces if ever again we trust our hearts in a woman's keeping, if ever again we suffer eyes or ears, or any sense of our bodies, to be conquered by a woman's wiles!"

So saying, and indeed prophesying somewhat vain things in the whirlwind of his anger, Faraj Tabit swept away; and Laylá, the wife of the curio merchant, felt her heart turned to gall as she watched him depart.

A Corn Carnival.

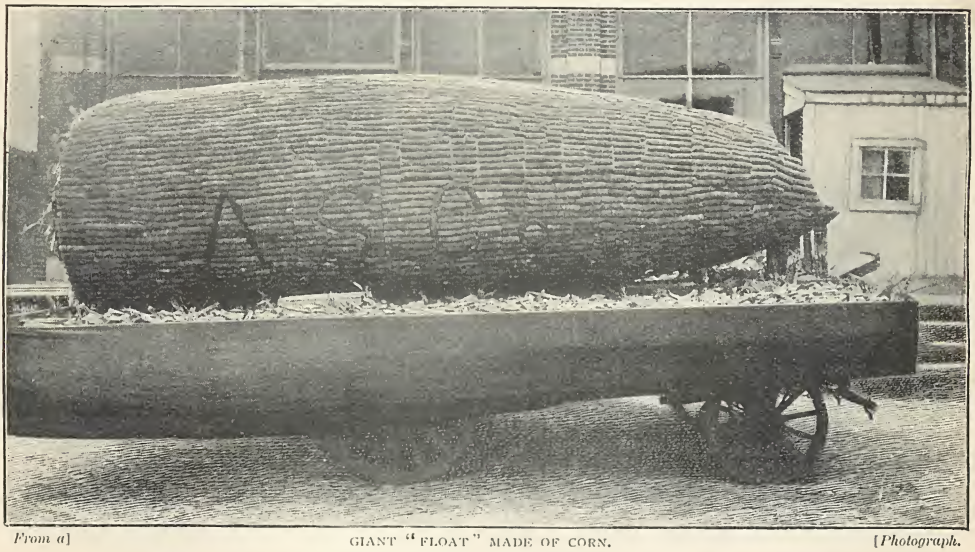
By Arthur Harris.

PEOPLE who can raise 160,000,000 bushels of corn in a season have a right to throw some of it away, if they want to. That is what the people of Atchison, Kansas, do once a year, and the occasion upon which it is thus lavishly squandered is the Atchison Corn Carnival, one of the greatest of *fêtes* of the kind to be seen in the great and merry West.

It lasts a day and a night. During that time King Corn is supreme. He reigns undisputed in all parts of the city. He fills the streets with processions of waggons and triumphal cars made and decorated with corn. His subjects walk and dance in costumes made of husks—pretty costumes, too, as we may see if we turn to the last page of this article, and he himself rides in a car drawn by corn-decorated horses. Corn, in fact, is everywhere, and the jubilation is wonderful to see.

North-eastern Kansas, in the vicinity of Atchison, is the greatest corn region of the West. The fields never know a failure, and the people are settlers who own their farms, and have been there for many years. They till the rich bottom lands of the Missouri, and harvest the crops with regularity and despatch. The corn fields that reach away from the highways are among the largest in the nation, and are a beautiful sight in summer.

The father of the Corn Carnival is Mr. E. W. Howe, editor of the Atchison *Globe*. His proposal, some years ago, that Kansas, "the sunflower State," should celebrate annually the glory of its corn crop, was eagerly taken up by the citizens, and much of the success which has attended the carnival has been due to him.

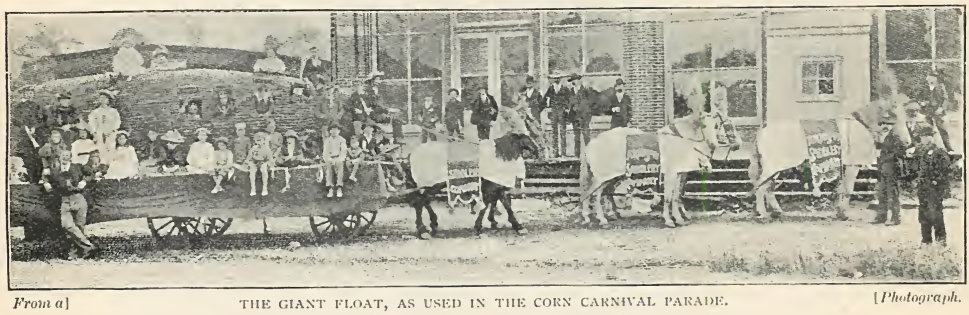


From a] GIANT "FLOAT" MADE OF CORN. *[Photograph.*

A few of the best things of last autumn's carnival are shown in our illustrations. Next to the decoration of the town, the chief event is the procession, in which all the leading commercial companies take part. They construct expensive "floats," as they are called, and display them in the procession on large waggons, drawn by decorated horses. A remarkable "float" was contributed by the Atchison Saddlery Company to last year's procession. The illustrations on this and the top of the next page show this curious and ingenious structure. It was made in the form of an ear of corn, and contained thirty-

six bushels, being 20ft. long and 6ft. high, and weighed 5,000lb. Hollow inside, it gave an opportunity for the presence of bright-faced children, who peeped through little windows in the sides.

The parade is, of course, headed by a band, and this band is specially augmented for the occasion. Then comes a corps of bicyclers, all rigged in corn costumes, and these riders are followed by the handsomely-decorated carriages, tally-ho coaches, buggies, phaetons, traps, surreys, and carts—all of which are entered in competition for a prize. They are decorated with flowers, made of tissue paper and corn husk, thousands being used on each vehicle; the entire buggy—top, box, running-gear, and everything—being covered with cloth the colour of the flower, while the harness on the horses is wrapped in bunting and ribbons of the same, and the bridles covered with flowers. In last year's carnival one represented white roses, others poppies, crimson roses, morning glories, violets, sunflowers, etc., while the ladies who drove the beautiful turn-outs were the handsomest of the city, and their rich costumes were in harmony with the colour of the flowers.



From a] THE GIANT FLOAT, AS USED IN THE CORN CARNIVAL PARADE. *[Photograph.*

Some of the pretty rigs were driven by little girls and boys with satin ribbons for lines, coloured boys leading the horses. To give an idea of the beauty of the flower parade, and the work it necessitated, it may be mentioned that 4,000 chrysanthemums were used on one buggy; 7,000 red roses and 600 white ones were used on one float; 3,500 roses on one buggy; 1,650 on another; 2,400 poppies on another; and 45,000 violets on another. The prize carriage which is shown on this page was the property of Mrs. F. M.

From a] FIRST PRIZE DECORATED CARRIAGE IN THE PARADE. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] THE CHARIOT OF THE CARNIVAL KING. *[David Lukens.*

Baker, the wife of the largest corn-dealer in Kansas, and was decorated with 5,000 pink poppies, consuming thirty quires of paper, 1,000yds. satin ribbon, 75yds. cheese cloth, twenty-five papers of pins, and 20yds. white jute.

The principal point on which the most stress is laid is the decoration of the town, and it is made very beautiful. The stores use hundreds of ears of corn in making odd designs that will attract the attention of the passers-by, and there are on the side-walks strange creatures made out of the grain that seem impossible to the novice. The young ladies make out of the husks the most bewitching bonnets and capes, and wear them through the day, and the young men even get up jackets and hats that rival those of the fair sex for ingenuity and attractiveness. Even the horses are decorated, and one might think that the town was all in the corn business, so generally is the place given up to the festival.

The King of the Carnival rides in state behind four horses with head-dresses of corn husks, and sits high on a flowered seat under a daïs of gorgeous colour. Our illustration shows plainly the curiously-decorated harness of the horses and the King enthroned.

One man who went to the carnival last year said he began to realize what a "carnival" meant when he was 100 miles out of the city. Corn was thrown through the doors and windows of the trains, and from that time on it was corn, corn, corn everywhere. In Atchison, everything in the shape of corn was prominent. Old "darkies" sold corn-stalk canes, coloured "mammies" peddled shell corn, the buildings were splendidly decorated in every imaginable way with corn stalks, corn tassels, corn leaves, shelled corn, ear corn, popped corn, coloured corn, and there might have

DECORATED BICYCLE IN THE PARADE.
From a Photo. by Kleckner, Atchison, Kans.

been places where corn juice was found. Everybody, men, women, and children, old and young, white, yellow, and black, celebrated by throwing shelled corn in each other's faces, rubbing it down their necks, whether friends or strangers made no difference, and one had to be good-natured and take it. The freer and more familiar people became with each other, the better they were liked. By night the streets and sidewalks were covered an inch deep with corn, most of it ground into meal under the crunching heels of the people. The bands, eight of them, played the official tune of the carnival, "A Hot Time in the Old Town"; people sang it, whistled it, and tooted it on thousands and thousands of tin horns.

LADY'S HAT MADE ENTIRELY OF CORN.
From a Photo. by J. C. Hill, Atchison, Kans.

Many women, young and old, wear dresses, hats, neckties, and even shoes of corn, corn husks, and tassels. There has been great rivalry over the possession of the most remarkable corn costume. Mrs. H. J. Cusack, an Atchison woman, whose corn millinery has attracted a good deal of attention, recently sent a hat trimmed entirely with corn and husks to Mrs. William McKinley, wife of the President. The bonnet can scarcely be distinguished from a Paris pattern. It was voted the most unique and dainty production of the carnival.

So tasteful and original have been Mrs. Cusack's productions in corn costumes that her delighted townspeople have dubbed her the "Corn Milliner of Kansas." The most peculiar feature of the corn hat is that the corn, having been treated by some special preparation, shines like ivory, and makes a most attractive head-dress. Worn at night, it would cause a sensation as one of the prettiest and most striking hats ever devised, and few would guess that the wonderful and costly-looking head-covering was made of corn husks.

The "Corn Doll" is in evidence throughout the carnival. She is a pretty little creature, with dress and hat of corn husks and a dainty parasol in her right hand. Thousands purchase her during the *fête*, and keep her as a *souvenir* of this unique festivity.

Much of the fun comes at night, and in the following manner. When the lights are ablaze and the streets are shining in the glory of corn decorations, the young people—and the old for that matter—go out with pockets full of corn kernels, and woe be it to the passer who is not ready to take his own part. Where in the Mardi Gras there is a shower of confection or flowers, here is one of corn, and the handfuls that are thrown among the crowds soon make the streets a crackling pandemonium. There is a prize offered to the farmer who will drive down the street with his waggon filled with corn and have any of it left when he arrives at the opposite end. So far, no one has been able to claim the prize. There is license of

A CORN DOLL.
From a Photo. by J. C. Hill, Atchison, Kans.

BADGE USED IN THE ATCHISON CORN CARNIVAL. [*Photograph.*
From a]

the fullest sort during the night, and the police are theoretically locked up until morning. With horns and corn the parade goes up and down, laughing and shouting, and the corn decorations begin to suffer. One after another they are pulled down and used to amuse the people, and there are few stores that have the trouble of taking down their decorations in the morning. The streets become veritable mills for the grinding of the corn, and after the crowd has been on them all the evening, the corn is ground into flour. Bushels are gathered in the morning, and many of the poor are glad to get this corn for food.

On this page is shown the badge worn during the carnival. It is ornamented with buttons, containing the inscription, "Stand up for Kansas," and a fairly good portrait of Mr. E. W. Howe, who has made the carnival what it is. We also show on this and the next page two of the corn costumes worn by men and women during the festival. There is a suggestion of Nansen and his Arctic dress about this corn costume, but its cost is slightly less than that of furs. The clothes, moreover, are very striking, and often remarkably pretty—when a pretty lady wears them.

The greatest fun is over the red ears, for the young men insist that the good old custom that they shall be allowed to kiss the girls under the red ear is still in force—and they abide by its rules, too. One grain buyer last autumn bought a large load of red ears at a fancy price to sell again to the young men, and they were all disposed of.

At the first carnival three years ago, the girls wore red corn in their costumes with impunity, but at the last carnival a few men became bold enough in the morning to kiss the girls with red corn, and the idea spread

GENTLEMAN'S CORN DRESS.
From a Photo. by Kleckner, Atchison, Kans.

rapidly. By noon, every girl in town with a red grain of corn on her costume had been kissed repeatedly. In the evening a few girls still wore red corn.

Nine-tenths, it is said, of the people who attend the Corn Carnival are personally entertained. Every lodge, wholesale house, and church opens head-quarters for the reception of visitors. The churches usually charge twenty-five cents for meals, but at other places food and refreshments are absolutely free. Hundreds of visitors come by special invitation from private individuals. Everyone takes a hand, and the big celebration is of comparatively little expense. Five or six hundred dollars are collected for fireworks, and to pay the salary of a secretary, but the event is handled without any organized effort.

In other parts of Kansas, the bounteous gift of corn is celebrated in different ways. Last year, during the contest between the "Goldites" and "Silverites," there was an interesting contest at a corn-fair in the interior of the State between the yellow and white ears of corn. The silver advocates were supposed to be the favourites on the white-corn day, and no one was admitted unless he brought to the gate a white ear. The corn was piled up, and made several large waggon-loads for the poor. The speeches were for the white metal, and the bands played for the orators. Then, on the next day, the yellow was in the ascendancy, and the admission was an ear of the yellow corn, and the speakers made talks for the gold standard. This was a day of rejoicing, too, and the excitement ran as high as on the one preceding. The people came from all parts of the country on both days, and the addresses were by the best talent on both sides of the question. Nothing was decided, but the corn was given to the poor, and many a family was glad that there had been the lively rivalry.

LADY'S CORN DRESS.
From a Photo. by Kleckner, Atchison, Kans.

The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

IV.—THE LUCK OF PITSEY HALL.—Told by Norman Head.

AS the days and weeks went on Mme. Koluchy became more than ever the talk of London. The medical world agitated itself about her to an extraordinary degree. It was useless to gainsay the fact that she performed marvellous cures. Under her influence and treatment weak people became strong again. Those who stood at the door of the Shadow of Death returned to their intercourse with the busy world. Beneath her spell pain vanished. What she did and how she did it remained more than ever a secret. She dispensed her own prescriptions, but although some of her medicines were analyzed by experts, nothing in the least extraordinary could be discovered in their composition. The cure did not therefore lie in drugs. In what did it consist? Doctors asked this question one of another, and could find no satisfactory answer. The rage to consult Madame became stronger and stronger. Her patients adored her. Her magnetic influence was felt by each person with whom she came in contact.

Meanwhile Dufrayer and I watched and waited. The detective officers in Scotland Yard knew of some of our views with regard to this woman. Led by Dufrayer they were ceaselessly on the alert; but, try as the most able of their staff did, they could learn nothing of Mme. Koluchy which was not to her credit. She was spoken of as a universal benefactress, taking, it is true, large fees from those who could afford to pay, but, on the other hand, giving her services freely to the people to whom money was scarce. This woman could scarcely walk down the street without heads being turned to look after her, and this not only on account of her remarkable beauty, but still more because of her genius and her goodness. As she passed by, blessings were showered upon her, and if the person who called down these benedictions was rewarded by even one glance from those lovely and brilliant eyes, he counted himself happy.

About the middle of January the attention of London was diverted from Mme. Koluchy to a murder of a particularly mysterious character. A member of the Cabinet of the name of Delacour was found dead in St. James's Park. His body was discovered in the early morning, in the neighbourhood of Marlborough House, with a wound straight through the heart. Death must have been instantaneous. He was stabbed from behind, which showed the cowardly nature of the attack. I knew Delacour, and for many reasons was appalled when the tidings

"FOUND DEAD IN ST. JAMES'S PARK."

reached me. As far as anyone could tell, he had no enemies. He was a man in the prime of life, of singular power of mind and strength of character, and the only possible motive for the murder seemed to be to wrest some important State secrets from his possession. He had been attending a Cabinet meeting in Downing Street, and was on his way home when the dastardly deed was committed. Certain memoranda respecting a loan to a foreign Government were abstracted from his person, but his watch, a valuable ring, and some money were left intact. The police immediately put measures in active train to secure the murderer, but no clue could be obtained. Delacour's wife and only daughter were broken-hearted. His position as a Cabinet Minister was so well known, that not only his family but the whole country rang with horror at the dastardly crime, and it was fervently hoped that before long the murderer would be arrested, and receive the punishment which he so justly merited.

On a certain evening, about a fortnight after this event, as I was walking slowly down Welbeck Street, and was just about to pass the door of Mme. Koluchy's splendid mansion, I saw a young girl come down the steps. She was dressed in deep mourning, and glanced around from right to left, evidently searching for a passing hansom. Her face arrested me; her eyes met mine, and, with a slight cry, she took a step forward.

"You are Mr. Head?" she exclaimed.

"And you are Vivien Delacour," I replied.

"'FIND THE MAN WHO KILLED MY FATHER,' SHE SAID."

"I am glad to meet you again. Don't you remember the Hotel Bellevue at Brussels?"

When I spoke her name she coloured perceptibly and began to tremble. Suddenly putting out one of her hands, she laid it on my arm.

"I am glad to see you again," she said, in a whisper. "You know of our—our most terrible tragedy?"

"I do," I replied.

"Mother is completely prostrated from the shock. The murder was so sudden and mysterious. If it were not for Mme.——"

"Mme. Koluchy?" I queried.

"Yes, Mr. Head; Mme. Koluchy, the best and dearest friend we have in the world. She was attending mother professionally at the time of the murder, and since then has been with her daily. On that first terrible day she scarcely left us. I don't know what we should have done were it not for her great tact and kindness. She is full of suggestions, too, for the capture of the wretch who took my dear father's life."

"You look shaken yourself," I said; "ought you to be out alone at this hour?"

"I have just been to see Madame with a message from mother, and am waiting here for a hansom. If you would be so kind as to call one, I should be much indebted to you."

"Can I do anything else to help you, Vivien?" I said; "you know you have only to ask me."

A hansom drew up at the pavement as I spoke. Vivien's sad grey eyes were fixed on my face.

"Find the man

who killed my father," she said; "we shall never rest until we know who took his life."

"May I call at your house to-morrow morning?" I inquired.

"If you will be satisfied with seeing me. Mother will admit no one to her presence but Mme. Koluchy."

"I will come to see you then; expect me at eleven."

I helped Miss Delacour into her hansom, gave directions to the driver, and she was quickly bowled out of sight.

On my way home many thoughts coursed through my brain. A year ago the Delacours, a family of the name of Pitsey, and I had made friends when travelling through Belgium. The Pitseys, of old Italian origin, owned a magnificent place not far from Tunbridge Wells — the Pitseys and the Delacours were distant cousins. Vivien at that time was only sixteen, and she and I became special chums. She used to tell me all about her ambitions and hopes, and in particular descanted on the museum of rare curios which her cousins, the Pitseys, possessed at their splendid place, Pitsey Hall. I had a standing invitation to visit the Hall at any time when I happened to have leisure, but up to the present had not availed myself of it. Memories of that gay time thronged upon me as I hurried to my own house, but mixed with the old reminiscences was an inconceivable sensation of horror. Why was Mme. Koluchy a friend of the Delacours? My mind had got into such a disordered state that I, more or less, associated her with any crime which was committed. Hating myself for what I considered pure morbidness, I arrived at my own house. There I was told that Dufrayer was waiting to see me. I hurried into my study to greet him; he came eagerly forward.

"Have you any news?" I cried.

"If you allude to Delacour's murder, I have," he answered.

"Then, pray speak quickly," I said.

"Well," he continued, "a curious development, and one which may have the most profoundly important bearing on the murder, has just taken place—it is in connection with it that I have come to see you." Dufrayer never liked to be interrupted, and I listened attentively without uttering a syllable. "Yesterday," he continued, "a man was arrested on suspicion. He was examined this morning before the magistrate at Bow Street. His name is Walter Hunt—he is the keeper of a small marine store at Houndsditch. For several nights he has been found hovering in a suspicious manner round the Delacours' house. On being questioned he could give no straightforward account of himself, and the police thought it best to arrest him. On his person was discovered an envelope, addressed to himself, bearing the City post-mark and the date of the day the murder was committed. Inside the envelope was an absolutely blank sheet of paper. Thinking this might be a communication of importance it was submitted to George Lambert, the Government expert at Scotland Yard, for examination—he subjected it to every known test in order to see if it contained any writing on sympathetic ink, or some other secret cipher principles. The result is absolutely negative, and Lambert firmly declares that it is a blank sheet of paper and of no value. I heard all these particulars from Ford, the superintendent in charge of the case; and knowing of your knowledge of chemistry, and the quantity of odds and ends of curious information you possess on these matters, I obtained leave that you should come with me to Scotland Yard and submit the paper to any further tests you know of. I felt sure you would be willing to do this."

"Certainly," I replied; "shall I come with you now?"

"I wish you would. If the paper contains any hidden cipher, the sooner it is known the better."

"One moment first," I said. "I have just met Vivien Delacour. She was coming out of Mme. Koluchy's house. It is strange how that woman gets to know all one's friends and acquaintances."

"I forgot that you knew the Delacours," said Dufrayer.

"A year ago," I replied, "I seemed to know them well. When we were in Brussels we were great friends. Vivien looked ill to-night and in great trouble—I would give the world to help her; but I earnestly wish she did not know Madame. It may be morbidness on my part, but lately I never hear of any crime being committed in London without instantly associating Mme. Koluchy with it. She has got that girl more or less under her spell, and Vivien herself informed me that she visits her mother daily. Be assured of this, Dufrayer, the woman is after no good."

As I spoke I saw the lawyer's face darken, and the cold, hard expression I knew so well came into it, but he did not speak a word.

"I am at your service now," I said. "Just

let me go to my laboratory first. I have some valuable notes on these ciphers which I will take with me."

A moment later Dufrayer and I found ourselves in a hansom on our way to Scotland Yard. There we were met by Superintendent Ford, and also by George Lambert, a particularly intelligent-looking man, who favoured me with a keen glance from under shaggy brows.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Head," he said, courteously, "and shall be only too pleased if you can discover what I have failed to do. The sheet of paper in question is the sort on which ciphers are often written, but all my reagents have failed to produce the slightest effect. My fear is that they may possibly have destroyed the cipher should such a thing exist."

"That is certainly possible," I said; "but if you will take me to your laboratory I will submit the paper to some rather delicate tests of my own."

The expert at once led the way, and Dufrayer, Superintendent Ford, and I followed him. When we reached the laboratory, Lambert put all possible tests at my disposal. A glance at the stain on the paper before me showed that cobalt, copper, etc., had been already applied. These tests had, in all probability, nullified any further chemical tests I might try, and had destroyed the result, even if there were some secret writing on the paper.

I spent some time trying the more delicate and less-known tests, with no success. Presently I rose to my feet.

"It is useless," I said; "I can do nothing with this paper. It is rather presumption on my part to attempt the task after you, Mr. Lambert, have given your ultimatum. I am inclined to agree with you that the paper is valueless."

Lambert bowed, and a look of satisfaction crept over his face. Dufrayer and I soon afterwards took our leave. As we did so, I heard my friend utter a quick sigh.

"We are only beating the air as yet," he said. "We must trust that justice and right will win the day at last."

He parted from me at the corner of the street, and I returned to my own house.

On the following day, at the appointed hour, I went to see Vivien Delacour. She received me in her mother's boudoir. Here the blinds were partly down, and the whole room had a desolate aspect. The young girl herself looked pale and sad, years older than she had done in the happy days at Brussels.

"I WENT TO SEE VIVIEN DELACOUR."

"Mother was pleased when I told her that I met you yesterday," she exclaimed. "Sit down, won't you, Mr. Head? You and my father were great friends during that happy time at the Bellevue. Yes, I feel certain of your sympathy."

"You may be assured of it," I said, "and I earnestly wish I could give you more than sympathy. Would it be too painful to give me some particulars of the murder?"

She shuddered quite perceptibly.

"You must have read all there is to know in the newspapers," she said; "I can tell you

nothing more. My father left us on that dreadful day to attend a Cabinet meeting at Downing Street. He never returned home. The police look in vain for the murderer. There seems no motive for the horrible crime—father had no enemies."

Here the poor girl sobbed without restraint. I allowed her grief to have its way for a few moments, then I spoke.

"Listen, Vivien," I said; "I promise you that I will not leave a stone unturned to discover the man or woman who killed your father, but you must help me by being calm and self-collected. Grief like this is quite natural, but it does no good to anyone. Try, my dear girl, to compose yourself. You say there was no motive for the crime, but surely some important memoranda were stolen from your father?"

"His pocket-book in which he often made notes was removed, but nothing more, neither his watch nor his money. Surely, no one would murder him for the sake of securing that pocket-book, Mr. Head?"

"It is possible," I answered, gloomily. "Remember that the memoranda contained in the book may have held clues to Government secrets."

Vivien looked as if she scarcely understood. Once more my thoughts travelled to Mme. Koluchy. She was a strange woman—she dealt in colossal crimes. Her influence permeated society through and through. With her a life more or less was not of the slightest consequence. And this terrible woman, whom, up to the present, the laws of England could not touch, was the intimate friend of the young girl by my side!

Vivien moved uneasily, and presently rose.

"I am glad you are going to help us," she said, looking at me earnestly. "Madame does all she can, but we cannot have too many friends on our side, and we are all aware of your wisdom, Mr. Head. Why do you not consult Madame?"

I shook my head.

"But you are friends, are you not? I told her only this morning how I had met you."

"We are acquaintances, but not friends," I replied.

"You astonish me. You cannot imagine how useful she is, and how many suggestions she throws out. By the way, mother and I leave London to-day."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Away from here. It is quite too painful to remain any longer in this house. The shock has completely shattered mother's nerves, and she is now under Mme. Koluchy's care. Madame has just taken a house in the country called Frome Manor—it is not far from our cousins, the Pitseys—you remember them? You met them in Brussels."

I nodded.

"We are going to Frome Manor to-day," continued Vivien. "Of course we shall see no one, but mother will be under the same roof with Madame, and thus will have the benefit of her treatment day and night."

Soon afterwards I took my leave. All was suspicion and uncertainty, and no definite clue had been obtained.

About this time I began to be haunted by an air which had sprung like a mushroom into popularity. It was called the "Queen Waltz," and it was scarcely possible to pick up a dance programme without seeing it. There was something fascinating about its swinging measure, its almost dreamy refrain, and its graceful alternations of harmony and unison. No one knew who had really composed it, and still less did anyone for a moment dream that its pleasant chords contained a dark or subtle meaning. As I listened to it on more than one occasion, at more than one concert, I little guessed all that the "Queen Waltz" would bring forth. I was waiting for a clue. How could I tell that all too late, and by such unlikely means, it would be put into my hands?

A month and even six weeks went by, and although the police were unceasing in their endeavours to gain a trace of the murderer, they were absolutely unsuccessful. Once or twice during this interval I received letters from Vivien Delacour. She wrote with the passion and impetuosity of a very young girl. She was anxious about her mother, who was growing steadily weaker, and was losing her self-restraint more and more as the long weeks glided by. Mme. Koluchy was anxious about her. Madame's medicines, her treatment, her soothing powers, were on this occasion destitute of results.

"Nothing will rest her," said Vivien, in conclusion, "until the murderer is discovered. She dreams of him night after night. During the daytime she is absolutely silent, or she paces the room in violent agitation, crying out to God to help her to discover him. Oh, Mr. Head, what is to be done?"

The child's letters appealed to me strongly. I was obliged to answer her with extreme care, as I knew that Madame would see what I wrote; but none the less were all my faculties at work on her behalf. From time to time I thought of the mysterious blank sheet of paper. Was it possible that it

contained a cipher? Was one of those old, incomparable, magnificent, undiscovered ciphers which belonged to the ancient Brotherhood really concealed beneath its blank surface? That blank sheet of paper mingled with my dreams and worried me during my wakeful hours. I became nearly as restless as Vivien herself, and when a letter of a more despairing nature than usual arrived on a certain morning towards the end of February, I felt that I could no longer remain inactive. I would answer Vivien's letter in person. To do so I had but to accept my standing invitation to Pitsey Hall. I wrote, therefore, to my friend, Leonardo Pitsey, suggesting that if it were convenient to him and his wife I should like to visit them on the following Saturday.

The next afternoon Pitsey himself called to see me.

"I received your letter this morning, and having to come to town to-day, thought I would look you up," he cried. "I have to catch a train at 5.30, so cannot stay a minute. We shall be delighted to welcome you at the Hall. My wife and I have never forgotten you, Head. You will be, I assure you, a most welcome guest. By the way, have you heard of our burglary?"

"No," I answered.

"You do not read your papers, then. It is an extraordinary affair—crime seems to be in the very air just now. The Hall was attacked by burglars last week — a most daring and cunningly planned affair. Some plate was stolen, but the plate-chest, built on the newest principles, was untampered with. There was a desperate attempt made, however, to get into the large drawing-room, where all our valuable curios are kept. Druco, the mastiff, who is loose about the house at night, was found poisoned outside the drawing-room door. Luckily the butler awoke in time, gave the alarm, and the rascals bolted. The country police have been after them, and in despair I have come up to Scotland Yard and engaged a couple of their best detectives. They come down with me to-night, and I trust we shall soon get the necessary clue to the capture of the burglars. My fear is that if they are not arrested they will try again, for, I assure you, the old place is worth robbing. But, there, I ought not to worry you about my domestic concerns. We shall have a gay party on Saturday, for my eldest boy Ottavio comes of age next week, and the event is to be celebrated by a big dance in his honour."

"How are the Delacours?" I interrupted.

"Vivien keeps fairly well, but her mother is a source of great anxiety. Mme. Koluchy and Vivien are constant guests at the Hall. The Delacours return to town before the dance, but Madame will attend it. It will be an honour and a great attraction to have such a lioness for the occasion. Do you know her, Head? She is quite charming."

"HAVE YOU HEARD OF OUR BURGLARY?"

"I have met her," I replied.

"Ah! that is capital; you and she are just

the sort to hit it off. It is all right, then, and we shall expect you. A good train leaves Charing Cross at 4.30. I will send the trap to meet you."

"Thank you," I answered. "I shall be glad to come to Pitsey Hall, but I do not know that I can stay as long as the night of the dance."

"Once we get you into our clutches, Head, we won't let you go; my young people are all anxious to renew their acquaintance with you. Don't you remember little Antonia—my pretty songstress, as I call her? Vivien, too, talks of you as one of her greatest friends. Poor child! I pity her from my heart. She is a sweet, gentle girl; but such a shock as she has sustained may leave its mark for life. Poor Delacour—the very best of men. The fact is this: I should like to postpone the dance on account of the Delacours, although they are very distant cousins; but Ottavio only comes of age once in his life, and, under the circumstances, we feel that we must go through with it. 'Pon my word, Head, when I think of that poor child and her mother, I have little heart for festivities. However, that is neither here nor there—we shall expect you on Saturday."

As Pitsey spoke, he took up his hat.

"I must be off now," he said, "for I have to meet the two detectives at Charing Cross by appointment."

On the following Saturday, the 27th, I arrived at Pitsey Hall, where a warm welcome awaited me. The dance was to be on the following Tuesday, the 2nd of March. There was a large house party, and the late burglary was still the topic of conversation.

After dinner, when the ladies had left the dining-room, Pitsey and I drew our chairs together, and presently the conversation drifted to Mrs. Delacour, the mysterious murder, and Mme. Koluchy.

"The police are completely nonplussed," said Pitsey. "I doubt if the man who committed that rascally crime will ever be brought to justice. I was speaking to Madame on the subject to-day, and although she was very hopeful when she first arrived at Frome Manor, she is now almost inclined to agree with me. By the way, Mrs. Delacour's state is most alarming—she loses strength hour by hour."

"I can quite understand that," I replied. "If the murderer were discovered it would be an immense relief to her."

"So Madame says. I know she is terribly anxious about her patient. By the way, knowing that she was an acquaintance of yours, I asked her here to-night, but unfortunately she had another engagement which she could not postpone. What a wonderfully well-informed woman she is! She spent hours at the Hall this morning examining my curios; she gave me information about some of them which was news to me, but she has been many times now round my collection. It is a positive treat to talk with anyone so intelligent, and if she were not so keen about my Venetian goblet——"

"What!" I interrupted, "the goblet you spoke to me about in Brussels, the one which has been in your family since 1500?"

"The same," he answered, nodding his head, and lowering his voice a trifle. "It has been in the family, as you say, since 1500. Madame has shown bad taste in the matter, and I am surprised at her."

"Pray explain yourself," I said.

"She first saw it last November, when she came here with the Delacours. I shall never forget her start of astonishment. She stood perfectly still for at least two minutes, gazing at it without speaking. When she turned round at last she was as white as a ghost, and asked me where I got it from. I told her, and she offered me £10,000 for it on the spot."

"A large figure," I remarked.

"I was much annoyed," continued Pitsey, "and told her I would not sell it at any price."

"Did she give any reason for wishing to obtain it?"

"Yes, she said she had a goblet very like it in her own collection, and wished to purchase this one in order to complete one of the most unique collections of old Venetian glass in England. The woman must be fabulously rich, or even her passion for curios would not induce her to offer so preposterous a sum. Since her residence at Frome Manor she has been constantly here, and still takes, I can see, the deepest interest in the goblet, often remarking about it. She says it has got a remarkably pure musical note, very clear and distinct. But come, Head, you would like to see it. We will go into the drawing-room, and I will show it to you."

As Pitsey spoke he rose and led me through the great central hall into the inner drawing-room, a colossal apartment supported by Corinthian pillars and magnificently decorated.

"As you know, the goblet has been in our family for many centuries," he went on, "and we call it, from Uhland's ballad of the old

Cumberland tradition, 'The Luck of Pitsey Hall.' You know Longfellow's translation, of course? Here it is, Head. Is it not a wonderful piece of work? Have a close look at it, it is worth examining."

The goblet in question stood about 6ft. from the ground on a pedestal of solid malachite, which was placed in a niche in the wall. One glance was sufficient to show me that it

"HERE IT IS, HEAD."

was a gem of art. The cup, which was 8in. in diameter, was made of thin glass of a pale ruby colour. Some mystical letters were etched on the outside of the glass, small portions of which could only be seen, for screening them from any closer interpretation was some twisted fancy work, often to be observed on old Venetian goblets. If by any chance this fancy work were chipped off the letters would be plainly visible. The cup itself was supported on an open-work stem richly gilt and enamelled with coloured filigree work, the whole supported again on a base set with opal, agate, lapis lazuli, turquoise, and pearl. From the centre of the cup, and in reality supporting it, was a central column of pale green glass which bore what was apparently some heraldic design. Stepping up close I tapped the cup gently with my finger. It gave out, as Pitsey had described, a note of music singularly sweet and clear. I then proceeded to examine the stem, and saw at once that the design formed a row of separate crowns. Scarcely knowing why, I counted them. *There were seven!* A queer suspicion crept over me.

The sequence of late events passed rapidly through my mind, and a strange relationship between circumstances apparently having no connection began to appear. I turned to Pitsey.

"Can you tell me how this goblet came into your possession?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied; "the legend which is attached to the goblet is this. We are, as you know, descended from an old Italian family, the Pizzis, our present name being merely an Anglicized corruption of the Italian. My children and I still bear Italian Christian names, as you know, and our love for the old country amounts almost to a passion. The Pizzis were great people in Venice in the sixteenth century; at that time the city had an immense fame for its beautiful glass, the manufacturers forming a guild, and the secret being jealously kept. It was during this time that Catherine de Medici by her arbitrary and tyrannical administration roused the opposition of a Catholic party, at whose head was the Duke of Alençon, her own fourth son. Among the Duke's followers was my ancestor, Giovanni Pizzi. It was discovered that an order had been sent by Catherine de Medici to one of the manufacturers at Venice to construct that very goblet which you see there. After its construction it was for some secret purpose sent to the laboratory of an alchemist in Venice, where it was seized by Giovanni Pizzi, and has been handed down in our family ever since."

"But what is the meaning of the seven crowns on the stem?" I asked.

"That I cannot tell. They have probably no special significance."

I thought otherwise, but kept my ideas to myself.

We turned away. A beautiful young voice was filling the old drawing-room with sweetness. I went up to the piano to listen to Antonia Pitsey, while she sang an Italian song as only one who had Italian blood in her veins could.

Antonia was a beautiful girl, dark, with luminous eyes and an air of distinction about her.

"I wish you would tell me something about your friend Vivien," I said, as she rose from the piano.

"Oh, Mr. Head, I am so unhappy about her," was the low reply. "I see her very often—she is altogether changed; and as to Mrs. Delacour, the shock has been so sudden, so terrible, that I doubt if she will ever recover. Mr. Head, I am so glad you have come. Vivien constantly speaks of you. She wants to see you to-morrow."

"Is she coming here?"

"No, but you can meet her in the park. She has sent you a message. To-morrow is Sunday. Vivien is not going to church. May I take you to the *rendezvous?*"

I promised, and soon afterwards the evening came to an end.

That night I was haunted by three main thoughts: The old Italian legend of the goblet; the seven crowns, symbolic of the Brotherhood of the Seven Kings; and, finally, Madame's emotion when she first saw it, and her strong desire to obtain it. I wondered had the burglary been committed at her instigation. Sleep I could not, my brain was too active and busy. I was certain there was mischief ahead, but try as I would I could only lose myself in strange conjectures.

The following day I met Miss Delacour, as arranged, in the park. Antonia brought me to her, and then left us together. The young girl's worn face, the pathetic expression in her large grey eyes, her evident nervousness and want of self-control all appealed to me to a terrible degree. She asked me eagerly if any fresh clue had been obtained with regard to the murderer. I shook my head.

"If something is not done soon, mother will lose her senses," she remarked. "Even Mme. Koluchy is in despair about her. All her ordinary modes of treatment fail in mother's case, and the strangest thing is that mother has begun to take a most queer and unaccountable dislike to Madame herself. She says that Madame's presence in the room gives her an uncontrollable feeling of nervousness. This has become so bad that mother and I return to town to-morrow; my cousin's house is too gay for us at present, and mother refuses to stay any longer under Mme. Koluchy's roof."

"But why?" I asked.

"That I cannot explain to you. For my part, I think Madame one of the best women on earth. She has been kindness itself to us, and I do not know what we should have done without her."

I did not speak, and Vivien continued, after a pause:—

"Mother's conduct makes Madame strangely unhappy. She told me so, and I pity her from my heart. We had a long talk on the subject yesterday. That was just before she began to speak of the goblet, and before Mr. Lewisham arrived."

"Mr. Lewisham—who is he?" I asked.

"A great friend of Madame's. He comes

to see her almost daily. He is very handsome, and I like him, but I did not know she was expecting him yesterday. She and I were in the drawing-room. She spoke of mother, and then alluded to the goblet, the one at the Hall. You have seen it, of course, Mr. Head?"

I nodded—I was too much interested to interrupt the girl by words.

"My cousins call it 'The Luck of Pitsey Hall.' Well, Madame has set her heart on obtaining it, and she has gone to the length of offering Cousin Leonardo ten thousand pounds for it."

"Mr. Pitsey told me last night that Madame had offered an enormous sum for the vase," I said; "but it is useless, as he has no intention of selling."

"I told Madame so," replied Vivien. "I know well what value my cousins place upon the old glass. I believe they think that their luck would really go if anything happened to it."

"Heaven forbid!" I replied, involuntarily; "it is a perfect gem of its kind."

"I know! I know! I never saw Madame so excited and unreasonable about anything. She begged of me to use my influence to try and get my cousin to let her have it. When I assured her that it was useless, she looked more annoyed than I had ever seen her. She took up a book, and pretended to read. I went and sat behind one of the curtains, near a window. The next moment Mr. Lewisham was announced. He came eagerly up to Madame—I don't think he saw me.

"'Well!' he cried; 'any success? Have you secured it yet? If you have, we are absolutely safe. Has that child helped you?'

"I guessed that they were talking about me, and started up and disclosed myself. Madame did not take the slightest notice, but she motioned to Mr. Lewisham to come into another room. What can it all mean, Mr. Head?"

"That I cannot tell you, Vivien; but may I ask you one thing?"

"Certainly you may."

"Will you promise me to keep what you have just told me a secret from everybody else? I allude to Madame's anxiety to obtain the old goblet. There may be nothing in what I ask, or there may be much. Will you do this?"

"Of course I will. How queer you look!"

I made no remark, and soon afterwards took my leave of her.

Late that same evening, Antonia Pitsey received a note from Vivien, in which she said that Mme. Koluchy, her mother, and herself were returning to town by an early train the following morning. The Delacours did not intend to come back to Frome Manor, but Madame would do so on Tuesday in order to be in time for the dance. She was going to town now in order to be present

"I STARTED UP AND DISCLOSED MYSELF."

at an early performance of "For the Crown," at the Lyceum, having secured a box on the grand tier for the occasion.

This note was commented on without any special interest being attached to it, but restless already, I now quickly made up my mind. I also would go up to town on the following day; I also would return to Pitsey Hall in time for the dance.

Accordingly, at an early hour on the following day I found myself in Dufrayer's office.

"I tell you what it is," I said, "there is some plot deeper than we think brewing. Madame took Frome Manor after the murder of Delacour. She would not do so without a purpose. She is willing to spend ten thousand pounds in order to secure a goblet of old Venetian glass, which is one of the curios at Pitsey Hall. A man called Lewisham, who doubtless bears another alias, is in her confidence. Madame returns to town to-night with a definite motive, I have not the slightest doubt."

"This is all very well, Norman," replied Dufrayer, "but what we want are facts. You will lose your senses if you go on building up fantastic ideas. Madame comes up to town and is going to the Lyceum; at least, so you tell me?"

"Yes."

"And you mean to follow her to see if she has any designs on Forbes Robertson or Mrs. Patrick Campbell?"

"I mean to follow her," I replied, gravely. "I mean to see what sort of man Lewisham is. It is possible that I may have seen him before."

Dufrayer shrugged his shoulders and turned away somewhat impatiently. As he did so a wild thought suddenly struck me.

"What would you say," I cried, "if I suggested an idea to force Madame to divulge some clue to us?"

"My dear Norman, I should say that your fancies are getting the better of your reason, that is all."

"Now listen," I said. I sat down beside Dufrayer. "I have an idea which may serve us well. It is, of course, a bare chance, and if you like you may call it the conception of a madman. Madame goes to the Lyceum to-night. She occupies a box on the grand tier. In all probability Lewisham will accompany her. Dufrayer, you and I will also be at the theatre, and, if possible, we will take a box on the second tier exactly opposite to hers. I will bring Robertson, the Principal of the new deaf and dumb college, with me. I happen to know him well."

Dufrayer stared at me with some alarm in his face.

"Don't you see?" I went on, excitedly. "Robertson is a master of the art of lip language. We will keep him in the back of the box. About the middle of the play, and in one of the intervals when the electric light is full on, we will send a note to Madame's box saying that the cipher on the blank sheet of paper has been read. The note will pretend to be an anonymous warning to her. We shall watch her, and by means of Robertson hear—yes, *hear*—what she says. Robertson will watch her through opera-glasses, and he will be able to understand every word she speaks, just as you or I could if we were in her box beside her. The whole thing is a bare chance, I know, but we may learn something by taking her unsuspecting and unawares."

Dufrayer thought for a minute, then he sprang to his feet.

"Magnificent!" he cried. "Head, you are an extraordinary man! It is a unique idea. I will go off to the box-office at once and take a box if possible opposite Madame, or, failing that, the best seats we can get. I only hope you can secure Robertson. Go to his house at once and offer him any fee he wants. This is detection carried to a fine art with a vengeance. If successful, I shall class you as the smartest criminal agent of the day. We both meet at the Lyceum at a quarter to eight. Now, there is not a moment to lose."

I drove down to Robertson's house in Brompton, found him at home, and told him my wish. I strongly impressed upon him that if he would help he would be aiding in the cause of justice. He became keenly interested, entered fully into the situation, and refused to accept any fee.

At the appointed hour we met Dufrayer at the theatre door, and learned that he had secured a box on the second tier directly opposite Mme. Koluchy's box on the grand tier. I had arranged to have my letter sent by a messenger at ten o'clock.

We took our seats, and a few moments later Mme. Koluchy, in rose-coloured velvet and blazing with diamonds, accompanied by a tall, dark, clean-shaven man, entered her box. I drew back into the shadow of my own box and watched her. She bowed to one or two acquaintances in the stalls, then sat down, leaning her arm on the plush-covered edge of her box.

Robertson never took his eyes off her, and I felt reassured as he repeated to us the chance bits of conversation that he could catch between her and her companion.

The play began, and a few minutes past ten, in one of the intervals, I saw Madame turn and receive my note, with a slight gesture of surprise. She tore it open, and her face paled perceptibly. Robertson, as I had instructed him, sat in front of me—his opera-glasses were fixed on the faces of Madame and her companion. I watched

Madame as she read the note; she then handed it to Lewisham, who read it also. They looked at each other, and I saw Madame's lips moving. Simultaneously, Robertson began to make the following report verbatim :—

"*Impossible . . . . some trick . . . . quite safe . . . . goblet . . . . key to cipher . . . . to-morrow night.*" Then followed a pause. "*Life and death to us . . . . Signed. . . . . My name.*"

There was another long pause, and I saw Madame twist the paper nervously in her fingers. I looked at Dufrayer, our eyes met.

But to-morrow night! To-morrow night was the night of the great dance at Pitsey Hall, and Madame was to be there. The reasoning was so obvious that the chain of evidence struck Dufrayer and me simultaneously.

We immediately left the theatre. There was one thing to be done, and that without delay. I must catch the first train in the morning to Pitsey Hall, examine the goblet afresh, tell Pitsey everything, and thus secure and protect the goblet from harm. If possible, I would myself discover the

"I SAW MADAME'S LIPS MOVING."

My heart was beating. His face had become drawn and grey. The ghastly truth and its explanation were slowly sealing their impress on our brains. The darkness of doubt had lifted, the stunning truth was clear. The paper which had defied us was a cipher written by Madame in her own name, and doubtless implicated her with Delacour's murder. Her anxiety to secure the goblet was very obvious. In some subtle way, handed down, doubtless, through generations, the goblet once in the possession of the ancient Brotherhood held the key of the secret cipher.

key to the cipher, which, in the event of our discovering a method of rendering it visible, would place Madame in a felon's dock and see the end of the Brotherhood.

At ten o'clock the following morning I reached Pitsey Hall. When I arrived I found, as I expected, the house in more or less confusion. Pitsey was busily engaged superintending arrangements and directing the servants in their work. It was some little time before I could see him alone.

"What is the matter, my dear fellow?" he said. "I am very busy now."

"Come into the library and I will tell you," I replied.

As soon as ever we were alone I unfolded my story. Hardened by years of contact with the world, it was difficult to startle or shake the composure of Leonardo Pitsey, and before I had finished my strange tale I could see from his expression the difficulty I should have in convincing him of the truth.

"I have had my suspicions for a long time," I said, in conclusion. "These are not the first dealings I have had with Mme. Koluchy. Hitherto she has eluded all my efforts to get her within the arm of the law, but I believe her time is near. Pitsey, your goblet is in danger. You will remove it to some place of safety?"

"Remove the luck of Pitsey Hall on the night when my boy comes of age!" replied Pitsey, frowning as he spoke. "It is good of you to be interested, Head; but really—well, I never knew you were such an imaginative man! As to any accident taking place to-night, that is quite outside the realms of probability. The band will be placed in front of the goblet, and it is impossible for anything to happen to it, as none of the dancers can come near it. Now, have you anything more to say?"

"I beg of you to be guided by me and to put the goblet into a place of safety," I repeated. "You don't suppose I would try to scare you with a cock-and-bull story. There is reason in what I say. I know that woman; my uneasiness is far more than due to mere imagination."

"To please you, Head, I will place two of my footmen beside the goblet during the dance, in order to prevent the slightest chance of anyone approaching it. There, will that satisfy you?"

I was obliged to bow my acquiescence, and Pitsey soon left me in order to attend to his multifarious duties.

I spent nearly an hour that morning examining the goblet afresh. The mystical writing on the cup, concealed by the open-work design, engrossed my most careful attention, but so well were the principal letters concealed by the outside ornaments, that I could make nothing of them. Was I, after all, entirely mistaken, or did this beautiful work of art contain hidden within itself the power for which I longed, the strange key to the mysterious paper which would convict Mme. Koluchy of a capital charge?

The evening came at last, and about nine o'clock the guests began to arrive. The first dance had hardly come to an end before Mme. Koluchy appeared on the scene. She wore a dress of cloth of silver, and her appearance caused an almost imperceptible lull in the dancing and conversation. As she walked slowly up the great drawing-room, on the arm of a county magnate, all eyes turned to look at her. She passed me with a hardening about the corners of her mouth, as she acknowledged my bow, and I fancied I saw her eyes wander in the direction of the goblet at the other end of the room. Soon afterwards Antonia Pitsey came to my side.

"How beautiful everything is," she said. "Did you ever see anyone look quite so lovely as Madame? Her dress to-night gives her a regal appearance. Have you seen our dance programme? The 'Queen Waltz' will be played just after supper."

"So you have fallen a victim to the popular taste?" I answered. "I hear that waltz everywhere."

"But you don't know who has composed it?" said the girl, with an arch look. "Now, I don't mind confiding in you—it is Mme. Koluchy."

I could not help starting.

"I was unaware that she was a musician," I remarked.

"She is, and a most accomplished one. We have included the waltz in our programme by her special request. I am so glad; it is the most lively and inspiriting air I ever danced to."

Antonia was called away, and I leant against the wall, too ill at ease to dance or take any active part in the revels of the hour. The moments flew by, and at last the festive and brilliant notes of the "Queen Waltz" sounded on my ears. Couples came thronging into the ballroom as soon as this most fascinating melody was heard. To listen to its seductive measures was enough to make the feet tingle and the heart beat. Once again I watched Mme. Koluchy as she moved through the throng. Ottavio Pitsey, the hero of the evening, was now her partner. There was a slight colour in her usually pale cheeks, and I had never seen her look more beautiful. I was standing not far from the band, and could not help noticing how the dominant note, repeated in two bars when all the instruments played together in unison, rang out with a peculiar and almost passionate insistence. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, and with a clap that struck the dancers motionless, a loud crash rang through the room. The music instantly ceased,

and the priceless heirloom of the Pitseys' lay in a thousand silvered splinters on the polished floor. There was a pause of absolute silence, followed by a sharp cry from our host, and then a hum of voices as the dancers hurried towards the scene of the disaster. The consternation and dismay were indescribable. Pitsey, with a face like death, was gazing horror-struck at the ruins of this old family treasure. The two footmen, who had been standing under the pedestal, looked as if they had been struck by an unseen hand. Pushing my way almost roughly through the crowded throng I reached the spot. Nothing remained but the stem and jewelled base of the goblet, which still kept their place on the malachite stand.

Silent and gazing at the throng as one in a dream stood Mme. Koluchy. Antonia had crept up close to her father; her face was as white as her white dress.

"The Luck of Pitsey Hall," she murmured, "and on this night of all nights!"

As for me, I felt my brain almost reeling with excitement. For the moment the thoughts which surged through it numbed my capacity for speech. I saw a servant gathering up the fragments. The evening was ended, and the party gradually broke up. To go on dancing would have been impossible.

It was not till some hours afterwards that the whole Satanic scheme burst upon me. The catastrophe admitted of but one explanation. The dominant note, repeated in two bars when all the instruments played together in unison, must have been the note accordant with that of the cup of the goblet, and by the well-known laws of acoustics, when so played it shattered the goblet.

Next day there was an effort made to piece together the shattered fragments, but some were missing—how removed, by whom taken, no one could ever tell. Beyond doubt the characters cunningly concealed by the open-work pattern contained the key to the cipher. But once again Madame had escaped. The ingenuity, the genius, of the woman placed her beyond the ordinary consequences of crime.

Delacour's murder still remains unavenged. Will the truth ever come to light?

"'THE LUCK OF PITSEY HALL,' SHE MURMURED."

Glimpses of Nature.

X.—BRITISH BLOODSUCKERS.

By Grant Allen.

I WRITE this title with peculiar pleasure, because it is so nice to be able for once to apply it literally. With its figurative use I am already too familiar. In some of our tropical colonies the free-born Britons who are sent out in the Government employment to protect the natives or the coolies or the negroes, as the case may be, from our aggressive brethren, are commonly known to their planter neighbours as "British bloodsuckers"—apparently because, like most other members of Civil services elsewhere (except the Turkish), they get paid for their services. This use of the phrase is so well known to me, even as applied to myself, that I rejoice in being able to employ it here, without political prejudice of any sort, with reference to the habits of the mosquito and the horse-fly. Nobody, I suppose, is interested to deny that mosquitoes and horse-flies *do* suck blood; nobody feels the faintest sympathy for the misdeeds of those sanguinary and unpleasant creatures. Now, it is always delightful to find a lawful outlet for our evil passions: all the world turns out to hunt a mad dog. I love to flick the heads off tall thistles with my stick as I pass, and salve my scruples with the thought that they are the deadly enemies of the agricultural interest. If there were no thistles, there would be nothing in the shape of a large and conspicuous flower whose head one could knock off with a clear conscience.

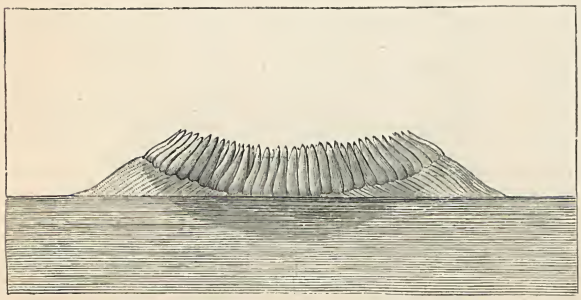
But at the very outset, I foresee a destructive criticism. "The mosquito," you will say, "is not a *British* bloodsucker." Pardon me; there, you labour under a misapprehension. Everybody knows that we have gnats in England. Well, a gnat is a mosquito and a mosquito is a gnat. Like our old friend, Colonel Clay, they are the same gentleman under two different aliases. Or, rather, since it is only the female insect that bites, and only the bite that much concerns humanity, I ought perhaps to say the same lady. The difference of name is a mere question of nomenclature, and also (as with many other aliases) a question of where we happen to meet them. When we see a mosquito in England, we call him or her a gnat; when we see a gnat in Italy or Egypt, we call him or her a mosquito. But, as this is a fundamental point to our subject, I think we had better clear it up once for all before we go any farther. It is not much use talking about mosquitoes unless we really decide what particular creature it is that we are talking about.

There is not one kind of gnat, or one kind of mosquito, but several kinds of them; and both names are loosely applied in conversation to cover a large variety of related small flies, almost all of them members of the genus Culex. The one point of similarity between the whole lot lies in the fact that they all suck blood; whenever we light upon a blood-sucking culex in England we say it is a gnat; while whenever we light upon one in any other part of Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, we say it is a mosquito. That is just a piece of our well-known British arrogance; we will not admit that there are such venomous beasts as mosquitoes in England, and therefore, when we find them, we call them by another name, and fancy we have got rid of them. As a matter of fact, mosquitoes of one sort or another occur in most countries, if not in all the world; they are most numerous, it is true, in the tropics and in warm districts generally; but they also abound in Canada, Siberia, Russia, and Lapland. Even in the Arctic regions, they come out in swarms during the short summer; and wherever ponds or stagnant waters abound in Finland or Alaska, they bite quite as successfully and industriously while they last as in Ceylon or Jamaica. At least a hundred and fifty kinds are "known to science," and of these, no fewer than thirty-five occur in Europe. We have nine in Britain. Most of the European species bite quite hard enough to be popularly ranked as mosquitoes; the remainder are called by the general and indefinite name of flies—a vague term which covers as large an acreage of evil as charity.

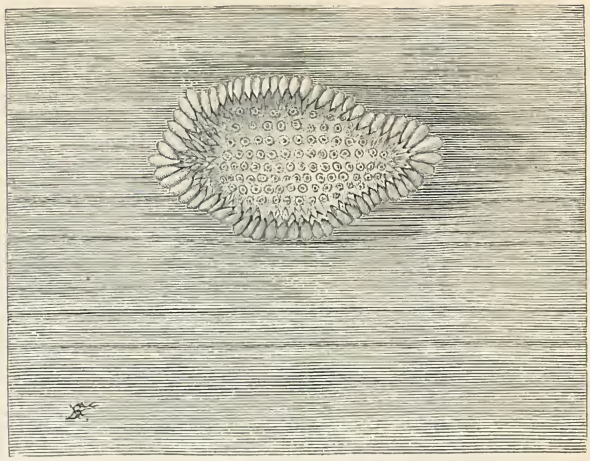
In hot summers, you will often read in the papers a loud complaint that "mosquitoes have made their appearance in England," most often in the neighbourhood of the

London docks; and this supposed importation of venomous foreign insects is usually set down to the arrival of some steamer from Bombay or New Orleans. The papers might almost as well chronicle the "arrival" of the cockroach or of the common house-fly. There are always mosquitoes in England; and they bite worse in very hot weather. Occasionally, no doubt, some stray Mediterranean or American gnat, rather hungrier than our own, does come over in water in the larval form and effect a lodgment in London for a week or two; but only a skilled entomologist could distinguish him from one of our own breeds, after careful examination. Let it be granted then, as Euclid says, that there is no essential difference between a gnat and a mosquito, and let us admit that the same name is applied in both cases to a large variety of distinct but closely related species. After which preliminary clearing of the ground, we will proceed quietly to the detailed description of one such typical bloodsucker.

The mosquito is in a certain sense an amphibious animal; that is to say, during the course of its life, it has tried both land and water. It begins existence as an aquatic creature, and only steps ashore at last to fly in the open air when it has arrived at its adult form and days of discretion. The mother mosquito, flitting in a cloud-like swarm of her kind, haunts for the most part moist and watery spots in thick woods or marshes, and lays her tiny eggs on the surface of some pool or stagnant water. They are deposited one by one, and then glued together with a glutinous secretion into a little raft or boat, shown in No. 1, which floats about freely on the pond or puddle. It looks just like the conventional representations of the "ark of bulrushes"



1.—THE MOSQUITO'S EGG-RAFT, SEEN SIDEWAYS.

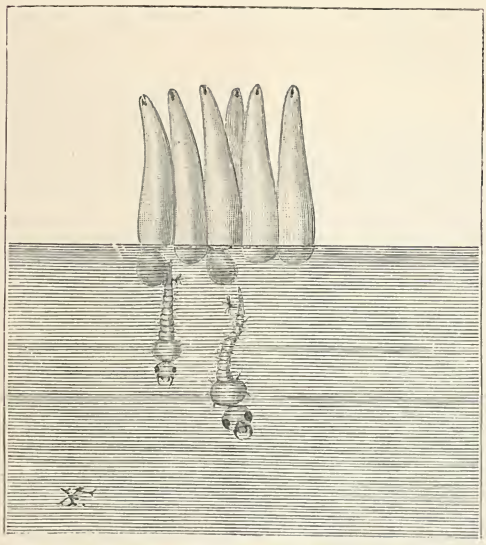


2.—THE MOSQUITO'S EGG-RAFT SEEN FROM ABOVE

provided for the infant Moses. An industrious mother will lay some two or three hundred such eggs in a season, so that we need not wonder at the great columns of mosquitoes that often appear in damp places in summer. No. 2 shows the same raft seen from above, and excellently illustrates its admirable boat-shaped or saucer-shaped construction.

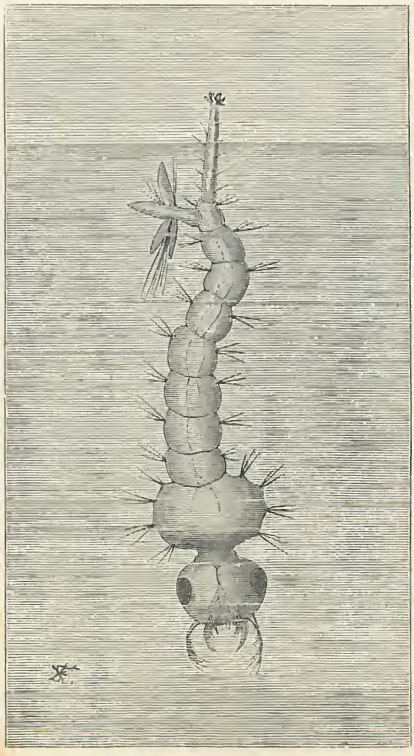
After about three days' time, the eggs begin to hatch, and the active little larvæ escape, wriggling, into the water. No. 3, which is enlarged forty diameters, exhibits the stages of the hatching process. A sort of lid or door at the lower end of the floating egg opens downward into the water, and the young mosquito slides off with a jerk of the tail into its native marshes. Almost everybody who has travelled in Asia, Africa, or America must be familiar with these little brown darting larvæ, which occur abundantly in the soft water in jugs and wash-hand basins. Brown, I say roughly, because they look so at a casual glance; but if you examine them more closely you will see that they are rather delicately green, and often mottled. It is not easy to catch them, however, so quickly do they wriggle; you try to put your hand on them, and they slip through your fingers; you have caught one now, and, hi presto! before you know it, he is twirling off to the other side and disporting himself gaily in aquatic gambols.

Nevertheless, he is a creature well worth observing, this larva. Get him still under the microscope (which is no easy matter — to



3.—THE EGGS HATCHING, AND YOUNG MOSQUITOES ESCAPING.

insure it, you must supply him with only the tiniest possible drop of water) and you will then perceive that he has a distinct head, with two large dark eyes, and that behind it comes a globular body, and then a tail of several quickly-moving segments. No. 4 is a portrait of the larva in his full-grown stage, near the surface of the water. He is about half an inch long, and nimble as a squirrel. You will observe on his head a sort of big moustache, set with several smaller bristles. This moustache (which consists for science of a pair of mandibles) is kept always in constant and rapid motion; its use is to create an eddy or continuous current of water; which brings very tiny animals and other objects of food within reach of the voracious larva's mouth; for young or old, your mosquito is invariably a hungry subject. In point of fact, you may say that these hairy organs are the equivalents of hands with which the larva feeds himself. They vibrate ceaselessly.

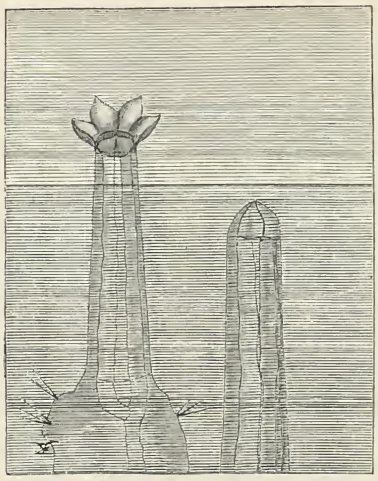


4.—THE MOSQUITO-LARVA IN HIS FAVOURITE ACT OF STANDING ON HIS HEAD AND BREATHING.

At the opposite end of the body, you will observe, there are two other organs, both equally interesting. One of them, which goes straight up to the surface of the water, and protrudes above it, is the larva's breathing-tube; for the mosquito breathes, at this stage, not with his head but with his tail; this ingenious mechanism I will explain further presently. The other organ, which in the illustration (No. 4) goes off to the left, and has four loose ends visible, serves its owner as a fin and rudder. It is the chief organ of locomotion—the oar or screw by whose means the larva darts with lightning speed through the water, and alters his direction with such startling rapidity. You will note that it is not unlike the screw of a steamer, and it answers for the animal the same general purpose. How effectual it is as a locomotive device everybody knows who has once tried chivvying a few healthy mosquito larvæ round the brimming sea of his bedroom basin.

The breathing-tube deserves a little longer notice. By its means air is conveyed direct into the internal air-channels of the insect, which do not form lungs, but ramify like arteries all over the body. We carry our blood to the lungs to be aerated; the insects carry the oxygen to the blood. To take in air, the larva frequently rises to near the surface, as you see him doing in No. 4; then he stands on his head, cocks up his tail, and pushes out his air-tube. Indeed, when at rest this is his usual attitude. No. 5, which, of course, is very highly magnified, shows his tail in the act of taking in a good gulp of oxygen. The little valves, or doors, which cover the air-tube are here opened radially, and the larva is breathing. To the right you see the

position of the tube after he has taken in a long draught of air (just like a whale or a porpoise) and is darting to the depths again. The tiny valves or doors are now closed, so that no water can get in; the larva will go on upon the air thus stored till all of it is exhausted; he will then rise once more to the surface, let out the breath loaded with carbonic acid, and draw in a fresh stock again for future use.

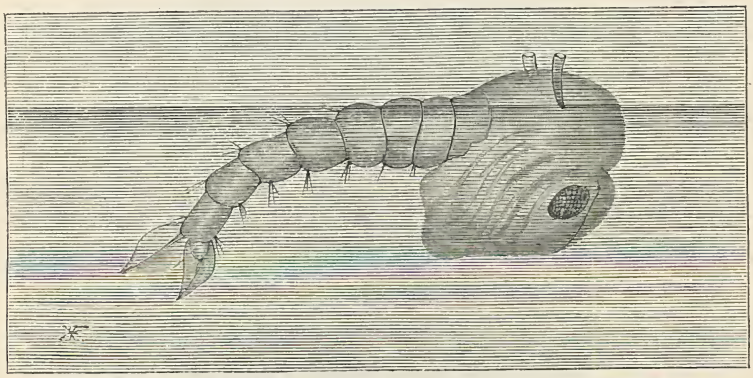


5.—THE LARVA'S BREATHING-TUBE, CLOSED AND OPEN.

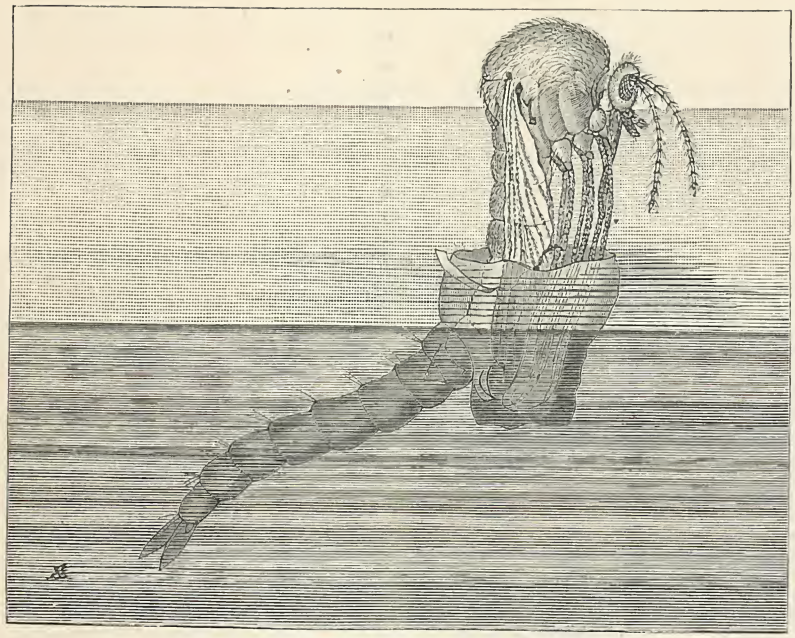
The young mosquito remains in the larval form for about a fortnight or three weeks, during the course of which time he moults thrice. As soon as he is full grown, he becomes a pupa or chrysalis—lies by, so to speak, while he is changing into the winged condition. No. 6 is a faithful portrait of the mosquito in this age of transition. (I borrow the last phrase from the journalists of my country.)

Within the pupa-case, which is smaller than the larva, the insect is bent double; in this apparently uncomfortable position, it begins to develop the wings, the legs, and the blood-sucking apparatus of the perfect mosquito. Nevertheless, ill-adapted as such a shape might seem for locomotion—with one's head tucked under, and one's eyes looking downward—the mosquito in the pupa continues to move about freely, instead of taking life meanwhile in the spirit of a mummy in the mummy-case. By way of change, however, he now eats nothing—having, in fact, no mouth to eat with. But the most wonderful thing of all is the alteration in his method of breathing. The pupa no longer breathes with its tail, but with the front part of its body, where two little horn-shaped tubes are developed for the purpose. You can see them in the illustration (No. 6), which is taken at the moment when the active and locomotive pupa has just come to the surface to breathe, and is floating, back up, and head doubled under downward, in a most constrained position. The attitude reminds one of nothing so much as that of a bull, with his head between his legs, rushing forward to attack one. You can see through the pupa-case the great dark eyes and the rudiments of the legs as they form below it.

No. 7 exhibits very prettily the next stage in this short eventful history—the emergence of a female mosquito from her dressing-gown or pupa-case. She looks like a lady coming out of her ball-dress. As the pupa grows older, the skin or case stands off of itself from the animal within, by a sort of strange internal shrinkage, and a layer of air is thus formed between case and occupant. This causes the whole apparatus to float to the surface, and enables the winged



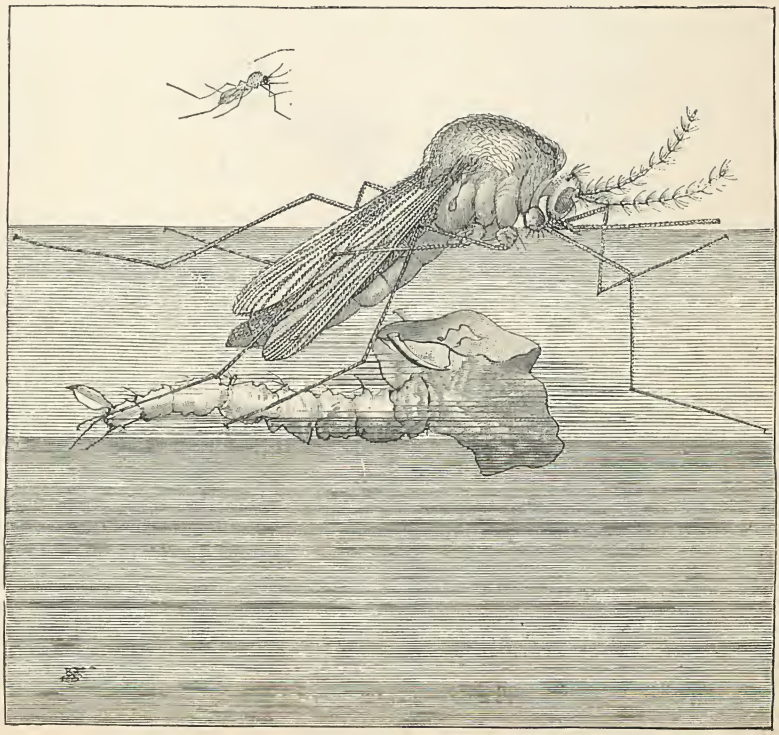
6.—THE PUPA OR CHRYSALIS, BREATHING THROUGH TWO HORN-LIKE TUBES.



7.—THE FEMALE MOSQUITO ABANDONING HER PUPA-CASE.

fly to make an effective exit. The new mosquito, looking still very hump-backed, and distinctly crouching, breaks through the top of the pupa-case (which opens by a slit), raises herself feebly and awkwardly on her spindle shanks, and withdraws her tail from its swathing bandage. She has grown meanwhile into a very different creature from the aquatic larva: observe her long plumed antennæ, her curious mouth-organs, her six hairy legs, and her delicate gauze-like wings, all of them wholly distinct from her former self, and utterly unrepresented by anything in the swimming insect. It is a marvellous transformation this, from a darting aquatic with rudder and tail, to a flying terrestrial and aerial animal, with legs and wings and manifold adapted appendages. At first, one would say, the new-fledged mosquito can hardly know herself.

In nature, however, nothing is ever wasted. The pupa-case, you would suppose, is now quite useless. Not a bit of it. Our lady utilizes it at once as a boat to float upon. She plants her long legs upon it gingerly, as you see in No. 8, where you can still make out the shape of the tail

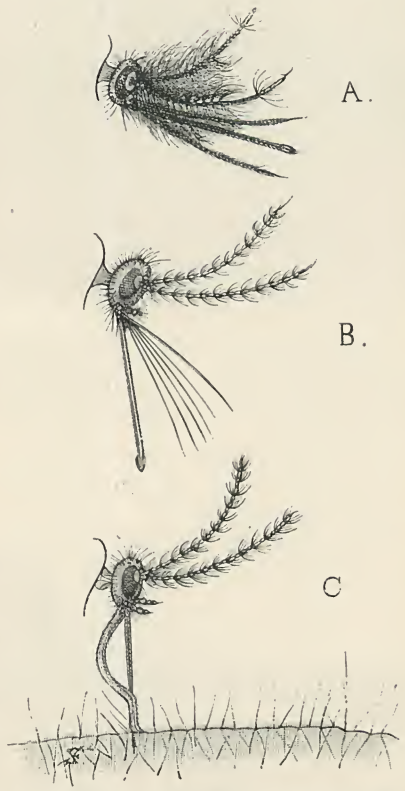


8.—THE FEMALE MOSQUITO MAKING A BOAT OF HER CAST-OFF SKIN.

and the horn-like breathing-tubes of the pupa. Thus does she rise on stepping-stones of her dead self to higher things, in a more literal sense than the poet contemplated. You observe her above, in her natural size, and below much magnified. Notice her beautiful gauzy wings, marked with hairy veins, her pretty plume-like antennæ, her spider-like jointed legs, and her hump of a body. She stands now, irresolute, meditating flight and wondering whether she dare unfold her light pinions to the breeze. Soon, confidence and strength will come to her; she will plim them on the summer air, and float away carelessly, seeking whom she may devour.

All this is what happens to a successful insect. But often, the boat fails; the young wings get wetted; the mosquito cannot spread them; and so she is drowned in the very element which till now was the only place where she could support existence.

And here I must say a word in favour of the male as against the female mosquito. In most species, and certainly in our own commonest British gnat, the male fly never sucks blood at all, but passes an idyllic vegetarian existence, which might excite the warmest praise from Mr. Bernard Shaw, in sipping the harmless nectar of flowers. He has, in point of fact, no weapon to attack us with. He is an unarmed honey-sucker.



9. — HEADS OF MOSQUITOES; A, THE WHISKERED MALE; B, THE BLOOD-SUCKING FEMALE, WITH LANCETS EXPOSED; C, THE FEMALE, BITING A HUMAN HAND.

But the female is very differently minded—a Messalina or a Brinvilliers, incongruously wedded to a vegetarian innocent. Even the very forms of the head and its appendages are quite different in the two sexes in adaptation to these marked differences of habit. No. 9 shows us the varieties of form in the male and female at a glance. Above (in Fig. A) we have the harmless vegetarian male. Observe his innocent sucking mouth, his bushy beard, his lack of sting, his obvious air of general respectability. He might pass for a pure and blameless ratepayer. But I must be more definitely scientific, perhaps, and add in clearer language that what I call his beard is really the antennæ. These consist of fourteen joints each, fitted with delicate circlets of hair; and the hairs in the male are so long and tufted as to give him in this matter a feathery and military appearance, wholly alien to his real mildness of nature. Look close at his head and you will find it is provided with three sets of organs—first, the tufted antennæ; second, a single sucking proboscis, adapted for quiet flower-hunting and nectar-eating; third, a pair of long palps, one on each side of the proboscis.

Now, beneath him, marked B, we get the head of his faithful spouse, the abandoned, blood-sucking mosquito, which looks at first sight, I confess, much more simple and harmless. Its antennæ have shorter and less bristling hairs; its proboscis seems quiet enough; and its palps are reduced to two mere horns or knobs, not a quarter the length of the bristly husband's, on each side of the proboscis. But notice in front of all that she has five long lancets, guarded by an upper lip, which do not answer to anything at all in her husband's economy. Those five lancets, with their serrated points, are the awls or piercers with which she penetrates the skin of men or cattle. They correspond to the mandibles, maxillæ, and tongue which I shall explain hereafter in the mouth of the gadfly. How they work you can observe in the lowest figure, C. Here you have a bit of the hand of a human subject—not to put too fine a point upon it (which is the besetting sin of mosquitoes), the artist's. He has delivered himself up to be experimented on in the interests of science. The sharp lancets have been driven through the skin into the soft tissue beneath, and the

bent proboscis is now engaged in sucking up the blood that oozes from it. If that were all, it would be bad enough; but not content with that, the mosquito for some mysterious reason also injects a drop of some irritant fluid. I have never been able to see that this proceeding does her any good; but it is irritating to us; and that perhaps is quite sufficient for the ill-tempered mosquito.

Owing to the habits of the larva, mosquitoes are of course exceptionally abundant in marshy places. They were formerly common in the Fen district of England, but the draining of the fens has now almost got rid of them, as it has also of the fever-and-ague microbe.

As a rule, mosquitoes are nocturnal animals, though in dark woods, and also in very swampy districts, they often bite quite as badly through the day-time as at night. But when evening falls, and all else is still, then wander forth these sons (or daughters) of Belial, flown with insolence and blood. "What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn," says Milton; and that sultry horn is almost more annoying than the bite which it precedes. You lie coiled within your mosquito-curtains, wooing sweet sleep with appropriate reflections, when suddenly, by your ear, comes that still small voice, so vastly more pungent and more irritating than the voice of conscience. You light a candle, and proceed to hunt for the unwelcome intruder. As if by magic, as you strike your match, that mosquito disappears, and you look in vain through every fold and cranny of the thin gauze curtains. At last you give it up, and lie down again, when straightway, "z-z-z-z," the humming at your ear commences once more, and you begin the unequal contest all over again. It is a war of extermination on either side: you thirst for her life, and she thirsts for your blood. No peace is possible till one or other combatant is finally satisfied.

You can best observe the mosquito in action, however, by letting one settle undisturbed on the back of your hand, and waiting while she fills herself with your blood; you can easily watch her doing so with a pocket lens. Like the old lady in "Pickwick," she is soon "swelling wisibly." She gorges herself with blood, indeed, which she straightway digests, assimilates, and converts into the 300 eggs aforesaid. But if, while she is sucking, you gently and unobtrusively tighten the skin of your hand by clenching your fist hard, you will find that she cannot any longer withdraw her mandibles; they are caught fast in your flesh by their own harpoon-like teeth, and there she must stop accordingly till you choose to release her. If you then kill her in the usual manner, by a smart slap of the hand, you will see that she is literally full of blood, having sucked a good drop of it.

The humming sound itself by which the mosquito announces her approaching visit is produced in two distinct manners. The deeper notes which go to make up her droning song are due to the rapid vibration of the female insect's wings as she flies; and these vibrations are found by means of a siren (an instrument which measures the frequency of the waves in notes) to amount to about 3,000 in a minute. The mosquito's wings must therefore move with this extraordinary rapidity, which sufficiently accounts for the difficulty we have in catching one. But the higher and shriller notes of the complex melody are due to special stridulating organs situated like little drums on the openings of the air-tubes; for the adult mosquito breathes no longer by one or two air-entrances on the tail or back, like the larva, but by a number of spiracles, as they are called, arranged in rows along the sides of the body, and communicating with the network of internal air-chambers. The curious mosquito music thus generated by the little drums serves almost beyond a doubt as a means of attracting male mosquitoes, for it is known that the long hairs on the antennæ of the males, shown in No. 9, Fig. A, vibrate sympathetically in unison with the notes of a tuning-fork, within the range of the sounds emitted by the female. In other words, hairs and drums just answer to one another. We may, therefore, reasonably conclude that the female sings in order to please and attract her wandering mate, and that the antennæ of the male are organs of hearing which catch and respond to the buzzing music she pours forth for her lover's ears. A whole swarm of gnats can be brought down, indeed, by uttering the appropriate note of the race: you can call them somewhat as you can call male glow-worms by showing a light which they mistake for the female.

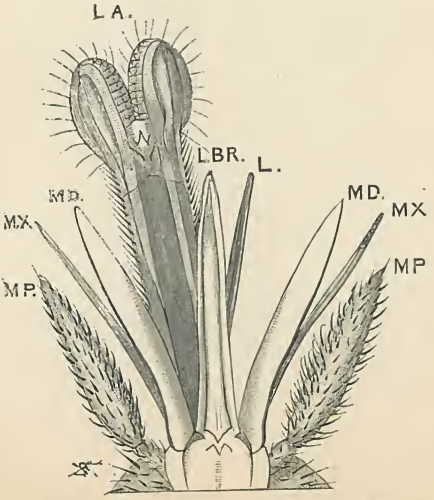
A much larger and more powerful British bloodsucker than the mosquito, again, is the gadfly or horse-fly, whose life-size portrait Mr. Enock has drawn for us in No. 10. Most people know this fearsome beast well in the fields in summer; he has a trick of settling on the back of one's neck, and making a hole in one's skin with his sharp mandibles; after which he quietly sucks

one's blood almost without one's perceiving him. Horses in pastures are often terribly troubled by these persistent creatures, which make no noise, but creep silently up and settle on the most exposed parts of the legs and flanks. They are very voracious, and manage to devour an amount of blood which is truly surprising.

10.—THE GADFLY, NATURAL SIZE.

A little examination of the gadfly will show you, too, one important point in which it and all other true flies differ from the bees, wasps, butterflies, and the vast mass of ordinary insects. All the other races have four wings, and I showed you in the case of the wasp the beautiful mechanism of hooks and grooves by which the fore and hind wings are often locked together in one great group so as to insure uniformity and fixity in flying. Among the true flies, however, including not only the house-fly and the meat-fly, but also the gadflies and the mosquitoes, only one pair of wings, the front pair, is ever developed. The second or hind pair is feebly represented by a couple of tiny rudimentary wings, known as poisers or balancers, which you can just make out in the sketch, like a couple of stalked knobs, in the space between the true wings and the tail or abdomen. It is pretty clear that the common ancestor of all these two-winged flies must have had four wings, like the rest of the great class to which he belonged; but he found it in some way more convenient for his purpose to get rid of one pair, and he has handed down that singular modification of structure to all his descendants. Yet, whenever an organ or set of organs is suppressed in this way, it almost always happens that rudiments or relics of the suppressed part remain to the latest generations; and thus the true flies still retain, in most cases, the two tiny poisers or balancers just to remind us of their descent from four-winged ancestors. Nature has no habit more interesting than this retention of parts long since disused or almost disused; by their aid we are able to trace the genealogy of plants and animals.

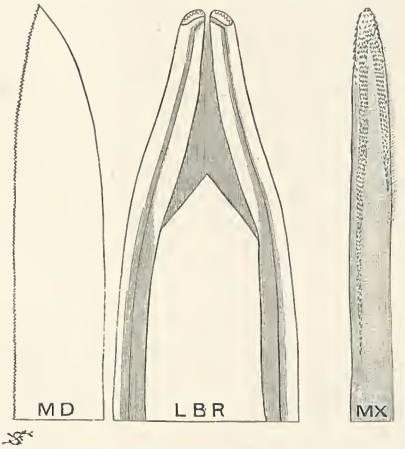
In No. 11 we have a dissected view of the mouth-organs and blood-sucking apparatus of the gadfly, immensely enlarged, so as to show in detail the minute structure. In life, all these separate parts are combined together into a compound sucker (commonly called the proboscis), which forms practically a single tube or sheath; they are dissected out here for facility of comprehension. The longest part, marked LA in the sketch, is the *labium* or lower lip, which makes up the mass of the tube; it ends in two soft finger-like pads, which are fleshy in texture, and which enable it to fix itself firmly (like a camel's foot) on the skin of the victim. The grooved and dagger-shaped organ, marked LBR, is the *labrum*, or upper lip; and the tube or sheath formed by the shutting together of these two parts incloses all the other organs. Combined, they form a trunk or proboscis, not unlike that of the elephant. But the elephant is not a blood-sucker; his trunk encircles no dangerous cutting weapon. It is otherwise with the gadfly, which has a pair of sharp knives within, for lancing the thick skin of its unhappy victims. These knives are known as *mandibles*, and are marked MD in the sketch, one on either side of the labrum. They first pierce the skin; the *maxillæ*, marked MX, of which there are also a pair, then lap up the blood from the internal tissues. Finally, there is the true tongue or



11.—THE GADFLY'S LANCETS, WITH OTHER PARTS OF THE PROBOSCIS.

lingua, marked L, which is the organ for tasting it. As to the *maxillary palps*, marked MP, they do not form part of the tube at all, but stand outside it, and assist like hands in the work of manipulation.

This is how the mouth looks when fully opened out for microscopic examination. But as the fly uses it, it forms a closed tube, of which the labium and the labrum are the two walls, enfolding the lances or mandibles, and the lickers or maxillæ, as well as the tongue. Pack them all away mentally, from MX to MX, within the two covers, and you will then understand the nature of the mechanism. Look back at Fig. B in No. 9, and you will there observe that all the parts in the mosquito answer to those in the gadfly. The long upper sheath is the upper lip: then come the lancets, the lappers, and the tongue, and last of all, the lower lip.



12.—THE CUTTING EDGES OF THE LANCETS.

In No. 12, which is still more highly magnified, we have the essential parts of the blood-sucking apparatus made quite clear for us. Here LBR is the tip of the labrum, or upper lip, forming the front of the groove or sheath in which the lances work. Its end is blunt, so as to enable it to be pressed close against the minute hole formed by the lances. MD is the sharp tip of one of the two lances, with its serrated or saw-like cutting edge; this is the organ that does the serious work of imperceptibly piercing the skin and the tissues beneath it. MX is the tip of one of the maxillæ, or blood-lappers, which suck or lap up the blood from the wound after the lances have opened it. I need hardly call your attention to the extraordinary delicacy and minuteness of these hard, sharp weapons, strong enough to pierce the tough hide of a horse, yet so small that if represented on the same scale as the insect itself, you would fail to perceive them.

Is it not marvellous, too, that the same set of organs about the mouth, which we saw employed by the wasp for cutting paper from wood, and by the ant for the varied functions of civilized ant-life, should be capable of modification in the butterfly into a sucker for honey, and in the gadfly into a cunning mechanism for piercing thick hides and feeding on the life-blood of superior animals? Nature, it seems, is sparing of ground-plan, but strangely lavish of minor modifications. She will take a single set of organs, inherited from some early common ancestor, and keep them true in the main through infinite varieties; but as habits alter in one species or another, she will adapt one of these sets to one piece of work and another to a second wholly unlike it. While she preserves throughout the similarity due to a common origin, she will vary infinitely the details and the minor structures so as to make them apply to the most diverse functions. Nothing shows this truth more beautifully, and more variously, than the mouths of insects; and though the names by which we call the different parts are, I will admit, somewhat harsh and technical, I feel sure that anybody who once masters their meaning cannot fail to be delighted by the endless modifications by which a few small instruments are made to fit an ever-increasing and infinite diversity of circumstances.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XLII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE RIFT IN THE LIBERAL LUTE.

WHEN the history of the influence of the Home Rule movement on the fortunes of the Liberal Party comes to be written the world will learn how, at a particular juncture, the riven party came near to closing up its ranks. Between the introduction of the Bill in the Session of 1886 and its second reading, negotiations went forward with the object of bringing back Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and other life-long Liberals to the fold from which they had strayed. An active politician who holds prominent place on the Front Bench below the gangway on the Liberal side was the principal mover in the work. His benevolent labours were rewarded by what looked like certainty of success. He felt himself authorized to convey to Mr. Chamberlain a definite undertaking which he understood had been accepted by Mr. Gladstone. It was to the effect that in moving the second reading of the Bill, Mr. Gladstone would announce the intention of the Government to withdraw the measure after its principle had been affirmed in the division lobby, bringing in another Bill in the following Session.

"STRAYED FROM THE FOLD."

In the new measure the views of the Liberal Unionists would be met on certain points, notably the retention of Irish members at Westminster. On receiving this assurance Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and their following would vote for the second reading of the Bill, and the threatened split in the Liberal party would be abandoned.

So precise was the understanding that Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain nominated an able member for a Scotch constituency to make the first signal of renewed friendship. He was to follow Mr. Gladstone, and was commissioned to announce that, in the altered circumstances presented by the speech, he, for one, did not see any reasons why good Liberals should stand apart from their old companions-in arms. In due course, Mr. Chamberlain was to rise and complete the truce.

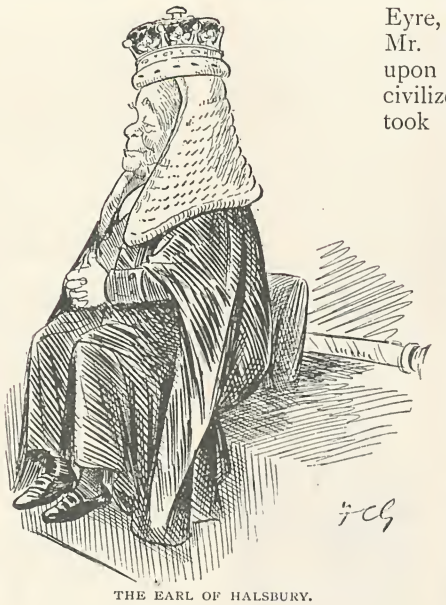
AVOIDING THE GOLDEN BRIDGE.

This was the programme of the evening, as arranged, when on the 7th of April, 1886, Mr. Gladstone rose to move the second reading of his Bill. The conspirators—a late Speaker admitted the word to be Parliamentary—seated above and below the gangway, listened attentively to Mr. Gladstone's opening sentences, prepared, presently, to play their several innocent parts. The Premier went on and on. The minutes passed, and among those in the plot marvel grew that the concerted signal was so long delayed. At the end of an hour and a half Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat, not having said a single word in the direction expected. The active politician below the gangway sat gnashing his teeth. The Scotch member of the Liberal Unionist camp designated to hold out the olive branch was instructed to keep his seat. Thus the precious opportunity, the seizing of which would have meant so much to the Liberal Party, and eventually to Ireland, sped.

For this branch of the narrative I can personally vouch. How so carefully contrived, and for Mr. Gladstone so enticing, a manœuvre failed is a matter of conjecture. It was believed by the active politician below the gangway, and his Liberal Unionist correspondents above it, that the Irish members, getting wind of what was to the fore, waited upon Mr. Gladstone and delivered their ultimatum. They would have the Bill as described on its introduction. The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. Otherwise they would march into implacable opposition to the Liberal Government. Placed between two fires, having to weigh the advantages of recalling his mutinous followers or losing the Irish vote, Mr. Gladstone decided upon sticking to his Bill, and,

as it turned out, losing all.

It is easy to be wise after the event, and everyone, not excepting Mr. Gladstone, had early occasion to perceive how fatal and irrevocable was the error committed on this memorable day. Had the Premier followed the lines laid down for him, understood to have been accepted by him, the history of England during the last twelve years would have greatly varied in the writing.



THE EARL OF HALSBURY.

THE EARL OF HALSBURY.

The advancement of Lord Halsbury to the status of an Earl was succeeded by a rumour that the event was preliminary to his retirement from the Woolsack. Up to the present time of writing no sign in that direction has been made, his lordship still lending the grace and dignity of his presence to the House of Lords. It cannot be said by the boldest flatterer that Sir Hardinge Giffard's advancement to the Woolsack was due entirely, or to any extent appreciably, to his success whether in the Commons or in the Lords. The former was necessarily the stepping-stone to his high preferment. But he never made his mark in debate. It is therefore well to know, and to me particularly pleasant to record, the opinion of those brought in contact with him in his judicial capacity—that Lord Halsbury is supremely capable as a judge.

MR. HARDINGE GIFFARD AND GOVERNOR EYRE.

The first time I was privileged to look upon the Lord Chancellor and hear him speak dates back some thirty years. At that time I was trying my 'prentice hand on a country newspaper, and had been deputed to report the proceedings taken before the Shropshire magistrates against Governor Eyre, in the matter of what were known as the Jamaica massacres. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, afterwards raised to the judicial Bench, prosecuted ex-Governor Eyre, who was defended by Mr. Giffard. The inquiry, upon which the eyes of the civilized world were fixed, took place in a little court-room in the sleepy town of Market Drayton. The chairman of the Bench of magistrates was Sir Baldwin Leighton, for years member for South Shropshire, who has bequeathed to the present House the member for the Oswestry Division of the county.

Mr. Giffard threw himself into the defence with an energy not to be accounted for by the fee marked on his brief. The case was one in which political partisanship was deeply engaged, the Conservatives backing up Governor Eyre in his vindication of what in later times, in a nearer island, came to be known as Law and Order, whilst Liberals, especially the more advanced section, strenuously called for the Governor's conviction on a criminal charge. Mr. Giffard, though preaching to the converted, addressed Sir Baldwin Leighton and his fellow-magistrates at merciless length. I remember how at one point, having pictured Governor Eyre protecting the lives intrusted to him by the Queen from fiendish outrage, barbarity, and lust, the learned counsel passionately asked whether for doing that the Governor was to be persecuted to death. "Good God!" he cried, "is this justice?" and answered his question by bursting into tears.

"IS THIS JUSTICE?"

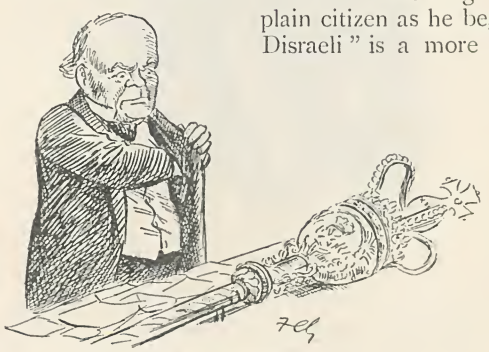
It was a touching episode, a little marred by Sir Baldwin Leighton's naïveté. Slowly recovering from the depth of his emotion, the learned counsel apologized for his weakness. "Oh, don't mention it," said Sir Baldwin; "but will you be much longer? Because, if you will, we had better go to lunch now."

The ludicrousness of the contrast—a sturdy Queen's Counsel in tears, and a prim Chairman of Quarter Sessions thinking of his luncheon—spoiled the effect of an

otherwise powerful passage. The remark was made with such chilling artlessness that Mr. Giffard, drying his eyes and resuming his natural voice, went out with the crowd to luncheon.

A DEADLY DILEMMA.

Eleven years elapsed before I saw Hardinge Giffard again. It was in the spring of 1877, when the defender of Governor Eyre, having been made Solicitor-General in Mr. Disraeli's Government, came to be sworn in. He had a hard tussle before being privileged to cross the bar. For the preceding eighteen months he went about from place to place wherever vacancies occurred, looking for a seat. Defeated in succession at Cardiff, Launceston, and Horsham, a second vacancy occurring in the Cornish borough, he stood again and got in by a small majority.



"THE LOST WRIT."

Ill-luck pursued him over the threshold of the House. Arrived at the table, Sir Erskine May, then Clerk of the House, made the customary demand for the return to the writ. Sir Hardinge Giffard forthwith, amid a scene of uproarious merriment, proceeded to search for it. First of all he attacked his breast coat-pocket, which proved to be bulging with letters and documents of various kinds. These he spread on the table, littering it as if a mail-bag had accidentally burst on the premises. Not finding the return there, he dived into his coat-tail pockets on either side, the merriment of a crowded House rising at sight of his perturbed face and hurried gestures. The document was not to be found among the papers that filled his coat-tail pockets, in quantity excelled only by the stuffing at his breast.

"PLACING A CORONET ON HIS BROW."

Having got to the end of the tether, the Solicitor-General stood helpless at the table, looking at the inexorable Clerk, who made no advance towards administering the oath pending the production of the return to the writ. Sir William Dyke, Ministerial Whip, who had brought up the new member, struck by a happy thought, bolted down the floor of the House, and, reconnoitring the seat below the gallery the new member had occupied before being called to the table, found the missing document quietly reposing in the Solicitor-General's hat. He brought it up and, amid cheering as wild as if he had won the Victoria Cross, the member for Launceston was sworn in.

SIR WILLIAM GLADSTONE, K.G.

Politics apart, it is unquestionably pleasing to the public mind that Mr. Gladstone should close his long and illustrious career a plain citizen as he began it. To many "Mr. Disraeli" is a more illustrious style than is the "Earl of Beaconsfield." It seemed somehow natural that the author of "Coningsby," and of that less-known but even more remarkable work, "Early Letters to His Sister," should, when opportunity presented itself, place a coronet on his own brow. Mr. Gladstone, following early exemplars, Mr. Canning and Sir Robert Peel, is content to be known amongst men by the simple name of his fathers. Peel, it is true, had the title of a baronet, but that was not his fault or his seeking, being part of the family hereditaments. Mr. Gladstone's father also was a baronet, but the title descended over his head, and no accident marred the majestic simplicity of his plain "Mr."

Had he pleased, he might at any time during the past quarter of a century have taken rank as a peer. Happily, all his instincts and impulses have been opposed to submission to that form of mediocrity. But there is one rank and title, the supremest open to a commoner, which Mr. Gladstone might accept without derogation. The style of a Knight of the Garter would, as far as common speech and ordinary address are concerned, slightly vary the proud simplicity of the style he has borne since he went to the University. The Order is encumbered with surplusage in the way of foreign Royalty, but it is the highest guerdon of the class open to an Englishman, and has always been

reckoned as a prize of distinguished political services. Of Knights of the Garter who have fought by the side of or in front of Mr. Gladstone during the last sixty years are, mentioning them in the order of their investment, Earl Spencer, Earl Cowper, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Ripon, Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Kimberley, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Cadogan, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, Lord Lansdowne, and the Earl of Derby. Of this list Mr. Gladstone has of his personal initiative made Knights of six.

The noblest Knight of all is not named upon the roll. Granting the existence of a strong and widely-spread popular feeling of satisfaction that Mr. Gladstone, springing from the ranks of the people, has, like the Shunamite woman, been content, in despite of titular rank, to dwell among them, I believe few events would cause such a thrill of national satisfaction as the announcement that, under gentle pressure from Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone had accepted the Garter.

"NOTO CORONARI."

THE GLADSTONE MEMOIRS.

Who will write the Life of Mr. Gladstone when the time comes for the stupendous task to be undertaken? Mr. John Morley's name is sometimes mentioned in connection with the work. But I have the best reason to know that he has never contemplated undertaking it. It seems too big a thing to be approached single-handed. Fairly to grapple with the task would require the combined effort of a syndicate of skilled writers. The amount of material is even greater than may be surmised from outside contemplation of Mr Gladstone's long and always busy life. I have heard on high authority that he has preserved for more than sixty years all papers and correspondence that might properly serve the purposes of a memoir. They are stored in a fireproof room at Hawarden—in what precise order was indicated by an incident that happened a few years ago. Reference was made in Mr. Gladstone's presence to an episode in the life of Cardinal Newman. He remembered that his old friend had, half a century earlier, written him a letter bearing on the very point. He undertook to find it, and did so, apparently without any trouble. It was dated 1843.

Talking about the writing of memoirs, Mr. Gladstone once emphatically expressed to me the opinion that the publication of a memoir, to be a full success, should promptly follow on the death of the subject. He did not cite the case, but there is a well-known instance in support of his argument. For more than half a century the world had to wait for publication of the correspondence of Talleyrand. When at length it came out it fell as flat as if the letter-writer had been a grocer at Autun or a tailor in Paris.

MR. DISRAELI.

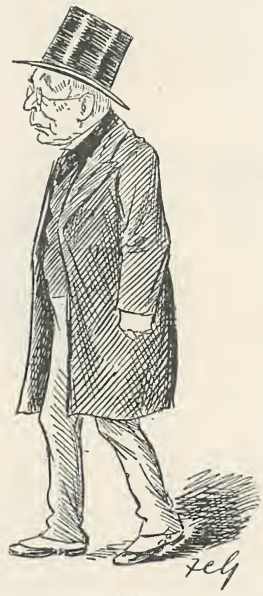
It is now certain that Disraeli's Life, if ever published, will have to run the risk of failure by reason of delay. Lord Rowton will certainly never undertake accomplishment of the task left to his discretion by his friend and leader. No one else has access to the papers—and there are boxes full of them—without whose assistance it would be impossible to accomplish the work. This is rather hard on the present generation, who must needs forego the pleasure of reading what should be one of the most fascinating books of the century.

THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On the death of Mr. Villiers, the *Times* made haste to proclaim Mr. W. B. Beach, member for the Andover Division of Hants, successor to the honoured position of Father of the House of Commons. That is a conclusion of the matter not likely to be accepted with unanimous consent. The Father of the House is, by a rare combination of claims, Sir John Mowbray, member for Oxford University. Returned for Durham in 1853, he has continuously sat in Parliament four years longer than Mr. Beach, who came in as member for North Hants in 1857. Sir John has sat in eleven Parliaments against Mr. Beach's ten. He has, in this comparison, all to himself the honour of having been a Privy Councillor for forty years. He has held office under three Administrations, Lord Derby being his chief in 1858 and '66, Mr. Disraeli in 1868. For twenty-four years he has acted as Chairman of the Committee on Standing Orders and of the Committee of Selection. That is a

record unique in the present Parliament, and it has been carried through with steady acquisition of personal popularity almost as rare.

It is presumable that the judgment of the *Times* has gone against Sir John Mowbray on the ground that he has not during his long membership represented the same constituency. Entering the House as member for Durham, he, in 1868, transferred his services to Alma Mater, a safe and honourable seat he retains to this day. It is quite true that Mr. Villiers and his predecessor, Mr. Talbot, uninterruptedly held their several seats at the time they came into succession to the Fathership. But I am not aware of any definite ruling on that point. If there were such Mr. Beach would be disqualified, for, coming into the House in 1857 as member for North Hants, he now sits, and has sat since 1875, as member for the Andover Division of the county.



SIR JOHN MOWBRAY.

PÈRES POSSIBLES.

Whilst nothing is said in the written or unwritten law about the Father of the House necessarily having sat uninterruptedly for the same constituency, it is required that he shall have continuously sat in the House from the date at which his claim commences. It was this rule that placed Mr. Gladstone out of court. First elected for Newark in 1832, he would have taken precedence of Mr. Villiers in the honourable rank but for the hiatus of some eighteen months in his Parliamentary career which followed on his leaving Newark on his way to Oxford University. This gave Mr. Villiers his chance, though the date of his entering the House is three years later than that of Mr. Gladstone.

In the present House, Sir John Mowbray is the only relic of the Parliament of 1852 the course of Time has left to Westminster. Recent deaths and retirements removed several well-known members who otherwise would, on the death of Mr. Villiers, have come in competition for the Fathership. Of these are Sir Charles Foster, Sir Rainald Knightly, Sir Hussey Vivian, and Mr. Whitbread, who all sat in the Parliament of 1852.

One thinks with kindly recognition of what a pathetic figure-head of a Father Sir Charles Foster would have made, wandering about corridors and lobbies in search of the hat he, through a long and honourable career, persistently mislaid.

"OUR ARMY SWORE TERRIBLY IN FLANDERS."

To the full success of a Ministry a variety of quality in its constituent parts contributes. The more varied the basis the brighter the prospect of prosperity. In Her Majesty's present Government not the least distinguished, or least popular, Cabinet Minister is said to be gifted with an accomplishment that would have obtained for him brevet rank with our Army in Flanders. To look at him seated on the Treasury Bench, to hear him addressing the House, above all to watch him repairing to his parish church on peaceful Sabbath mornings, no one would suspect this particular accomplishment. I should say I have no personal acquaintance with it, but I have heard the fact stated by so many intimates of the right hon. gentleman, that I fear there is some foundation for the assertion.

It certainly receives confirmation from the recent experience of a member of the Ministerial rank-and-file. A short time ago there was some ruffle of discontent in the well-drilled ranks immediately behind the Treasury Bench. This esteemed member, an eminent solicitor, a severe church-goer, who is accustomed to fancy himself in debate, and to estimate at its proper value the position of a member representing a populous centre of industry, volunteered to bring the matter personally under the notice of the Cabinet. The particular member of that august body selected for the confidence was the right honourable gentleman whose name wild horses will not drag from me. It was agreed that, whilst the Minister should not be troubled with the attendance of a deputation, half-a-dozen of the malcontents should accompany their spokesman to the door of his private room, remaining in the corridor whilst the interview took place.

The spokesman bravely marched into the room, pride in his port, his attitude being perhaps generously tempered by consideration of the pain he was about to give an esteemed Leader. His fellow-conspirators began to

stroll up and down the lobby expectant of having to wait some time whilst the matter at issue was being discussed between their spokesman and the Minister. In a surprisingly short time their representative issued from the Minister's door with a scared look on his expressive visage.

"Well?" said the deputation, eagerly.

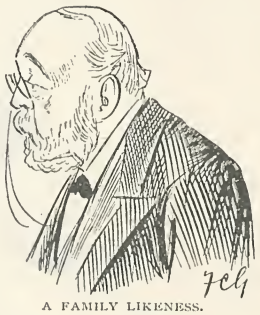
"Well," replied the spokesman, with a pathetic break in his voice. "I don't think I've been very well treated by either side since I entered the House of Commons. But I was never before called a d——d canting attorney."

"AFTER THE INTERVIEW."

FAMILY LIKENESS.

Writing last Session about the Cecil family I mentioned that a Royal Academician, a famous portrait painter, had asked me if I noticed the strong facial resemblance between the Marquis of Salisbury and his nephew, the Leader of the House of Commons. I confessed I did not, whereupon the R.A., expatiating on the subject, pointed out some minute details in support of his view.

On this subject a correspondent writes from Belfast: "I am interested to hear that the likeness between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour has at last been noticed. Only once have I been able to get anyone to see it. Going with some friends through one of the Oxford Colleges (University, I think), we came on a full-length portrait of Lord Salisbury, taken at a time when he was a much younger and a thinner man. The likeness between uncle and nephew here becomes very striking. Should Mr. Balfour ever get fat and grow a beard, it will be apparent to all."



A FAMILY LIKENESS.

The prospect of the lithe and graceful Prince Arthur thus disguised makes the flesh creep. But all things are possible in a changing world.

OSBORNE MORGAN.

In addition to Mr. Villiers', another familiar face vanished during the recess from House and Lobby is that of Osborne Morgan. Returned for Denbighshire at the historic General Election of 1868, he had come to rank amongst the oldest members Only a year ago he sent me a list of members sitting in the present House of Commons who also had seats in the House that disestablished the Irish Church and brought in the first Irish Land Bill. I forget the precise number, but it was startlingly small.

Like Sir Frank Lockwood, but for other reasons, Osborne Morgan did not fulfil expectation reasonably entertained of his Parliamentary success. Early in the fifties he went to the Bar, having gained a brilliant reputation and several scholarships at his University. Like Mr. Gladstone, he to the last, amid whatever pressure of modern daily life, preserved ever fresh his touch with the classics. Trained in law, fed from the fount of literature (ancient and modern), gifted with fluent speech that sometimes surged in flood of real eloquence, he was just the man who might be counted upon to captivate the House of Commons. The melancholy fact is, that when he rose he emptied it.

His conspicuous failings as he stood at the table were lack of humour and a style of elocution fatally reminiscent of the uninspired curate in fine frenzy preaching. Yet, when he spoke from the platform he was a real force. Mr. Gladstone, accustomed to his failures in the House of Commons, spoke in private with unqualified admiration of a speech he chanced to hear him deliver at a crowded political meeting in North Wales. This dual character Osborne Morgan shared in common with the counsellor of Kings, the sustainer of Sultans, who represents one of the divisions of Sheffield. The House of Commons insists on making Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett a butt, and in regarding him as a bore. Inasmuch as his advocacy of any particular question has effect upon this uncompromisingly critical audience, it is hurtful rather than helpful to his client. Yet I have heard upon competent authority that on the platform, even faced by hard-headed Yorkshiremen, "Silomo" is a really effective speaker.

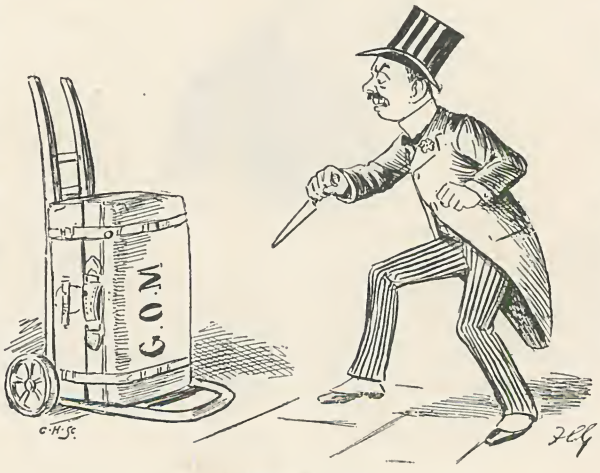
JUDGE ADVOCATE-GENERAL.

The doctors gave an orthodox name to the sickness of which Osborne Morgan died. What really killed him was disappointment suffered when, in August, 1892, Mr. Gladstone formed his last Administration. I do not know what he expected, but he was certainly mortally offended when offered his old post of Judge Advocate-General, even though it was considerately gilded with a baronetcy. He hotly declined the office, and when Mr. Gladstone, with patient benignity, pressed the baronetcy upon him, he would have none of it. It was only after the lapse of several days, when his ruffled plumage had been smoothed down by the friendly hands of two of his old colleagues, that he accepted the friendly offer. A warm-hearted, kindly-natured, hot-headed Welshman, those best liked Osborne Morgan who knew him best. He combined in his person in fullest measure the attributes of a scholar and a gentleman.

THE LATE SIR G. O. MORGAN.

"G. O. M."

Though, as is admitted, Osborne Morgan was not conspicuous for a sense of humour, he found grim enjoyment in recital of a true story. Travelling up to London one early spring day to resume his Parliamentary duties, he was conscious of a certain pride in a new portmanteau to which he had treated himself. It was fine and large, and carried in bold relief his initials —G. O. M. On arriving at Paddington, he found his prized possession had been subjected to an outrage comparable only with the Bulgarian atrocities which at the time Mr. Gladstone was denouncing with flaming eloquence. Some patriot Jingo, seeing the initials, and confusedly associating them with the Grand Old Man, had whipped out his knife and cut away from the unoffending portmanteau the hateful letters.



THE NEW PORTMANTEAU.

THE FOLKESTONE INCIDENT.

In the February Number I told a story current at Folkestone, cherishing a retort alleged to have been flashed upon Baron de Worms when addressing a political meeting in that town. Lord Pirbright writes to say that as far as he is concerned the story is without foundation. I should be sorry to have hurt the feelings of an old personal friend, and am glad of the opportunity, delayed only by the prolonged process of printing a month's issue of the Magazine, to give prominence to his disclaimer. At the same time I must point out that I avowedly did no more than report a tradition current in Folkestone. In proof of its existence I quote the following from the *Folkestone Chronicle* of the 5th of February :—

> Mr. Lucy's little tale is correct in the main, but the meeting alluded to had nothing to do with an election, as no contest was anticipated, or took place, in 1892. At the same meeting there was some consternation because a resident, of an eccentric turn of mind, attended the meeting in full uniform as a German soldier, and ascended the platform. This somewhat offensive action gave rise to some remarks as to the Baron's alleged foreign extraction, and caused the present Lord Pirbright to declare that he was an Englishman. The meeting altogether was a pretty stormy one.

This is apparently written by an ear-witness. But as Lord Pirbright has no recollection of the incident, the Folkestone folk are obviously in error.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

WILHELMINA OF NASSAU, the youthful Queen of the Netherlands, will, in September of this year, be formally crowned with great pomp and magnificence. This charming young lady who, by the way, has already displayed considerable power of will, has been educated to feel herself a true Dutch woman, and sometimes puts on the quaint, old-fashioned dresses of the provincial farmers' wives, with their quaint frontlets or lace caps so wonderful to see in many of the towns of her country. Our portrait, at the age of 12, shows this *coiffure* to be exceedingly becoming, and we consequently do not wonder much at the Queen's liking for this humble head-dress

AGE 12 MONTHS. *From a Photograph.*

From a AGE 2. [*Photograph.*

AGE 10. *From a Photograph.*

AGE 12. *From a Photograph.*

From a AGE 6. [*Photograph.*

From a Photo. by PRESENT DAY. [*La Lidye, Kansas.*

AGE 3.
From a Photo. by M. J. de Mouxy, Regent Street.

AGE 22.
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

AGE 38.
From a Photograph.

AGE 28.
From a Photo. by Barraud & Jerrard

LORD BREADALBANE.

BORN 1851.

GAVIN CAMPBELL, K.S., P.C., J.P., first Marquis of Breadalbane, Earl of Holland, Viscount of Tay and Paintland, Lord Glenorchy, is one of the wealthiest and most influential of Scottish peers. He owns about 439,000 acres of land, to which he succeeded in 1871. He was Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household during the last Administration, and has held other influential positions with great credit.

AGE 12.
From a Photo. by Lucas Bros., Regent's Park.

Benederaloch, Ormelie, and Weik, Major of the 5th Battalion Black Watch, and Brigadier-General of the Royal Company of Archers,

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Bassano.*

From a] AGE 4. [*Daguerreotype.*

WILLIAM HOLE, R.S.A.

BORN 1846.

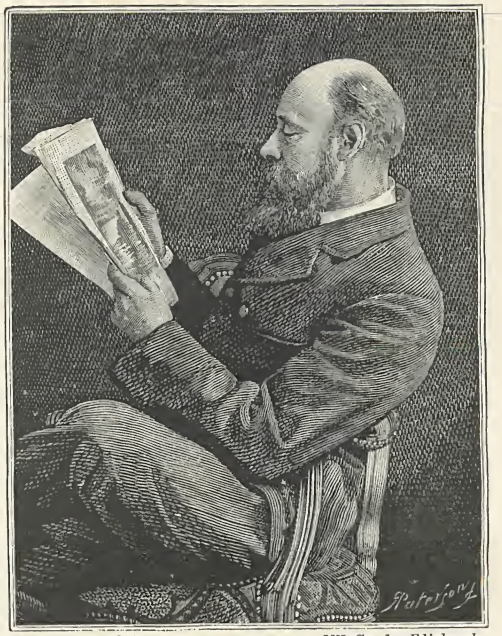
MR. HOLE'S first claim to distinction is perhaps chiefly due to his power as an etcher, in which art he certainly has taken a foremost place. The only child of Richard Hole, M.D., he was born in Salisbury. On the death of his father, from cholera, in 1849, he was taken to Edinburgh and educated at the Academy and University

AGE 16.
From a Photo. by Ross & Thomson, Edinburgh.

of that town. In 1874, Mr. Hole was apprenticed to a firm of civil engineers. After four years he took a trip to Italy, and developed latent artistic instincts in the congenial studio atmosphere of Rome. He abandoned engineering for art, and learned under Cameron and Chalmers at the school of the Royal Scottish Academy. Mr. Hole was elected Associate of that body in 1878, and full Academician in 1889. He is also a member of the Royal Scottish Water Colour Society and of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers. Among his principal pictures are "The Evening of Culloden," 1880; "Prince Charlie's Parliament," 1881; and "The Fill

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. [*J. Moffat, Edinburgh.*

of the Boats," 1883. His etchings are of course numerous, but "Mill on the Yare," after Crome, 1888; "He is Coming," after Mattys Mario, 1889; and "The Lawyers," after J. F. Millet, 1890, are perhaps the best known.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*W. Crooke, Edinburgh.*

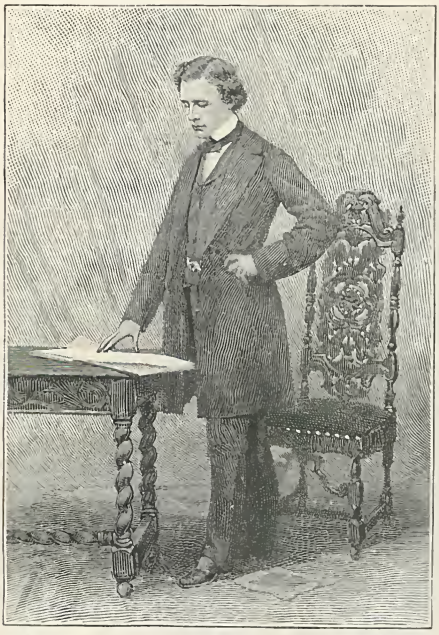
LEWIS CARROLL.

(CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON.)

BORN 1832.

From a] AGE 8. *[Silhouette.*

WE have pleasure in referring our readers' special attention to an extremely interesting memoir of Lewis Carroll. It is written, in the author's words, "from a child-friend's point of view," and is, there-



From a] AGE 25. *[Photograph.*

fore, perhaps made doubly acceptable to those who have loved and respected him as a man and a friend, and to those who have known him only as Lewis Carroll it will be found equally interesting.

There is no doubt that the reminiscences given by Miss Hatch are unique, inasmuch as they throw considerable new light on the private life of one whose name has become famous as the author of "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," and "The Hunting of the Snark." Besides these,

From a] AGE 49. *[Photograph.*

perhaps the best known, Mr. Dodgson produced some mathematical text-books of considerable value, of which "Euclid and His Modern Rivals," done in 1879, and "A Tangled Tale," done in 1886, combine humour and science in a very remarkable manner.

AGE 66.
From a Photo. by W. Shawcross, Guildford.

"*Lewis Carroll.*"

(CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON.)

By Beatrice Hatch.

THE REVEREND CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON died at Guildford on January 14th, 1898. When that sad announcement was made to the world on the morning of the 15th, hundreds of children knew and felt that they had lost a friend; not only those to whom Mr. Dodgson had been a living

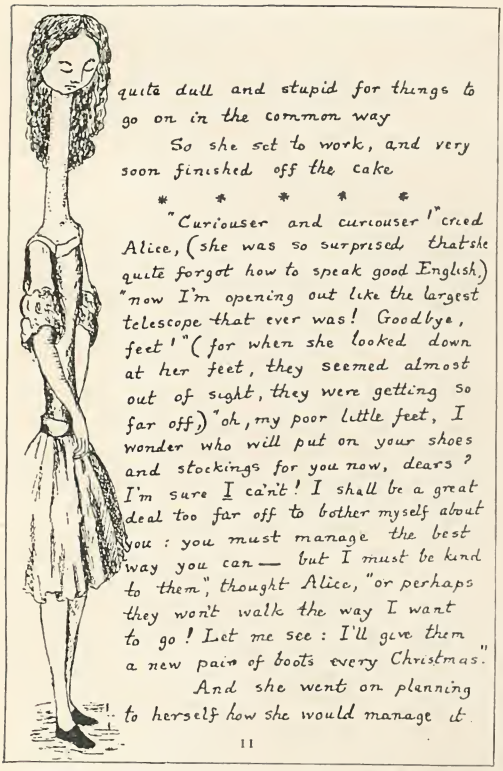
CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON (THE LATEST PORTRAIT).
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

personal reality, but also the countless number in different parts of the world who knew him as "Lewis Carroll," the author of "Alice in Wonderland."

The world at large will think of him merely in the latter connection, as the writer of those inimitable books of wit and humour. Others will call to mind the somewhat prim college don, the hard-working mathematician, living in retirement in his corner of Tom Quad, Christ Church. But those of us who knew him best remember him as the kind and loving friend, who contributed so much to the happiness of our lives, and whom we shall truly mourn as one of the best of men.

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, the son of the Rev. Charles Dodgson, Archdeacon of Richmond, was born at Daresbury Parsonage, Cheshire, on January 27th, 1832; and it was there that he spent the first years of his childhood, afterwards removing to Croft Rectory, Yorkshire. He was a studious boy from his earliest years, yet to his three brothers and seven sisters Charles gave constant amusement by his witty and original remarks. It was to him that they looked for leadership in their youthful attempts at writing, and in the little private magazines which the children got up among themselves Charles would contribute by far the largest share, adorning the stories which he wrote with illustrations from his own pen. He was sent to school at Richmond, Yorkshire; from thence he went to Rugby, and to Christ Church, Oxford. Mathematics were then, as always, Mr. Dodgson's chief study. In 1854 he took a first-class in that subject, and in 1855 he was appointed Mathematical Lecturer at Christ Church, which post he held till 1881. Several works were published by him on algebra, trigonometry, logic, etc., which are

ALICE LIDDELL—AS A BEGGAR-GIRL.
(THE ORIGINAL OF "ALICE.")
From a Photo. by "Lewis Carroll."


quite dull and stupid for things to go on in the common way

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake

* * * * *

"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice, (she was so surprised, that she quite forgot how to speak good English) "now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). "Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure I can't! I shall be a great deal too far off to bother myself about you: you must manage the best way you can — but I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas."

And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it

11

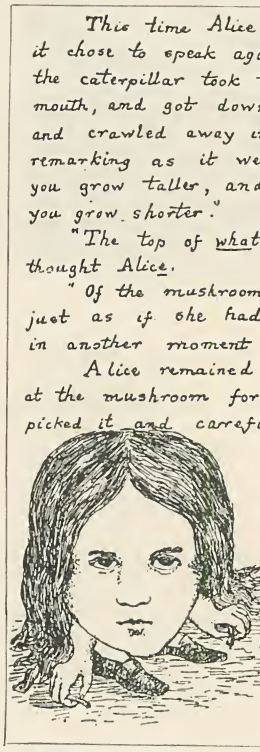
REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MS. OF "ALICE'S ADVENTURES."

proof of his industry and originality. In 1861 Mr. Dodgson was made a senior student (*i.e.*, a fellow) of his college; and he remained at Christ Church in that capacity until his death. He had also been ordained deacon in the Church of England in the year 1861, but he never took priest's orders.

These are a few bare facts of Mr. Dodgson's history, which many will have read for themselves in the newspaper accounts. But it is from a "child-friend's" point of view that I wish to make a sketch of him, and to show something of what the real man was—not as lecturer, mathematician, or college don, but as a friend.

There are very many who could draw a similar picture of him, for never, surely, did any man make more friends among children than he did during the earlier and middle parts of his life. Latterly, however, he had not increased his acquaintance much, but the "child-friends" of past years were still honoured by the old title, even though childhood had long been left in the far distance. Boys did not share this honour, nor babies! They were only tolerated for their sisters' sakes; but girls, little and big, were admitted into friendship at once. Sometimes on the sea-shore, sometimes in a railway carriage, the magnetic power began, and, in many cases, continued for life. It was impossible for Mr. Dodgson to pass by the smallest opportunity of speaking to a child, and his winning manner gained the hearts, and generally the tongues, of all whom he met.

It was this love for children, combined with his inventive faculty, that led him to tell that most original story which afterwards developed into "Alice in Wonderland," of world-wide fame. His audience consisted of the little daughters of Dean Liddell, who lived then in the opposite corner of the great quadrangle of Christ Church, and from one of them Mr. Dodgson borrowed the name to give to the heroine of those marvellous adventures. His friends begged him to write it down, and we may to-day see the published facsimile of the author's original MS. with his own illustrations. In that volume also appears the "Easter Greeting to every child who loves 'Alice'"—a letter written in the Easter of 1876, which shows us a beautiful side of "Lewis Carroll's" mind. "Alice in Wonderland" in its present form was published in


This time Alice waited quietly until it chose to speak again. in a few minutes the caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and got down off the mushroom, and crawled away into the grass, merely remarking as it went: "the top will make you grow taller, and the stalk will make you grow shorter."

"The top of what? the stalk of what?" thought Alice.

"Of the mushroom," said the caterpillar, just as if she had asked it aloud, and in another moment it was out of sight.

Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, and then picked it and carefully broke it in two, taking the stalk in one hand, and the top in the other. "Which does the stalk do?" she said, and nibbled a little bit of it to try the next moment she felt a violent blow on her chin: it had struck her foot!

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MS. OF "ALICE'S ADVENTURES."

1865, and never has any book attained to a greater popularity. It was followed in 1872 by "Through the Looking Glass," which is as well known as its predecessor. In 1876 appeared the long poem (or rather "agony in eight fits"), called "The Hunting of the Snark" — "snark" being, as he told us, the "portmanteau-word" for snail and shark.

In other poetry he has given us "Phantasmagoria" and other poems (1870), among the best of which are "Hiawatha's Photography" and "A Sea-Dirge"; and "Rhyme and Reason," which came out in 1883. Besides the puzzle-book of "Doublets," the "Game of Logic," and other small works, Mr. Dodgson enlarged a fairy story of his that had appeared in "Aunt Judy's Magazine" in 1867, as "Bruno's Revenge," into the two big volumes of "Sylvie and Bruno," which, in its double story, so curiously interwoven, contains such a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. The dedicatory verses at the beginning of some of these volumes are worth notice for the ingenious way in which he has worked in the name of the girl-friend to whom the book is inscribed. In those in "The Hunting of the Snark" and in "Sylvie and Bruno" the first letter of each line, taken in succession, spell out the girl's name; and in the verse at the beginning of "Sylvie and Bruno, Concluded," the result is obtained by taking the *third* letter in each line.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF "LEWIS CARROLL'S" DRAWING OF THE "GRYPHON AND THE MOCK TURTLE."

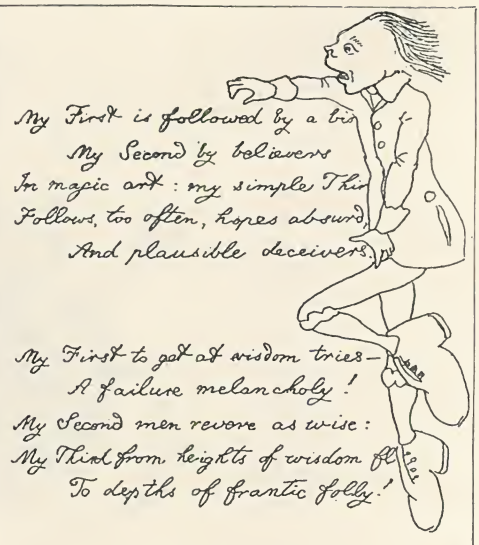
"LEWIS CARROLL'S" ROOM AT OXFORD, IN WHICH "ALICE'S ADVENTURES" WAS WRITTEN.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

A CHARADE.

[N.B. FIVE POUNDS will be given to any one who succeeds in writing an original poetical Charade, introducing the line "My First is followed by a bird," but making no use of the answer to this Charade. Ap: 8: 1878.

(Signed) Lewis Carroll.]

My First is singular at best.
More plural is my Second:
My Third is far the pluralest—
So plural-plural, I protest,
It scarcely can be reckoned!



My First is followed by a bird
My Second by believers
In magic art: my simple Third
Follows, too often, hopes absurd,
And plausible deceivers.

My First to get at wisdom tries—
A failure melancholy!
My Second men revere as wise:
My Third from heights of wisdom flies
To depths of frantic folly!

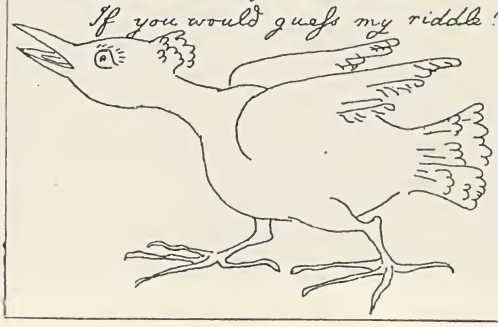
My First is ageing day by day;
My Second's age is ended:
My Third enjoys an age, they say,
That never seems to fade away,
Through centuries extended!

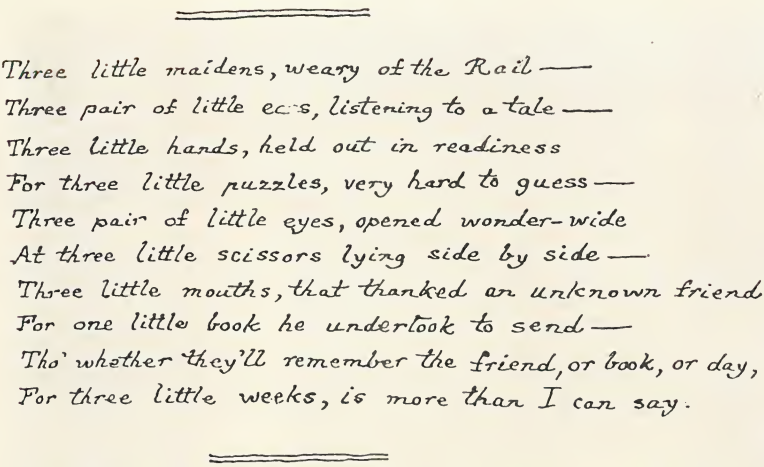
Puzzles and problems of all sorts were a delight to Mr. Dodgson. Many a sleepless night was occupied by what he called a "Pillow problem." In fact, his mathematical mind seemed to be always at work on something of the kind, and he loved to discuss and argue a point connected with his logic if he could but find a willing listener. Sometimes while paying an afternoon call he would borrow scraps of paper, and leave neat little diagrams or word puzzles to be worked out by his friends.

It may be interesting to some who do not know Mr. Dodgson's poetical charade to see the accompanying verses, with two rough drawings by himself. Of late years, all Mr. Dodgson's time had been given to his work on "Symbolic Logic," of which Part I. was published in February, 1896, and Parts II. and III. were still in process of completion when the unexpected end came. In his estimation, logic was a most important study for everyone. No pains were spared to make it clear and interesting to those who would but consent to learn of him, either in a class, that he begged to be allowed to hold in a school or college, or to a single individual girl, who showed the smallest inclination to profit by his instructions. He never spared

My Whole? I need a Poet's pen
To paint her myriad phases.
The monarch, and the slave, of men—
A mountain-summit, and a den
Of dark and deadly mazes!

A flashing light—a fleeting shade—
Beginning, end, and middle
Of all that human art hath made,
Or wit devised! Go, seek her aid,
If you would guess my riddle!




Three little maidens, weary of the Rail —
Three pair of little ears, listening to a tale —
Three little hands, held out in readiness
For three little puzzles, very hard to guess —
Three pair of little eyes, opened wonder-wide
At three little scissors lying side by side —
Three little mouths, that thanked an unknown friend
For one little book he undertook to send —
Tho' whether they'll remember the friend, or book, or day,
For three little weeks, is more than I can say.

VERSE WRITTEN BY "LEWIS CARROLL" IN A COPY OF "ALICE'S ADVENTURES," GIVEN TO THREE CHILD-FRIENDS.

himself in any detail; everything was done in the neatest and most methodical manner. The arrangement of his papers, the classification of his photographs, the order of his books, the lists and registers that he kept about everything imaginable—all this betokened his well-ordered mind.

There was a wonderful letter-register of his own invention, which not only recorded the names of his correspondents, and the dates of their letters, but which also summarized the contents of each communication, so that in a few seconds Mr. Dodgson could tell you what you had written to him about on a certain day in years gone by.

The plan of this letter-register is explained by the inventor in his booklet called "Eight or Nine Wise Words about Letter Writing," which he published together with an "Alice" Stamp-case in 1888. Let me give a few quotations from those "Wise Words":—

"*Address and stamp the envelope.*—'What! Before writing the *letter?*' Most certainly; and I'll tell you what will happen if you don't. You will go on writing till the last moment, and, just in the middle of the last sentence, you will become aware that 'time's up!' Then comes the hurried wind-up — the wildly-scrawled signature — the hastily-fastened envelope, which comes open in the post—the address a mere hieroglyphic—the horrible discovery that you've forgotten to replenish your stamp-case—the frantic appeal to everyone in the house to lend you a stamp—the headlong rush to the post-office, arriving hot and gasping just after the box has closed—and finally, a week afterwards, the return of the letter from the Dead Letter Office, marked 'Address illegible!'"

"*Write legibly.*—The average temper of the human race would be perceptibly sweetened if everybody obeyed this rule! A great deal of the bad writing in the world comes simply from writing *too quickly*. Of course you reply, 'I do it to save time.' A very good object, no doubt: but what right have you to do it at your friend's expense? Isn't *his* time as valuable as yours? Years ago I used to receive letters from a friend—and very interesting letters, too—written in one of the most atrocious hands ever invented. It generally took me about a *week* to read one of his letters! I used to carry it about in my pocket, and take it out at leisure times, to puzzle over the riddles which composed it—holding it in different positions, and at different distances, till at last the meaning of some hopeless scrawl would flash upon me, when I at once wrote down the English under it; and, when several had been thus guessed, the context would help one with the others, till at last the whole series of hieroglyphics was deciphered. If *all* one's friends wrote like that, life would be entirely spent in reading their letters!"

"My Ninth Rule.—When you get to the end of a note-sheet, and find you have more to say, take another piece of paper—a whole sheet, or a scrap, as the case may demand; but, whatever you do, *don't cross!* Remember the old proverb, 'Cross-writing makes cross reading.' 'The *old* proverb?' you say, inquiringly. 'How old?' Well, not so *very* ancient, I must confess. In fact, I'm afraid I invented it while writing this paragraph. Still, you know, 'old' is a *comparative* term. I think you would be *quite* justified in addressing a chicken, just out of the shell, as 'Old boy!' *when compared* with another chicken, that was only half out!"

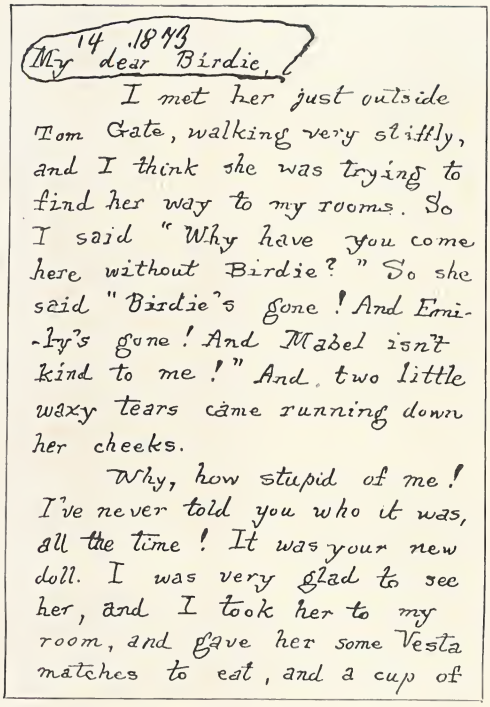
Another register contained a list of every menu supplied to every guest who dined at Mr. Dodgson's table! This sounds like the doing of an epicure, but Mr. Dodgson was not that—far from it. His dinners were simple enough, and never of more than two

CHILD-FRIENDS OF "LEWIS CARROLL" IN FANCY COSTUME—"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."
From a Photo. by "Lewis Carroll."

courses. But everything that he did must be done in the most perfect manner possible; and the same care and attention would be given to other people's affairs, if in any way he could assist or give them pleasure. If he took you up to London to see a play at the theatre, you were no sooner seated in the railway carriage than a game was produced from his bag, and all occupants of the compartment were invited to join in playing a kind of "halma" or "draughts" of his own invention, on the little wooden board that had been specially made at his design for railway use, with "men" warranted not to tumble down, because they fitted into little holes in the board! And the rest of those happy days spent with him were remarkable for the consideration that was shown for your comfort and happiness. If you went to see Mr. Dodgson in the morning you would find him, pen in hand, hard at work on neat packets of MS. carefully arranged round him on the table, but the pen would instantly be laid aside, and the most cheerful of smiles would welcome you in for a chat as long as you liked to stay. He was always full of interest, and generally had something fresh to show: an ingenious invention of his own for filing papers, or lighting gas, or boiling a kettle!

Photo. by] "A BEGGAR-CHILD." [*"Lewis Carroll."*

My earliest recollections of Mr. Dodgson are connected with photography. He was very fond of this art at one time, though he had entirely given it up for many years latterly. He kept various costumes and "properties" with which to dress us up, and, of course, that added to the fun. What child would not thoroughly enjoy



My dear Birdie, 14 .1873

I met her just outside Tom Gate, walking very stiffly, and I think she was trying to find her way to my rooms. So I said "Why have you come here without Birdie?" So she said "Birdie's gone! And Emily's gone! And Mabel isn't kind to me!" And two little waxy tears came running down her cheeks.

Why, how stupid of me! I've never told you who it was, all the time! It was your new doll. I was very glad to see her, and I took her to my room, and gave her some Vesta matches to eat, and a cup of

personating a Japanese, or a beggar-child, or a gipsy, or an Indian? Several of these are reproduced in this article. Sometimes there were excursions on to the roof of the College, which was easily accessible from the windows of the studio. Or you might stand by your tall friend's side in the tiny dark room, and watch him while he poured the contents of several little, strong-smelling bottles on to the glass picture of yourself that looked so funny with its black face. And when you grew tired of this, there were many delights to be found in the cupboards in the big room downstairs. Musical boxes of different colours and different tunes, the dear old woolly bear that walked when he was wound up, toys, picture-books, and packets of photographs of other children who had also enjoyed these mornings of bliss.

The following letter written to me in 1873, about a large wax doll that Mr. Dodgson had presented to me, and which I had left behind me when I went on a visit from home, is an interesting specimen. The first page is here reproduced in reduced facsimile. "Emily" and "Mabel" were other dolls of mine, and known also by him, but though they have long since departed this life I need hardly say I still possess *the* doll "Alice":—

"My Dear Birdie,—I met her just outside Tom Gate, walking very stiffly, and I think she was trying to find her way to my rooms. So I said 'Why have you come here without Birdie?' So she said 'Birdie's gone! And Emily's gone! And Mabel isn't kind to me!' And two little waxy tears came running down her cheeks.

"Why, how stupid of me! I've never told you who it was, all the time! It was your new doll. I was very glad to see her, and I took her to my room, and gave her some vesta matches to eat, and a cup of nice melted wax to drink, for the poor little thing was *very* hungry and thirsty after her long walk. So I said 'Come and sit down by the fire, and let's have a comfortable chat.' 'Oh, no! *no!*' she said. 'I'd *much* rather not! You know I do melt so *very* easily!' And she made me take her quite to the other side of the room, where it was *very* cold: and then she sat on my knee, and fanned herself with a penwiper, because she said she was

From a Photo. by] "A CHINAMAN." *["Lewis Carroll."*

afraid the end of her nose was beginning to melt.

"'You've no *idea* how careful we have to be—we dolls,' she said. 'Why, there was a sister of mine—would you believe it? She went up to the fire to warm her hands, and one of her hands dropped right off! There now!' 'Of course it dropped *right* off,' I said, 'because it was the *right* hand' 'And how do you know it was the *right* hand, Mister Carroll?' the doll said. So I said, 'I think it must have been the *right* hand, because the other hand was *left*.'

"The doll said 'I sha'n't laugh. It's a very bad joke. Why, even a common wooden doll could make a better joke than that! And besides, they've made my mouth so stiff and hard, that I *can't* laugh, if I try ever so much!' 'Don't be cross about it,' I said, 'but tell me this: I'm going to give Birdie and the other children one photograph each, whichever they choose. Which do you think Birdie will choose?' 'I don't know,' said the doll; 'you'd better ask her!' So I took her home in a hansom cab. Which would you like, do you think? Arthur as Cupid? or Arthur and Wilfrid together? Or, you and Ethel as beggar children? or, Ethel standing on a box? or, one of yourself?

"Your affectionate friend,

"LEWIS CARROLL."

Mr. Dodgson's chief form of entertaining during the last years of his life was giving dinner-parties. Do not misunderstand me, nor picture to yourself a long row of guests on either side of a gaily-decorated table. Mr. Dodgson's theory was that it was much more enjoyable to have your friends singly. Consequently these "dinner-parties," as he liked to call them, consisted almost always of one guest only, and that one a "child-friend." One of his charming and characteristic little notes, written in his clear writing, often on a half-sheet of note-paper and signed with the C.L.D. monogram, which, as seen in the facsimile, began at the wrong end, would arrive, containing an invitation, of which the following is a specimen:—

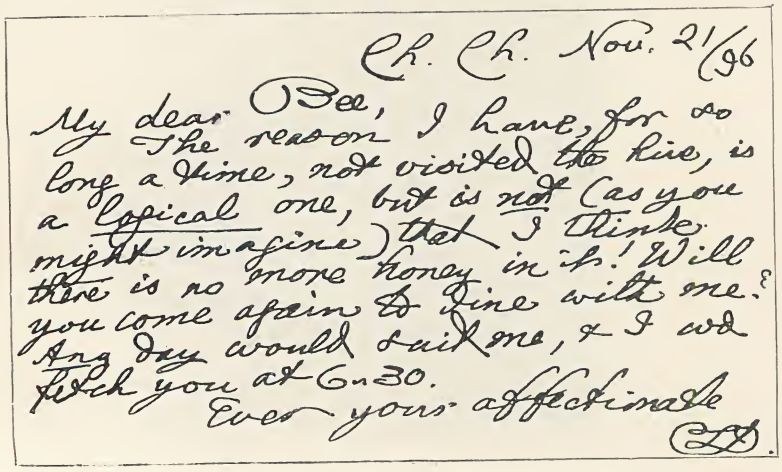
"Ch. Ch. Nov. 21, '96.

"MY DEAR BEE,—The reason I have, for so long a time, not visited the hive, is a *logical* one, but is *not* (as you might imagine) that I think there is no more honey in it! Will you come again to dine with me? *Any* day would suit me, and I would fetch you at 6.30.

"Ever your affectionate C. L. D."

Let us suppose that this invitation has been accepted, and come with me to see the rooms in Christ Church, where Mr. Dodgson has lived and worked for more than forty years. After turning in at the door of No. 7 staircase, and mounting a rather steep and winding stair, we find ourselves outside a heavy, black door, of somewhat prison-like appearance, over which is painted "The Rev. C. L. Dodgson." Then a passage, then a door with glass panels, and at last we reach the familiar room that we love so well. It is large and lofty, and extremely cheerful-looking. All round the walls are book-cases, and under them the cupboards of which I have spoken, and which we, even now, long to see opened, that they may pour out their treasures.

Opposite to the big window, with its cushioned seat, is the fireplace; and this is worthy of some notice on account of the lovely red tiles, which represent the story of "The Hunting of the Snark." Over the mantelpiece hang three painted portraits of child-friends, the one in the middle being a picture of a little girl in a blue coat and cap, who is carrying a pair of skates. But the room is a study, and not a drawing-room, and the big tables and the tall reading-desks bear evidence to the genuine work that is done there. A


Ch. Ch. Nov. 21/96

My dear Bee, The reason I have, for so long a time, not visited the hive, is a logical one, but is not (as you might imagine) that I think there is no more honey in it! Will you come again to dine with me? Any day would suit me, & I wd fetch you at 6.30.

Ever yours affectionately

C.L.D.

photograph of this room is reproduced on page 415.

Mr. Dodgson seats his guest in a corner of the red sofa in front of the fireplace, and the few minutes before dinner are occupied with anecdotes about other "child-friends," small or grown up, or anything particular that has happened to himself, such as more applications from interviewers, collectors of autographs, and other persecutors, all of whom were a special abhorrence of his. The requests of such people were never granted. Mr. Dodgson had a great horror of being "lionized," and ingeniously silenced his tormentors by representing to them, indirectly, that "Lewis Carroll," the author of "Alice," and "Mr. Dodgson," were two distinct persons. The latter had never put his name to any published work of fiction; and "Lewis Carroll" was not to be found at Christ Church, Oxford.

Photo. by] "DOLLY VARDEN." [*"Lewis Carroll."*

Dinner is served in a smaller room, which is also filled with bookcases and books. But we will imagine the repast concluded, for those who have had the privilege of enjoying a College dinner need not to be told how excellent it is, and we must not rouse envy in those who have not! The rest of the evening slips away very quickly, there is so much to be done, and to be shown. You may play a game—one of Mr. Dodgson's own invention—such as "Mish-Mash," "Landrick," or others; or you may see pictures, lovely drawings of fairies, whom your host tells you "you can't be sure don't really exist." Or you may have music, if you wish it, and Mr. Dodgson will himself perform. You look round (supposing you are a stranger) for the piano. There is none. But a large square box is brought forward, and this contains an organette. Another box holds the tunes, circular perforated cards, all carefully catalogued by their owner. One of the greatest favourites is "Santa Lucia," and this will open the concert. The handle is affixed through a hole in the side of the box, and the green baize lining of the latter helps to modulate the sound. The picture of the author of "Alice," keenly enjoying every note, as he solemnly turns the handle, and raises or closes the lid of the box to vary the sound, is more worthy of your delight than the music itself. Never was there a more delightful host for a "dinner-party," or one who took such pains for your entertainment, fresh and interesting to the last.

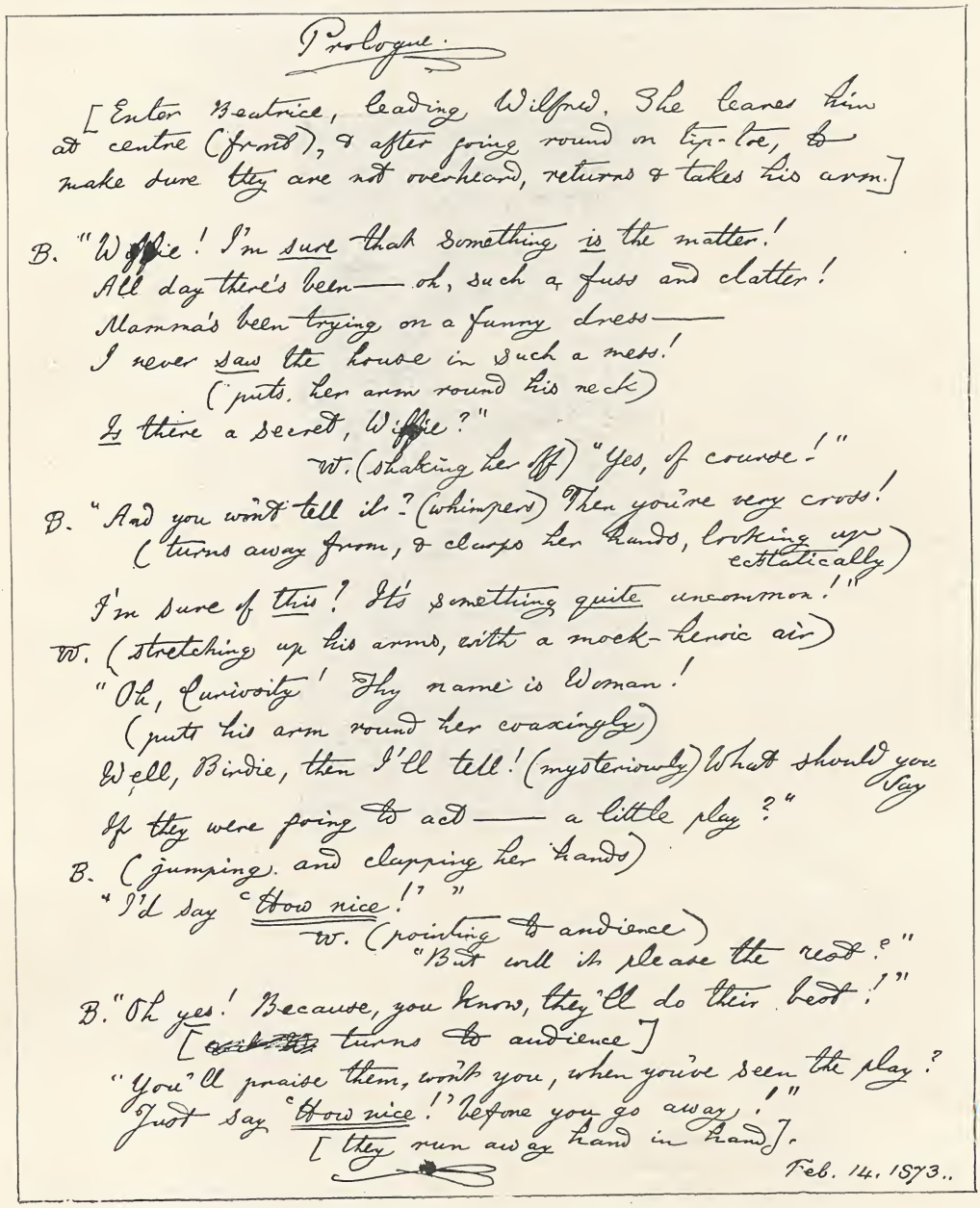
Sometimes I have spent an evening with Mr. Dodgson in conversation only. With all his humour he took a serious view of life, and had a very grave vein running through his mind. The simplicity of his faith, his deep reverence, and his child-like trust in the goodness of God were very striking. His look of surprise, and gentle reassurance to a girl who told him she was nervous when she travelled by rail, fearing an accident, come into my mind as I write. "But surely you *trust* God! Do you think He would let you come to harm? To be *afraid* is to distrust." These and other similar words of his give us an insight into the pure and open mind, in whose clear waters Heaven's sunshine could find an unsullied reflection.

Mr. Dodgson did not often preach, yet, when he did, he had the power to impress and captivate his hearers. There was no need for him to write out a sermon. Full of earnestness in his subject, the words came without difficulty. Neither was there any danger of his wandering from the direct point, for before the eye of his orderly and logical mind, his subject would arise in the form of a diagram to be worked out point by point. And he has told me how, by keeping a seemingly real drawing of this before him as he looked straight in front of him from the pulpit, he kept his headings perfectly clear and distinct.

For the last few years he lived a life of

great retirement, declining all invitations into society, and seldom associating with anyone, beyond dining in Hall. If you were very anxious to get him to come to your house on any particular day, the only chance was *not* to *invite* him, but only to *inform* him that you would be at home. Otherwise, he would say, "As you have *invited* me I cannot come, for I have made a rule to decline all *invitations;* but I will come the next day." However, his frequent informal calls more than made up for this. In former years he would sometimes consent to go to a "party," if he was quite sure he was not to be "shown off," or introduced to anyone as the "Author of 'Alice.'" I must again quote from a note of his in answer to an invitation to tea :—

"What an awful proposition! To drink tea from four to six would tax the constitution



Prologue.

[Enter Beatrice, leading Wilfred. She leaves him at centre (front), & after going round on tip-toe, to make sure they are not overheard, returns & takes his arm.]

B. "Wiffie! I'm sure that something is the matter!
All day there's been — oh, such a fuss and clatter!
Mamma's been trying on a funny dress —
I never saw the house in such a mess!
(puts her arm round his neck)
Is there a secret, Wiffie?"

W. (shaking her off) "Yes, of course!"

B. "And you won't tell it? (whimpers) Then you're very cross!
(turns away from, & clasps her hands, looking up ecstatically)
I'm sure of this! It's something quite uncommon!"

W. (stretching up his arms, with a mock-heroic air)
"Oh, Curiosity! Thy name is Woman!
(puts his arm round her coaxingly)
Well, Birdie, then I'll tell! (mysteriously) What should you say
If they were going to act — a little play?"

B. (jumping, and clapping her hands)
"I'd say 'How nice!'"

W. (pointing to audience)
"But will it please the rest?"

B. "Oh yes! Because, you know, they'll do their best!"
[~~exhibit~~ turns to audience]
"You'll praise them, won't you, when you've seen the play?
Just say 'How nice!' before you go away!"
[they run away hand in hand].

Feb. 14. 1873..

even of a hardened tea-drinker. For me, who hardly ever touch it, it would probably be fatal."

One form in which Mr. Dodgson took his recreation was by going to the theatre, and with his strict views of morality, and refined taste, he was able many a time to induce stage-managers to correct, or omit, anything that might jar on sensitive ears. Of course, the plays that he cared to go to were very limited in number. He particularly enjoyed seeing children act, and many a little actress would receive a note or a card, accompanied by a copy of one of his books, handed in at the stage-door the morning after the performance; and this was often the beginning of much kindness shown to her and a true friendship.

I do not know that he ever wrote anything in the dramatic line, though he did once favour us years ago with a tiny Prologue, for our own special use, at some private theatricals which our elders were to perform. The Prologue, given in facsimile on the preceding page, was to be spoken by myself and my small brother :—

Photo. by] "A TURK." [*"Lewis Carroll."*

PROLOGUE.

(*Enter* BEATRICE, *leading* WILFRID. *She leaves him at centre* (*front*), *and after going round on tiptoe, to make sure they are not overheard, returns and takes his arm.*)

B. : Wiffie ! I'm *sure* that something *is* the matter!
All day there's been — oh, such a fuss and clatter !
Mamma's been trying on a funny dress—
I never *saw* the house in such a mess !
(*Puts her arm round his neck.*)
Is there a secret, Wiffie?

W. (*Shaking her off*) : Yes, of course !

B. : And you won't tell it? (*Whimpers.*) Then you're very cross !
(*Turns away from, and clasps her hands, looking up ecstatically.*)
I'm sure of *this!* It's something *quite* uncommon !

W. (*Stretching up his arms with a mock heroic air.*)
Oh, Curiosity ! Thy name is Woman !
(*Puts his arm round her coaxingly.*)
Well, Birdie, then I'll tell ! (*Mysteriously*)
What should you say
If they were going to act—a little play?

B. (*Jumping and clapping her hands.*)
I'd say "*How nice!*"

W. (*Pointing to audience.*)
But will it please the rest?

B. : Oh yes ! Because, you know, they'll do their best !
(*Turns to audience.*)
You'll praise them, won't you, when you've seen the play?
Just say "*How nice!*" before you go away !
(*They run away hand in hand.*)

FEBRUARY 14, 1873.

All these things belong now to the past, and we must open a new chapter in our lives, in which that well-known figure will not appear. But the benefaction which he bestowed upon the world is still with us—the benefaction of a wit that was never sarcastic, a humour that was always sympathetic; and the embodiment in himself of the three essentials of Life : Faith, the light by which to live; Hope, the goal for which to labour; Charity, the wide horizon, to which his soul looked out in love.

MANY of Mr. Dodgson's friends are anxious that something special should be done to honour the memory of one who did so much for others, and to whom so many thousands of people owe a debt of gratitude for his gift to the world of the immortal "Alice." A scheme has, therefore, been organized to collect subscriptions for the endowment of a Cot in the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, which shall be called the "Alice in Wonderland" Cot. This Cot shall be intended specially to benefit children connected with the theatrical profession, in whom Mr. Dodgson always showed great interest. The scheme is warmly supported by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Fife and H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife. Among the names on the General Committee are those of the Bishop of Oxford, the Dean of Durham, Dr. George MacDonald, Sir Henry Irving, Mrs. Liddell, Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves (the original "Alice"), and other old friends of "Lewis Carroll." Also those who were connected with him in his work, as Mr. Frederick Macmillan, Sir John Tenniel, and others. All readers of "Alice," old and young, are invited to contribute, and subscriptions will be received and acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, J. T. Black, Esq., Soho Square; the Hon. Secretaries, Mrs. Herbert Fuller, 31, Palace Court, London, W., and Miss Beatrice Hatch, Christ Church, Oxford; and the London and County Bank and its Branches.

Miss Cayley's Adventures.

By Grant Allen.

II.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE SUPERCILIOUS *ATTACHÉ.*

THE Count must have been an adept in the gentle art of quick-change disguise; for though we telegraphed full particulars of his appearance from Louvain, the next station, nobody in the least resembling either him or his accomplice, the shabby-looking man, could be unearthed in the Paris train when it drew up at Brussels, its first stopping-place. They must have transformed themselves meanwhile into two different persons. Indeed, from the outset, I had suspected his moustache — 'twas so *very* distinguished.

When we reached Cologne, the Cantankerous Old Lady overwhelmed me with the warmth of her thanks and praises. Nay, more; after breakfast next morning, before we set out by slow train for Schlangenbad, she burst like a tornado into my bedroom at the Cologne hotel with a cheque for twenty guineas, drawn in my favour. "That's for you, my dear," she said, handing it to me, and looking really quite gracious.

I glanced at the piece of paper and felt my face glow crimson. "Oh, Lady Georgina," I cried; "you misunderstand. You forget that I am a lady."

"Nonsense, child, nonsense! Your courage and promptitude were worth ten times that sum," she exclaimed, positively slipping her arm round my neck. "It was your courage I particularly admired, Lois; because you faced the risk of my happening to look inside the outer case, and finding you had abstracted the blessed box: in which case I might quite naturally have concluded you meant to steal it."

"I thought of that," I answered. "But I decided to risk it. I felt it was worth while. For I was sure the man meant to take the case as soon as ever you gave him the opportunity."

"Then you deserve to be rewarded," she insisted, pressing the cheque upon me.

I put her hand back firmly. "Lady Georgina," I said, 'it is very amiable of you. I think you do right in offering me the money; but I think I should do altogether wrong in accepting it. A lady is not honest from the hope of gain; she is not brave because she expects to be paid for her bravery. You were my employer, and I was bound to serve my employer's interests. I did so as well as I could, and there is the end of it."

"I PUT HER HAND BACK FIRMLY."

She looked absolutely disappointed; we all hate to crush a benevolent impulse: but she tore the cheque up into very small pieces. "As you will, my dear," she said, with her hands on her hips: "I see, you are poor Tom Cayley's daughter. He was always a bit Quixotic." Though I believe she liked me all the better for my refusal.

On the way from Cologne to Eltville, however, and on the drive up to Schlangenbad, I

found her just as fussy and as worrying as ever. "Let me see, how many of these horrid pfennigs make an English penny? I never *can* remember. Oh, those silly little nickel things are ten pfennigs each, are they? Well, eight would be a penny, I suppose. A mark's a shilling; ridiculous of them to divide it into ten pence instead of twelve; one never really knows how much one's paying for anything. Why these Continental people can't be content to use pounds, shillings, and pence, all over alike, the same as we do, passes *my* comprehension. They're glad enough to get English sovereigns when they can; why, then, don't they use them as such, instead of reckoning them each at twenty-five francs, and then trying to cheat you out of the proper exchange, which is *always* ten centimes more than the brokers give you? What, *we* use their beastly decimal system? Lois, I'm ashamed of you. An English girl to turn and rend her native country like that! Francs and centimes, indeed! Fancy proposing it at Peter Robinson's! No, I will *not* go by the boat, my dear. I hate the Rhine boats; crowded with nasty selfish pigs of Germans. What *I* like is a first-class compartment all to myself, and no horrid foreigners. Especially Germans. They're bursting with self-satisfaction—have such an exaggerated belief in their 'land' and their 'folk.' And when they come to England, they do nothing but find fault with us. If people aren't satisfied with the countries they travel in, they'd better stop at home—that's *my* opinion. Nasty pigs of Germans! The very sight of them sickens me. Oh, I don't mind if they *do* understand me, child. They all learn English nowadays; it helps them in trade—that's why they're driving us out of all the markets. But it *must* be good for them to learn once in a way what other people really think of them—civilized people, I mean; not Germans They're a set of barbarians."

We reached Schlangenbad alive, though I sometimes doubted it: for my old lady did her boisterous best to rouse some peppery German officer into cutting our throats incontinently by the way; and when we got there, we took up our abode in the nicest hotel in the village. Lady Georgina had engaged the best front room on the first floor, with a charming view across the pine-clad valley; but I must do her the justice to say that she took the second best for me, and that she treated me in every way like the guest she delighted to honour. My refusal to accept her twenty guineas made her anxious to pay it back to me within the terms of our agreement. She described me to everybody as a young friend who was travelling with her, and never gave anyone the slightest hint of my being a paid companion. Our arrangement was that I was to have two guineas for the week, besides my travelling expenses, board, and lodging.

On our first morning at Schlangenbad, Lady Georgina sallied forth, very much overdressed, and in a youthful hat, to use the waters. They are valued chiefly for the complexion, I learned; I wondered then why Lady Georgina came there—for she hadn't any; but they are also recommended for nervous irritability, and as Lady Georgina had visited the place almost every summer for fifteen years, it opened before one's mind an appalling vista of what her temper might have been if she had *not* gone to Schlangenbad. The hot springs are used in the form of a bath. "*You* don't need them, my dear," Lady Georgina said to me, with a good-humoured smile; and I will own that I did not, for nature had gifted me with a tolerable cuticle. But I like when at Rome to do as Rome does; so I tried the baths once. I found them unpleasantly smooth and oily. I do not freckle, but if I did, I think I should prefer freckles.

We walked much on the terrace—the inevitable dawdling promenade of all German watering-places—it reeked of Serene Highness. We also drove out among the low wooded hills which bound the Rhine valley. The majority of the visitors, I found, were ladies—Court ladies, most of them; all there for their complexions, but all anxious to assure me privately they had come for what they described as "nervous debility." I divided them at once into two classes: half of them never had and never would have a complexion at all; the other half had exceptionally smooth and beautiful skins, of which they were obviously proud, and whose pink-and-white peach-blossom they thought to preserve by assiduous bathing. It was vanity working on two opposite bases. There was a sprinkling of men, however, who were really there for a sufficient reason—wounds or serious complaints; while a few good old sticks, porty and whisty, were in attendance on invalid wives or sisters.

From the beginning I noticed that Lady Georgina went peering about all over the place, as if she were hunting for something she had lost, with her long-handled tortoise-shell glasses perpetually in evidence—the "aristocratic

outrage" I called them—and that she eyed all the men with peculiar attention. But I took no open notice of her little weakness. On our second day at the Spa, I was sauntering with her down the chief street—"A beastly little hole, my dear; not a decent shop where one can buy a reel of thread or a yard of tape in the place!"—when I observed a tall and handsome young man on the opposite side of the road cast a hasty glance at us, and then sneak round the corner hurriedly. He was a loose-limbed, languid-looking young man, with large, dreamy eyes, and a peculiarly beautiful and gentle expression; but what I noted about him most was an odd superficial air of superciliousness. He seemed always to be looking down with scorn on that foolish jumble, the universe. He darted away so rapidly, however, that I hardly discovered all this just then. I piece it out from subsequent observations.

"HE CAST A HASTY GLANCE AT US."

Later in the day, we chanced to pass a *café*, where three young exquisites sat sipping Rhine wines after the fashion of the country. One of them, with a gold-tipped cigarette held gracefully between two slender fingers, was my languid-looking young aristocrat. He was blowing out smoke in a lazy blue stream. The moment he saw me, however, he turned away as if he desired to escape observation, and ducked down so as to hide his face behind his companions. I wondered why on earth he should want to avoid me. Could this be the Count? No, the young man with the halo of cigarette smoke stood three inches taller. Who, then, at Schlangenbad could wish to avoid my notice? It was a singular mystery; for I was quite certain the supercilious young man was trying his best to prevent my seeing him.

That evening, after dinner, the Cantankerous Old Lady burst out suddenly, "Well, I can't for the life of me imagine why Harold hasn't turned up here. The wretch knew I was coming; and I heard from our Ambassador at Rome last week that he was going to be at Schlangenbad."

"Who is Harold?" I asked.

"My nephew," Lady Georgina snapped back, beating a devil's tattoo with her fan on the table. "The only member of my family, except myself, who isn't a born idiot. Harold's not an idiot; he's an *attaché* at Rome."

I saw it at a glance. "Then he *is* in Schlangenbad," I answered. "I noticed him this morning."

The old lady turned towards me sharply. She peered right through me, as if she were a Röntgen ray. I could see she was asking herself whether this was a conspiracy, and whether I had come there on purpose to meet "Harold." But I flatter myself I am tolerably mistress of my own countenance. I did not blench. "How do you know?" she asked quickly, with an acid intonation.

If I had answered the truth, I should have said, "I know he is here, because I saw a good-looking young man evidently trying to avoid you this morning; and if a young man has the misfortune to be born your

nephew, and also to have expectations from you, it is easy to understand that he would prefer to keep out of your way as long as possible." But that would have been neither polite nor politic. Moreover, I reflected that I had no particular reason for wishing to do Mr. Harold a bad turn; and that it would be kinder to him, as well as to her, to conceal the reasons on which I based my instinctive inference. So I took up a strong strategic position. "I have an intuition that I saw him in the village this morning," I said. "Family likeness, perhaps. I merely jumped at it as you spoke. A tall, languid young man; large, poetical eyes; an artistic moustache—just a trifle Oriental-looking."

"That's Harold!" the Cantankerous Old Lady rapped out sharply, with clear conviction. "The miserable boy! Why on earth hasn't he been round to see me?"

I reflected that I knew why; but I did not say so. Silence is golden. I also remarked mentally on that curious human blindness which had made me conclude at first that the supercilious young man was trying to avoid *me*, when I might have guessed it was far more likely he was trying to avoid my companion. I was a nobody; Lady Georgina Fawley was a woman of European reputation.

"Perhaps he didn't know which hotel you were stopping at," I put in. "Or even that you were here." I felt a sudden desire to shield poor Harold.

"Not know which hotel? Nonsense, child; he knows I come here on this precise date regularly every summer; and if he didn't know, is it likely I should try any other inn, when this is the only moderately decent house to stop at in Schlangenbad? And the morning coffee undrinkable at that; while the hash—*such* hash! But that's the way in Germany. He's an ungrateful monster; if he comes now, I shall refuse to see him."

Next morning after breakfast, however, in spite of these threats, she hauled me forth with her on the Harold hunt. She had sent the *concierge* to inquire at all the hotels already, it seemed, and found her truant at none of them; now she ransacked the *pensions*. At last she hunted him down in a house on the hill. I could see she was really hurt. "Harold, you viper, what do you mean by trying to avoid me?"

"HAROLD, YOU VIPER, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY TRYING TO AVOID ME?"

"My dear aunt, *you* here in Schlangenbad! Why, when did you arrive? And what a colour you've got! You're looking *so* well!" That clever thrust saved him.

He cast me an appealing glance. "You will not betray me?" it said. I answered, mutely, "Not for worlds," with a faltering pair of downcast eyelids.

"Oh, I'm *well* enough, thank you," Lady Georgina replied, somewhat mollified by his astute allusion to her personal appearance. He had hit her weak point dexterously. "As

well, that is, as one can expect to be nowadays. Hereditary gout — the sins of the fathers visited as usual. But why didn't you come to see me?"

"How can I come to see you if you don't tell me where you are? 'Lady Georgina Fawley, Europe,' was the only address I knew. It strikes me as insufficient."

His gentle drawl was a capital foil to Lady Georgina's acidulous soprano. It seemed to disarm her. She turned to me with a benignant wave of her hand. "Miss Cayley," she said, introducing me; "my nephew, Mr. Harold Tillington. You've heard me talk of poor Tom Cayley, Harold? This is poor Tom Cayley's daughter."

"Indeed?" the supercilious *attaché* put in, looking hard at me. "Delighted to make Miss Cayley's acquaintance."

"Now, Harold, I can tell from your voice at once you haven't remembered one word about Captain Cayley."

Harold stood on the defensive. "My dear aunt," he observed, expanding both palms, "I have heard you talk of so *very* many people, that even *my* diplomatic memory fails at times to recollect them all. But I do better: I dissemble. I will plead forgetfulness now of Captain Cayley, since you force it on me. It is not likely I shall have to plead it of Captain Cayley's daughter." And he bowed towards me gallantly.

The Cantankerous Old Lady darted a lightning glance at him. It was a glance of quick suspicion. Then she turned her Röntgen rays upon my face once more. I fear I burned crimson.

"A friend?" he asked. "Or a fellow-guest?"

"A companion." It was the first nasty thing she had said of me.

"Ha! more than a friend, then. A comrade." He turned the edge neatly.

We walked out on the terrace and a little way up the zigzag path. The day was superb. I found Mr. Tillington, in spite of his studiously languid and supercilious air, a most agreeable companion. He knew Europe. He was full of talk of Rome and the Romans. He had epigrammatic wit, curt, keen, and pointed. We sat down on a bench; he kept Lady Georgina and myself amused for an hour by his crisp sallies. Besides, he had been everywhere and seen everybody. Culture and agriculture seemed all one to him.

When we rose to go in, Lady Georgina remarked, with emphasis, "Of course, Harold, you'll come and take up your diggings at our hotel?"

"Of course, my dear aunt. How can you ask? Free quarters. Nothing would give me greater pleasure."

She glanced at him keenly again. I saw she had expected him to fake up some lame excuse for not joining us; and I fancied she was annoyed at his prompt acquiescence, which had done her out of the chance for a family disagreement. "Oh, you'll come then?" she said, grudgingly.

"Certainly, most respected aunt. I shall much prefer it."

She let her piercing eye descend upon me once more. I was aware that I had been talking with frank ease of manner to Mr. Tillington, and that I had said several things which clearly amused him. Then I remembered all at once our relative positions. A companion, I felt, should know her place: it is not her *rôle* to be smart and amusing. "Perhaps," I said, drawing back, "Mr. Tillington would like to remain in his present quarters till the end of the week, while I am with you, Lady Georgina; after that, he could have my room; it might be more convenient."

His eye caught mine quickly. "Oh, you're only going to stop a week, then, Miss Cayley?" he put in, with an air of disappointment.

"Only a week," I nodded.

"My dear child," the Cantankerous Old Lady broke out, "what nonsense you do talk! Only going to stop a week? How can I exist without you?"

"That was the arrangement," I said, mischievously. "You were going to look about, you recollect, for an unsophisticated Gretchen. You don't happen to know of any warehouse where a supply of unsophisticated Gretchens is kept constantly in stock, do you, Mr. Tillington?"

"No, I don't," he answered, laughing. "I believe there are dodos and auks' eggs, in very small numbers, still to be procured in the proper quarters; but the unsophisticated Gretchen, I am credibly informed, is an extinct animal. Why, the cap of one fetches high prices nowadays among collectors."

"But you will come to the hotel at once, Harold?" Lady Georgina interposed.

"Certainly, aunt. I will move in without delay. If Miss Cayley is going to stay for a single week only, that adds one extra inducement for joining you immediately."

His aunt's stony eye was cold as marble.

So when we got back to our hotel after the baths that afternoon, the *concierge* greeted us with: "Well, your noble nephew has

arrived, high-well-born countess! He came with his boxes just now, and has taken a room near your honourable ladyship's."

Lady Georgina's face was a study of mingled emotions. I don't know whether she looked more pleased or jealous.

Later in the day, I chanced on Mr. Tillington, sunning himself on a bench in the hotel garden. He rose, and came up to me, as fast as his languid nature permitted. "Oh, Miss Cayley," he said, abruptly, "I do want to thank you so much for not betraying me. I know you spotted me twice in the town yesterday; and I also know you were good enough to say nothing to my revered aunt about it."

"I had no reason for wishing to hurt Lady Georgina's feelings," I answered, with a permissible evasion.

His countenance fell. "I never thought of that," he interposed, with one hand on his moustache. "I—I fancied you did it out of fellow-feeling."

"We all think of things mainly from our own point of view first," I answered. "The difference is that some of us think of them from other people's afterwards. Motives are mixed."

He smiled. "I didn't know my deeply venerated relative was coming here so soon," he went on. "I thought she wasn't expected till next week; my brother wrote me that she had quarrelled with her French maid, and 'twould take her full ten days to get another. I meant to clear out before she arrived. To tell you the truth, I was going to-morrow."

"And now you are stopping on?"

He caught my eye again.

"Circumstances alter cases," he murmured, with meaning.

"It is hardly polite to describe one as a circumstance," I objected.

"I meant," he said, quickly, "my aunt alone is one thing; my aunt with a friend is quite another."

"I see," I answered. "There is safety in numbers."

He eyed me hard.

"Are you mediæval or modern?" he asked.

"Modern, I hope," I replied. Then I looked at him again. "Oxford?"

He nodded. "And you?" half joking.

"Cambridge," I said, glad to catch him out. "What college?"

"Merton. Yours?"

"Girton."

The old rhyme amused him. Thenceforth we were friends—"two 'Varsity men," he said. And indeed it does make a queer sort of link—a freemasonry to which even women are now admitted.

At dinner and through the evening he talked a great deal to me, Lady Georgina putting in from time to time a characteristic growl about the *table-d'hôte* chicken—"a special breed, my dear, with eight drumsticks apiece"—or about the inadequate lighting of the heavy German *salon*. She was worse than ever: pungent as a rule, that evening she was grumpy. When we retired for the night, to my great surprise, she walked into my bedroom. She seated herself on my bed: I saw she had come to talk over Harold.

"He will be very rich, my dear, you know.

"'CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES,' HE MURMURED."

A great catch in time. He will inherit all my brother's money."

"Lord Kynaston's?"

"Bless the child, no. Kynaston's as poor as a church mouse with the tithes unpaid; he has three sons of his own, and not a blessed stiver to leave between them. How could he, poor dear idiot? Agricultural depression; a splendid pauper. He has only the estate, and that's in Essex; land going begging; worth nothing a year, encumbered up to the eyes, and loaded with first rent-charges, jointures, settlements. Money, indeed! poor Kynaston! It's my brother Marmaduke's I mean; lucky dog, *he* went in for speculation—began life as a guinea-pig, and rose with the rise of soap and cocoa. He's worth his half-million."

"Oh, Mr. Marmaduke Ashurst."

Lady Georgina nodded. "Marmy's a fool," she said, briefly; "but he knows which side of his bread is buttered."

"And Mr. Tillington is—his nephew?"

"Bless the child, yes; have you never read your British Bible, the peerage? Astonishing, the ignorance of these Girton girls! They don't even know the Leger's run at Doncaster. The family name's Ashurst. Kynaston's an earl—I was Lady Georgina Ashurst before I took it into my head to marry and do for poor Evelyn Fawley. My younger brother's the Honourable Marmaduke Ashurst—women get the best of it there—it's about the only place where they do get the best of it: an earl's daughter is Lady Betty; his son's nothing more than the Honourable Tom. So one scores off one's brothers. My younger sister, Lady Guinevere Ashurst, married Stanley Tillington of the Foreign Office. Harold's their eldest son. Now, child, do you grasp it?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "You speak like Debrett. Has issue, Harold."

"And Harold will inherit all Marmaduke's money. What I'm always afraid of is that some fascinating adventuress will try to marry him out of hand. A pretty face, and over goes Harold! *My* business in life is to stand in the way and prevent it."

She looked me through and through again with her X-ray scrutiny.

"I don't think Mr. Tillington is quite the sort that falls a prey to adventuresses," I answered, boldly.

"Ah, but there are fagots and fagots," the old lady said, wagging her head with profound meaning. "Never mind, though; *I'd* like to see an adventuress marry off Harold without my leave! *I'd* lead her a life! I'd turn her black hair grey for her!"

"I should think," I assented, "you could do it, Lady Georgina, if you gave your attention seriously to it."

From that moment forth, I was aware that my Cantankerous Old Lady's malign eye was inexorably fixed upon me every time I went within speaking distance of Mr. Tillington. She watched him like a lynx. She watched *me* like a dozen lynxes. Wherever we went, Lady Georgina was sure to turn up in the neighbourhood. She was perfectly ubiquitous: she seemed to possess a world-wide circulation. I don't know whether it was this constant suggestion of hers that I was stalking her nephew which roused my latent human feeling of opposition; but in the end, I began to be aware that I rather liked the supercilious *attaché* than otherwise. He evidently liked me, and he tried to meet me. Whenever he spoke to me, indeed, it was without the superciliousness which marked his manner towards others; in point of fact, it was with graceful deference. He watched for me on the stairs, in the garden, by the terrace; whenever he got a chance, he sidled over and talked to me. Sometimes he stopped in to read me Heine: he also introduced me to select portions of Gabriele d'Aumunzio. It is feminine to be touched by such obvious attention; I confess, before long, I grew to like Mr. Harold Tillington.

The closer he followed me up, the more did I perceive that Lady Georgina threw out acrid hints with increasing spleen about the ways of adventuresses. They were hints of that acrimonious generalized kind, too, which one cannot answer back without seeming to admit that the cap has fitted. It was atrocious how middle-class young women nowadays ran after young men of birth and fortune. A girl would stoop to anything in order to catch five hundred thousand. Guileless youths should be thrown among their natural equals. It was a mistake to let them see too much of people of a lower rank who consider themselves good-looking. And the clever ones were the worst: they pretended to go in for intellectual companionship.

I also noticed that though at first Lady Georgina had expressed the strongest disinclination to my leaving her after the time originally proposed, she now began to take for granted that I would go at the end of my week, as arranged in London, and she even went on to some overt steps towards securing the help of the blameless Gretchen.

We had arrived at Schlangenbad on

Tuesday. I was to stop with the Cantankerous Old Lady till the corresponding day of the following week. On the Sunday, I wandered out on the wooded hillside behind the village; and as I mounted the path I was dimly aware by a sort of instinct that Harold Tillington was following me.

"HAROLD TILLINGTON WAS FOLLOWING ME."

He came up with me at last near a ledge of rock. "How fast you walk!" he exclaimed. "I gave you only a few minutes' start, and yet even my long legs have had hard work to overtake you."

"I am a fairly good climber," I answered, sitting down on a little wooden bench. "You see, at Cambridge, I went on the river a great deal—I stroked our eight; and then, besides, I've done a lot of bicycling."

"What a splendid birthright it is," he cried, "to be a wholesome athletic English girl! You can't think how one admires English girls after living a year or two in Italy—where women are dolls, except for a brief period of intrigue, before they settle down to be contented frumps with an outline like a barrel."

"A little muscle and a little mind are no doubt advisable adjuncts for a housewife," I admitted.

"You shall not say that word," he cried, seating himself at my side. "It is a word for Germans, 'housewife.' Our English ideal is something immeasurably higher and better. A companion, a complement! Do you know, Miss Cayley, it always sickens me when I hear German students sentimentalizing over their *mädchen*: their beautiful, pure, insipid, yellow-haired, blue-eyed *mädchen*; her, so fair, so innocent, so unapproachably vacuous—so like a wax doll—and then think of how they design her in days to come to cook sausages for their dinner, and knit them endless stockings through a placid middle age, till the needles drop from her paralyzed fingers, and she retires into frilled caps and Teutonic senility."

"You seem to have almost as low an opinion of foreigners as your respected aunt!" I exclaimed, looking quizzically at him.

He drew back, surprised. "Oh, no; I'm not narrow-minded, like my aunt, I hope," he answered. "I am a good cosmopolitan. I allow Continental nations all their own good points, and each has many. But their women, Miss Cayley—and their point of view of their women—you will admit that there they can't hold a candle to English women."

I drew a circle in the dust with the tip of my parasol.

"On that issue, I may not be a wholly unprejudiced observer," I answered. "The fact of my being myself an Englishwoman may possibly to some extent influence my judgment."

"You are sarcastic," he cried, drawing away.

"Not at all," I answered, making a wider circle. "I spoke a simple fact. But what is *your* ideal, then, as opposed to the German one?"

He gazed at me and hesitated. His lips half parted. "My ideal?" he said, after a pause. "Well, *my* ideal—do you happen to have such a thing as a pocket mirror about you?"

I laughed in spite of myself. "Now, Mr. Tillington," I said severely, "if you're going to pay compliments, I shall have to return. If you want to stop here with me, you must remember that I am only Lady Georgina Fawley's temporary lady's-maid. Besides, I didn't mean that. I meant, what is your ideal of a man's right relation to his *mädchen?*"

"Don't say *mädchen*," he cried, petulantly. "It sounds as if you thought me one of those sentimental Germans. I hate sentiment."

"Then, towards the woman of his choice."

He glanced up through the trees at the light overhead, and spoke more slowly than ever. "I think," he said, fumbling his watch-chain nervously, "a man ought to wish the woman he loves to be a free agent, his equal in point of action, even as she is nobler and better than he in all spiritual matters. I think he ought to desire for her a life as high as she is capable of leading, with full scope for every faculty of her intellect or her emotional nature. She should be beautiful, with a vigorous, wholesome, many-sided beauty, moral, intellectual, physical; yet with soul in her, too; and with the soul and the mind lighting up her eyes, as it lights up—well, that is immaterial. And if a man can discover such a woman as that, and can induce her to believe in him, to love him, to accept him—though how such a woman can be satisfied with any man at all is to me unfathomable—well, then, I think he should be happy in devoting his whole life to her, and should give himself up to repay her condescension in taking him."

"And you hate sentiment!" I put in, smiling.

He brought his eyes back from the sky suddenly. "Miss Cayley," he said, "this is cruel. I was in earnest. You are playing with me."

"I believe the chief characteristic of the English girl is supposed to be common sense," I answered, calmly, "and I trust I possess it." But indeed, as he spoke, my heart was beginning to make its beat felt; for he was a charming young man; he had a soft voice and lustrous eyes; it was a summer's day; and alone in the woods with one other person, where the sunlight falls mellow in spots like a leopard's skin, one is apt to remember that we are all human.

That evening Lady Georgina managed to blurt out more malicious things than ever about the ways of adventuresses, and the duty of relations in saving young men from the clever clutches of designing creatures. She was ruthless in her rancour: her gibes stung me.

On Monday at breakfast I asked her casually if she had yet found a Gretchen.

"No," she answered, in a gloomy voice. "All slatterns, my dear; all slatterns! Brought up in pig-sties. I wouldn't let one of them touch my hair for thousands."

"That's unfortunate," I said, drily, "for you know I'm going to-morrow."

If I had dropped a bomb in their midst they couldn't have looked more astonished.

"'MISS CAYLEY,' HE SAID, 'YOU ARE PLAYING WITH ME.'"

"To-morrow?" Lady Georgina gasped, clutching my arm. "You don't mean it, child; you don't mean it?"

I asserted my Ego. "Certainly," I an-

swered, with my coolest air. "I said I thought I could manage you for a week; and I have managed you."

She almost burst into tears. "But, my child, my child, what shall I do without you?"

"The unsophisticated Gretchen," I answered, trying not to look concerned; for in my heart of hearts, in spite of her innuendoes, I had really grown rather to like the Cantankerous Old Lady.

She rose hastily from the table, and darted up to her own room. "Lois," she said, as she rose, in a curious voice of mingled regret and suspicion, "I will talk to you about this later." I could see she was not quite satisfied in her own mind whether Harold Tillington and I had not arranged this *coup* together.

I put on my hat and strolled off into the garden, and then along the mossy hill path. In a minute more, Harold Tillington was beside me.

He seated me, half against my will, on a rustic bench. "Look here, Miss Cayley," he said, with a very earnest face; "is this really true? Are you going to-morrow?"

My voice trembled a little. "Yes," I answered, biting my lip. "I am going. I see several reasons why I should go, Mr. Tillington."

"But so soon?"

"Yes, I think so; the sooner the better." My heart was racing now, and his eyes pleaded mutely.

"Then where are you going?"

I shrugged my shoulders, and pouted my lips a little. "I don't know," I replied. "The world is all before me where to choose. I am an adventuress," I said it boldly, "and I am in quest of adventures. I really have not yet given a thought to my next place of sojourn."

"But you will let me know when you have decided?"

It was time to speak out. "No, Mr. Tillington," I said, with decision. "I will *not* let you know. One of my reasons for going is, that I think I had better see no more of you."

He flung himself on the bench at my side, and folded his hands in a helpless attitude. "But, Miss Cayley," he cried, "this is so short a notice; you give a fellow no chance; I hoped I might have seen more of you—might have had some opportunity of—of letting you realize how deeply I admired and respected you—some opportunity of showing myself as I really am to you—before—before——" he paused, and looked hard at me.

I did not know what to say. I really liked him so much; and when he spoke in that voice, I could not bear to seem cruel to him. Indeed, I was aware at the moment how much I had grown to care for him in those six short days. But I knew it was impossible. "Don't say it, Mr. Tillington," I murmured, turning my face away. "The less said, the sooner mended."

"But I must," he cried. "I must tell you now, if I am to have no chance afterwards. I wanted you to see more of me before I ventured to ask you if you could ever love me, if you could ever suffer me to go through life with you, to share my all with you." He seized my trembling hand. "Lois," he cried, in a pleading voice, "I *must* ask you; I can't expect you to answer me now, but *do* say you will give me at least some other chance of seeing you, and then, in time, of pressing my suit upon you."

Tears stood in my eyes. He was so earnest, so charming. But I remembered Lady Georgina, and his prospective half-million. I moved his hand away gently. "I cannot," I said. "I cannot—I am a penniless girl—an adventuress. Your family, your uncle, would never forgive you if you married me. I will not stand in your way. I—I like you very much, though I have seen so little of you. But I feel it is impossible—and I am going to-morrow."

Then I rose of a sudden, and ran down the hill with all my might, lest I should break my resolve, never stopping once till I had reached my own bedroom.

An hour later, Lady Georgina burst in upon me in high dudgeon. "Why, Lois, my child," she cried. "What's this? What on earth does it mean? Harold tells me he has proposed to you—proposed to you—and you've rejected him!"

I dried my eyes and tried to look steadily at her. "Yes, Lady Georgina," I faltered. "You need not be afraid. I have refused him; and I mean it."

She looked at me, all aghast. "*And* you mean it!" she repeated. "You mean to refuse him. Then, all I can say is, Lois Cayley, I call it pure cheek of you!"

"What?" I cried, drawing back.

"Yes, cheek," she answered, volubly. "Forty thousand a year, and a good old family! Harold Tillington is my nephew; he's an earl's grandson; he's an *attaché* at Rome; and he's bound to be one of the richest commoners in England. Who are you, I'd like to know, miss, that you dare to reject him?"

"I ROSE OF A SUDDEN, AND RAN DOWN THE HILL."

I stared at her, amazed. "But, Lady Georgina," I cried, "you said you wished to protect your nephew against bare-faced adventuresses who were setting their caps at him."

She fixed her eyes on me, half-angry, half-tremulous.

"Of course," she answered, with withering scorn. "But, *then*, I thought you were trying to catch him. He tells me now you won't have him, and you won't tell him where you are going. I call it sheer insolence. Where do you hail from, girl, that you should refuse my nephew? A man that any woman in England would be proud to marry! Forty thousand a year, and an earl's grandson! That's what comes, I suppose, of going to Girton!"

I drew myself up. "Lady Georgina," I said, coldly, "I cannot allow you to use such language to me. I promised to accompany you to Germany for a week; and I have kept my word. I like your nephew; I respect your nephew; he has behaved like a gentleman. But I will *not* marry him. Your own conduct showed me in the plainest way that you did not judge such a match desirable for him; and I have common sense enough to see that you were quite right. I am a lady by birth and education; I am an officer's daughter; but I am not what society calls 'a good match' for Mr. Tillington. He had better marry into a rich stockbroker's family."

It was an unworthy taunt: the moment it escaped my lips I regretted it.

To my intense surprise, however, Lady Georgina flung herself on my bed, and burst into tears. "My dear," she sobbed out, covering her face with her hands, "I thought you would be sure to set your cap at Harold; and after I had seen you for twenty-four hours, I said to myself, 'That's just the sort of girl Harold ought to fall in love with.' I felt sure he would fall in love with you. I brought you here on purpose. I saw you had all the qualities that would strike Harold's fancy. So I had made up my mind for a delightful regulation family quarrel. I was going to oppose you and Harold, tooth and nail; I was going to threaten that Marmy would leave his money to Kynaston's eldest son; I was going to kick up, oh, a dickens of a row about it! Then, of course, in the end, we should all have been reconciled; we should have kissed and made friends: for you're just the one girl in the world for Harold; indeed, I never met anybody so capable and so intelligent. And now you spoil all my sport by going and refusing him! It's really most ill-timed of you. And Harold has sent me here—he's trembling with anxiety—to see whether

"I WAS GOING TO OPPOSE YOU AND HAROLD."

I can't induce you to think better of your decision."

I made up my mind at once. "No, Lady Georgina," I said, in my gentlest voice—positively stooping down and kissing her. "I like Mr. Tillington very much. I dare not tell you how much I like him. He is a dear, good, kind fellow. But I cannot rest under the cruel imputation of being moved by his wealth and having tried to capture him. Even if *you* didn't think so, his family would. I am sorry to go; for in a way I like you. But it is best to adhere to our original plan. If *I* changed my mind, *you* might change yours again. Let us say no more. I will go to-morrow."

"But you will see Harold again?"

"Not alone. Only at dinner." For I feared lest, if he spoke to me alone, he might over-persuade me.

"Then at least you will tell him where you are going?"

"No, Lady Georgina; I do not know myself. And besides, it is best that this should now be final."

She flung herself upon me. "But, my dear child, a lady can't go out into the world with only two pounds in pocket. You *must* let me lend you something."

I unwound her clasping hands. "No, dear Lady Georgina," I said, though I was loth to say it. "You are very sweet and good, but I must work out my life in my own way. I have started to work it out, and I won't be turned aside just here on the threshold."

"And you won't stop with me?" she cried, opening her arms. "You think me too cantankerous?"

"I think you have a dear, kind old heart," I said, "under the quaintest and crustiest outside such a heart ever wore; you're a truculent old darling: so that's the plain truth of it."

She kissed me. I kissed her in return with fervour, though I am but a poor hand at kissing, for a woman. "So now this episode is concluded," I murmured.

"I don't know about that," she said, drying her eyes. "I have set my heart upon you now; and Harold has set his heart upon you; and considering that your own heart goes much the same way, I daresay, my dear, we shall find in the end some convenient road out of it."

Nevertheless, next morning I set out by myself in the coach from Schlangenbad. I went forth into the world to live my own life, partly because it was just then so fashionable, but mainly because fate had denied me the chance of living anybody else's.

A Journey to Jerusalem.

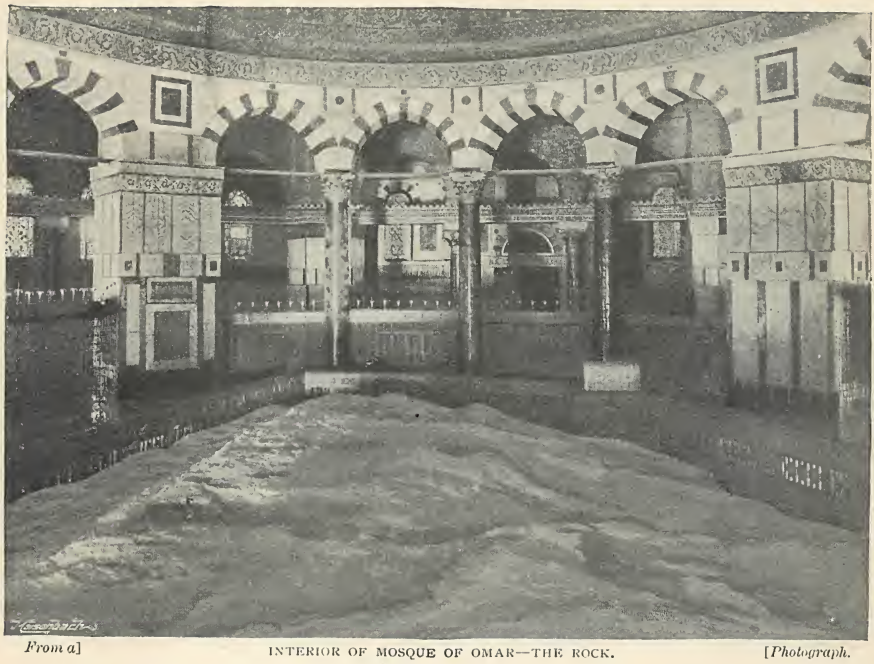
By Sir George Newnes, Bart.

From a] JERUSALEM. [*Photograph.*

JERUSALEM within the walls is a city of narrow and dirty lanes—the widest fifteen feet across. Rubbish heaps every few yards, and the smell is not the odour of sanctity. The houses are dark dens, and it would be difficult to imagine life spent under more gloomy and less salutary surroundings.

From all this squalor we come to the finest of all Mohammedan mosques, the Dome of the Rock, or the Mosque of Omar. In the centre of the church is the rock of Mount Moriah, on which David sacrificed oxen, etc., to stay the plague. It is a wonder that modern Jerusalem is ever free from plague. The Mosque of Omar has a magnificent central dome, and all around are beautiful embellishments of mosaic, of gold, silver, crystals, and precious stones. The rough, natural rock in the centre is a strong contrast to the costly

From a] THE MOSQUE OF OMAR. [*Photograph.*



From a] INTERIOR OF MOSQUE OF OMAR—THE ROCK. *[Photograph.*

artistic designs surrounding it. From this rock Mohammed is said to have ascended to Heaven, and the holes are shown which the Angel Gabriel's fingers made when he held down the rock, which otherwise would have gone up with the Prophet. The hairs of Mohammed's beard are also exhibited to the credulous visitor. But apart from the mythical legends, the Mosque of Omar is a splendid structure. It stands on the site of Solomon's Temple, and is no unworthy successor.

When the Sultan of that day saw it upon its completion, he was so struck by its beauty that he ordered the architect to be killed, so that he might not build another like it anywhere else. It seems in bygone times in the East it was no uncommon thing to put out the eyes, cut off the hands, or take the life of a man who had designed a specially beautiful building, so as to insure its not being duplicated.

One would have thought the architect's profession would be a deserted one, or else that those who followed it would make their structures as ugly as possible. In the rock of Mount Moriah are caves said to be the praying places of Abraham and of Solomon.

A stone slab in the floor is from the ruins

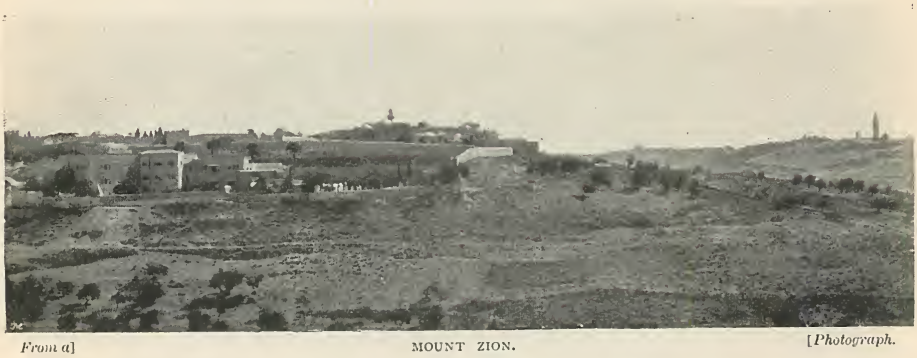
From a] JEWS' WAILING-PLACE. *[Photograph.*

of the Temple, and has had nineteen nails driven into it. Only three are left, and your guide informs you very solemnly that when these three are gone the end of the world will come. If you put backsheesh upon this sacred stone it will insure your going to Heaven. Two of our party took the insurance policies, but the other three declined, and their future welfare is consequently very uncertain.

Near the Mosque is a building said to be a part of the Temple. It has huge pillars which would take three men to span round.

Here it was that Christ entered the Temple when he overthrew the money-changers.

Passing from this through more narrow, dirty, and perfumed streets, we come to the Jews' wailing-place. The stones of the wall are said to be by some all that is left of the Temple of Solomon, and every day, but especially on Friday, the Jews come and groan and lament in heartrending tones that their beautiful house has been taken from them, and pray that they may be restored to their kingdom. We make our way from here, ascending Mount Zion, and near the top obtain a splendid view of historical places.



From a] MOUNT ZION. *[Photograph.*

Opposite to us is the Mount of Olives, with the Garden of Gethsemane at its base. To the right is the Hill of Offence, where Solomon built an idolatrous house opposite the Temple of the Lord.

Beneath it runs the Brook Kedron, and close by are the village and Pool of Siloam. In the distance are the mountains of Moab,

From a] MOUNT OF OLIVES. *[Photograph.*

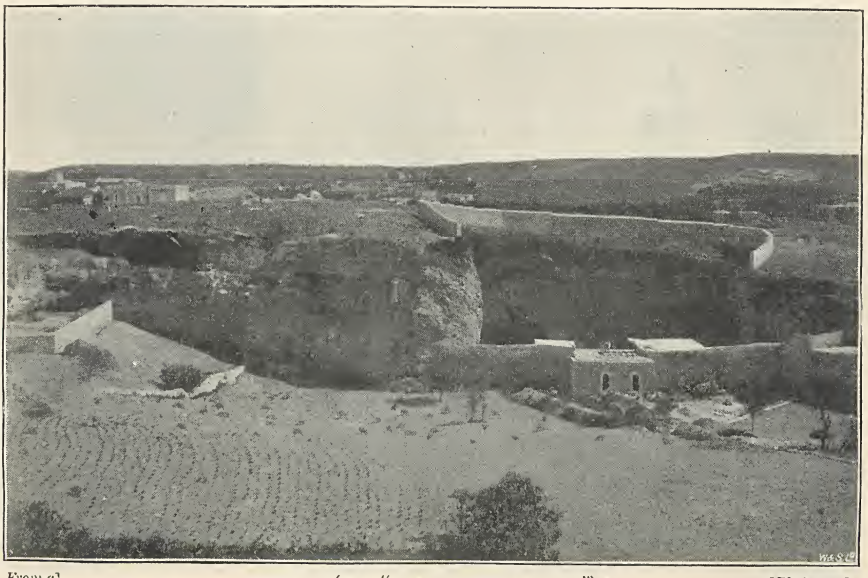
From a] POOL OF SILOAM. *[Photograph.*

and beyond these the great Arabian desert. The direction in which Babylon lay is pointed out to us, and when we asked how far it was, the reply comes that the spot is a month off. Just as in England we say that a place is ten minutes' walk, so in the East you are told that it is a fortnight or a month, etc., away.

We now take carriages and drive to Mount Calvary.

> There is a green hill far away,
> Without the city wall,
> Where the dear Lord was crucified,
> Who died to save us all.

It is a strange sequel to the greatest tragedy the world has ever known, that now the spot on which it was enacted is a Moslem burying-place, where sleep the bodies of those who believe not Jesus. The tomb where Christ was buried for three days is pointed out—but, like much else that is shown in Jerusalem, it is conjecture rather than certainty. Calvary itself is located in other parts of the city, notably in the Holy Sepulchre, by those who do not believe in the "green hill far away"; but General Gordon and many authorities place their faith in the latter. It is said that some Englishman instructed his agent in Jerusalem to buy the "green hill" at any price, but the reply was given that there was not money enough



From a] CALVARY (THE "GREEN HILL FAR AWAY"). *[Photograph.*

in the world to buy Mount Calvary; and it is a Mohammedan cemetery! Returning from this sacred spot, we met a Turkish regiment marching into the town.

Asking what their mission was, we were told that these Mohammedan soldiers had come to Jerusalem and Bethlehem to prevent Christians from fighting and killing each other at Christmas time in the Holy Sepulchre, and in the church where is the Manger in which Christ was born. It seems that the different sects of Christians have fierce rivalry at Christmas and Easter, as to which shall get first into the sacred places. Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, Russians, and Roman Catholics, all engage in this unholy strife in holy places. Last Easter a priest who was trying to separate them was shot dead on the steps leading down to the Manger at Bethlehem. The rivalry between the Greek and Latin Christians is such that the lamps and the pictures in the cloister adjoining the sacred Manger are subjects of continuous strife, each trying to put up more than the other. The Manger itself is surrounded with candles and crucifixes, and

From a] CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE. *[Photograph.*

From a] GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE. *[Photograph.*

OLD OLIVE TREE IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.
From a Photograph.

nothing is left to indicate that the place was ever a stable. A Moslem soldier keeps guard over the Cradle of our Lord!

Bethlehem is six miles from Jerusalem, and to-day the principal industry is the manufacture of olive-wood and mother-of-pearl articles, most of them being from designs representing the life of Christ and the Virgin Mary.

Having thus seen the birthplace of the Saviour, we make a pilgrimage to the scene of His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. This is outside the walls of Jerusalem, opposite the Golden Gate.

This gate is walled up in solid stone, and the Mohammedans believe that when it is opened the rule of their Prophet will come to an end. The Garden of Gethsemane is surrounded and intersected by iron and wooden palings, which rob it of nearly every natural feature. There is, however, the old olive tree under which Christ passed through His hour of agony and bloody sweat.

Near by is the spot where the disciples slept, and were rebuked because they could not watch with Him for one hour.

A terrible sight is witnessed as you enter and leave the sacred garden. A number of lepers exhibit their dreadful deformities, to excite pity and extract money.

From Gethsemane we ascend the Mount of Olives, which justifies its name to this day, as olive trees grow in mature profusion around its sides.

At the summit is the Church of the Ascension, and near by a high tower on the spot whence it is supposed Jesus ascended into Heaven. This has been built by Russian Christians.

From the higher balconies of the tower a splendid prospect rewards the trouble of climbing. The mountains of Moab form a strong background to a beautiful panorama. The village of Bethany is immediately below us, and far beyond is the plain of the River Jordan, the fertile Promised Land on which Moses was permitted to look from the rugged and lofty Moab hills, which were the scene of the termination of his journey through the desert, and of his eventful life.

The Dead Sea with the sun upon it and

From a] SPOT OF THE ASCENSION. [*Photograph.*

From a] BETHANY. *[Photograph.*

twenty miles distant looks like a clear Scotch lake. But as there is no outlet at the southern end, it forms the most extraordinary sheet of water in the world. It is 1,300ft. below the level of the Mediterranean, and is the lowest spot on earth.

The amount of salt in it is greater than in any other sea five times over, and if you put your hand in, it will become crystallized in a few moments. The journey from Jerusalem to Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea is a long one, and the roads rugged, but it is well worth doing. But we are supposed to be on the tower of the Church of the Ascension, and we must descend and visit a place which is one of the most interesting in the Holy Land. It is the scene of Pontius Pilate judging between Jesus and Barabbas as to who should be set free. The Pretorium is now the site of a Roman Catholic convent, and the alleged identical stone floor is shown where Christ commenced His journey to Calvary by way of the Street of Pain, and went through the fourteen stations of the cross. The Via Dolorosa is now a dark and dirty alley, at corners of which on stone slabs the different stations of the way of the cross are marked. The house of Dives is shown, and the place where Lazarus sat. If one could believe that all that is told is authentic, it would indeed be awe-inspiring to pass through these scenes of solemn Biblical history. Unfortunately, authorities differ as to where many events took place, and so there is often a feeling of uncertainty.

From a] THE VIA DOLOROSA. *[Photograph.*

Car Ferries.

By John C. Hodson.

IT is no unusual sight in American harbours—in fact, in many of the Continental and English ports — to see huge freight and passenger trains being carried on scows and ferry-boats from shore to shore, yet it is not so familiar a sight that it has lost its attraction for the ordinary on-looker. Often have I seen a crowd of people on a passing boat stand for some minutes looking at one of these car ferries, and asking themselves dozens of questions about it. What are the car ferries for, when did they spring into being, how do the cars get on board, and how do they get off? These are but a few of the queries, but they are all to the point, and this short article, with its interesting illustrations, will doubtless go far towards making the puzzle plain.

People who travel on the Southern Pacific Railroad from Sacramento to San Francisco have it explained to them in a most effective way by means of the largest ferry-boat in the world. This is the *Solano*, which is shown on this page on its way across the Straits of Carquinez from Port Costa to Benicia, a distance of one mile. She is 424ft. long, and can accommodate a train of twenty-four passenger coaches, her average daily work, year in and year out, being from three to four hundred freight cars. The maximum traffic on this boat in the busy season runs up to five or six hundred freight cars a day, which she carries back and forth across the narrow strait without accident and with great speed. When the express trains reach Port Costa they are run on board the *Solano* without delay, ropes are cast off, and in nine minutes they are across the water, with a locomotive in readiness to haul them off the boat to their destination.

The necessity for saving unloading and shifting of cargo, as well as the greater necessity for appeasing the ire of passengers, who were compelled in the old days to change from train to ferry-boat, and then to train again, is the real reason for the existence of the car ferry. No one can estimate the amount of time that used to be lost in unloading the cars when they came to the water-side, and in reloading them when the goods had been taken across on lighters and scows. And no one would dare to estimate the amount of objurgations which have been registered in another place owing to the loss of time by the passionate traveller. The

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC "SOLANO," LOADED WITH CARS, ON HER WAY ACROSS THE STRAITS OF CARQUINEZ—FROM PORT COSTA TO BENICIA.
From Photo. lent by the [*Southern Pacific Company.*

From Photo. lent by the] STEAMER "SOLANO" IN SLIP AT PORT COSTA. *[Southern Pacific Company.*

car ferry is, therefore, a double blessing, and the good it has done humanity is wonderful.

But let us look again at the *Solano*, as she lies at her slip at Port Costa waiting for the locomotives to relieve her of her burden. This is shown in our illustration above. A better view of the actual state of affairs is, however, shown by the next illustration, with the locomotive in readiness to haul the train from the boat. The *Solano*, of course, is powerfully built, or it could not support the weight of this one locomotive, to say nothing of the train. Four wooden trusses, one under the centre of each track, stiffen the boat longitudinally, and they are fully able to bear the forty-eight freight cars which are intended to rest upon them.

The method of building these slips, at which the boats are to lie, varies, of course, with the current and the tide. In the Straits of Carquinez the current sometimes runs at eight miles an hour, and the range of the tide is 9ft.; the axis of the slip on each side therefore coincides nearly with the direction of the current, and the variations of the tide renders necessary the use of a hinged "apron," so-called, supported in part by a wholly submerged pontoon. An idea of what an apron is may best be gained by referring to our illustrations on the last two pages.

VIEW OF THE "SOLANO," WITH THE LOCOMOTIVE IN READINESS TO HAUL TRAIN FROM BOAT.
From a Photograph.

THE "SOLANO," AS SEEN FROM THE WHARF, SHOWING THE RAILS RUNNING ON TO THE BOAT.
From Photo. lent by the Southern Pacific Company.

On this page we may see how the tracks run from the wharf directly on to the boat, but no idea is given of the movable apron which goes up and down with the tide. The apron—(it is sometimes called by the more suggestive name of "drop") — carries a number of tracks corresponding with those on the boat, and when in use, it rests upon the end of the boat in a recess, into which it fits with a little play.

When the boat has entered the slip, and is in position to receive or discharge a train, the pontoon is made to sink, and the end of the apron reaches its place on the boat. It is then securely latched down, and the apron and boat are free to rise and fall with the tide. The boat is held up to the apron by means of "mooring-rods."

This rather technical description will partly answer the question of how the cars get on and off the boats. The illustrations show the rest. The general appearance of the wharf, and the V-shaped rows of piles, by which the boat is guided towards the wharf, are admirably shown by the illustration at the bottom of this page, representing the slip and apron at Benicia from the stern of the *Solano*. The smart and active boat has just left the slip with a heavy load of cars, and is now on her way across the Straits, leaving a creamy wake behind.

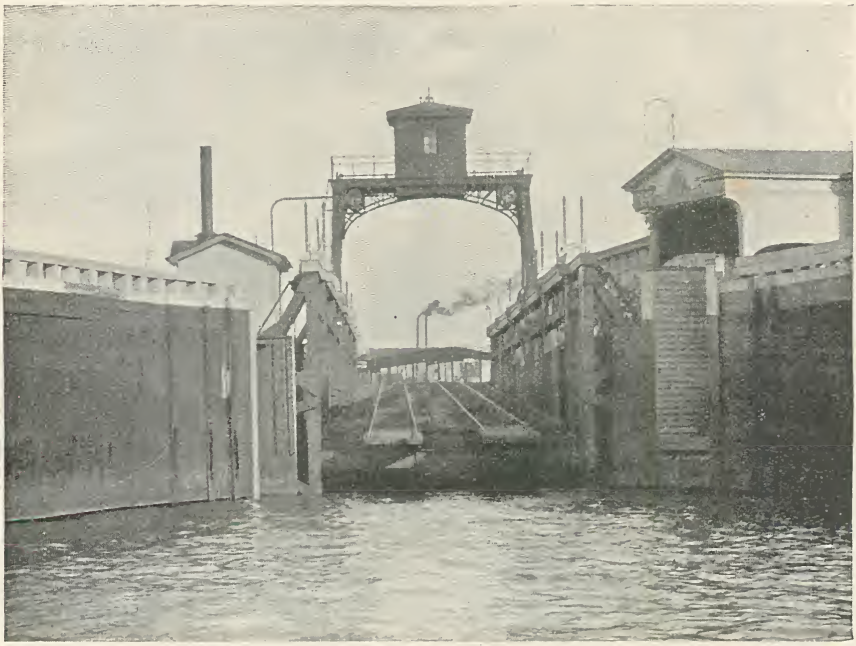
The *Solano* is but one of the many car ferries in the United States. The Southern Pacific Company possesses another on its New Orleans—San Francisco line, operating between Algiers and New Orleans on the

THE WAKE OF THE "SOLANO" AFTER LEAVING THE SLIP.
From Photo. lent by the Southern Pacific Company.

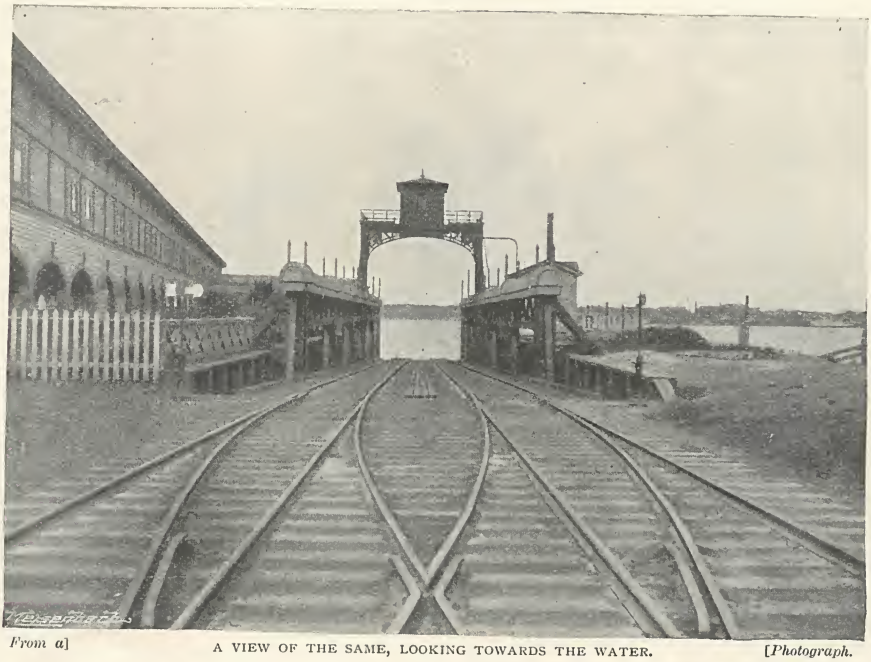
THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC "CARRIER" ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI, SHOWING RAILS ON WHICH CARS REST.
From Photo. lent by the Southern Pacific Company.

Mississippi. The boat, which we show at the top of this page, is named the *Carrier*, and her capacity is eighteen freight cars. The New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk Railroad possesses an admirable car ferry in a barge, which can carry twenty-one large box-cars from Norfolk to Cape Charles across the Chesapeake Bay. This ferry is slightly different from the other, because the cars are carried on barges which are towed across. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad has two transfer steamers, the *Maryland* and the *Express*, which have been known to the New Yorkers for years.

In many cases, the cars are transported for unusual distances. One car ferry runs across Lake Michigan, between Frankfort, Michigan,



From a] A LANDING PLACE, SHOWING THE TRACKS ON THE MOVABLE "DROP." *[Photograph.*



From a] A VIEW OF THE SAME, LOOKING TOWARDS THE WATER. *[Photograph.*

and Kewanee, Wisconsin, a distance of sixty-two miles. In winter time, these boats in the Northern States are besieged by the ice-fiend, but they find no great difficulty in cutting their way through, as they are strongly and specially built. The *Transfer*, a boat which belongs to the Michigan Central, once broke her way through fifty miles of ice. The Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad has a car ferry across the Straits of Mackinaw, a distance of seven miles, and the service is carried on regularly summer and winter.

Our last illustration shows a train of cars on the Southern Pacific ready to go on the *Solano*. In a very few minutes it will be at the wharf. It will find the boat waiting for it there, and in nine minutes after leaving the slip, will be on the other side of the Strait, speeding to Sacramento. The very quickness with which the thing is done shows the value of the car ferry to the railways of the world.

A TRAIN OF LOADED CARS ON THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC READY TO GO ON THE "SOLANO."
From Photo. lent by the Southern Pacific Company.

THE MONSTER

From the French of L. de Tinseau. Translated by Margaret Maitland.

THOMAS P. CORBINS lives a mile or two out of Hartford, on rising ground, above a pretty tributary of the Connecticut. He is an excellent fellow, and though his establishment is on a simple scale, because he happens to prefer it, he has made his pile, either in revolvers or bicycles, industries that both flourish in the locality.

His wife is dead, and he has only one child, a very pretty daughter. But every autumn his little house is packed full, for his two married sisters, both younger than himself, come in the holidays, each with two children.

In this state of things, one very hot September morning, Miss Dorothy paid an early visit to her kitchen, to give the day's orders. The cook was lolling back in an arm-chair, gracefully fanning herself like a Creole lady waiting for her morning chocolate; and even with the experience of an American housekeeper, Dorothy felt something was wrong. But she knew what a cook was worth, especially with a houseful of visitors, and successfully controlled her voice, if her pretty eyebrows did involuntarily pucker a little.

"Well, Bridget, it is hot this morning, isn't it?"

"Hot!" was the sharp rejoinder, "you call that heat! Purgatory, I call it; and, what's more, I won't stand it."

"But, my dear girl," said Miss Dorothy, "it won't be cooler anywhere else. You don't expect to be anything but hot in September, do you?"

"Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't. But there's one thing I'm sure of. I won't go on cooking and washing-up for ten people. If it were only the four of us, I might try. How much longer are you going to keep this family boarding-house kind of a thing?"

"Our relations," said poor Dorothy, trying not to flare out, "have only been here five days. They came for a fortnight, and we can't very well ask them to go—just—because—of you!"

"Oh, dear, no! Oh, no! of course not. Keep them two weeks, two months if you like, or two years for the matter of that. It's nothing to me—I am going this moment."

"But, Bridget, you can't go like that. You are *bound* to give a week's notice."

"Oh, don't think I mind that — keep back the week's wages, of course. Money is nothing to me compared to my health. I had rather lose ten dollars than break down; time enough for that when I'm older."

She was as good as her word, too, and an hour later Dorothy was in the kitchen, cooking the luncheon and her pretty self into the bargain. Corbins never came home in

the middle of the day, but there were eight to provide for without him. She was sitting at the head of the table, performing her duties as hostess, when she gave her guests her lively version of the family boarding-house scene, adding :—

"The cooking, of course, I can manage; but, while I do it, you must not expect to see me here or in the drawing-room. I should go off my head if I had to be cook and the other thing too. And the bother is, cooks won't be easy to get at this season, so near Newport."

It was a situation her aunts understood by experience. They, too, had been left in the lurch in their time, and were no whit the worse for it. They took it therefore philosophically; said nothing about going away, were sure Dorothy would manage beautifully, and were sanguine about a new cook. As to seeing much of their niece, of course they should not expect it; they would take care, moreover, to be as little troublesome as possible; would stay out of doors a great deal, accept every invitation they could get, and, above all, never bring anyone to the house.

"SHE WAS ALONE IN THE KITCHEN."

So Dorothy buckled to her work with a good heart, especially when she had succeeded in coaxing the remaining domestic into undertaking the washing-up: this concession was obtained by promising she should never be asked to go near the stove. She was a Nova Scotian, with a complexion which was her young man's admiration, but she said the fire brought on her headaches.

Every American girl who does not live solely to travel and amuse herself knows something about cooking. T. P. Corbins thought no professional's dishes had the flavour of Dorothy's. He didn't mind her working hard, either. It was just what he did himself.

In America everything comes from the tradesman ready prepared for the stove; this, of course, relieves the cook of many disagreeables. And, in point of fact, Dorothy, in a cool dress and snowy, fine linen apron, looking her prettiest, was not particularly sorry for herself, especially when all the family lunched out.

On one of these fortunate afternoons she was alone in the kitchen, the ingredients for a sponge cake, that was to be the finishing touch of the late dinner, neatly laid out before her; the sifted sugar, the flour, peel, so many eggs and the whisk beside them; everything weighed and portioned out methodically. There was no sign of hurry, and the kitchen seemed to be basking in a glow of ruddy light reflected from gleaming copper utensils on the walls. They were of every size and form, from the big boiler near the ceiling down to the tiniest of cake-moulds. The glow suited Dorothy's rich, warm colouring, and she looked even handsomer than in the more subdued atmosphere of her drawing-room.

Perhaps she knew it, for a little smile, just showing her small, pearly teeth, hovered on her parted lips as she flitted over the thick, soft linoleum, as if to walk on it were a pleasure.

Three more days, and her labours would cease. The new cook was coming, and, as luck would have it, that same day the guests left. Another visitor was also coming, a particular friend of Dorothy's, a nephew of her father, with whom she had a pleasant little cousinly flirtation. Nothing, she pretended

to herself, in the least serious, but her instinct told her it would end in a proposal from him; her answer was the only real uncertainty.

Three o'clock struck. Quite time to get the sponge cake out of the way and begin the heavier work of dinner. As for the other matter, that would settle itself by-and-by.

Just about this time the electric tram, hurrying along like some great sea monster, hooked to a line above, and bent on getting home, stopped before the house and dropped a young man. He was fair, his eyes blue, his moustache light; but it was not the fairness of the Anglo-Saxon race; and his clothes, neat, smart, carefully put on as they were, seemed part of his personality, and had none of that stiff, new look, which the well-dressed American appears to think the correct thing. Even the cut of his linen and the shape of his necktie were Parisian; and, in fact, Max de Résal had only very lately arrived in America.

Opening the small wicket near the larger entrance, through the high red paling, he walked up a white pathway, shadowed by tall trees, and took in the character of the house he was approaching at a picturesque, ivy-covered angle. A veranda, commodious enough to use as a summer sitting-room, and raised three steps above the ground, supported a flight of steps that led into the one-storied house, the monotony of whose walls was relieved by bow-windows, such as French architects copy, but not with much success. The slate roof descended with almost precipitous pitch to these walls, and it, again, was broken by odd gabled windows, opening in the middle, utterly unsymmetrical in arrangement, and garlanded with luxuriant hanging ivy. It was one of the least pretentious houses in Hartford, but no one could mistake the air of opulent comfort.

A Lapland wolf-dog, aroused from his slumbers in an arm-chair on the veranda, broke the intense stillness that hung like a spell over the house, and his noisy alarm brought a tousy mop of hair to one of the Queen Anne windows in the roof. Max felt he was expected to explain himself, and said, interrogatively:—

"Mr. Corbins?" trying desperately to hit off the right accent.

Then he tried Courbins and Keurbins, and finally Corbince, but all apparently were equally unintelligible, and next he lost his temper.

"What the deuce do you want?" he cried, in the best of French. "Corbins lives here, doesn't he? The tram man said so, at any rate. And you don't suppose I should come here to look for George Washington, do you?"

This pleasantry fell rather flat on the young person with the flaxen head. She said something, however, and Max caught the word "kitchen" and saw her wave her hand.

"Let us find the kitchen, then," he said to himself; "but Pierre shall hear of this, sending me to such a place, wasting my time to no purpose."

As he went round the house, he caught a glimpse of the drawing-room through a large bay-window. It was a fine enough room in its way, but there was an appalling gas chandelier in the middle, utterly out of keeping with the really fine pictures on the walls: works of French artists that showed T. P. Corbins both had money and knew how to spend it.

A little farther on a door was open with a screen drawn across it inside, and Max, without any ceremony, walked in. The shutters were half-closed to keep out the light and flies, but he distinguished a woman's figure.

"MAX DE RÉSAL."

"Is it you, Willie?" she asked.

"Not Willie, I regret to say," he answered, in the best English he could muster. "I am a stranger, and want to see Mr. Corbins; but by Jupiter, in this house there seems no one to speak to!"

Dorothy was just breaking her eggs, carefully separating yolks from whites, and, apparently not noticing the reproach, answered, in a matter-of-fact way:—

"Everyone is out for the day. Mr. Corbins, of course, is at the factory. You ought to have gone there to look for him. You must have passed it——"

"Well, but how was I to know that? Besides, I don't want to see him on business."

"You have an introduction, then?"

"Certainly I have. Here it is."

Miss Corbins took the envelope from his hand, pulled out the card it contained, and, to the horror of Max, calmly read it. He had heard a good deal about the free-and-easy manners of the country, but this was beyond all he had ever imagined.

There were only a few words written on it. "The Marquis de St. Cybars begged to remind Mr. Corbins of their acquaintanceship, and to introduce his great friend the Vicomte de Résal, who was travelling in America for a few months."

The Marquis de St. Cybars, two or three years before, as Dorothy knew, had braved the perils of sea-sickness to visit America for the openly avowed purpose of finding what he called a "money-bag." The money-bag he found at Newport: an heiress who was no beauty, and whom his practised arts had easily won. It was a marriage in haste, and, at least on the side of Lily Everson, had been repented at leisure. Dorothy's acquaintance with her had been very slight, but they had friends in common, and she knew all about Lily's woes, and the misdeeds of the husband, who, at one time, had been held up as a model.

She remembered all this as she laid down the card and went on dividing the eggs. But the actual situation was so comical, she couldn't help smiling and looking charming.

"He's just the cut of it himself," she thought. "He wants to find his money-bag, too. Shouldn't wonder if St. Cybars gave him a list of eligible names. Oh! isn't it a disgrace to us, that men who come plotting like that are almost sure to find girls ready to ruin their whole lives, just to have their things marked with a coronet! And he's not bad-looking, either. But it won't pay him to waste his time in this house."

Not to marry him was easy enough, but to get out of giving him dinner was a harder matter. If she sent him to the factory, Corbins was certain to bring him back, and stranger, Frenchman, Vicomte, as he was, with no cook in the house, this would be too provoking.

In the meantime Max, becoming accustomed to the dim light, was making up his mind that the beauty of American cooks was quite as uncommon as their manners. She was such a glorious creature, he felt he should like to talk to her, but what to talk about was the difficulty.

It was not, however, left to him to start the conversation again. Schemes for baffling a would-be fortune-hunter had been busily working in Dorothy's brain while she concocted her cake. She spoke French fairly, and her next speech was in that language.

"So it's not on business you want to see Mr. Corbins?"

Up went Max's hands as if words were inadequate to express his amazement.

"She speaks French, too!" he cried. "Mademoiselle, in my country I should think you a disguised princess. But here I have sworn that, after all the strange things I have seen in the last month, nothing shall astonish me. If I were told next that cooks in America are obliged, among other certificates, to have one for military proficiency, I should think it quite natural. Still, I must confess I think Mr. Corbins's cook breaks the record, as you say. Yes, if I have still any vestige of sense left, I think I did say, I only wanted to pay Mr. Corbins a visit of courtesy."

"Hem!" she said, coughing a little. "He's not so very fond of visitors of that kind at the factory."

"And he's right enough there," said the young man; "but all the same, if he never is to be found elsewhere by day, it seems to me it comes pretty much to not seeing him at all for a traveller like me."

"Travellers like you," she said, a spice of malice in her tone, "are not very common in America. Frenchmen especially don't generally visit us just for the pleasure of it."

"But," he went on, seating himself on a pitch-pine chair, "I give you my word, I am neither an engineer, a painter, a writer, or a singer."

"Well, then," said Dorothy, using the egg-beater vigorously, "I know what has brought you here. You want to catch an heiress!

Oh, you may as well tell the truth to a poor servant like me!"

"When a young man wants a wife," said Max, "of course it's an heiress."

"Then you had better go to Newport, sir. It's the season there just now."

"But I have just come from there. I was there fifteen days and nights—if there was any night; there was none to rest in, at any rate. I should have died of it in another week. I only came away this morning. It's a dreadful place; I mean delightful, of course, but you know it, I daresay?"

"IS IT A POOR AMERICAN GIRL YOU WANT TO MARRY?"

"The Corbins were there for some time last year," explained Dorothy, who by this time was as much amused as her visitor. "And didn't you find what you wanted there?"

"Not at all; yet it wasn't that I didn't dine, lunch, boat, dance, play tennis, and undergo concerts and excursions enough for a lifetime. But none of them would look at me."

"Well, at any rate," thought Dorothy, "if he is French, he's not conceited."

Then aloud, as if to encourage him:—

"Newport *is* perhaps too grand for a Viscount. Such *very* rich girls go there. What a pity, now, you're not a Marquis, like Mr. de St. Cybars. He managed his affair quickly, I can tell you—I might almost say, I saw the bargain struck. Servants do see so much, you know, and guess more. Poor Lily Everson, I'm afraid she knows by this time that it does not make a girl's life happy just to be a Marquise!"

"St. Cybars hasn't behaved well," said Max; "but, then, you see, he never cared for her. I'm not going to make that kind of marriage."

"Aren't you?" she said. "Oh, dear, is it a poor American girl you want to marry, monsieur? There are plenty of that kind."

"Well," said Max, "you see, I'm poor myself, and what's more, incapable of earning my living, so I must have a rich wife. But why shouldn't a rich wife love me? I shall never marry anyone I don't love. I should like to get on well with the woman I marry. And, do you know, I really don't think I'm hard to get on with!"

"Ah! you talk well," said Dorothy, her dark eyes flashing a little; "and I understand, I suppose. Is it my help you want?"

Max was about to protest, but she did not pause to listen.

"Well, I'll help you, then—that is, I will see that Miss Corbins hears exactly what you have said, every word of it, from beginning to end. And in the meantime you can be seeing her father. Don't be afraid he won't like it. Poor man! he does not have an offer for her every day! And then a *Vicomte*, you know! Gracious goodness, *he'll* not put any spoke in your wheel."

For the last quarter of an hour Max had been thinking the whole thing a dream, but this hint roused him.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Is Miss Corbins——"

"Oh, she's a good, nice girl; if only she looked as nice as she is."

"Is she very ugly? A perfect monster?"

asked Max, drawing a little closer to Dorothy.

"Oh, beauty is a matter of taste, you know. Of course, I don't know what you would call 'very ugly,' and 'a monster.' I shouldn't call her all that myself. But her neck is down somewhere between her shoulders; and, as to figure, well—she has none; of her complexion, too, you might say much the same thing. But, then, you must remember that out here men are exacting. Girls can't find husbands who are satisfied with money-bags. That's why I think you have such a good chance—at any rate, with the father."

At this point she fully expected Max to say it was, of course, a pity Miss Corbins was so plain; but, after all, she was good, besides other advantages, and nothing could be perfect. And then she meant to turn on him and crush him with the words: "*I am Miss Corbins!*" uttered in the tones of a tragedy queen. And if, after that, he stayed to dinner, his appetite must indeed be a sturdy one.

But he said nothing at all, and took out of his pocket a French gold piece. This was adding bribery to all his other crimes, and, too angry to speak, she raised her arm to wave him out of the house.

"Look here," he said, "I want you to do me a favour. Would you mind not mentioning my visit at all?"

"And why shouldn't I mention it? What next are you going to do?"

"Well, I think I shall just run up to New York this evening. It only takes about three hours, doesn't it?"

Was he in earnest? she wondered; at any rate, she would try him once more.

"Going away?" she asked. "Don't forget, however, that old Corbins will give her a million—in cash, too—and could just as easily double it, if he chose."

"I don't like to hear you talk in that way," said Max. "I shouldn't have taken you for that kind of girl. But it's no business of mine, after all. Only be careful what you say of me; there is no use in making Miss Corbins think too badly of me."

"Miss Corbins is an only child, too," she went on, recklessly. "Perhaps you didn't know that? There's no telling what her fortune may be some day or other. Last year, just on one transaction, her father laid by 80,000 dollars."

"I am glad of it for his sake and hers," said Max. "But, all the same, I shouldn't like to spend my life with a woman such as you describe."

"Oh, you need not look much at her," said Dorothy. "You can spend her money, and leave her at home while you amuse yourself, like other French husbands, you know."

"I am sorry French husbands have such a bad character in America," he answered, gently.

"Oh, they're delightful, of course—just to talk to, you know. But we don't think much of their stability or moral character. They flirt, too, with every pretty woman they come across, we think."

"Why do you go on saying such things?" he asked. "You ought not to do it, and why should you? You and I, for instance, have been alone together for the last half-hour, and I have not even told you you were pretty, but I tell you so now, just to punish you."

He stood a minute looking straight into her face; and she knew she had put herself in the wrong. It vexed her, perhaps, to have given him the advantage, for her hand shook a little, as she poured the thick yellow cream she had been mixing into the shining mould, and her answer was slow in coming.

"I am sorry to have displeased you by misunderstanding you; but I think I have as much to complain of as you. You thought I need not mention your visit, but I don't think that would be doing my duty. Mr. Corbins certainly shall hear about it, but not what you came for. As for Miss Corbins——"

"Oh," said Max, "I'm not afraid of that. You see, I could tell her how charmingly you described her. Of course, if you mention my visit, I *must* come again."

This was said as if he wished he could get out of it.

"When you come again, sir," she went on, with mock humility, "you will be properly received in the drawing-room, not in the kitchen by the cook."

"Drawing-rooms are not always so amusing as some kitchens," he said. "I'm sorry, now, I'm not an author. How Paul Bourget, for instance, could describe the American cook."

"Don't be in too great a hurry," she said. "If you are, you may make mistakes, as the author of 'Outre-Mer' did."

"I might have expected that!" cried Max. "You know Bourget, then? What a country! And to think I'm not likely ever to see you again!"

"Why not? You can see me to-morrow if you find me interesting. I am interesting, am I?"

"WHEN YOU COME AGAIN, YOU WILL BE PROPERLY RECEIVED IN THE DRAWING-ROOM."

He paused a moment, not sure whether some other adjective might not be more expressive, but could think of nothing better than "Very interesting!" Then he looked straight into the honest, clear eyes that met his, and, leaving the money on the table, went away.

The equilibrium of his ideas had undergone a disturbing experience, which the solitude of his room at Heubleins was far from correcting. To fill in the afternoon, he visited the Capitol and Athenæum, and, when he had dined, went for a long drive. The road, though dusty, was planted with fine trees, and the lights of the fading September day were exquisite. But in the silent monotony of this excursion, he thought neither of the "monster" he expected to see next day, nor of the pretty girls at Newport. Humbling as it was to confess even to himself, he could think of nothing but the "cook."

His curiosity had been aroused, he had been amused, interested; more than this, charmed. She was very handsome, of that there was no question; figure, eyes, features, expression, all were good, and she was remarkably intelligent. Still, she was but a cook after all, who wore a white apron, and beat eggs like any other cook. Max was not only a man of good family, but he was naturally correct, and it really annoyed him to think that, because fate had thrown him into a kitchen where a kind of Circe presided over the saucepans, he had been guilty of such folly as to let himself in for the loss of three days. For it was no good trying to humbug himself about it. He was not in the least obliged to dine at the Corbins; he was lingering only to see the Circe again. Of course, only once more. Even to think of anything beyond that made him uncomfortable. No one could look into those eyes without being inspired with a sort of respect; and then there was that horrid Willie somewhere in the background. Max felt a little jealous of him already. "Lucky fellow," he thought, "he can go to the kitchen and talk to the cook as much as he likes—*his* birth is no barrier between them."

He was thoroughly out of sorts by the time he went to his bed, and, when he fell asleep, dreamt he was a wild Indian, cutting his way into T. P.'s peaceful kitchen with his tomahawk.

But next day he had not to invent even the mildest of stratagems to carry out his purpose. For reasons of her own, Dorothy made things easy for him; and, thanks to an exciting baseball match in the neighbourhood, he found the house as empty as the day before.

She seemed pleased to see him again, but not surprised.

"Well, you've come for the answer to your card?" she said. "Here it is. Miss Corbins wrote it before she had to go out. You really are unfortunate about her."

"Perhaps not so very, after all," he said, popping the note, unopened, into his pocket.

"What," she cried, "are you not going even to read what——"

"The 'monster,' writes?" he interrupted. "All in good time. Just now, I am more interested in something else. You have read Bourget, I know. Do you remember what he says about girls in America—I mean girls who—haven't much money, and who are so anxious to be well educated, that, to go on with their studies, they hire themselves out in the holidays as servants? That, at any rate, was true, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," she answered; "there was a girl here once, who read Virgil and Xenophon, a housemaid; but she had to go, she was really too fond of books."

"Mademoiselle," said Max, falteringly, "I am sure you are one of those interesting girls."

He looked at her with a kind of dread, as if her next words would be some decree of fate. He was answerable to no one for his actions; both his parents were dead. The world might call it folly, but he thought otherwise, and was his own master.

She said nothing for a few seconds, and he felt she was scrutinizing him.

"You are paying me a compliment I don't deserve," she said, presently. "I shall always be what I am now. And don't you think," she went on, with a charming smile, "that a good cook has her value?"

This little sally was not very consoling, and, as if unconsciously thinking aloud, he said:—

"What a pity!"

"What's a pity?" she asked.

It required a certain effort to bid her good-bye for ever, and yet keep his secret, but he managed to say:—

"I had hoped another destiny might have been yours. But, tell me, at any rate, are you really happy here?"

me, what are your favourite dishes? You won't read the note, but I know it is an invitation to dinner to-morrow."

"Hang that dinner!" he said. "I hate the very name of it. I am going straight back to the hotel now, to write and tell the 'monster' that, to my regret, urgent business makes it necessary for me to start at once for New York. I only wish now I had gone yesterday. Life is not long enough for this dawdling about waiting for invitations from Corbinses."

"They meant it for the best, sir," she said. "This evening you would have found a large family party of sisters and cousins, and you might not like that. To-morrow there will be no one but you."

"And the 'monster'? Thank you. That settles it. I wish I were in the Pullman this minute, and still more, that I had never come to Hartford."

He was on his feet, and on the point of bringing the situation—absurd, he called it now—to a close, when something occurred that irresistibly detained him. Dorothy was trying to uncork the sherry for her jelly, flushing from the effort, and straining her graceful figure. It made him angry to see her, and taking the bottle imperiously out of her delicate little hands, he drew the cork.

"HE DREW THE CORK."

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Dorothy, her cheeks burning; "very happy indeed."

"That's all right, at any rate," he said. "And now, explain to me what you are making there."

"It's sherry jelly," she said, her voice hardly so firm as usual. "And that reminds

"This is not the sort of work you were intended for, my poor child," he said. "Surely, with your mental gifts, you could find something more suitable. Believe me, you are foolish."

She looked at him for a second or two then said:—

"And you? Wouldn't the world think you quite as foolish if they saw you now? But there is one thing certain about you—you are good."

"Good!" he grunted, disgustedly. "I wish I were. It's not that; I am like other men. If you were as ugly and crooked as that daughter of Corbins, do you suppose I should be in this kitchen helping you? Yes, you're quite right about the world. Society has subverted the laws of Nature. Beauty, nowadays, counts for nothing. Money is the only thing. If I went home with the most horribly ugly woman in the world for my wife, my friends would all congratulate me, provided she had plenty of money. And if, on the contrary, I married the loveliest of women, who had been a poor servant, they would have nothing to say to me; and even my children could never marry in their own class. Yes, the world is unjust, contemptible, and stupid into the bargain."

"And still we have to take it as we find it," said Dorothy, sagely.

This philosophical tone exasperated him.

"How strange it is that you should be so contented!" he said. "A woman of your intelligence, your—your looks, and educated too—at any rate, your education begun—should be ashamed to go on vegetating in this kind of life. It is unworthy of you! And in this country, where there is no such thing as caste or prejudice, you could so easily raise yourself."

"Ah, sir," she said, with a little sigh, "you don't know what the place here is worth to me."

"That's the kind of thing I can't bear to hear you say," he answered. "Don't you see, a servant can never be anything but a servant, and just think what that means!"

"Well," she said, "there is one servant, at any rate, who will always remember, Monsieur le Vicomte, that you and she cooked together one afternoon. Now, what makes you look so angry? Was there any harm in saying that?"

"No, no!" he said, "it's all right. I only wish I could talk like you and convince you. But, good-bye. I sha'n't forget Hartford in a hurry either."

Dorothy was standing very still, her hands hanging over the back of a high chair, on which she was leaning, and she fixed her beautiful eyes steadily upon the young man.

"Sir," she said, earnestly, "do not go away until you have dined with the Corbins."

"Why do you want me to dine with them? Do you want to show me how well you cook? I should hate the food. You a cook! I can't bear to think of it. Good-bye!"

"I ask it as a favour, sir," she said. "Please do it, and I promise you I will—will—try to *raise* myself."

"And if I do, what good will it do either you or me? I shall belong to the 'monster'; I sha'n't so much as see you."

"Only come," she said; "you will see me, I promise you."

There were voices in the next room by this time, and Dorothy cried:—

"Oh, do go now; the family have returned."

Max was in the garden before she had finished the words, slinking too behind the bushes, that the "monster" might not see him. He could defy social prejudices when brought to bay, but on small occasions had not the heroic courage necessary to brave them.

An hour or so later Miss Corbins received the Vicomte de Résal's formal acceptance of her invitation, and, by the time it was in her hands, Max himself was on his way to Boston. He felt he must get away from Hartford, for the time at any rate.

"I might just as well fall in love with a queen," he thought; "that apron is as much a barrier as a crown would be."

For the twenty-four hours he was away, he was incessantly finding fault. He was angry with himself; angry with St. Cybars; angry with Dorothy for not being her mistress; angry with her mistress for not being Dorothy. The heat stifled him; the noisy, muddy, over-watered streets, with their constant rush of electric trams, were worse than New York. His hotel (he went to one by chance) as bad as could be; and, finally, all Boston was leagued not to understand his English. His thoughts revolved in a circle, and always came back to the same place.

"If there had been a proper servant or door porter," he said to himself, "in that beastly hole of a house, I shouldn't have gone wandering round to the kitchen like a tramp. I should have left the letter and come away, dined there that evening probably, and have seen the 'monster,' and had done with her, in time to be back at Delmonico's for breakfast next morning. Now, no matter what happens, my visit to America is spoiled. Even if I marry another Everson, I shall always be haunted by a sort of phantom."

He arrived at Hartford next day, rather late in the afternoon, very tired, and as he got out of the car a whole family, eight or nine in number, pushed their way in against him. He stood a moment, on the platform,

to take breath after this outrage upon his dignity, and was relieving his feelings by swearing in purest Parisian, when a gentleman, whom he recognised as one of the invading horde, came close to him, looked at him, then addressed him in French :—

"Monsieur le Vicomte de Résal, I think?"

"Perhaps so," he answered, surlily. "I don't remember meeting *you* before."

"No. But I knew of your visit to Hartford, and it is not likely there are two men in the place who can swear so well in Parisian French as I heard you do a few minutes ago. My name is Corbins. My daughter tells me we are to see you at dinner this evening."

He held out his hand, and Max, taking it, saw he was a fine-looking man in the full vigour of life; but there was no one on the platform whom, by any stretch of imagination, he could fit into his idea of the "monster"; she was at home, no doubt, getting herself up for the evening.

"MONSIEUR LE VICOMTE DE RÉSAL, I THINK?"

"Won't you come home with me now?" said Corbins, cheerfully. "You can have a talk with my girl. Sorry she's not here; she couldn't come to see her aunts off. Too busy at home. We have a new cook coming to-day."

"Has the other one *gone?*" said Max, with almost ludicrous anxiety.

"Oh, yes! Not much loss, either. Too fine for her work. Couldn't stand heat and gave herself airs. I can assure you, sir, unless you study the American servant girl from life, you have no idea of her. I only wish I could do what so many New Yorkers do: cut the whole concern and live in an hotel."

It was the drop too much, and Max would have liked to swear again. This, then, was what he had stayed for: dinner at the Corbins, and the cook gone; sent away as likely as not on his account, but at any rate, no chance of ever seeing her again. Muttering some excuse for returning to his hotel, he left Corbins as quickly as he could.

The experience was new—he had never been seriously in love in his life before, and was accustomed, not only to think himself invulnerable, but to pride himself on the reputation of being so; but here he was, miserable because of this cook! It lowered him in his own self-esteem. But she was gone, and at any rate, he was saved from making a fool of himself.

He inquired about night trains, chose the midnight express, and, according to the American custom, bought his ticket at his hotel, engaged his sleeping berth, registered his baggage, all but a light bag, containing his day suit, to put on in the train, and then started for Corbins's house, dressed for dinner.

The flaxen-haired Nova Scotian let him in, and conducted him through large folding doors to the lair of the "monster."

Apparently the room was empty, and Max thought he was too early; but another look revealed the figure of a lady seated in the dimly lighted recess of the bow-window. He advanced, supposing it to be Miss Corbins, but the outline was pretty and graceful, though the features of the face were indistinguishable; and with a little bow he drew back. Just then, through a half-glazed door, he caught sight of soft puffs of tobacco smoke and heard the tones of masculine voices. As Miss Corbins had not thought it necessary to be in the drawing-room to receive her guests, he would join the other men in the smoking-room. The lady's husband was there, too, most likely, for of course she was married, as she wore diamond earrings. He had to pass the bow, however,

to get to the glazed door, and as he did so, the lady looked straight at him, and for a moment he stood spellbound. The resemblance to the cook was too extraordinary: the same beautiful eyes, the same suggestion of mockery in the grave, sweet mouth; the same beauty altogether, but dazzling now in jewels, flowers, and an exquisitely cut evening dress.

"What a fool I am!" said poor Max. "Everything reminds me of her."

Feeling he was looking ridiculous, he hurried off to put himself under Corbins's protection, and found him with an elderly clergyman, whom by no stretch of imagination could he suppose to be the lawful owner of the beautiful being in the next room.

Corbins received him with the warm cordiality of an American, introduced him to the minister, and then said:—

"I ought to have been in there to receive you, but my daughter was, at all events. You know her, I think?"

"Miss Corbins is not in the drawing-room," said Max, ignoring the latter half of the sentence.

"Is she not? Oh, then, there is some more bother or other in the kitchen. Ah, sir! dinners come into the world ready made in France; but here! It was just by the nearest shave my daughter hadn't to cook it again to-night herself."

"Again?" said Max, bewildered, and conscious that he stood on the edge of an abyss.

"Oh, yes!" said Corbins. "For the past week she has been covered up in an apron cooking—for a house full of people, too. It seems to astonish you, sir; but wait a bit longer before you think you understand us here. America is the finest country in the world, everything on such a grand scale, you know, and all that—when you see it from a distance; but, in closer quarters, it seems just a little different somehow. But here is my daughter."

There she stood on the threshold of the door, just as Max had seen her a few moments before without recognising her.

"THERE SHE STOOD ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE DOOR."

"Come," she said, "dinner is ready."

She held out her hand to him as if no ceremony of introduction were required between them, and, taking his arm, led him into the dining-room. Without it he would never have got there.

"Courage," she whispered to him, her face radiant with amusement. "Haven't I kept my promise? I said I should try to raise myself, you know. Haven't I done it?"

"Yes," said poor Max, "you have, and to such purpose that I don't know how to look you or Mr. Corbins in the face."

She almost led him to his chair, into which he dropped dumb-struck. Nor did he revive enough all through dinner to do credit to the conversational reputation of his countrymen.

In vain T. P. Corbins started every subject he could think of: there was no one but Dorothy to respond. Max could not even eat his dinner, although he managed to drink the champagne that Corbins kept continually pouring into his glass. But if he seemed not to venture to look at Dorothy, he saw her all the time, and thought her lovelier, more charming than ever. Even the diamonds he only noticed now, in

spite of his prejudices, as less brilliant than her eyes.

The table, too, was overloaded with massive plate, but everything was full of such exquisite roses that criticism was impossible. The clergyman sat opposite Max, and, wishing to be agreeable, asked him, in very laboured French, what he had seen of Hartford. Max would have liked to say he had seen nothing but Mr. Corbins's cook and kitchen; but it was impossible to take everyone into his confidence, so he made some inane answer.

"My dear sir," said his host, "the first time I visited Paris, I saw the whole of it in one week. You have been in Hartford two days, and seem to have seen nothing. I really think we are right when we say Frenchmen don't know how to do their travelling. But to-morrow we must do better for you. I have not much time myself, but I will hand you over to my daughter. Perhaps you do not know we have celebrities here? Mark Twain, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Warner too: you don't know him in France as well as you ought. But, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' you must have read."

"Monsieur le Vicomte," said the old clergyman, slowly, and with effort, "has come to visit us forty years too late. My celebrated friend, who made a whole generation weep over the wrongs of the slave, can no longer speak even to her friends."

"Well, and what does that matter?" said Corbins; "he can have a look at her all the same, just to say he saw the greatest novelist of America."

"I should like to see Mrs. Stowe," said Max, "but, unfortunately, I must leave Hartford to-night."

"Going to New York?" said Dorothy, her large eyes twinkling with mischief.

"To New York, mademoiselle," he answered, "and afterwards to France as soon as possible. I am *obliged* to go."

"But the train leaves a little before midnight," said Corbins: "you can't catch it."

"I have arranged to do that," said Max. "I took my ticket and registered my luggage, all but a little valise I have with me here. Frenchmen can 'do' their travelling better than you think sometimes."

Corbins said nothing more. A man was free to come and go as he pleased, according to his ideas of independence. Neither did Dorothy speak of the journey again, and dinner ended with conversation of the most commonplace and uninteresting kind.

After coffee, Corbins and the minister adjourned to the garden to smoke. Miss Corbins thought it too cool for her in her evening dress, but begged Max not to think of staying with her in the drawing-room, if he wanted to smoke too.

He looked at her a moment, then said: "This is the first time this evening you have made fun of me." Then, after a pause, "No, thank you. I don't care for a cigarette to-night."

"I am afraid," she said, "you are going to leave us on bad terms with poor Hartford. But I don't think I can blame myself; I have done all I can to be friends with you. Even my father does not know about the book that is to have a special chapter on American cooks. He thinks you knew I was Miss Corbins when we met."

"What do I care if I am the laughing-stock of all America?" he answered. "I only mind being a fool in your eyes. If just for half an hour, or even for a moment, I was idiot enough to take you for the——"

"Don't say the word," said Dorothy, "if it hurts you so much. But, all the same, I'm proud of your mistake."

"Proud of it?"

"Yes, proud of your fantastic notions of our dear country, because of the germ of truth in them. You think anything is possible here, and you are not far wrong. My father, for instance, you *know* he is a '*gentleman*'" (she used the English word that alone expressed her meaning), "though he made every penny he possesses, and, more than that, had to educate himself without help. You see how he receives you, how simply and naturally, though you are a Vicomte. And do you think my beating eggs is more astonishing than all that?"

"I don't think his money or even his manners are so wonderful as one other of his possessions," said Max.

"Now, you mean that for a compliment, but it is commonplace—I won't be so rude as to say French. I like the other sort better. I wonder if anybody will ever again pay me such a pretty one as you did when, thinking I was a servant, you, aristocrat that you are, helped me with my work!"

"Ah!" he said, "making fun of me again as you did then, little as I supposed it! Why don't you repeat that I make love to every woman I meet?"

"No, no! You wanted *first* to be sure I was a student——"

"Whatever I wanted, I have succeeded in making myself utterly ridiculous in your eyes. How you must have chuckled all the

time! And I, like the fool I am, told you my secrets, too! If I had had a murder on my conscience, those eyes would have got it out of me."

"But just think how safe I've proved!"

"Safe! Yes, so safe, I am ashamed to look you in the face. It must be time for me to go now."

"Well," said Dorothy, "you are the hardest man to please I ever saw. When you hear Miss Corbins is a 'monster,' you can't get away quick enough; and when you find out that she's not quite—quite *that*, you're in a greater hurry still. You must allow it's not very encouraging."

"It's very easy for you to laugh," he said. "It must have been as good as a play to you for the last two days. To-morrow you can tell all your friends, *Cousin Willie* especially, about it. Next week you will forget it; but for me——"

"You?" said Dorothy. "Oh, I am sure you will take twice that time to forget it. But you *are* French, you know. Perhaps if Hartford were a port you might sail to-night. But you will have time to reflect between this and 42nd Street Station in New York. It will be very hot there; you will soon be on your way to Saratoga or the Katskills, according to the addresses on your introductions. You have some left, I suppose?"

"I have," he said, now in a white rage; "here they are," and, taking them out of his pocket, he tore them to bits and threw them on the carpet at her feet. She watched him quietly, but when she spoke her voice was a little altered.

"I can give you better ones," she said, then stopped suddenly. There was nothing cruel about her, and she saw tears in his eyes. He turned away from her, and, standing at the window, seemed to be gazing at the deep blue vault above studded with stars.

The clock in the hall where his little valise was struck, first the Westminster chime, then the hour. Max counted the strokes, then crossed the room to Dorothy's arm-chair. She looked abstracted, a mysterious little smile floating on her lips, and with the point of her satin shoe she was poking the shreds of paper that a little while before had meant possible marriages for the man whose heart she held captive. But could she trust him?

He was master of his emotions now.

"Sixty minutes more, and then good-bye for ever. So I may speak as I dared not if if we were to meet to-morrow. I am not leaving Hartford angry, as you call it. There is no one to blame but myself. It was my luck. It is not pleasant to discover what an unlucky beggar I am. I always thought the contrary before, and was rather proud of it, especially of never having had a love trouble in my life. But I *did* come to Hartford to look, not for *a* wife, but for *my* wife. I hoped to find her and take her home with me. Perhaps I counted a little on my happy star, but more on a loyal, honest wish to be happy with her and make her happy."

Dorothy listened, softly waving her white fluffy fan, and taking in his every look and movement.

"To hear you talk," she said, "one might believe you had been on this search for years. America is rather big, you know."

"So I thought three days ago. But now it isn't a country or a state, or even a town, to me: it is all one house, this house where my destiny was to be determined. If you knew what I felt the very first look you gave me—not a thunder-clap, as sudden, but so beautiful, so sweet! Don't you know what it is when one instrument sounds a single note, then the next instrument another, and so on, monotones merging into a grand, mysterious harmony? It was like that, but I was ashamed of it because—because I thought you were. But it didn't spoil the harmony; you saw I couldn't go, didn't you?"

"Oh, you would have gone fast enough if I hadn't kept you by talking to you."

"Yes, you kept me by talking, to my misfortune. I fell into the trap; I was blind, yet I saw you. I told you all my secrets, too. You know my plan of campaign. How you must have laughed at me when I was gone! But you know all about me; there is no taking you in. You know I came here to marry you or some rich girl, and you know why I dare not say now I love you."

She made a little face; to her he seemed to have said nothing else for the last half-hour. He understood what she was thinking, and went on.

"Perhaps I have said too much; but in a few minutes I shall be gone, and it is just a little comfort to put up an epitaph over my buried happiness."

"The dead rise," she said, "and more especially the living. It won't be long before we hear you are alive again: in France, you know, where there is so much vitality."

"All right," said Résal, "that's enough about me. What is there to prove that I haven't been telling you one lie after another all this evening? Fortune-hunters must, you know. Isn't it a pity some fellow like

"I FELL INTO THE TRAP."

Edison cannot invent a little pocket love-tester, like the milk thing, you know? Now, it's so easy for a fellow like me to tell a pack of lies. But, after all, it might be just a little dull if it *were* mechanically tested, for at any rate now nothing and no one can rob a poor devil of the one great joy of saying, 'I love you.' But it is over now. There are your father and the minister. Dear old minister, I am more grateful to him than I can say."

"I think you ought to thank *me*," said Dorothy. "I asked him, you know. I thought you might like a little explanation with the 'monster!'"

"Ah," he cried, "how beautiful, how dear you are! How can you think I shall forget? Think what you please of me, but of one thing be sure, I wouldn't marry an American girl now for the whole world."

"I haven't the whole world," she said, smiling; "I can only offer you——"

"What?" he said, with a strange thrill of expectation.

"Myself!"

It was not till two months later that he made his voyage to Europe on the *Tourraine*, and then not alone. It was on the evening of his wedding day that the Vicomte de Résal embarked with his bride. They were in their cabin, large, well-fitted as a honey-moon cabin should be, and Mme. de Résal said to her husband:—

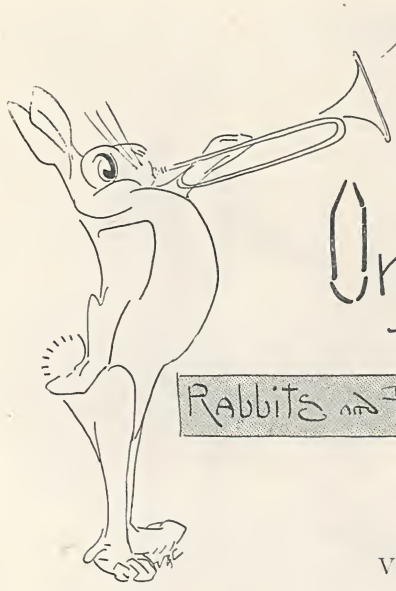
"By the way, I have a *louis* of yours in my pocket. You gave it to a poor cook to bribe her not to get you into difficulties with a monster you were terribly afraid of. But she didn't manage it well, and so you must have back your money. Take it, please."

"Dearest," he said, "I shall always keep it."

"Perhaps you *had* better, for if you try to spend it, you might get into trouble. It is hollow. See!"

She touched a spring, and the coin flew open, to reveal within a lovely miniature of herself.

"Come," said Max, "come, beloved 'monster,' and let me thank you!"



Oh Show

Rabbits and Pigeons.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

VI.

I WAS a little taken aback by Mr. Sweedlepipe's appearance, but he was more taken aback at something he perceived over my shoulder. I turned, and saw the Egyptian again, with his coffee-pot hat bubbling away as comfortably as ever.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "I've frightened him—I always frighten barbers." Indeed, his beard protruded from his chin in a solid black block, like a log. "I have been getting a little water in my hat—the coffee was all boiling away," he went on. "Come and see these rabbits, since you seem so anxious about them."

Now, I was not anxious about rabbits. I hadn't even thought of rabbits for a single moment. Nevertheless, now that I looked about me, I perceived not only that Poll Sweedlepipe had vanished—which was perhaps natural in the circumstances—but that where I had been inspecting ravens and tom-tits, rabbit-pens covered the benches, and in the distance there were visible other pens, full of pigeons. By this time I had grown used to sudden changes of this sort, and was less startled than might have been expected.

THE FLEMISH GIANT.

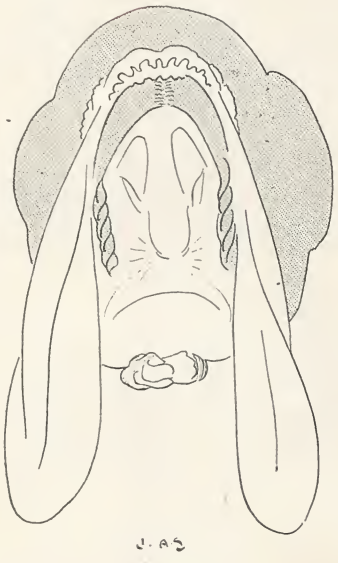
"Ideals in rabbit-breeding are not high," said the brown man. "A lump of meat with two ears is what is wanted, and we aim at that. We don't want intelligence, or points, or any such blemishes as those. Just imagine a Flemish Giant with points! He's round everywhere—anything like a point would betoken starvation. Look at the best of 'em here—here he is, a shapeless lump, squashed against the sides of the pen at each end, motionless, mindless, and gasping with fat. He was

"FIRST AND SPECIAL."

and happy and proud, indeed, is he who can show 4ft. of ear to each rabbit, 2ft. on each side. But even here we mustn't forget lumpiness. Sometimes there is a tie in the matter of length of ears, and then lumpiness, dumpiness, weight, and stupidity score again. Lumpiness always helps a rabbit here, whether it be an old Dutch (not for sale) such as Mr. Chevalier might enter, a Flemish Giant, a Lop, an Angora, or a Belgian Hare. A

so big and formless, and such a fool, that the judges gave him first prize without a moment's hesitation. There's scarce a rabbit in the section that anybody can conscientiously accuse of anything distantly resembling meaning or expression in the face. Perhaps the chief Flemish Giantess—first and special in the doe class—looks a trifle supercilious, but if the judges see it, I believe she'll be disqualified even now.

"Yes," he proceeded, after a pause, "lumpiness is the grace we chiefly cultivate, but in the lops we go for ears. Some bake their rabbits over stoves till they melt down into long ears, like a candle guttering. Others go about among the creatures pulling ears, like an enraged knife-grinder among naughty boys. Still others glue the ends of the ears together, so that the animal falls over them and stretches them that way; and quite a number strap the ears down to discourage stiffness. With one dodge and another they produce ears that hang and drag about in the dirt,



A GOOD LOP.

"THE OLD DUTCH."

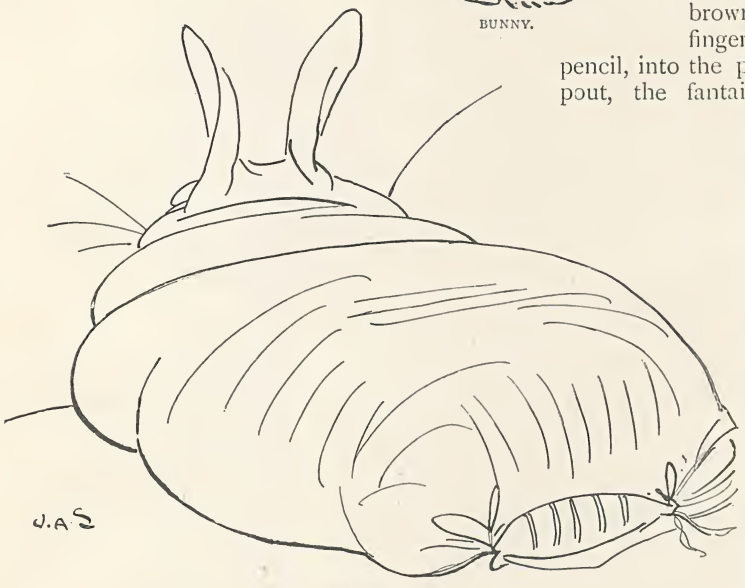
Belgian Hare, as you know, is so called because it is not a hare."

I well understood the system of contrary nomenclature, and I hastened to agree with the brown man's hypothesis. When I was a small boy at school it was the disrespectful custom of ill-behaved schoolfellows to call me "Bunny." I reflected that this was doubtless because of my entire unlikeness to a rabbit; and I have been assured that every school possesses at least one boy thus styled, whether from the same reason or not I cannot guess. As these thoughts passed in my mind, I noticed that the brown

man laughed very heartily to himself, and as he had already given testimony of understanding my thoughts before I expressed them, I felt uneasy.

"Ah, well, never mind," he said. "As I have said, rabbits have a way of being soft, stupid, and fat; you're not *fat* any way. None of the Flemish Giant about you, Bunny. No, no. Don't be offended. Look what a triumph of breeding it would be if we could prove that *you* were evoluted by selec-

BUNNY.

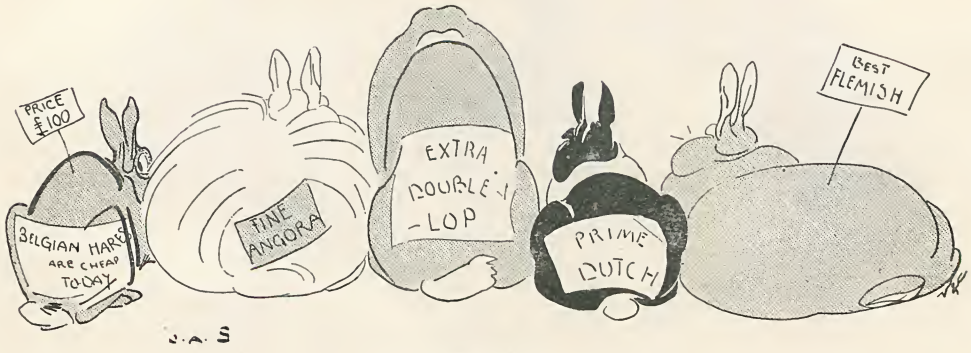


BREEDING OUT.

tions from rabbits! Such things are being done, as I have told you, with dogs and fowls and so on, but not with rabbits. We couldn't hope to breed the Flemish Giant out into anything more intelligent than a pillow, I'm sure. By the way, that's an idea I'll make a note of. Even a pillow would be something useful, and a variation on the usual lump of meat with a pair of ears. I'll suggest it. We've had pens and pens of squabby lumps of meat long enough; we might try a little bed-furniture for a change."

We had passed most of the pen-loads of rabbits, and were among the pigeons. The brown man poked his long fingers, and sometimes a lead-pencil, into the pens to make the pouters pout, the fantails fan, the trumpeters trumpet, the drummers drum, the laughers laugh, and the tumblers to tumble, as well as the confined space would permit.

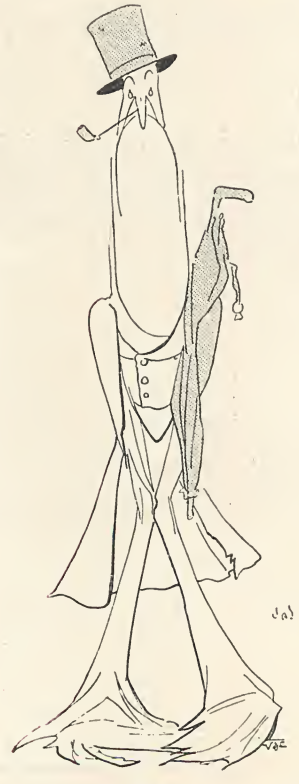
"Here they are," he said, and he ran over their names bewilderingly. "And each sort is of many classes, according to colour, as White, Chequer, Yellow, Red, Black, Blue-pied, Black-pied, Red-pied, Light Mottle, Dark Mottle, Dun, Silver, Any Colour, Every Colour, and All Other Colours. Indeed, the only sort of pigeon



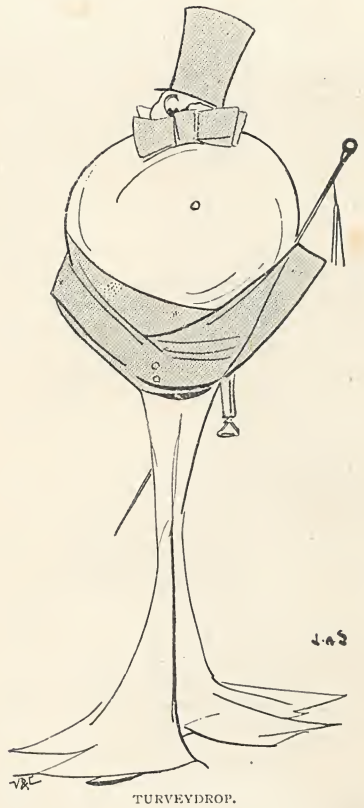
LUMPS OF MEAT.

COMMON OR HOUSE-TOP.

for which there is not a separate class is the Common or House-top, which hangs about stables and such places, very knowing and in-toed. True, there is a class for 'Any Other Variety,' but he is usually of *Every* other variety, with a cross or two of no variety at all thrown in. But never mind him. The great swell here is the Pouter—when he *is* a swell. Some pouters here are seedy creatures—slack-winded, weedy, and, worse than all, pigeon-toed. This sort of pigeon must never have pigeon-toes. The real swell is the pouter who *does* swell and keep out his toes. Observe his Deportment! Mr. Turveydrop himself might take lessons from him. Indeed, that is the direction in which we are breeding. The pigeons generally are fairly promising for human development, and the pouters are doing well in the Turveydrop department. The talk which you may have heard of developing Homers into epic poets is a mere hoax, founded on a miserable pun. Still, the Homer is an intelligent bird, I assure you, a capital bird of business. Ever buy one? It's wonderful how often some people sell 'em. Wonderful. I know a man that sold one every day for three weeks, each time to a different customer, and it flew back from the last customer all right and regular as clockwork the next day. Small profits but quick returns was that man's guiding principle. Rare birds of business, Homers.

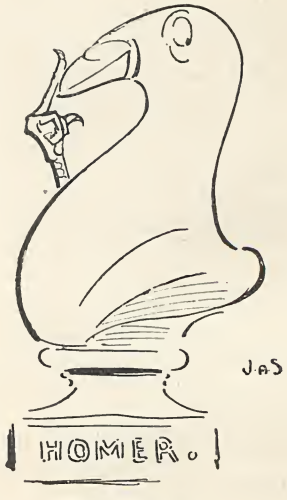


SEEDY.

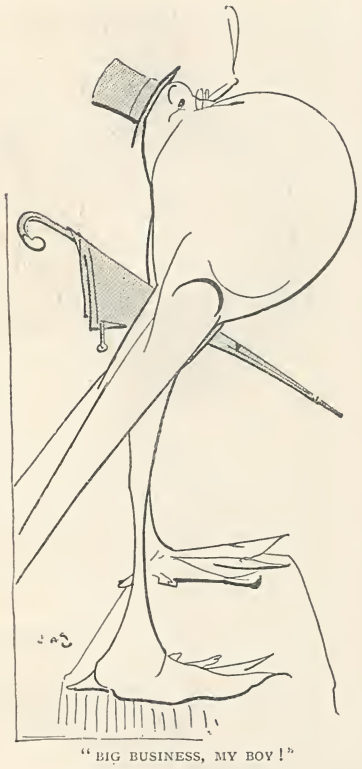


TURVEYDROP.

"Some of our pouters are breeding into birds of business, too, though of a different sort. We are hoping for financiers out of some of them. They're rudimentary as yet, of course; haven't even pockets yet, nor hands to put into other



QUICK RETURNS.

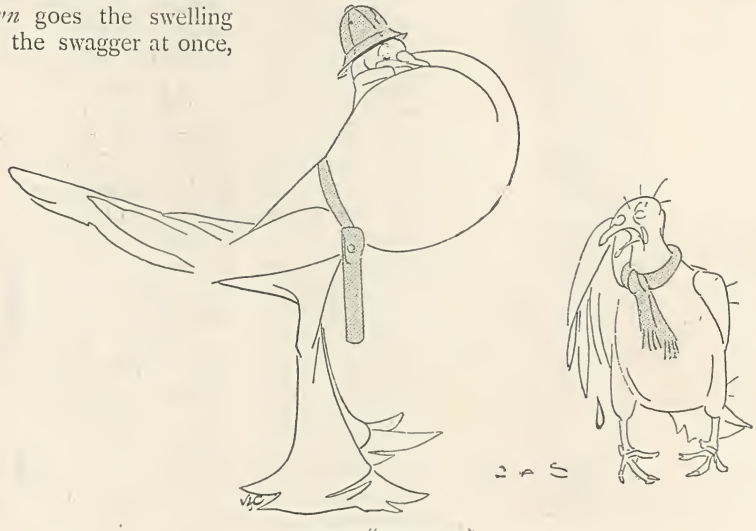


"BIG BUSINESS, MY BOY!"

people's. But you can see the beginnings just about judging time. Observe the pouter swell and strut and swagger! 'I've got something on, I tell you!' the pouter seems to say, with mysterious importance. 'Big schemes, my boy! There's big money coming my way soon!' Then the judge goes by without so much as a second look at him, and *down* goes the swelling crop, and the tail, and the swagger at once, and you have the City failure, sunken and sneaking, to the life. They're quite proficient in the whole business now in regard to show-prizes, and the next step will be to transfer the interest to limited companies, breed off a little more tail, and develop a thick watch-chain. A few pouters who have no great aptitude for finance, we shall cultivate with a view to supplying the demand for beadles, butlers, and policemen. Imagine the gorgeous, swelling importance of the pouter policeman appealed to by a lost 'squeaker' of the

BROKEN DOWN.

common house-top variety who has tried to fly too soon! And perceive him at the door of the British Museum ordering the swarm of house-toppers there to 'move on'!



THE LOST "SQUEAKER."

To say nothing of his swelling rage at being cut out in the affections of the neat housemaid (bred up from the short-faced

THE TUMBLER HOUSEMAID.

tumbler) by the big dragoon, which some people nowadays call the dragon. He is *called* a dragoon already, but we must carry the development a bit further before he can actually enlist. But there'll be money in it then, I tell you, and money in the tumbler-housemaid notion. Everybody knows what a difficulty here is in finding good servants, and

THE DRAGOON.

the high wages they want when you've found 'em. Well, here we shall be able to supply 'em in large numbers cheap, and all their food will be a little corn! Just imagine what would happen if you attempted to board Mary Jane on a handful of corn every day!"

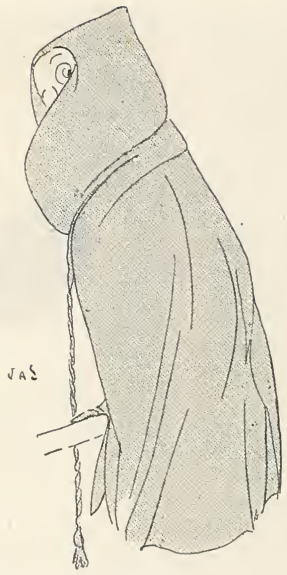
THE NEW TURBIT.

I couldn't imagine anything so terrible. But I remembered what the brown man had told me about getting life-guardsmen from game fowl and grenadiers from houdans, and wondered what sort of chicken-hearted, pigeon-livered army we should have when the anticipated evolutions should have been effected.

"Then," the brown man went on, "the perky Turbit will develop into the mannish

THE INTEMPERATE CARRIER.

young woman, who will wear waistcoats and ties, ride anything, iron or flesh, play at football, join clubs, and lecture. Though, to be sure," he added, thoughtfully, "there won't be much profit in that, as a commercial speculation. Nobody would be anxious to pay much for the specimens. And as for the carrier," he went on, energetically, "the sooner we stop *his* development the better



CHURCH.

for the cause of temperance, which I to some extent represent."

I remembered the coffee-pot, and had no doubt the brown gentleman meant that that was the symbol of his principles.

"The carriers," he went on, "are disgraceful enough already. Look at those noses and those *awful* eyes! No wonder that carriers are almost the only pigeons that can't carry a message! Do they look capable of anything at all but drink?"

I admitted that they didn't, and the brown man proceeded :—

"I'm afraid we haven't much prospect of any other very *useful* developments," he said. "The rest are likely to be more of the ornamental and fancy-dress ball type. We once thought the Jacobin would take to the church and join a brotherhood, as his name seems to indicate, but there seems no chance of that now. The likelihood (no pun) points rather to stage than to church. The Jacobin goes in for all sorts of vanities in colour and deportment, and probably the cape and sword drama (with the help of a few fantails) is what they will end in."

Suddenly my guide stopped, tapped me on the chest, and asked : "Now, isn't there something you feel to be missing among these pigeons?"

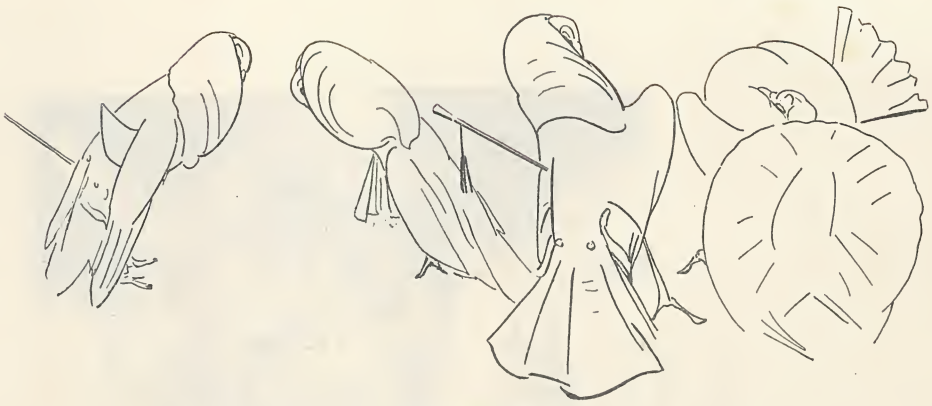
I thought of the crust necessary to complete pigeon-pie, but this seemed frivolous, so I said there wasn't.

"There *is* something," he said, "and it

STAGE.

isn't an exhibition of pigeon's-milk either. It is an extra class with special prizes—a special class for Andrée pigeons. You know the Andrée pigeon, of course. Most celebrated variety ; found in large numbers all over the northern hemisphere by sailors and other

ANCIENT COURTESY.



CAPE AND SWORD.

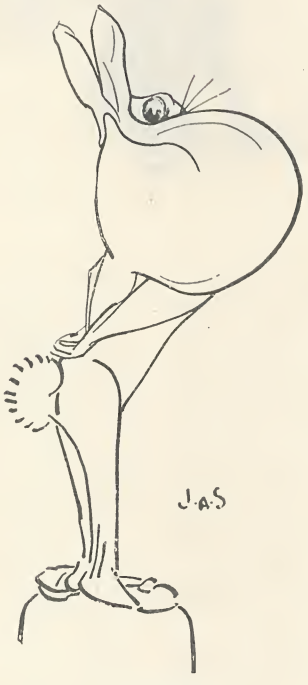
persons. Has invariably arrived direct from Herr Andrée at the North Pole, and bears a mysterious inscription somewhere, such as 'Ratz. U.R. 1 A.S.S.' Why was there no separate class for them?"

I couldn't imagine. It seemed altogether an oversight to overlook so numerous and important a section of the pigeon tribe.

"I know the reason," my friend went on. "It's very simple. There isn't room in the Crystal Palace for half of 'em!"

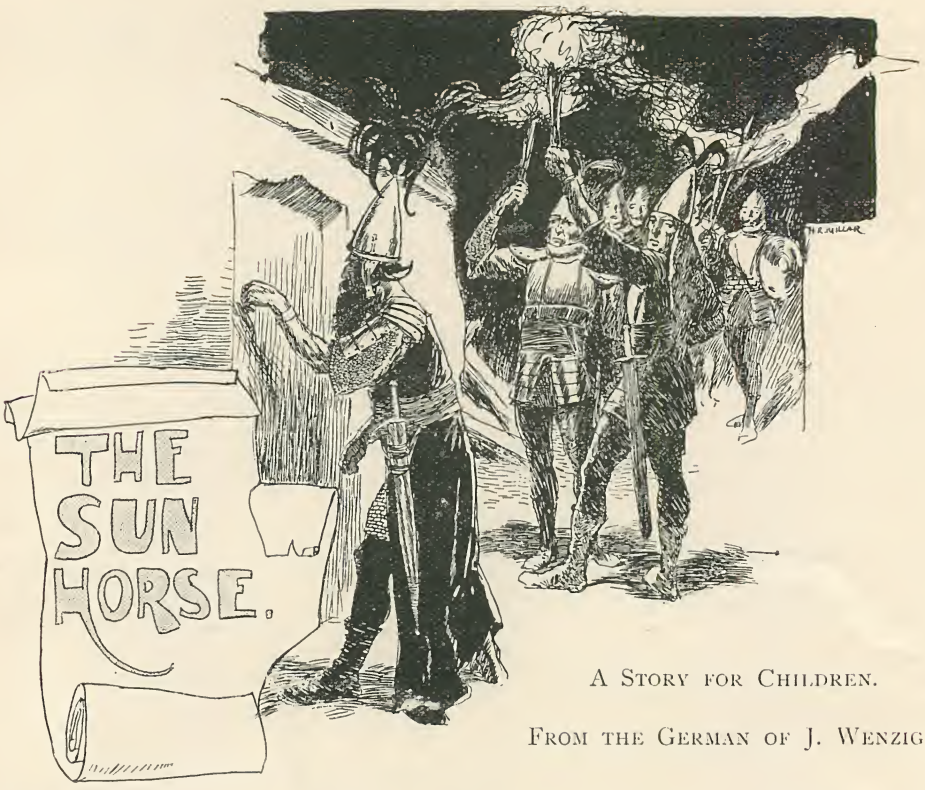
This certainly seemed the most probable explanation; and I could think of no building in London or near it that could possibly accommodate the multitude in question.

"No," said the brown man, "the Andrée pigeons apart, the show's pretty complete. But I *do* wish the rabbit fanciers would go in for something a little more inspiring than lumps of meat with ears to catch hold of. Why can't they take a hint from the pigeons, now, and breed a pouter rabbit for instance? There would be something to see then. Or a fantail. Or a military rabbit, such as a dragoon, or a trumpeter, or a drummer. They've done all these in pigeons, why not in rabbits? But, no—I'm afraid they're too much attached to lumpiness."



A SUGGESTION.

(To be continued.)



A Story for Children.

From the German of J. Wenzig.

THERE was once a land as black as night, for it had never seen the sun. The inhabitants would have fled, leaving the land to owls and bats, had not the King possessed a horse with a sun on its forehead. To enable his subjects to dwell in this dark and dreary region, the King caused his horse to be led daily through the country, for wherever this wonderful horse went, the land on all sides was bathed in light; but when it had passed, thick darkness hurried back to resume its sway.

One day the Sun Horse disappeared, and darkness deeper than night covered the land. Discontent and terror spread among the people; want pressed them sore, for they could work at nothing, earn nothing; and soon dreadful disorder arose. The King grew alarmed, and to avert the threatened danger set forth with his army to seek the Sun Horse.

Arrived at the borders of his kingdom, the King entered vast forests, the growth of thousands of years. Journeying through these forests with his army, the King came at length to a miserable hut. He entered, and saw a middle-aged man seated at a table, reading from a large book that lay open before him. When the King bowed, he rose and courteously returned the salutation. He was tall of stature, his features were thoughtful, and his glance piercing; indeed, his whole appearance proclaimed him a seer, and no ordinary man.

"I was reading of you," said he. "You seek the Sun Horse. Do not trouble further, you cannot regain it. Rely on me, I will find it for you. Return home with your army. You are needed there; only leave me one of your warriors as servant."

"So be it, oh Unknown," replied the monarch. "Richly will I reward you if you restore my Sun Horse."

"I require no reward," rejoined the Seer. "Now leave me to make preparations for my journey."

So the King departed with his army, leaving only one warrior behind. The Seer returned to his book, and read far into the night.

Next morning he departed with his servant. The way was long; they travelled through six countries, and still had further to go. Passing through the seventh country, they came to a stately palace; here they halted. Three valiant brothers ruled this land, and had as wives three sisters, whose mother was a wicked witch, named Striga. Then the Seer addressed his servant:—

"Remain here, whilst I enter the palace and ascertain if the Kings are at home; they stole the horse. The youngest rides it."

Saying this, he changed himself into a green bird, flew to the window of the eldest Queen, and fluttered and knocked with his beak against the glass, until she let him in. His great beauty and sweet, caressing ways delighted her, and she rejoiced like a child.

"What a pity my husband is absent. This beauteous bird would have pleased him. Still he returns to-night; he has only ridden forth to review a third part of the land."

Thus spake the Queen, caressing the gentle bird.

Suddenly, old Striga entered the room, and, perceiving the bird, cried: "Strangle the accursed bird; he will cover you with blood!"

"Cover me with blood? Nonsense! See how innocent, how loving he is," replied the Queen.

But Striga cried: "Deceptive innocence! Give him here instantly, that I may strangle him!"

She sprang forward, but the bird prudently changed into a man, and was out of the room and out of sight in a moment.

"STRANGLE IT THIS MOMENT!"

Taking again the form of a green bird, he flew to the window of the second Queen, and knocked until she opened it. Directly she let him in, he perched on her snow-white hand, and from thence flew to her shoulder, where he rested, looking confidingly into her eyes.

"Alas!" she cried, "alas! that my husband is from home. He would have delighted in you, beauteous bird. However, he will return to-morrow evening; he has but gone to review two-thirds of the kingdom."

At this moment Striga entered, crying: "Strangle that accursed thing—strangle it this moment; it will cover you with blood!"

"That is impossible, mother," replied the Queen. "He is so gentle."

"The gentleness is feigned!" screamed Striga, trying to seize the bird. But the Seer, as before, changed himself into a man, and disappeared.

After a time, the Seer flew as a green bird to the window of the youngest Queen. On her opening it, he perched on her white hand, and caressed her so prettily that she felt quite a childish delight in playing with him.

"It is a thousand pities that my lord is absent," cried the young Queen in her joy. "This sweet little bird would have pleased him as much as it does me. Still, he is sure to return the evening after next, when he has reviewed the whole land."

But even as she spoke old Striga rushed excitedly into the room.

"Strangle that accursed bird!" she cried, whilst still in the doorway. "Strangle it, I say; it will cover you with blood!"

"Cover me with blood, mother? Impossible! Look. See how innocent, how beautiful it is," replied the Queen. But Striga stretched forth her withered hands, exclaiming:—

"Delusive innocence! Give it me this moment, that I may strangle it!"

But ere she could seize him the Seer changed into a man and vanished.

Having gained the required information, the Seer returned to his servant, whom he ordered to purchase provisions for three days and then follow him to the forest. His servant having joined him, the two proceeded to the bridge over which the three Kings must pass. Here they waited.

Towards evening the sound of horse's feet was heard on the bridge. The eldest King was returning. In crossing, his horse stumbled over a beam.

"To the gallows with the good-for-nothing who made this bridge!" exclaimed the enraged King.

Then the Seer sprang forth, and threw himself on the King, crying:—

"How dare you curse an innocent man!"

They drew their swords, but the King was no match for the Seer, and after a short struggle he fell lifeless to the ground. The Seer bound the King on his horse, and sent the animal home with its dead master.

Then concealing himself beneath the bridge he waited the coming of the second King. He came the next evening, and seeing the blood-stains on the bridge, exclaimed:—

"Someone has been slain here! What scoundrel has dared usurp my kingly office?"

"How dare you thus revile me?" cried the Seer, throwing himself on the King, his drawn sword in his hand. "You are a child of death."

The King defended himself bravely, but in vain; after a short struggle he fell by the sword of his mighty antagonist. The Seer bound the corpse on the horse and sent the animal home; then, again concealing himself, he awaited the arrival of the third brother.

The third evening, at sunset, the youngest King approached the bridge, riding the Sun Horse. He rode fast, for he was late. Noticing the red blood on the ground he halted, exclaiming:—

"Some wretch has presumed to snatch a victim from my kingly arm!"

Scarcely had he spoken, when the Seer rushed at him with drawn sword.

"Good!" said the King, and drawing his sword he defended himself manfully.

They fought long and furiously, until at length their swords broke. Then the Seer spoke:—

"THE SEER RUSHED AT HIM WITH DRAWN SWORD."

"With swords we can strive no longer. Now listen to me. We will become wheels, and roll down yonder mountain. The wheel that breaks is vanquished."

"Agreed. I will be a waggon-wheel. Be you any other wheel you like," said the King.

"Not so," replied the cunning Seer. "You can be any wheel you like, but I will be the waggon-wheel."

The King consenting, they ascended the mountain. There they changed into wheels. But as they rolled down the steep incline the waggon-wheel crashed against the other wheel, and broke it. The waggon-wheel then became the Seer, and cried, joyfully: "You are lost! The victory is mine!"

"Not so fast, my friend!" said the King, and he stood in his own shape before the Seer. "You have only broken my finger. Now I have a suggestion. We will be flames, and the flame that consumes the other is the victor. I will be a red flame, you can be a white one."

"No, no," replied the Seer; "you can be a white flame, I will be a red flame."

The King again consenting, they placed themselves on the road to the bridge and began to burn each other pitilessly, but without result. Then a white-haired old beggar passed by. Seeing him, the white flame cried:—

"Old man, bring water, and pour it on the red flame. I will give you a penny for your trouble."

But the red flame said: "I will give you a ducat if you pour water on this white flame."

The beggar naturally preferred the ducat to the penny; he brought water and poured it on the white flame. Thus the King died. The red flame now became the Seer; he mounted the Sun Horse and, after thanking the beggar for his help, rode away, followed by his servant.

Deep was the sorrow in the palace at the death of the royal brothers. The walls were hung with black, and loud wailing resounded through the building. Striga moved restlessly from room to room. Suddenly she stopped, stamped her foot on the ground, shook her fist, and rolled her glittering eye; then, mounting a broomstick, she seized her three daughters under her arm, and, hey, presto! they were in the air.

The Seer and his servant travelled fast, for they feared Striga's revenge. They passed through gloomy forests, crossed barren heaths, and had already accomplished a good part of their journey. But, alas! their provisions were exhausted. Hunger tormented them, and they could find nothing with which to still its pangs.

At length they came to a tree laden with apples of rosy hue, whose weight bore the wide-spreading branches to the ground.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the servant, hastening to the tree.

"Stay!" cried the Seer. "Pluck not the fruit!" Then drawing his sword he smote the tree, and forth gushed a stream of red blood. "It would have been death to have eaten those apples," said he; "that tree was the eldest Queen. Her mother placed her there to hurry us out of the world!"

Though vexed at the disappointment, the servant was glad his life had been saved, and he followed the Seer in the hope of soon finding other refreshment.

It was not long ere a stream of clear fresh water crossed their path.

"Well," said the servant, "if there is nothing solid to be had, we can at least drink, and cheat our hunger."

"Drink not!" exclaimed the Seer, dismounting, and smiting the stream with his sword. Immediately the sparkling water was darkened by blood-red waves. "That was the second Queen," said the Seer, "placed there by her mother for our destruction."

The servant thanked him for the timely warning, and, in spite of thirst and hunger, followed him without a murmur whither he would.

Presently they came to a bush covered with beautiful red roses that filled the air with their fragrance.

"What beautiful roses!" exclaimed the servant. "I will pluck some, and refresh myself with their sweet perfume."

"Gather not the roses!" said the Seer, thrusting his sword deep into the stem of the tree. Immediately a stream of blood issued from the wound. "That was the youngest Queen," continued the Seer; "her mother planted her there, hoping to destroy us through the beauty of the roses."

After journeying for some time, the Seer said:—

"Our worst danger is over, for we have passed Striga's dominions. Still, great caution is necessary, for she will surely seek the aid of other powers." And even as he spoke, a boy came along carrying a thorny stick. Creeping beneath the Sun Horse, he pricked it with his stick. The next moment the Seer lay on the ground, and the boy, who had mounted the animal, was galloping away swift as an arrow. "Did I not say so?" exclaimed the Seer.

"What boy was that?" asked the servant. "Who could have suspected such a trick? Let us try to overtake him."

"Nay," replied the Seer, "I will overtake him alone. You must return to the borders

"SMITING THE STREAM."

of your own country. I shall be there to meet you."

Taking the form of an ordinary traveller, the Seer hastened after the little magician, and soon came up with him.

"Whence came you, my friend?" said the Magician, looking round.

"From the far distance."

"And whither go you?"

"I seek service."

"You seek service? Can you tend horses?"

"Very well, indeed."

"Then come with me and tend this horse. I will pay you well."

And thus the Seer became the Magician's servant.

Arrived at the Magician's home, the Seer tended the Sun Horse so carefully that his master was well satisfied; but it vexed the Seer that, owing to the Magician's art, he could find no opportunity of escaping with it.

One day the Magician called his servant.

"Listen!" said he. "In the midst of yonder sea is an enormous poplar; on the top of this poplar is a castle; in this castle dwells a princess. This princess I desire for my wife. Many efforts have been made to gain possession of her, but in vain. Bring her to me, and I will reward you handsomely; fail, and it will be the worse for you."

"The lord commands, the servant must perform, or at least try," replied the Seer.

Procuring a boat, he filled it with ribbons and stuffs of divers colours, and sailed, disguised as a merchant, to the castle on the summit of the poplar.

Arrived at the tree, he hung out the most beautiful of his wares, so that they could be seen from the castle. They soon attracted the attention of the Princess.

"Go down to yonder boat," said she, addressing her handmaiden, "and see if you cannot purchase some of those beautiful ribbons and stuffs."

The maid obeyed.

"I sell nothing," said the merchant, "unless the Princess comes herself to choose."

The maiden repeated the merchant's words. The Princess came, turned over the beautiful merchandise, and chose and bargained, never noticing that the boat had been pushed off, and was sailing towards the shore. It was only when, her business ended, she turned to leave the boat, that she discovered what had happened.

"I know where we are going," said she. "You are taking me to the wicked Magician. Now may Heaven have mercy on me!"

When the Seer found the Princess did not wish to marry the Magician, he conversed with her softly, and said that if she would ascertain wherein the Magician's strength lay, and confide the secret to him, he would help her to obtain her liberty.

When the Seer returned with the Princess the Magician was delighted, and when she appeared to return his love, he was beside

himself with joy. He would have given her everything, done anything to please her. What wonder, then, that he confided to her the secret of his great strength.

"In yonder forest," said he, "stands a great tree. Beneath this tree a stag feeds, in this stag is a duck, in the duck a golden egg, and in this egg is my strength, for there, my love, is my heart."

The Princess at once repeated this secret to the Seer.

Then the Seer took bow and arrow, hastened to the forest, and found the tree with the stag feeding beneath. He shot an arrow, and the stag fell to the earth. Springing forward he took the duck out of the stag, and the egg out of the duck. He broke the egg, and the Magician's strength was gone for ever; it had passed to the Seer, leaving the once mighty Magician weak and helpless as a child. Then, having freed the Princess, the Seer mounted the Sun Horse and hastened with it to the King to whom it belonged.

He had to travel over a great part of the world ere he reached the borders of the dark kingdom and met the servant he had sent on before him. As he crossed the borders the rays from the Sun Horse shone forth, illuminating the land that had so long been veiled in impenetrable gloom, and rejoicing the hearts of the distressed inhabitants. Everything lived again; the fields laughed in their spring dress, and the people hastened from all parts to thank their kind benefactor. The King knew not how to reward him, but offered him the half of his kingdom. But the Seer refused.

"I desire no reward," said he, "least of all do I desire the half of your kingdom. Be you King and reign, as is meet. I will return to my solitary hut."

Curiosities.

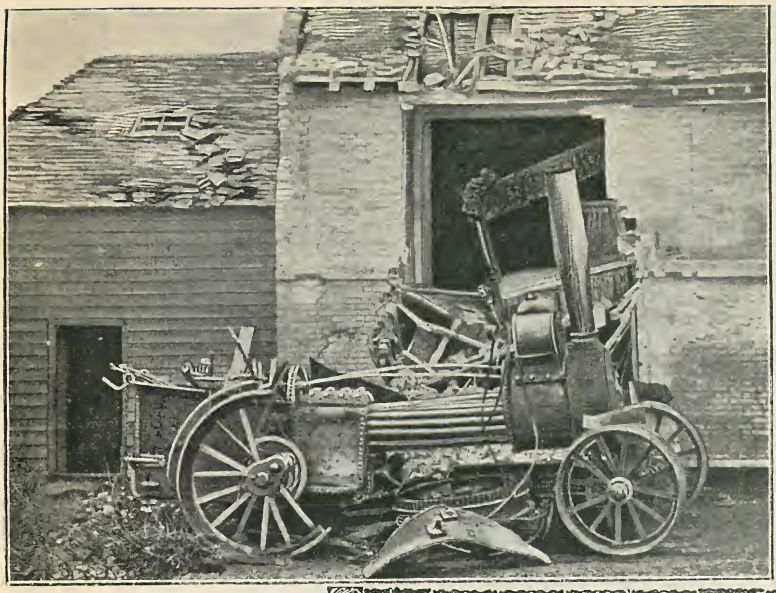
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

It may be doubted whether anything makes such fascinating reading as the story of how prisoners in some impregnable fortress contrive to make their escape in spite of massive stone walls 10ft. thick, steel bolts and ponderous locks, and ever-vigilant sentinels with loaded rifles. The patience exercised through months, and even years, of surreptitious labour, the almost incredible ingenuity in providing tools with which to work, the all but insuperable obstacles to be overcome—all these and many other thrilling details, such as we read of in the story of Baron Trenck, combine to enchain our interest and our sympathies on behalf of the liberty-loving prisoners. The first of the pictures here given is a view of the interior of the dungeon in which Colonel Moulin, and Captains de Frotté, Girod, and d'Hauteroche, four distinguished French officers, were confined for eleven months and fourteen days, at the end of which they effected their escape by working a passage through the walls of their dungeon with infinite patience and daring. The dungeon was excessively damp and dark, and received so little light that often the prisoners were obliged to have the candles lighted at midday. Their food was brought to them every twenty-four hours, and they were by great favour allowed to walk in a courtyard of the fort, once or twice a week, surrounded by a sergeant and six men with loaded firelocks and fixed bayonets. The second illustration is a view of Fort St. Joux, in Franche Comté, on the frontiers of France and Switzerland, out of which the above-mentioned officers effected their miraculous escape on the 27th of January, 1805. When nearly a year had elapsed they resolved to obtain their liberty, and succeeded at length in making a hole in their cell wall, which was 3ft. 6in. thick. Next came another wall 9ft. thick. After ten nights of awful anxiety and fatigue, the officers descended the almost perpendicular rock on which the fort stands. This rock, which is nearly 700ft. in height, they negotiated safely by the help of a rope, made out of their own linen and bed-clothes. After having proceeded on foot to Neufchâtel, they separated and journeyed to Vienna, and from thence set on their way to England, where three of them arrived safely two months after their escape.

A WONDERFUL "GRAIN SUCKER."

The system of grain discharging shown in these two photos. has been the means of saving a vast deal of time, labour, and waste of material. The old method was by cranes and buckets. It was Mr. Duckham, the engineer to the Millwall Dock Company, who hit upon the idea for drawing the grain from the hold of the ship by suction through flexible pipes. In the "Mark Lane," the machine used at the Millwall Docks, there are six vacuum chambers, through which the air is drawn off by pumps, and the grain itself sucked into the chambers through the flexible pipes which communicate with the hold of the ship. Beneath each chamber is a rocking air-lock, through which the grain automatically discharges itself into an open hopper, whence it is weighed and delivered, either loose or in sacks, into the lighters alongside the machine. The "Mark Lane," which is seen in the first photo., can transfer wheat at the rate of ninety tons per hour. The "Baltic," a similar machine at the Victoria Docks, has doubled this record. There are many other advantages in this system of discharging grain as though it were liquid. The pipe seen in the second photo. is only a small inlet into the hold of the ship, so that there is little damage through rain, and the work can be carried on in all weathers. Then, again, although grain is usually placed below other cargoes, the pipe gets to it all the same, and the unloading of other cargoes can go on simultaneously. It will be seen that the end pipe is encircled by a jacket of steel. It was by means of this jacket that the inventor solved the difficulty of preventing the pipe from getting clogged. We are indebted for the two photographs and information to Mr. E. T. Slater, of 6, Pump Court, Temple, E.C. In the second photograph, by the way, we see the apparatus at work at close quarters. The sucker is hard at work drawing up the grain seen on the ground.



A STRANGE BOILER EXPLOSION.

We are indebted for this interesting photo. to Mr. Frank E. W. Harnett, of "The Firs," Bearsted, Maidstone. Locomotive and other boiler explosions we remember to have seen depicted before, but this is the first time we have seen a photo. of an exploded traction-engine. The engine seen in the photo. was used by a well-known local farmer of Upchurch, a village about five miles from Sittingbourne, in Kent, its own particular function being steam-ploughing on a large scale.

"SOLICITING" WEDDING PRESENTS.

Throughout the neighbourhood of Carmarthen, and other parts of South Wales, the custom of Wedding "Biddings" prevails. A "bidding" is an invitation sent out by a couple about to be married to their friends and neighbours to solicit their attendance, and their contributions towards the purchase of articles required by the young housekeepers on entering the matrimonial state. With every useful gift of this nature is required the name and address of the donor, and is regarded as a debt to be repaid on a similar occasion when required. Needless to say, on some occasions the gifts brought forth at a "bidding" represent a very fair amount of property, and certainly afford most valuable assistance to the young couple in furnishing their cottage. A person called a "bidder" is appointed to visit the houses of friends. In the event, however, of this functionary declining the task, notices are sent out, such as the one reproduced below, for which we are indebted to Miss Hamilton, of "The Crossways," Bromley, Kent. Like many other interesting old customs this, too, is falling into desuetude; possibly, in this case, because of the obvious thanklessness of the task which the "bidder" is set, or sets himself to do.

CARMARTHEN, NOV. 20, 1830.

AS we intend to enter the *Matrimonial State*, on *Tuesday*, the 7th Day of *December* next, we are encouraged by our Friends to make a **BIDDING** on the occasion, the same Day, at the Sign of the *Three Salmons, Water Street;* when and where the favour of your good company is humbly solicited, and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us then, will be received with gratitude, and repaid with punctuality, whenever called for on a similar occasion,

By your humble Servants,

ROGER HANCOCK,
JANE DAVIES.

The young Man's Father and Mother (Edward and Jane Hancock,) Brother and Sister (Joseph and Charlotte Hancock,) desire that all Gifts of the above Nature due to them, be returned to the young Man on the said day, and will be thankful together with his Uncle and Aunt (Thomas and Mary Hancock, Three Salmons,) for all favours granted.

Also, the young Woman's Father and Mother (Daniel and Mary Davies,) and Brothers (Thomas, David, and John,) desire that all Gifts of the above Nature due to them, be returned to the young Woman on the above day, and will be thankful for all favours granted.

J. EVANS, PRINTER, CARMARTHEN.

A PRODIGIOUS PERFORMANCE.

One frequently tires of prodigies. We all know, and have been bored by, the small boy or girl who, having shown some precocity at his or her music lessons, is forthwith "forced" along at a tremendous pace by agents and impresarios in the hope that big takings will roll in the moment the latest "prodigy" has made his or her bow before a St. James's Hall audience. Now a *real* prodigy is a being to inspire wonder, whether his particular domain be music, painting, or any other of the arts, or even mere brute strength. Therefore, we have the more pleasure in showing a direct reproduction from what may truly be termed the most prodigious performance on record —an absolutely faithful copy of Dürer's masterpiece by a thirteen-year-old child. This monument of patience and technical skill is the work of the celebrated German engraver Johann Wierix, when only thirteen years of age. It is a copy of the famous engraving of St. Jerome (by Albert Dürer). This well-known work of Dürer's, in its accurate rendering of detail and minute finish, has never been surpassed. One is, therefore, the more surprised that a boy only thirteen —or, indeed, anyone of maturer age and ability — should have voluntarily undertaken the stupendous task of copying it, and that such a remarkable result should have been attained. The size of the original is 8in. by 10in., but our reproduction gives an excellent idea of this wonderful work.

A STREAM CHOKED WITH BUTTERCUPS.

Really it is something to be thankful for that so many people photograph nowadays, from the explorer in untrodden countries to the humble member of a local field-club. Photos. are such an admirable record of the strange and curious in Nature and elsewhere. Here is a photo. showing a wonderfully extensive bed of the common water-buttercup (*ranunculus aquatilis*). It will be seen in the photo. that the whole surface of the little stream is filled with one mass of flowers, growing so closely together and so densely luxuriant as altogether to hide the water. And this extraordinary wealth of flowers extends a considerable way past the spectator in the foreground, and far beyond the little bridge in the distance. This extraordinary view was taken last year in the parish of Witney, Oxfordshire, by the Rev. Arthur East, of Southleigh Vicarage, Witney.

HOUSE WRECKED BY A TREE.

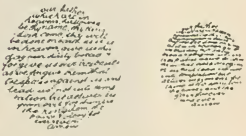
It is to Mr. C. E. Walmsley, of Rydal Road, Ambleside, that we are indebted for this photo. It shows a very interesting incident that happened during a severe gale in the Lake District about three years ago. The tree was growing only about twelve feet from the house, and had it been a few yards farther away the little cottage would certainly have been cut in two. As it was, it was very badly smashed, the tree crashing in through the room in which the old lady slept, who appears in the doorway.

A QUEER CUSTOM.

The accompanying photo. depicts the giant and "hob-nob" (or hobby-horse) of Salisbury, which have been used since the Reformation in city pageants and important processions. Before the days of policemen the citizens used to set the watch, accompanied by the giant and hobby-horse in procession. The frame of the present giant is made of wicker, and he is grotesquely robed in many colours. When carried in procession, the giant is moved by three men who walk inside of him, a fourth providing the motive power of the hobby-horse. The photo. was sent in by Mr. S. H. A. Greer, of Waldemar, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

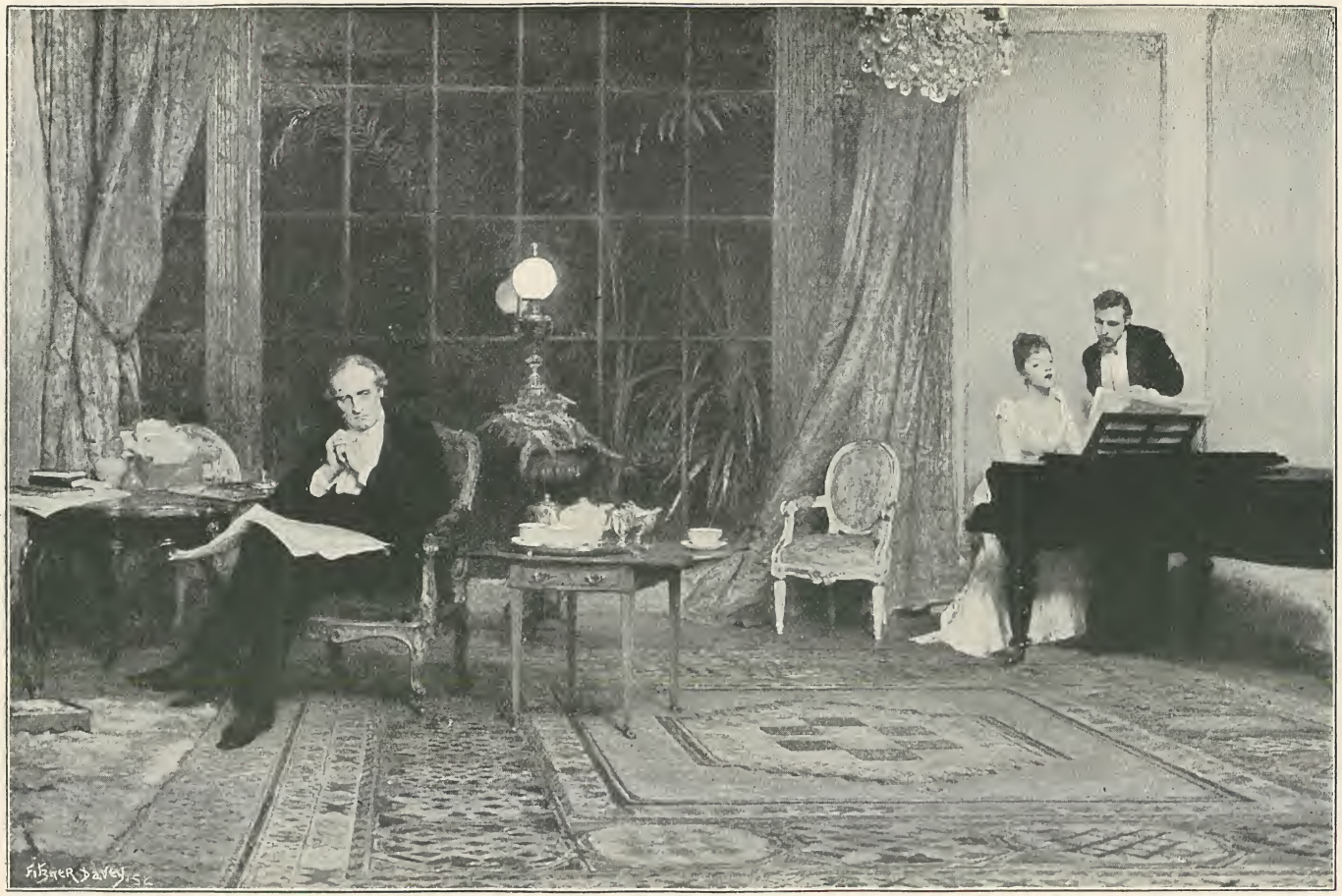
CALLIGRAPHY EXTRAORDINARY.

Of all the curious records which have attracted people's attention, perhaps none have been pursued with such assiduity as those relating to miniature penmanship. Here are reproduced two very interesting examples done by Mr. A. E. Wilson, of 2, Leicester Square, W. On the left-hand side we see the Lord's Prayer written out completely on a space which may exactly be covered by a threepenny piece. Astonishing as this performance is, it is quite eclipsed by the specimen shown on the right hand, in which a small prayer is seen written on a space three times smaller. This, in short, is the Lord's Prayer written on a scrap of paper the size of a silver penny.



A FAMOUS MINIATURE BOOK.

The small volume seen in the photograph reproduced here may well be described as one of the most extraordinary "volumes" in the world. It is known as the Jap-Ji, and contains the introductory chapter of the Adi-Granth, which is the whole of the sacred scriptures of the Sikhs of India, from the Golden Temple at Amrits-ar, in the Punjab. The Adi-Granth is copied by the priests in minute characters into this small compass, and sold, at a respectable profit, to the numerous pilgrims who visit the Temple as a memento of their visit. It will be observed throughout the whole of the East that the various priests—Buddhist, Mohammedan, and others—always improve the shining hour of the visits of tourists and pilgrims to turn a more or less honest shilling—of course, for their own especial benefit. Those who have had an opportunity of visiting the Dai-Butsu, or Great Buddha, in Japan, will remember how persistently the priest in charge worried them to be photographed—of course, for a handsome consideration—standing or sitting on the thumb of the gigantic god.



Painted by] "HER MOTHER'S VOICE." *[W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.*

From the Picture in the Tate Gallery.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xv. MAY, 1898. No. 89.

Mr. William Quiller Orchardson, R.A.

By Ralph W. Maude.

I CANNOT believe that there are many places more hideously unpicturesque than Dartford, with its grimy streets peopled with grimier people, its forbidding chimney-stacks for ever smoking, its cold, sluggish river, and its general air of poverty and dirt. Dartford suggested to my mind nothing but the struggle for existence—a place where men and women may toil for bread, and eat to toil again.

And this was where Mr. Orchardson has chosen to set up his household gods—an artist of the utmost refinement of feeling, a man with an eye always for the beautiful. I got into the pony-trap, marvelling. I had known Mr. Orchardson in many lovely neighbourhoods—at Westgate, where his ivy-covered house stood close to the sea; at Ramsbury, in Scotland. But Dartford——!

Through a succession of narrow streets we jolted, and then the scene suddenly changed. Green fields, yellow-brown haystacks, and a river flowing coyly between overhanging trees took the place of dirty streets and smoking stacks; and then, as Polly was turned sharply to the right, came Mr. Orchardson's new house, a typical English country house of that snug beauty which is the special attribute of our English homes. Hawley House, as I learned afterwards, represents different generations; part was built in the time of Edward III., another dates only from 1850, while in the year 1897 Mr. Orchardson, following the custom he always has when he makes a new home—and he is a very migratory person—built a fine, roomy studio. Mr. Orchardson was standing at the door as I drove up, and he welcomed me in that courtly, hearty manner which is part and parcel of the man.

"So you've come at last," he said, laughing, and gripping me by the hand. "What a slow train you chose!"

In the hall were Mrs. Orchardson and her youngest daughter, a great pet of the family, who, though only seven years old, has already gained renown for her skill at "nap" and double-dummy whist, in which exciting pastimes she engages her youngest brother, Gordon, whenever he is at home. Mrs. Orchardson suggests "a walk round" before luncheon, giving me strict injunctions not to take Mr. Orchardson too far.

"My wife is *very* careful of me, you see," put in Mr. Orchardson, slily, and we start off.

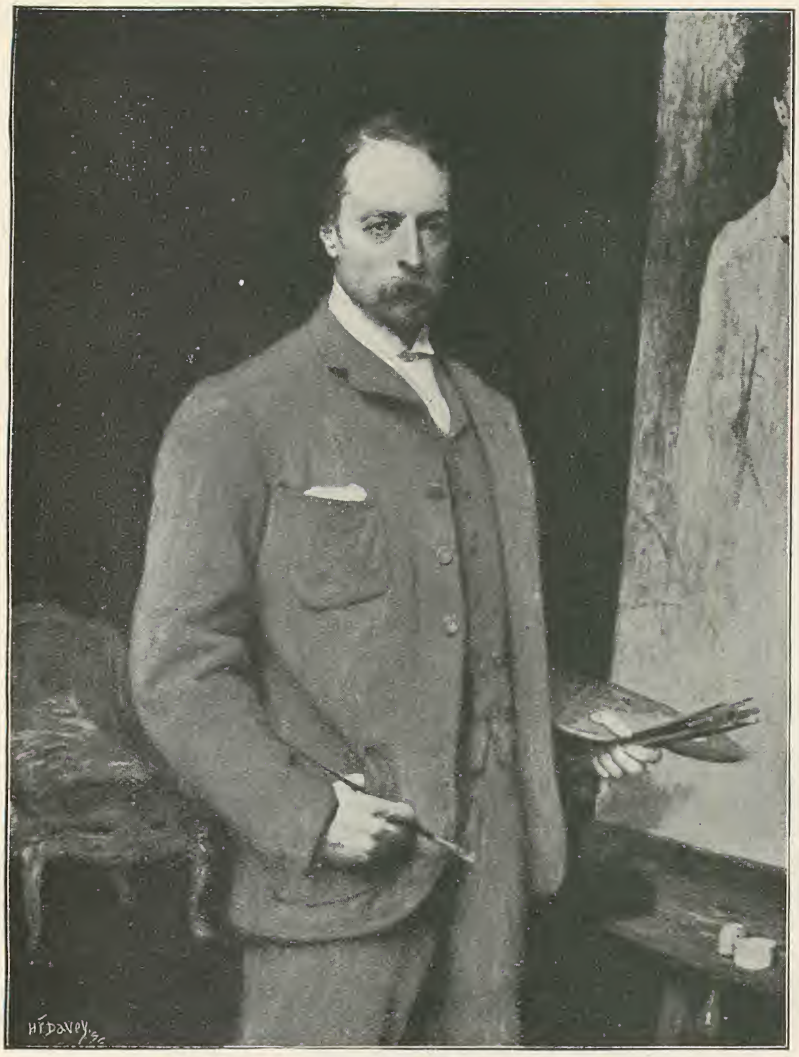
"You should have seen this house as it was when I took it. Dilapidated? I should think it was. But Mrs. Orchardson had set her heart on a two-storied house near London—and ladies must have their way, you know—so here we are. It suits me very well. You see, I've got a little bit of everything here. There's the river to fish in opposite the house, there's a little bit of shooting, and then there's golf——"

"Golf," I interrupted; "I thought you never played it."

"Well," said Mr. Orchardson, with a sly twinkle, stopping to look at Nicodemus, the pig, whose end was, I believe, not far off, judging by his size—"I didn't take to it till I got old. Tennis used to be my game. I built what was, I believe, the only open-air tennis-court at my house at Westgate, and there nearly all the best players have had matches. I got quite famous by reason of that tennis-court. I remember once, when I was at Brighton, a friend wanted to introduce me to someone, and when he brought him up, he said, 'Let me introduce you to Mr. Orchardson—the one who has the tennis-court, you know.' Curious renown, wasn't it?"

"But how do you get on with golf?"

"Oh, pretty well. But I was dreadfully disappointed at first. I played my first game at St. Andrews, and I remember I had the queerest, most solemn-looking caddie imagin-



MR. ORCHARDSON, R.A.
From the Picture by Himself in the Uffizzi Gallery, Florence.

able. I made a *fearful* mess of it at first, and the little chap looked on without a word. At last, when I had finished the round, he looked up at me in the funniest way, and simply said, 'It's nae use playin' golf unless ye lairn it as a laddie.' But I must tell you that the next day I had this same caddie, and I got on much better. I was almost annoyed with him for not praising me, for he was as silent as on the day before. But when we finished, he turned to me and said, as if resuming our last conversation, 'A'weel, a' dinna ken.'"

I wish I could reproduce Mr. Orchardson's tones as well as his words. He is a genuine Scotsman, yet there is something foreign about his manner of conversation, emphasizing, as he does, his phrases with much gesticulation. I can only account for this by the fact that an ancestor of his, from whom he gets the uncommon name of Quiller, was a Spaniard. At any rate, this foreign manner is most characteristic of the man. You notice it always, and he has all the courtly grace of the most polished Spaniard.

"I must tell you another story of St. Andrews," he went on. "You must know that there is a bunker which is locally known as 'Hell.' A parson who was playing got into this bunker one day, and could not get out of it. In the midst of his efforts, a telegram arrived for him, and a returning caddie was asked if he had seen him. 'Oo, ay,' was the reply, 'I've just left him doon in Hell, damnin' and swearin' maist awfu'.'"

We were in the garden by this time—a sweet, old-fashioned English garden, with a great, spreading cedar in the middle, and, as its most distinctive feature, a quaint Dutch pigeon-house, built in the time of William and Mary, and providing a resting-place for goodness knows how many pigeons. This pretty pigeon-house leads to a wilderness, where the fowls of the air have congregated with a vengeance, and on the right of this is the kitchen-garden. From the garden we went to the front of the house and across the road to the river, which Mr. Orchardson

means to make one of the best trout streams in England. There is nothing he cares for so much as fishing, though he is a good all-round sportsman.

"I used to hunt a good deal at one time," he told me in the course of our stroll, "but, like tennis, I've given it up. What jolly times we used to have, and what stories I could tell you. I can remember one which might amuse you. I was out one day when the going was very heavy, and I had a nasty fall, though I was not seriously hurt. But a friend of mine came riding up to see how I was, and when he got near he went as white as a sheet. 'What is the matter?' I said. 'Good heavens, Orchardson!' he said, in tones of deepest solemnity, 'your brains have come out!' It turned out to be mud and blood! Not complimentary, eh?"

"IN THE CONSERVATORY."
Painted by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.—By permission of Mrs. Joseph.

As we strolled along the bank of the river we came upon Mr. Orchardson's eldest son, who has followed his father's profession and is doing very well at it. He was painting a landscape, and as we looked at the work Mr. Orchardson pointed out a defect or two and threw out a suggestion here and there.

"It is very funny, but Charlie developed his turn for painting quite late, as it were, in life. He's not terribly old now, but what I mean is that, when he was a boy, we would have laughed at the idea of his becoming a painter. However, with years of discretion came a desire to be an artist—and here you see he is."

It might be mentioned here that young Mr. Orchardson took the Creswick prize at the Academy schools this year, so that he bids fair to do credit to his father's name. He is the only one of Mr. Orchardson's children who have developed artistic talent. Miss Orchardson plays exceedingly well on the piano, and is a pupil of Mr. Oscar Beringer. She practises many hours a day on the beautiful Bechstein, which her father had specially built for her. Then

the second son is learning to be an engineer, and the two other boys seem to have no desire to set down their impressions of life on canvas, for the one told me that he meant to be a brewer, and the other that his desire was for soldiering. As he is called Gordon, after the great General, he is well named. The little girl, Sheila, beyond a passion for the card-table, does not appear to have developed any particular turn as yet. Perhaps she is destined to become another Sarah Battle!

MISS SHEILA ORCHARDSON.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

A bell, which Mr. Orchardson calls "the chapel bell," drove us from the fields to luncheon, and on going into the dining-room I had an opportunity of admiring the old hall—the oldest part of the house—with a low, oak-beamed ceiling, and the walls covered with old-gold canvas and dark panelling. The house is one of the most beautifully decorated I have ever seen; not ostentatiously, but with exquisite taste. The panelling in the passage is white, but the old-gold canvas is to be seen on the walls as well, which are hung with engravings of Mr. Orchardson's and other artists' pictures. As I went in to lunch, I noticed one particularly interesting sketch by Mr. Abbey of Mr. John Hare, after his return from America, his pockets bulging with gold, and in his right hand a trophy of American hearts. The sketch was done at the Kinsmen's Club, of which Mr. Orchardson is a member, and is a capital caricature. In the dining-room, and facing me as I sat at luncheon, was a good portrait of Mr. Orchardson, by Mr. Tom Graham, and when I asked my host about it he said:—

MR. ORCHARDSON AT THE AGE OF 30.
From a Photo. by Hubbard & Co., Oxford Street.

"You know, Tom Graham, poor Pettie, and I came to London together from Edinburgh, and set up a bachelor establishment in Fitzroy Square. Pettie made one strict rule—neither of us was to get married. And, of course, poor Pettie broke the rule first. I followed shortly afterwards, but Tom Graham has remained a bachelor to this day. Tom was here only the other day, and we had a good laugh over the old times."

"I often laugh when I think of you in those days," put in Mrs. Orchardson.

Mr. Orchardson smiled mysteriously as he opened the door for her to go out.

"Tell me about the day when you first came to London," I asked, as we sat down again. "Did you arrive with the proverbial half-crown in your pocket?"

"I'm afraid I didn't," replied Mr. Orchardson. "I am very sorry for your sake," he added, with a chuckle, "but I didn't. Mine is a most unromantic history. I have never starved nor sold a picture for a pair of trousers. It is a pity, isn't it—for the sake of the interview; but there it is."

"In fact," I suggested, "yours was a case of *veni, vidi, vici?*"

"What do you expect me to say?" was all the answer I got. "Come and have a game of billiards in the studio."

As we went through into the studio I stopped to look at some of the engravings in the passage. One of these was of the picture "Hard Hit," which has been among the most popular of Mr. Orchardson's pictures, and is, in the opinion of many, his best work.

"Do you see all those cards?" he said, noticing what I was looking at. "Well, you will hardly believe what a number of packs I strewed on the floor of the studio to get that effect. I bought twenty packs at first, thinking that they would be quite enough; but they made no show at all. I had to use fifty to get what I wanted!"

"How did you arrive at the title 'Hard Hit'?" I asked.

"Oh, that's rather curious. The man who sat for the hero—if you can call him a hero—of the picture was rather fond of cards himself. One day, when he came into the studio, I noticed that he looked a little depressed. 'What is the matter?' I asked him. 'I was awfully hard hit last night,' he answered. 'By Jove,' I said, jumping up with delight, 'I've got it at last. Hard hit, of course.' That is how the picture came to be so called. I remember, too, a story connected with the picture. It was at the private view of the Academy, and, as I was walking round, I noticed a short and very excitable foreigner making towards me. It was poor Pellegrini, the great caricaturist. He came up to me very red in the face, and brandishing his stick. 'Halloa,' I said, wondering what could have come to him. He took no notice of my remark, but, still brandishing his stick, said, 'Mr. Orchardson, if I thought that by killing you I could paint a picture like yours, I would stab you to the heart.' It was the greatest compliment I could have had."

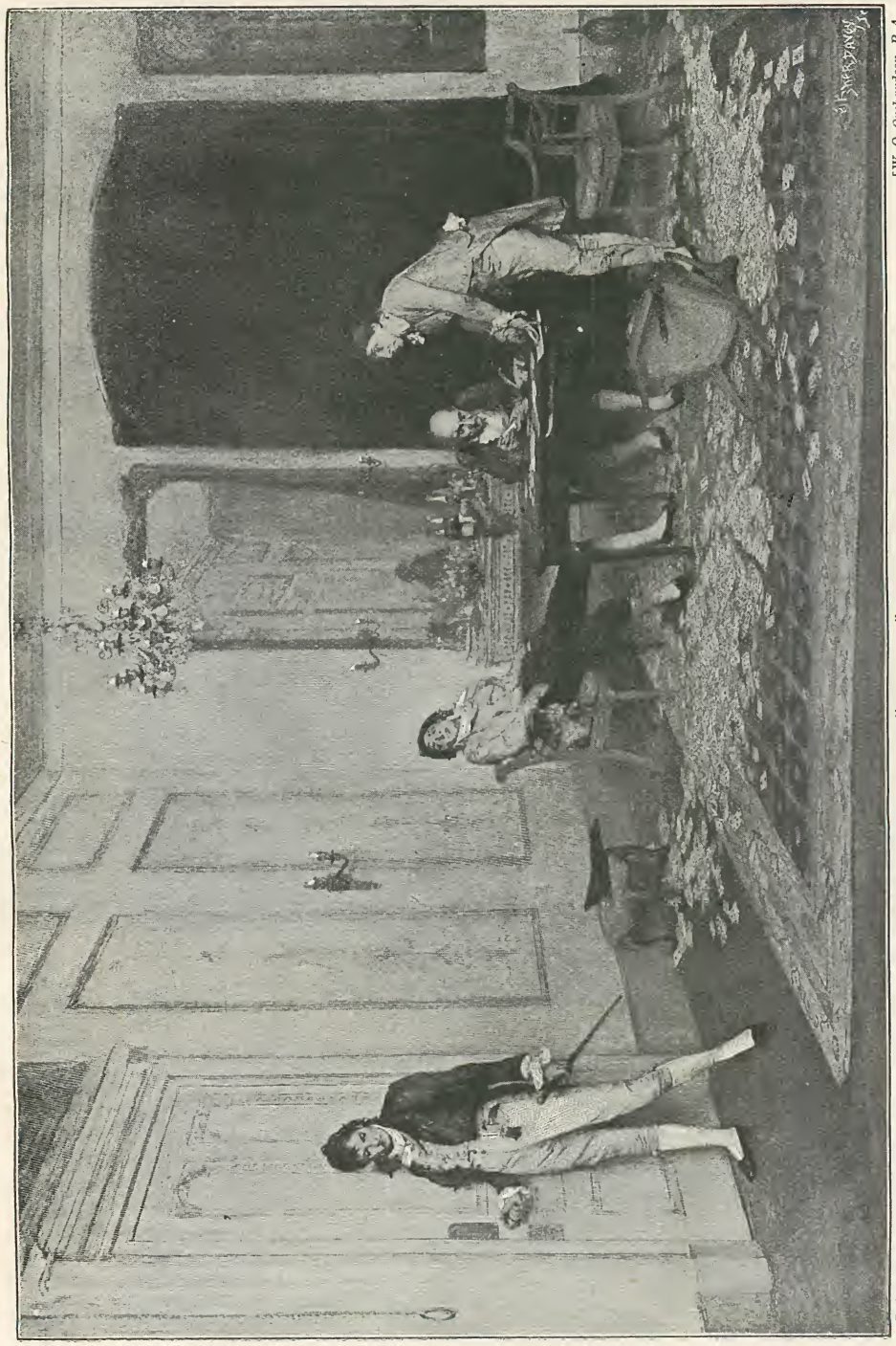
"Did you know Pellegrini well?"

"No; only slightly. A curious chap, he was. Have you heard that story that is told of him when he was dying? No? Well,

"MASTER BABY." (MRS. ORCHARDSON AND HER YOUNGEST SON, GORDON.)
Painted by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

the poor fellow was very near his end when some great friend came in to see him. Pellegrini was half asleep, and, as the friend noticed a pile of dirty shirts in a corner of the room, he thought he would take the opportunity of having them cleared away, and so make the room more comfortable. He rang the bell, and the servant appeared; but just as she was beginning to gather the shirts in her arms, Pellegrini woke. He started up in the bed very excitedly, in spite of his weakness. 'Don't do that,' he whispered, 'don't do that; don't take away my sketches!' The poor fellow used to take notes on his cuffs. I always think that is such a pathetic story."

At the risk of being wearisome, I must

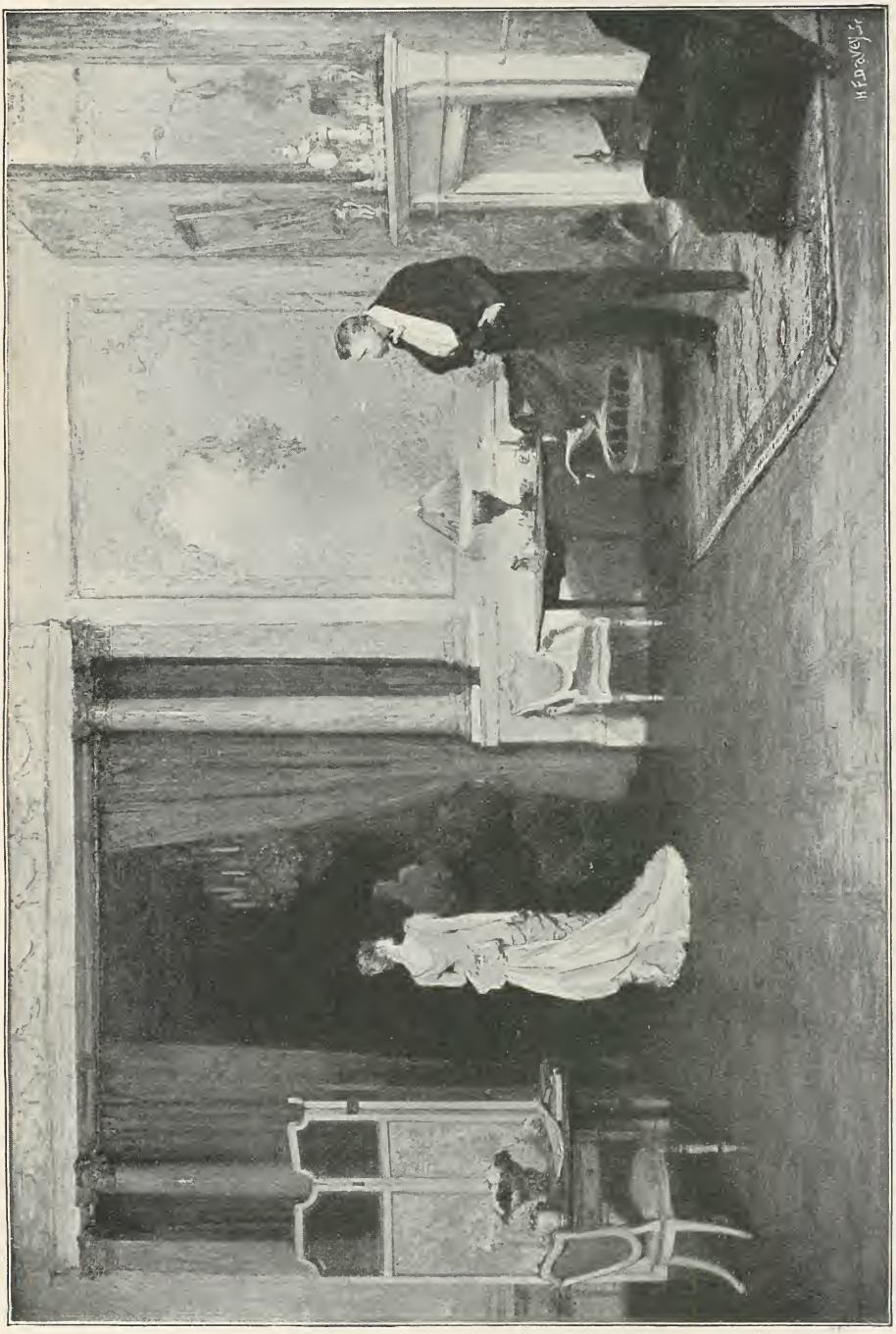


Painted by] "HARD HIT." [W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

By permission of Humphrey Roberts, Esq., owner of the Copyright.

"MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE, VIBRATES IN THE MEMORY."
Painted by W. Q. Orchardson.—By permission of Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co., owners of the Copyright.

again remark on Mr. Orchardson's charm of manner. He is not the least bit of a "humbug"; he is courteous because it is his nature to be so. He is the most modest and retiring of men; avoiding publicity. "There is nothing I dislike so much as being interviewed, though, curiously enough, I have suffered under it quite recently; but then it was a lady, and now it is an old friend, and to neither can I refuse anything," he told me when I first suggested it to him; and, as he told me afterwards, this is the first time that he has undergone the operation. Mr. Orchardson, too, is not a society man, nor a club man; he is a "home" man. Nothing is more delightful to him than to be with his wife and children at Hawley House, where he now spends his happiest days. Mrs. Orchardson is his constant companion, reading to him all the best books of the day while he paints in the morning, and often accompanying him on his fishing expeditions in the afternoon. Since knowing Mr. Orchardson, I have often thought that his own happy home-life must have made him feel all the more strongly the bitterness of such



[Painted by] "THE FIRST CLOUD." [W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

From the Picture in the Tate Gallery.

"TROUBLE."
Painted by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.—By permission of James Ogston, Esq.

existence as that shown in his pictures—"A Marriage of Convenience," "The First Cloud," etc. But retiring and modest as Mr. Orchardson is, he carries neither quality to excess. Like every true artist, he is conscious of his own power, and like every true gentleman, he knows his duty to society. He is immensely popular, and his opinion is the more valued in that it is but seldom expressed. Of his own work, it is most difficult to make him talk; and he never courts admiration of it. If he thinks you care for pictures, he is glad to show you his, but he would rather not. The one thing he is, perhaps, most sensitive about is his work when it is unfinished. The people are few who can say that they have seen an "Orchardson" uncompleted; even his own children are not welcome in the studio while their father is at work.

"I have got nothing to show you in the studio here," he said, as we walked through the beautiful drawing-room, a thoroughly "Orchardsonian" room—if I may coin a

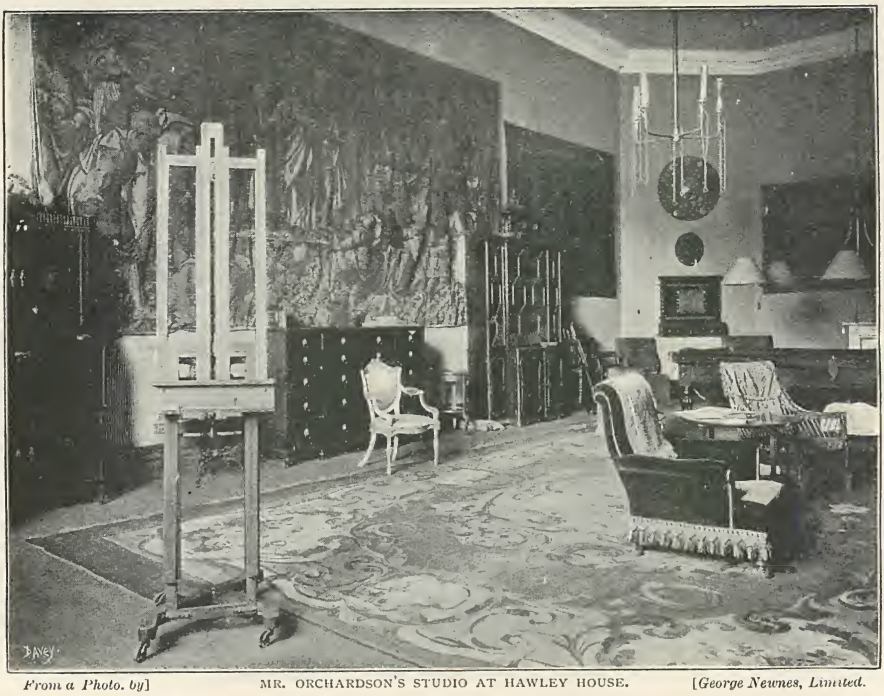
word—and reminding me of none more than that shown in the picture, 'Her Mother's Voice.' "My portrait of Lord Peel is in the studio at Portland Place."

"And the 'Four Generations' picture?" I asked, thinking that the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE would be interested to hear about this great work which Mr. Orchardson is executing for the Royal Agricultural Society, and in which the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and little Prince Edward are to figure.

But Mr. Orchardson would tell me little or nothing about it.

"It will be the largest picture I have ever painted," was all the rest of the information I could gain.

From the drawing-room we passed into the morning-room, in which is the beautiful



From a Photo. by] MR. ORCHARDSON'S STUDIO AT HAWLEY HOUSE. *[George Newnes, Limited.*

Bechstein piano—Mr. Orchardson's present to his eldest daughter—and several interesting portraits; one of Mrs. Orchardson, another of Miss Orchardson, and a third of Mrs. Orchardson's father. The morning-room is quite the family sitting-room; and, as we passed through, little Miss Sheila was doing mild battle—this time with hands and arms, not cards—with her young brother, Gordon.

The studio is a very large, light, handsome room, and looks very "workmanlike." It is but little decorated—only a large tapestry hangs on the wall facing the fire-place, and there are one or two engravings of Titians in other parts of the room. At one end is the billiard-table, and the other is devoted to easels, which, when I was there, were quite untenanted.

"Ladies always amuse me when they first come into a studio," said Mr. Orchardson, chalking his cue. "They always look round and say, 'Oh, what a lovely room for a dance!' It never seems to occur to them that it might be useful for anything else. But, have a cigar. I don't smoke myself, but I'm sure you do."

After our game of billiards, we sat down by the fire to chat. It was some time before I could get Mr. Orchardson to talk on the subject which, after all, must be nearest his heart, but at last I partially succeeded. We discussed the different schools of art, and he spoke highly of the Academy teaching.

"The French schools tend to destroy individuality; the English, with all its faults, leaves that alone," he said. "Ah, I know what you are going to say, that at the Academy there are too many masters. That is true, in a sense. But I really think that it is only the duffer who will get muddled by having different masters. Your real good man is able to take what is best—the cream—of each, and, at the same time, to strike

"THE QUEEN OF SWORDS."
Painted by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.—By permission of The Fine Art Society, Limited.

out a line for himself. No doubt, for the duffer, the Academy schools are not good. But, then, who cares about the duffer? Do we want him, eh?"

Tea was brought in as we sat talking by the glow of the firelight. In the next room we could hear Miss Orchardson playing a sonata; the children were shouting and laughing with delight in the garden, and Mrs. Orchardson came running in to "officiate," looking at me, so I imagined, with a somewhat doubtful air, as though wondering whether I had tired her husband unmercifully. "Mr. Orchardson never knows when he is tired," she said, smiling half apologetically, "but *I* do."

"I have still got the energy of youth, though my wife does not quite believe that," said Mr. Orchardson, with his hearty laugh.

"Were you very energetic then?" I asked.

"My dear fellow, I need only tell you that my first picture of any importance was painted in three days. There is not much of a story. I had first begun a picture representing Wishart on his way to take the Sacrament, and I had, as I always do, painted first the head on the canvas, and nothing more. A friend came in to see me, and noticing this beginning, asked me why I did not send it to the Scottish Academy. 'I will,' I said. 'But you have only three days,' he told me. 'Never mind, I'll do it,' I said. And I did."

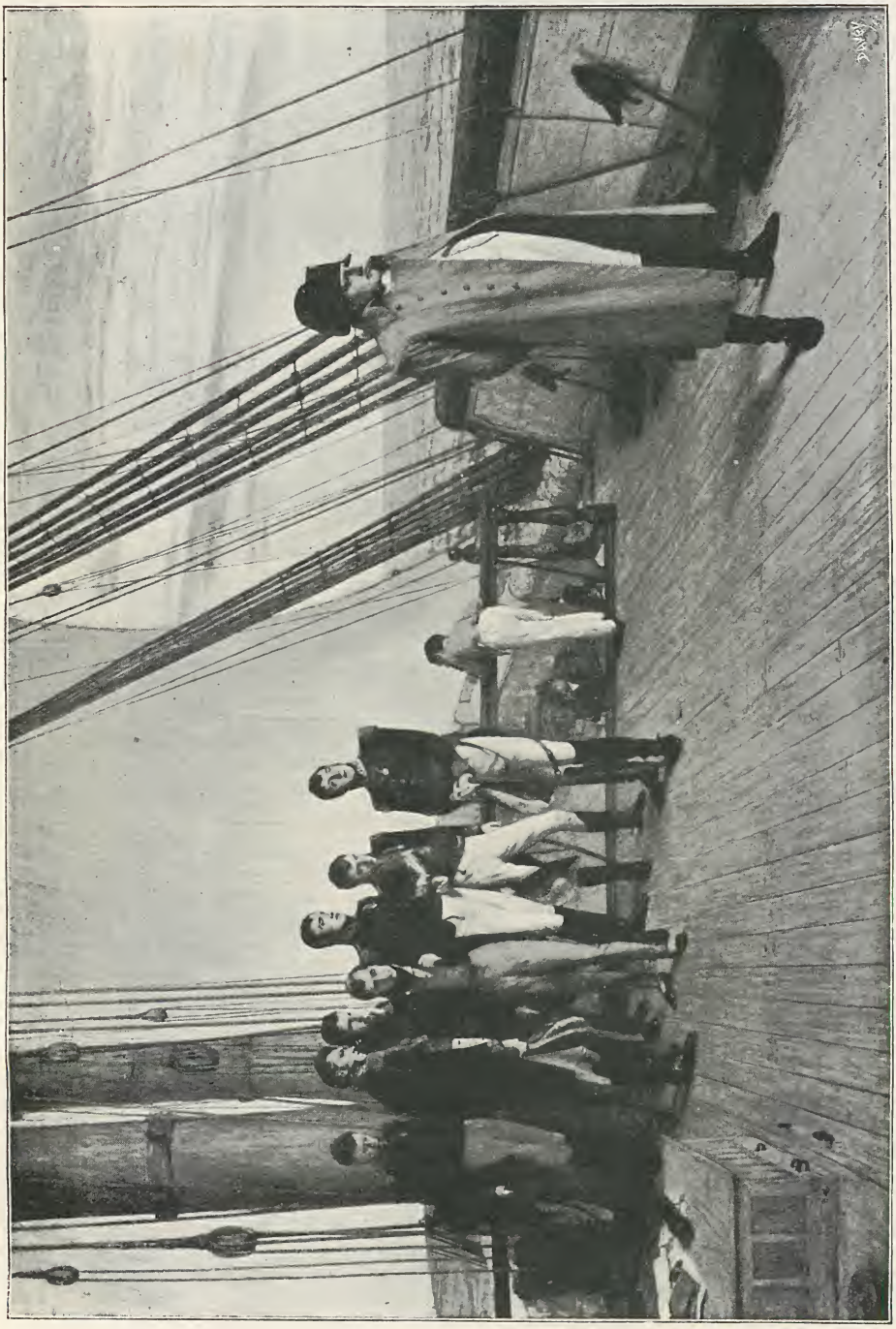
"In three days?"

"Yes; I worked at it night and day for three days, and I finished just in time. It was exhibited and sold; and, curiously enough, when I was in Dundee last I met the gentleman who bought it. He asked me to come and see it once again, and when I did I was astonished at the amount of detail I had been able to put into it. In those three days the picture was absolutely *finished*."

"What made you think of painting your Napoleonic pictures?" I queried, as the servant took away the tea.

"Oh, Napoleon, like all great men, was a hero of mine. One can't help admiring genius, can one? But, by the way, you know my picture of Napoleon on the *Bellerophon*, which is now in the Tate Gallery? Well, when the idea of doing it came to me, I was determined, if possible, to get my background from the original ship. So Mrs. Orchardson and I went down to Portsmouth to see the Admiral there, and I asked him if he knew whether the *Bellerophon* still existed. He did not know, but made inquiries which resulted in the information that there was a *Bellerophon* in the harbour. But she turned out to be a modern vessel, and I had to make my sketches from the *Victory*."

The growing darkness, and the sound of wheels on the gravel outside, warned me that it was time for my departure. Mr. and Mrs. Orchardson came to the door to see me off.



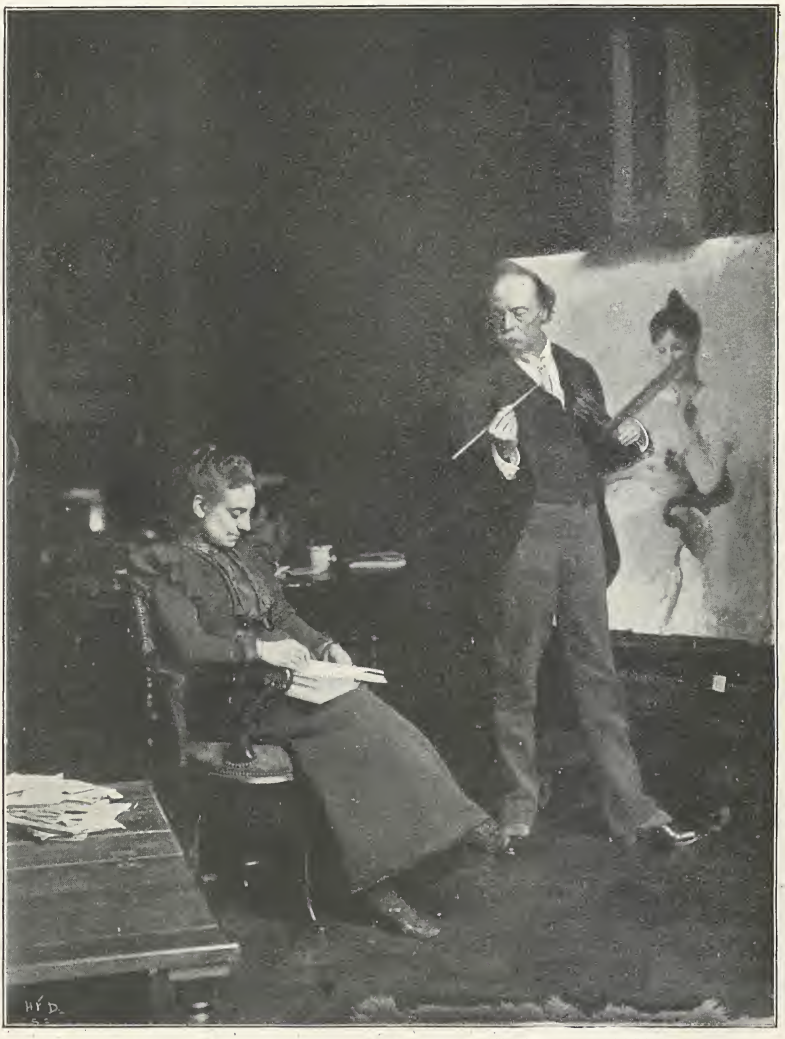
"NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE 'BELLEROPHON.'"

From the Picture in the Tate Gallery. Purchased by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest.

Painted by [*W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.*

"Don't you think you'd much better not write anything about me?" he called out, as I drove off. And then, as the carriage turned into the road, I heard him shout: "Come and see me at Portland Place next week."

Needless to say, I availed myself of this kind invitation. Much as I had been delighted with Mr. Orchardson's country house, his home in Portland Place is even more beautiful, though in a far severer style. Nothing could exceed the taste of the decorations of the handsome dining-room, in which a beautiful example of the late John Pettie's work hangs, close to an early portrait by Mr. Orchardson. The studio, too, though not so large as the one at Dartford, is infinitely more handsome.

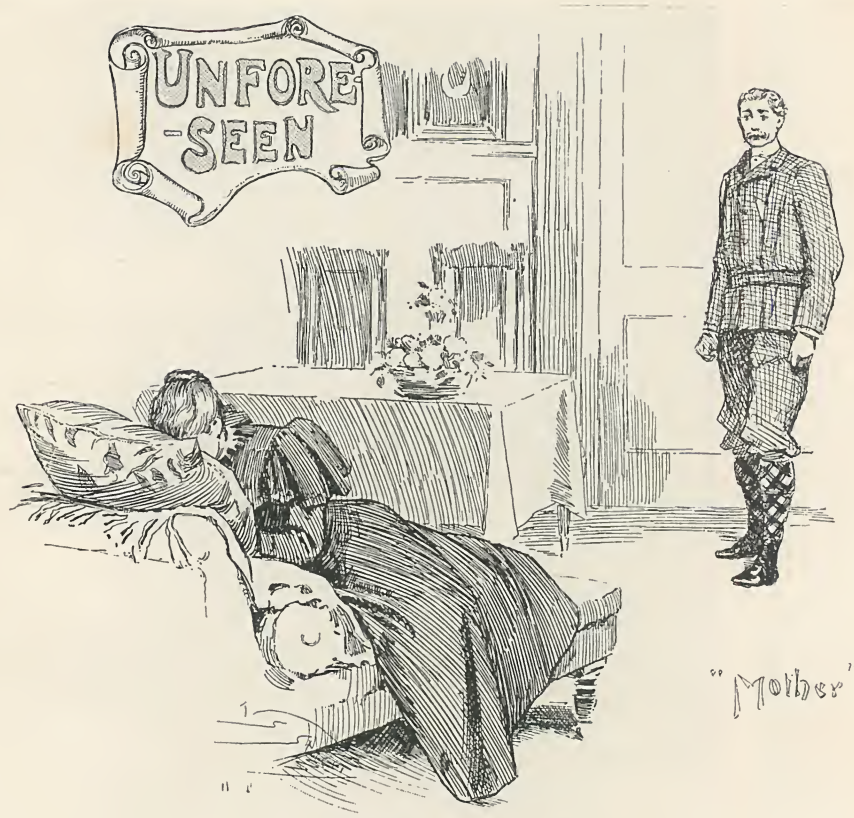


MR. AND MRS. ORCHARDSON IN THE STUDIO AT PORTLAND PLACE.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

No wonder that people who have sat to the artist in this delightful studio have declared that the hours so spent have been among their most delightful. The great artist keeps up a continual flow of conversation with his sitters, never letting them for a moment fall into a stiff, unnatural pose; and this can present no great difficulty to a man with so keen a sense of humour and such a fund of anecdote. Great as have been Mr. Orchardson's pictures, there are many who think the portraits, to which he principally devotes himself now, even greater. Take the portrait of the artist himself which is now in the Uffizzi Gallery, in Florence (see page 484) —what finer work could you have, or what better likeness?

But it is not the province of this article to criticise Mr. Orchardson's work. One of the greatest artists living—*the* greatest, in many people's opinion—he is also one of the most popular. At the Tate Gallery, his "Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*" and "Her Mother's Voice" are always surrounded by sympathizing lookers. For his is not only great art; it is work which goes straight to the heart and plays upon the strings.

And all the personality of the man is in his pictures—all the refinement, the gentleness, the grace.



By Mrs. E. Newman.

"GOT a good word for one and all, young Master Anson has. Did you mind him wi' old Jerry?" said one of the loungers outside the Deepdale railway station. His eyes were turned upon a young man who had just emerged from the station, and had stopped on his way to the dog-cart awaiting him to say a kindly word to an outside porter, slipping something into his hand as he spoke.

"Aye, aye, like his father before him!" chimed in another. "Comes of a good old stock, Master Anson does."

Maurice Anson gave a word of greeting to the smiling groom; a critical glance and appreciative pat to the mare; and sprang up to his seat. A shake of the reins, and the impatient animal started forwards; the groom swinging himself up to the seat behind.

"All well at the Hall, Edwards?" said Maurice over his shoulder.

The question had been put without any misgiving as to the reply. Before leaving his rooms in town that morning, he had received a letter from his young sister written in eager anticipation of his coming, and full of cheery home-chat.

"Yes, sir."

"Anyone staying at the house?"

"No, sir. Mr. Lytham came down this morning, but he has just gone. I drove him to meet the two o'clock train, and waited on for you."

"Lytham!" mused Anson. "What did he find it worth while to come here about? He is not usually so lavish of his moments. Had some business to transact in the town, I suppose, and thought he might as well make it an occasion to charge us with a visit. A keen eye to the main chance, has old Lytham."

Maurice Anson had run down to spend a few weeks with his mother and sister; and, it must be added, for the shooting season just about to begin. A fine young fellow of seven or eight and twenty, possessing means ample enough to satisfy his somewhat extravagant tastes, and with a good position in the

county, having succeeded to a fine estate and large income on the death of his father three or four years previously. He had rooms in town, London having its attractions for one whose life was at its fever height, although he had not yet lost his appreciation of the old home and country pursuits.

The familiar objects they were whirling by were looking their best in the bright sunshine and clear, crisp air of early autumn, and Maurice was in the mood to appreciate it all. High-spirited, generous, kind-hearted, and on very good terms with himself and the world —about which he knew less than he imagined —it was not perhaps very surprising if he was inclined to agree with his friends that Maurice Anson was one of the best of good fellows.

Now chatting to the groom, now giving a nod and smile or cheery word to some wayfarer they passed on the road; now dwelling pleasantly on the thought of the welcome awaiting him, the five miles' drive was got over quickly and agreeably enough.

As he drove in at the great gates of the park flung wide to receive him, he said a kindly word to the curtsying woman at the lodge, made a demonstration with his whip which had no terrors for the smiling five-year-old urchin clinging to her skirts, and drove up the avenue, bordered on each side by a triple row of old elms, from which the rooks seemed to be cawing their welcome.

Yes; life was worth living to Maurice Anson

"The mother and Gerty will be waiting for me out there as usual," he was thinking as they drove into the carriage-sweep before the house, and turned his eyes towards the upper terrace. Somewhat to his surprise, he saw only the old butler standing in the doorway.

Maurice flung the reins to the groom and sprang up the steps. But the cheery greeting to which he was about to give words died upon his lips. What made the old man look at him in that way — Saunders, who had hitherto always had a smiling welcome for his young master? He had lived nearly all his life in the family, and his face would hardly be wearing that expression if all were well with them.

"Where——" he began, in a faltering voice.

"My mistress is in the morning-room, sir," gravely put in Saunders.

Hurriedly crossing the great square hall, adorned with many a trophy of the skill and prowess of his ancestors, Maurice turned the handle of a door opening from it, and entered the morning-room—a room as luxuriantly furnished, if in somewhat out-of-date fashion, as wealth could make it.

Closing the door behind him, he took a step or two forwards, and then stood still, all colour deserting his face. Bowed down, as though in the abandonment of despair, reclined a slight, delicate woman of about fifty years of age, her face buried in the pillows of the couch.

"Mother!"

She looked up and slowly rose to meet him, brushing away her tears and making a brave attempt to smile as she held out both her hands towards him. "Maurice — my boy!"

He took her cold, trembling hands in his own strong, steady grasp, looking anxiously into her white, drawn face.

"Why, mother, what has come to you? What's the trouble?" Adding, with increased gravity, after a quick glance around: "Where's Gerty?"

"No, no; not that; she is well, dear, only —oh, my son, my son!"

He drew her gently to the couch again. "What a fright you gave me. If you and Gerty are all right, there can't be anything very serious for me to hear. Come, come, mother, this is not like you," he went on, striving to speak lightly. "Out with it: Floss broken her leg—Rover eaten one of the canaries?"

"Maurice—ah, how can I tell you? Mr. Lytham has been here."

"Well, Edwards told me that much. But there can be nothing to disturb us in his coming. We are not in Lytham's power nor likely to be."

"He brought news—bad news."

"Woodly won't turn out, and the farm going to ruin? I expected it would come to that; but we must——"

"Oh, no, no—worse, a thousand times!"

"Tell me the worst, whatever it is, mother."

"Mr. Lytham thinks—that is, he says——"

"What?"

"There is another claimant for—the—property!"

"*Our* property, do you mean? We shall very quickly dispose of such a claim as that."

"Mr. Lytham says he did not come to us until he had made quite sure. But he always had his doubts, and would not have been surprised had the discovery been made years ago."

"What discovery, mother?"

"Dear Maurice, it appears that your uncle's son did not die when he was a child, as we all

believed. Your uncle was an invalid at the time, and moving about from place to place, in the hope that he might derive benefit from change. He stated in one of his letters that the boy was lying at the point of death; and the next time we heard it was from a different place, informing us that the child was dead and buried. Shortly afterwards, your father was summoned to his brother's death-bed, and he himself came into the property. There was not the slightest difficulty made; and it is not likely that the widow would have allowed another to take the place of her son, had he been living. But she made no sign, although she survived her husband more than a year, and accepted the liberal allowance your father made her."

"Of course, she would have claimed had she had the right to do so. What motive could she have for acting otherwise?"

"Well, as Mr. Lytham pointed out, she was not *quite*, you know, and there had been very little intercourse between us. Mr. Lytham believes that she never forgave your father for endeavouring to prevent his brother marrying her, and that she was only biding her time, intending to spring the knowledge of her son's being alive upon us later on. But she died suddenly, and it has just been discovered that Reginald Anson is alive and —and—of course, as your uncle's heir, he takes everything."

"I shall want to know a great deal more than that. What evidence is there to prove the boy lived?"

"Mr. Lytham says he never lost sight of him. A sum of money was placed at his disposal by your uncle for the maintenance and education of the boy."

"He must have known all the time, then! How dared he keep the knowledge from us?"

"He says he had not the slightest suspicion that the boy was the real heir, quite believing from the fact of his being provided for in that way that he had no legal claim."

"How does he say he discovered the boy to *be* the heir?"

"Through the old nurse in whose care he was placed by the mother. Mr. Lytham says he is in possession of the proofs, and verified them before coming here."

Maurice Anson could not shut his eyes to the fact that the evidence was strong. He stood gazing straight before him at a fine castle falling into ruins. Worse than this, he saw that the fair woman it had delighted him to picture to himself as reigning there was lost to him. It was not for him to dream such dreams now. If what he had heard was true, he would be a beggar, with a delicate mother and sister, accustomed to every luxury in life, dependent upon him.

"There is my little to share amongst us, Maurice."

He looked at her with miserable eyes. Two hundred a year! Well, they might learn to be glad even of that little. Presently he said, a little huskily: "I suppose we shall have to give up everything and turn out of here at once."

"It is very terrible for you. But Mr. Lytham says your cousin is desirous of doing anything you will allow him to do, and that he will——"

"Why did not Lytham wait to see me? You told him I should be down to-day, did you not?"

"Yes, but I think he rather shrank from the ordeal of breaking the news to you. He seems really sorry for us, Maurice; and so he says is your cousin, who has only just been informed that he is the heir."

"It has certainly been to Lytham's interest to do his best for us—so far; and I don't see that he can have any motive for acting less than honourably now; but—is he coming down again soon? What does he propose?"

"He thinks it would be best for your cousin to come down here for a few days, so that we may become acquainted, and the matter settled as amicably as possible. He says Reginald is very desirous of making things easy for us."

"Easy!"

The door opened, and a young girl came slowly and hesitatingly into the room. Gertrude Anson had been brought up in the sunshine of prosperity without losing her sympathy for those less fortunate; nor, as time would show, her capability of endurance. Naturally frank, bright, and debonair, there was just now a troubled expression on her fair young face, and her grey eyes were turned anxiously towards her brother. The shadow in them was partly dispelled as she saw how quietly he seemed to be bearing the blow.

"Dear Maurice," she murmured, going to his side. "I knew you would be brave."

He looked at her silently for a moment, and saw how little she guessed what was raging in his mind; then replied, with assumed carelessness: "Rather a come-down for us, is it not? We shall need all the courage we can muster to face it. When is he to come here, mother?"

"Mr. Lytham thought the sooner it was got over the better," replied Mrs. Anson, a little nervously and hesitatingly. "He said

something about to-morrow, if he does not hear from you to the contrary."

"To-morrow! Oh, well, yes; since it has to be."

"How hard it is for him, after being so long led to believe that everything was his—how terribly hard!" ejaculated Mrs. Anson as her son, feeling no longer capable of controlling himself, quitted the room.

Since the blow had fallen upon them that morning the mother and daughter had, in their great anxiety for him, thought only of what it would mean to Maurice; and both were feeling already not a little prejudiced against the man who was to take his place in the house with which was associated all that was best in their lives.

When, some twenty years previously, the elder of the two brothers died, Maurice's father had succeeded to the property. He had just begun to make his way at the Bar; but on coming into the estate he had taken up his residence at the Hall and lived the life of a country squire, spending the large income as it came to him. His son had done the same—there seemed, indeed, no necessity to economize—consequently there would now be but a bare pittance left to them.

What was the heir like?—how would he be inclined towards them?—were the thoughts that engrossed their minds. Would he feel aggrieved at being so long kept out of his rights? Would he blame them for not having used more effectual means to obtain evidence of his death?—or would he be sorry for them, and inclined to judge leniently? They did their best to conceal their anxiety from each other; but, although as yet no word had been spoken in the house, trouble was felt to be in the air—the very servants suspecting that some grave crisis was at hand.

When, the following morning, Reginald Anson was ushered into the room, the three awaiting him there had their feelings sufficiently under control to receive him with due courtesy. It was quickly recognised that the dreaded visitor was not, at any rate, inclined to assert himself. He seemed, indeed, not only embarrassed by the position he found himself in, but very averse to it, and desirous of effacing himself as much as possible. He introduced himself so modestly, too—not to say apologetically; but puzzled them not a little by saying that Mr. Lytham had stated they had made a point of his going there that day. It was the lawyer, not they, who had suggested the time for his visit.

"REGINALD ANSON WAS USHERED INTO THE ROOM."

A tall, dark, straight-limbed young man, whose good looks—if they could be called that—were of a different type from those of Maurice. Nor was he apparently so frank and impulsive in speech and manner. He was, too, a little awkward, as one not accustomed to the society of refined women or luxurious surroundings.

Not that his awkwardness could be said to arise from lack of culture. When Maurice introduced one subject after another, as much with the hope of appearing himself at ease as

to render their visitor less embarrassed, it soon became evident that Reginald Anson had brains, and was in the habit of using them. Taking it for granted that poor Maurice's haphazard introduction of some of the graver questions of the day arose from scholarly appreciation of them, and that he was accustomed to go into such subjects, Reginald's interest was aroused, and he not a little astonished the others by the knowledge and judgment he unconsciously displayed.

As they rose from luncheon they were already beginning to find the dreaded ordeal of keeping up appearances before him less terrible than they had anticipated, feeling indeed, in spite of themselves, not a little attracted towards Reginald Anson, although they would not perhaps have admitted so much.

To get through the interval before dinner, Maurice presently proposed to show Reginald the stables, and it was a fresh blow to find that he would have to resign what he himself had so keen an appreciation of to one who seemed to lack all interest in such things.

"The truth is, my life has been rather a solitary one," said Reginald, "and I have become a grubber amongst books."

"Well, you will find our—your library here a good one. Grandfather had a hobby for collecting rare books."

"Rare books!" ejaculated Reginald, his face brightening.

"And the pictures—you would like to be introduced to your ancestors—would you not?" put in Gertrude, coming to her brother's assistance. "Many of them were painted by the best masters."

"You can show them better than I could, Gertrude," said Maurice, not a little relieved at the idea of getting a little more time to become used to the situation. "Got all their histories at your fingers' ends, haven't you?"

Preferring pictures so shown even to the library, Reginald eagerly expressed an interest in his ancestors; and Gertrude Anson presently found herself acting the part of cicerone to her newly-found cousin. Under the impression that she ought to do her best to show him that there was no prejudice against him personally, she put forth all her powers to entertain him; and how irresistible Gertrude Anson could be was only too well known to many a despairing admirer in the neighbourhood.

To him it was a revelation. For the first time he realized what the companionship of a bright, cultivated girl such as she might mean to a man. He had already found a reason for desiring to be on good terms there.

To her surprise, she did not find the task she had undertaken a difficult one, although she was unaware that the interest he displayed in her descriptions had very little to do with the portraits. She only noticed that he seemed to listen appreciatively enough to her talk about the different painters and their styles, and that was all she desired; her aim being to get through the time without touching upon the one subject.

When presently they went into the library, and he reverently examined some of the old tomes, dwelling upon their rarity and value, she found that if she had something to tell him about painting, he had a great deal to tell her about books.

The first gong sounded for dinner. "Seven!" they ejaculated, looking at each other with wondering eyes. When before had either of them found the time pass so quickly? She felt almost guilty when, as they joined her mother and Maurice, the doubt and anxiety in their faces reminded her of the situation.

In the hope of reassuring them, she confusedly attempted a little jest about their guest having more appreciation of books than of his ancestors, and his inability to recognise the portrait of his father. But she saw that she had made a mistake. Noting her mother's surprise and disapproval, and her brother's look of annoyance—not to say anger—she nervously rushed into the other extreme, becoming coldly distant in her bearing towards Reginald Anson—little suspecting what would be his interpretation of the change.

Afterwards, when the two young men were alone together in the dining-room, Maurice introduced business, although the other seemed no way inclined for the subject, doing his best to lead the conversation into other channels.

"As soon as the legal formalities are got through, you will find no obstacles in the way of taking possession," he said, a little huskily.

"Taking possession!" ejaculated Reginald. "Oh, well, you will know by-and-by. We need not talk about that now."

And when Maurice doggedly returned to the subject, going into all sorts of details connected with the estate, Reginald listened very abstractedly. None of the advantages touched upon appeared to have much attraction for him. He only replied with a few words to the effect that he had no taste for

country pursuits, and no desire to undertake the responsibilities of a landowner. "A good reference library would appeal to me more than anything besides."

"You will have that, too."

"But I am independent of it. My dear fellow, for the last three or four years I have had rooms within a few steps of the British Museum."

"Your father was a keen sportsman," presently said Maurice.

"I do not take after him, then. Luckily for me, my tastes have so far adapted themselves to my circumstances; as, naturally, your ideas have grown to the shape of this fine place. It belongs to you as it never could to me, and——"

"But you must now——"

"Try to grasp the fact that I could never live here. I shall be glad to take my father's name, because—but I need not go into that now. As I have said, I am quite unaccustomed to the life you live here; and the three hundred a year that comes to me through Lytham more than suffices for my needs."

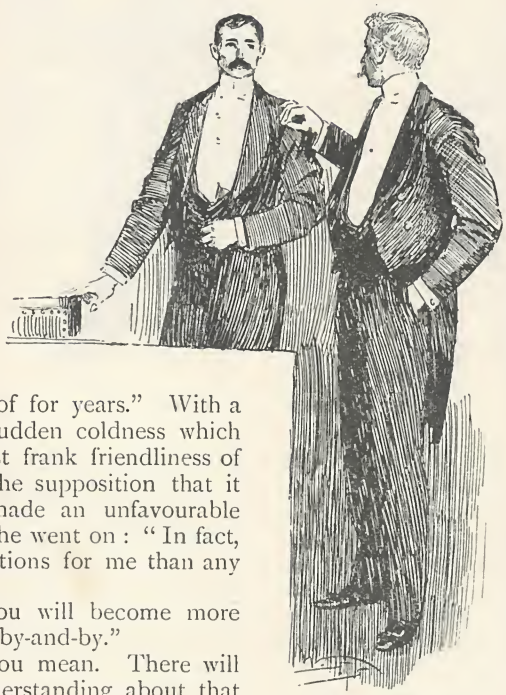
"You cannot expect to go on in the same way now. Someone must take the helm here."

"It will not be I. The whole business would bother me"; adding, as Maurice was about to protest, "The truth is, I have long been hankering to go East, and am very likely to take myself off and not be heard of for years." With a remembrance of the sudden coldness which had succeeded the first frank friendliness of Gertrude Anson, and the supposition that it meant that he had made an unfavourable impression upon her, he went on: "In fact, Syria has greater attractions for me than any other place."

"We shall see. You will become more appreciative of all this by-and-by."

"Not in the way you mean. There will have to be a clear understanding about that when Lytham arrives."

"We shall see," repeated Maurice. "One thing I am sure of, at any rate," putting his hand on the other's shoulder as they rose to go to the drawing-room, "come what may, we two shall be friends."



"WE TWO SHALL BE FRIENDS."

"You will find I shall hold you to that," said the other, with a quiet smile.

The mother and daughter, who had been anxiously speculating as to how matters were progressing in the dining-room, saw to their great relief that the cloud had somewhat lifted from Maurice's face. He presently went so far as to whisper a word to his sister to the effect that the cousin would, he believed, turn out to be a good fellow, giving her a hint to do all she could to entertain him. This she was ready enough to do; and the consequence was that by the time they separated that night Syria no longer ranked first in Reginald Anson's plans for the future.

A couple of hours or so later, Maurice was slowly making his way to his own room, knowing that there was not likely to be much sleep for him that night, when, to his surprise, he saw old Saunders emerge from the guest's room, and steal along the corridor towards the servants' quarters. "Had the old man found out how matters were, and in his attachment to the family been prompted to make some appeal on their behalf?" wondered Maurice, not a little annoyed by the thought. He went towards Reginald's room, but changed his mind and turned away. "It will be time enough in the morning," he thought.

Good impressions notwithstanding, they found it somewhat difficult to keep up the tone of the night before, reminded as they were, wherever their eyes turned, of what they had lost. The fine old park, stretching as far as the eye could reach, with its green sweeps and glades, and stately old trees; the luxuriously-furnished rooms, well-appointed table, and trained servants — none of these were theirs. Moreover, there appeared a great alteration in the bearing of Reginald himself, and this rendered them ill at ease in their fear of what it might portend.

He sat with downcast eyes, eating very little, and barely replying to their attempts at conversation. "Could Saunders have said anything to bring about this?" thought Maurice. "No." The cause of the other's abstraction must have been in the letter he found by his plate, and glanced through with knitted brows.

As they rose from the table, he said that he found it necessary to go to town that day. "I should like to catch the ten o'clock up-train, if you would kindly allow one of the men to drive me to the station."

"I THINK HE IS ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT, SIR."

"We may expect you back soon?" said Maurice, after giving the order.

"In a couple of days at most, I think."

He took leave of them in more solemn fashion than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"What had come to him?" they wondered. "Was there some new trouble in store for them? Could Saunders know anything about it after all?" speculated Maurice, his thoughts once more reverting to what he had seen.

"I saw you coming out of Mr. Anson's room last night," he began, entering the pantry. "What took you there, Saunders?"

"Took me there, sir? Oh, I thought I ought to see he had all he required, as he had not brought his man with him."

"You know who Mr. Anson is?"

"I—I—think he is one of the right sort, sir," murmured Saunders, energetically polishing away at a piece of plate he had caught up at sight of his master.

"He *has* been trying to impress the other in our favour," thought Maurice, turning away. "But that doesn't account for his going off as he did. No; it was the letter!"

On the day after his departure came a telegram stating that he was detained. Three days elapsed before he returned to the Hall; and then it was noticed that he was looking, if possible, more grave than when he had left them. He seemed to have gone through some experience so painful that its effects would never be effaced. In reply to their inquiries whether he was well, he merely replied that he had had some troublesome business to settle.

"Was it business connected with the property?" they wondered, nervously.

"But that is not enough to account for the alteration in his tone towards me," thought Gertrude, quick to note that he seemed to avoid speaking to or even looking at her now; and feeling a great deal more piqued than

she would acknowledge to herself that she was.

Saying that he expected Mr. Lytham down by the twelve o'clock train, and asking them to be present in the library when the lawyer arrived, he left them, and shut himself up in the room that had been assigned to him.

When the dog-cart which brought Mr. Lytham from the station arrived at the lodge-gate, Maurice Anson was awaiting him there. The lawyer alighted, and the two walked up the avenue together.

Eyeing Maurice somewhat curiously the while, Mr. Lytham put a few tentative questions as to how matters were progressing at the house; intimating that he had heard there had been a not unfavourable beginning.

"Oh, yes. Mr. Anson seemed favourably enough inclined towards us at the beginning. You know he has been away three days, I suppose?"

It appeared that Mr. Lytham did *not* know. But the momentary surprise, or whatever it was in his face, gave place to satisfaction when Maurice went on to say that no obstacles would be put in the way. "As soon as the formalities have been gone through, we are prepared to accept the consequences. It seems to me that the only difficulty will be to get him to take his own. He appears to have very little appreciation of the good things of life. Well for me had I as little."

The lawyer passed his hand over his mouth, glancing sideways at Maurice.

"You like him?"

"I believe he is a thoroughly good fellow."

"Then it ought to be possible to settle matters amicably."

"It won't be his fault if it isn't. But you must not forget that all this will belong to him instead of to me, and we cannot get used to the idea in a day or two. You have come down to go into explanations, I suppose? He said you would arrive by this train, and that brought me here to meet you"—mentally adding, "That, and the faint hope there might be better news for us."

"Yes, he wired to me. His telegram came from Norfolk," with another side-look at Maurice.

The two walked silently and reflectively on until they reached the house. Entering, they at once proceeded to the library. Awaiting them there were Mrs. Anson and her daughter. Their guest came into the room immediately afterwards.

There was the same grave, stern look in his face which they had noticed on his return, as his eyes turned towards the lawyer.

"You received my telegram, and are no doubt in some measure prepared for what you are going to hear."

Mr. Lytham met his eyes for a moment, and the smile died out of his own. There had, in fact, been only the one word "urgent" which could possibly arouse any suspicion. Entirely unprepared for any difficulty or trouble, he suddenly recognised that it was coming, and braced himself to meet it.

He was not kept long in suspense. Reginald seemed in no way inclined to beat about the bush.

"I requested you to meet me here this morning, because it is necessary you should be present when I make the charge I am about to make, and——"

"Charge!" ejaculated Mr. Lytham.

"A very serious one. A disgraceful fraud was about to be perpetrated, Mr. Anson," turning towards Maurice; "and although I am reluctant to think Mr. Lytham lent himself to it, I very much fear he has done so."

"You dare to say that!" exclaimed Mr. Lytham.

"Listen, and afterwards clear yourself if you can. You stated to me that the evidence in your possession as to my being heir to the property was conclusive beyond a shadow of doubt. You know the part of the story that appealed to me was the right to take my father's name; and you dwelt specially upon the proofs put into your hands by my nurse."

"I told you what I myself believed," doggedly replied Mr. Lytham, putting down his gloves and once more facing the young man.

"No."

"I can only say that before she died your nurse gave me——"

"Do not try to substitute Reginald Anson's nurse for mine. What if his nurse—who is sister to Saunders, the butler here—is still living, and it was mine who died? Inquiries supposed to be made by you on behalf of the family were managed so quietly, that Saunders did not know there had been any question as to the death of Reginald Anson until I arrived here. In a private interview I had with him, he gave me his sister's address, and with that clue I set to work to find out the truth for myself."

"Do you mean to say I knew this?"

"I have not finished, Mr. Lytham. I have also proof that you yourself obtained the register of the boy's death some time ago.

What your motive was for endeavouring to draw me into the conspiracy, I do not know. I can only suppose that it was to make money by afterwards putting the pressure upon me in the way of levying blackmail; but you should first have ascertained whether I am the material of which such tools are made."

There was a fixed, inscrutable expression in the eyes turned upon the young man. Misery, shame, anger—What was it? The others remained silent—conscious, perhaps, that this was a tragedy, and that it must be played to the bitter end.

"I can only conclude," sternly recommenced the young man, "that I am the son of one of your clients, with whom you have acted in collusion. Tell him I will take no more money through you. After leaving here to-day, I intend to go abroad and work my way in life as best I can."

"No!" burst from the old man's lips.

The others looked at him more gravely, noting the ashen pallor that had crept over his face, and the trembling of his hands. He turned his eyes pleadingly towards them.

"Stop him! He must not go!"

Maurice pushed a chair towards him, and he sank into it, looking as though he had suddenly become old and feeble.

"I must use my own judgment about that," coldly replied the young man. "It only remains for me to ask forgiveness of Mrs. Anson and her family for bringing such trouble upon them."

"Hear me! Wait! You must hear me!" desperately ejaculated the old man. "I—I—know your father, and I know it was for your sake he sinned."

"For my sake! Tell him to sin no more for my sake!"—going towards the door.

Maurice laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "I think——" He hesitated a moment; then went on, in a low voice: "There may be something else to be said."

"There can be nothing to be said which could possibly atone for the miserable wrong he intended to do you and yours." Turning scornfully upon the lawyer, he went on: "You say you know my father. Tell him I decline to know him. He is living, you say?"

"Yes," faintly.

"And he has lent himself to this shameful plot. What could be his motive in leaguing himself with such as you and for such a purpose? To get money?"

"Hush!" ejaculated Maurice, in a low voice.

"Was it to get money?" angrily repeated the young man, taking no notice of Maurice.

"He has more than enough of his own," faltered Mr. Lytham.

"Then what was it?" shortly.

"What if it was done out of his great desire to advance you—his care for you—the mad wish to give you what you have not, and what he could not give you in any other way?"

"What's that?"

"A name," slowly replied the old man, as though in reluctant obedience to the stern, compelling will of the other.

A name! The young man suddenly recollected how often he had plied the lawyer with questions, and shown what was in his own mind upon the point. He looked

"MAURICE PUSHED A CHAIR TOWARDS HIM."

searchingly at the old man's downcast face, then shrank back, paling to the lips. What the others had already guessed had suddenly flashed across his mind. He knew!

"You are my father—you!" he ejaculated, in a tone of shame and misery, which brought the lawyer's sin home to him as perhaps nothing else would have done. Conscience-stricken and humiliated, he sat with lowered eyes, not daring to meet the condemnation in his son's.

Capable of an attachment strong and deep for this one being in the world, he had schemed and contrived to enable him to rise in life, until he had not stopped short of crime. It was given him now to see that the very qualities he most admired in his son were to frustrate his schemes. This much may be said for him, he had intended making over the greater part of his own wealth—none but himself knew how much it was—to Maurice Anson. He had even calculated the possibility of a match coming about between his son and the daughter of the house, and thus keeping the two fortunes in the family, persuading himself that in the long run no real harm would come to anyone, whilst his son would gain name and position.

Another hand was laid upon Reginald's arm, and Gertrude Anson's eyes were raised pleadingly to his. "Go to him," she whispered; "forgive!"

"He has brought all this trouble upon you," he murmured, looking down into the beautiful face with miserable eyes.

"But you have taken it away; you can afford to be generous."

Reginald looked at his father; to have found him—thus! And yet—and yet, great as had been the wrong intended, it had not been planned to benefit himself. The knowledge of the motive which had prompted the deed had in some degree softened the son's heart towards him. With this came other thoughts. It was not, at any rate, for him to turn his back upon his erring father.

Maurice took the initiative. Turning towards the bowed figure, he said, "Let bygones be bygones between us, Mr. Lytham."

"For your son's sake," put in Mrs. Anson, somewhat coldly, not quite so ready, as were Maurice and her daughter, to forget.

The condemnation in her tone reacted upon Reginald in his growing pity for his father. "We must get away from here, and make what reparation we can afterwards."

"We?" The old man looked eagerly up. "*We!*"

"Come what may, my place is by your side—father."

Maurice quietly drew his mother and sister from the room, leaving the father and son together.

Nor were they afterwards permitted to quietly depart, as they desired to do, without another interview with the family. The Ansons had discussed the matter, and Maurice and Gertrude had brought their mother round to their own views. It was arranged that the knowledge of what had taken place should be kept from the outer world.

For the few months he had to live, Mr. Lytham was treated with pity and forbearance. If what he craved for more than all besides were lacking, in his new perception he perhaps recognised the justice of this.

Maurice Anson very quickly rebuilt his castle and reinstated its queen there.

Reginald Lytham—he had taken his father's name—purchased an adjoining estate, and in course of time acquired some of his young wife's tastes for country pursuits, although Gertrude tells him that his heart remains in the library.

Ant-Hills.

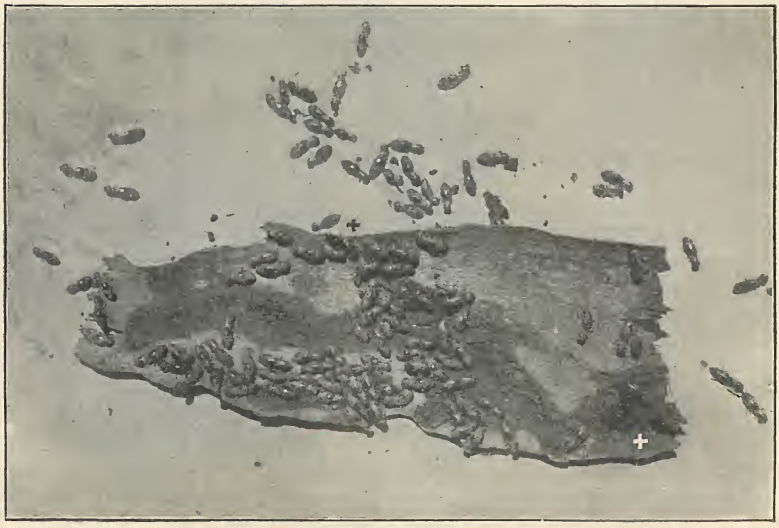
A STRIKING peculiarity of the white ant is that it is not an ant at all, but a termite. Any ordinary person observing it and its habits would call the insect an ant; but the learned men of science who settle these things tell us that it belongs to the order of Neuroptera, and is allied to the dragon-fly; whereas the ants are all Hymenoptera. Indeed, the very latest classification puts the termites in a class by themselves, somewhere between the dragon-fly and the cockroach. But the travellers who first encountered the termite in its different kinds were not scientifically exact in their nomenclature, and took the way of the ordinary person, calling the new insect a white ant.

The termites are remarkable chiefly for two things—some sorts for one and some for the other. One is the building of most extraordinary nests, formed of particles of earth cemented together, and pierced by many tunnels, chambers, passages, and corridors; and the other is the destruction (internally) of anything wooden they can get hold of.

Mr. W. Saville-Kent, the distinguished naturalist, made a tour in Australia a year or two ago, taking photographs of many remarkable things, some of which were reproduced in his valuable work, "The Naturalist in Australia." We are indebted to Mr. Saville-Kent for most of the photographs from which we take our illustrations of termite life in the island-continent.

The termites of Australia have not yet been thoroughly examined, but the European species (*Termes lucifugus*) has; and in a nest of the latter there are found together eleven different types—which will give some measure of the complicated state of termite society. The eleven types are: (1) the youngest larvæ, there being no discernible distinctions between them at this stage; (2) the semi-matured larvæ of the soldiers; (3) adult soldiers; (4) semi-matured larvæ of workers; (5) adult workers; (6) nymphs (with imperfect wings) of the first order, developing into kings and queens; (7) king; (8) queen; (9) nymphs of the second order developing into supplementary males and females; (10) adult supplementary males; (11) adult supplementary females. There is no reason to suppose that termite society in Australia is any less highly organized—in fact, it may be found to be more highly organized still.

We reproduce an instantaneous photograph taken by Mr. Saville-Kent at Derby, Western Australia, of a suddenly-disturbed community of white ants burrowing in wood. This is one of the most destructive insects in Australia. It is not a mound-builder, but it lives in subterranean passages, and in the borings it makes in wood. Nothing is safe from this pest. Furniture, rafters, floor-boarding, door-posts—it eats into all. A house left unguarded for a month or two may come to terrible grief. The whole of the wood-work, while outwardly apparently sound, will become a mere shell, with walls no thicker than paper. So that one puts his foot through the flooring as he would through



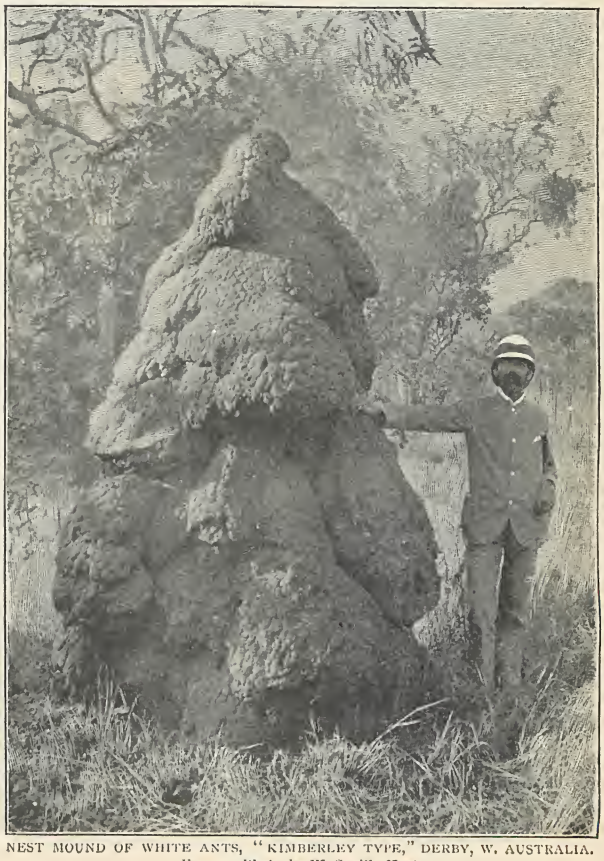
WOOD-DEVOURING WHITE ANTS.
From an Instantaneous Photo. by W. Saville-Kent.

TERMITE MOUNDS, ALBANY PASS, NORTH QUEENSLAND.
From a Photo. by W. Saville-Kent.

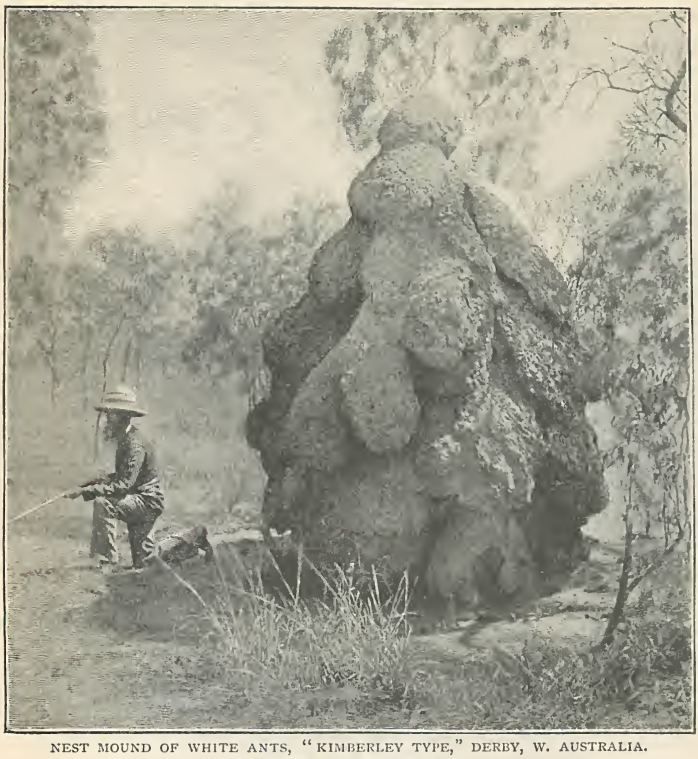
a stretched newspaper, and the legs of seemingly sound chairs and tables crush to dust and splinters between the finger and thumb.

Among the crowd visible in the photograph are two soldiers, near each of which a cross is placed—a black cross near the middle of the picture, at the upper edge of the wood, and a white cross at the right-hand bottom corner. The soldier termites are distinguishable by their darker colour, and by their larger heads, which are almost black. These termites, it may be observed, as well as other species, secrete a sort of acid, which will eat away even glass and lead. There are many instances of the metal capsules of bottles being pierced, in order that the insects might get at and eat the corks. And in these cases the surface of the glass was plainly eroded along the line where the termites had laid their covered passages towards the corks. Lead sheeting of considerable thickness has also been perforated by white ants eager to get at wood behind it.

The food of the mound-building sorts seems to be chiefly dried grass. They are mound-builders and haymakers. They collect great hoards of grass blades finely cut up, and store them in the myriad food chambers that intersect their hillocks. And the various species erect mounds of varying shapes and sizes, particular shapes being produced by particular species. The accompanying photograph shows two mounds constructed by a species inhabiting Cape York Peninsula, in North Queensland; and the photograph was taken at the Albany Pass, in that district. These mounds are all of a roughly pyramidal shape, sometimes with the apex prolonged into a pinnacle, as in the case of the hinder mound in the picture. The hills grow gradually, of course, and when completed, range from 6ft. to 12ft. in height as a rule, though some reach 14ft. or 15ft. And it may be taken as a general rule that the habitation, or "termitarium," as it is correct to call it, extends as far downward under the surface of the ground as upward in the air. Thus we may get some



NEST MOUND OF WHITE ANTS, "KIMBERLEY TYPE," DERBY, W. AUSTRALIA.
From a Photo. by W. Saville-Kent.

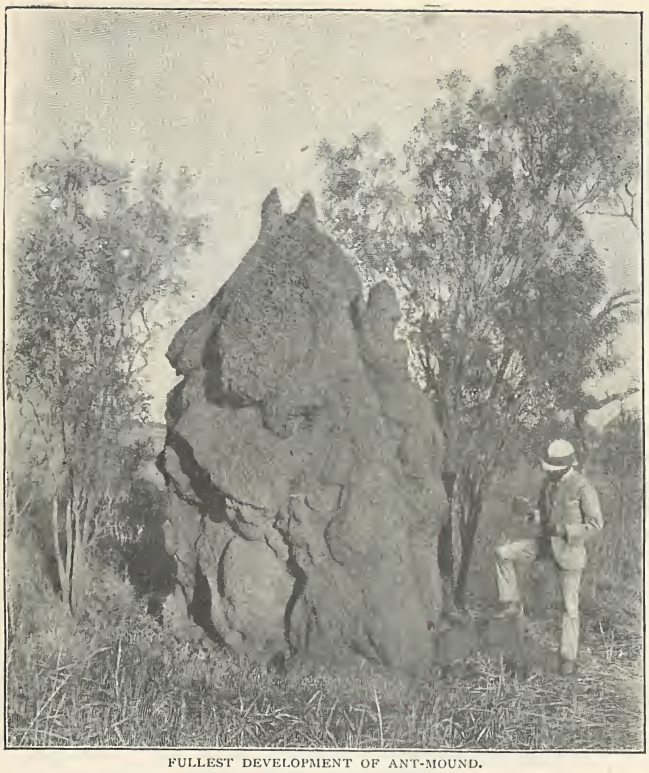


NEST MOUND OF WHITE ANTS, "KIMBERLEY TYPE," DERBY, W. AUSTRALIA.
From a Photo. by W. Saville-Kent.

notion of the immensity of the architecture of these industrious insects, in comparison with their insignificant size. The colour of the mounds is commonly a rust-red, much akin to the line of the soil below. Mr. Saville-Kent made several unsuccessful attempts, by excavation, to discover and examine the queen in her royal chamber, in the midst of certain of the mounds. But the skill and diligence of the worker-termites rendered his efforts unsuccessful. So rapidly did they wall up all approaches to the chamber at the first alarm, that it became, apparently, a mere lump of clay, indistinguishable from the many others around it. In many cases it was possible to trace clay-covered galleries for several hundred feet along the surface of the ground from the bases of the hillocks. It is supposed that the termites make innumerable holes in the walls of these galleries in the night, issue forth, gather their harvest of grass, and, bringing it in, repair all the breaches before daylight.

We come now to the mounds of what Mr. Saville-Kent calls the "Kimberley type,"

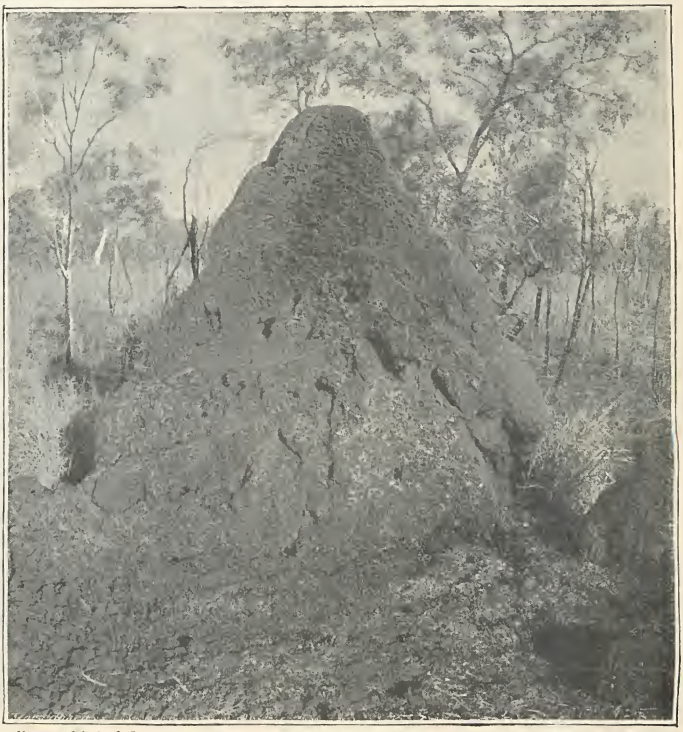
From a Photo. by] NEST MOUNDS OF WHITE ANTS, "KIMBERLEY TYPE," DERBY, W. AUSTRALIA. *[W. Saville-Kent.*



FULLEST DEVELOPMENT OF ANT-MOUND.
From a Photo. by W. Saville-Kent.

since he came across them in the Kimberley district of Western Australia. Our next four photographs illustrate these in various ways. The peculiarity of shape which distinguishes them from others will be noticed at once. It is as though they had been roughly thrown up with pailfuls of thick mortar; each pailful being inverted over those that had preceded it, and each overflowing and overlapping before finally setting firmly. The tallest nest of this sort which Mr. Saville-Kent measured was 14ft. high; we give a picture of it above. It has reached its fullest development, and, as may be seen, it is becoming a little worn at the top by weather. The shapes of these termitaries vary a great deal, and some present odd and grotesque forms. The larger and foremost of the two in our third picture of these Kimberley mounds, shown at the bottom of the preceding page, is topped by a final "pailful," with a strong likeness to the head of a lop-eared spaniel.

Next after the photograph of the largest of these termitaries we show a complete section made through another. With the aid of a pickaxe and a cross-cut saw, this mound was divided exactly in half, and the thousands of inner chambers and passages exposed. They are almost too small to be distinguished in so small a photograph, and the longer and very irregular holes, mostly near the centre, are not supposed to be intentionally constructed chambers, but merely spaces accidentally left between the successive layers of clay. From the centre upward and out to the sides the chambers were almost wholly filled with the stored food, in the



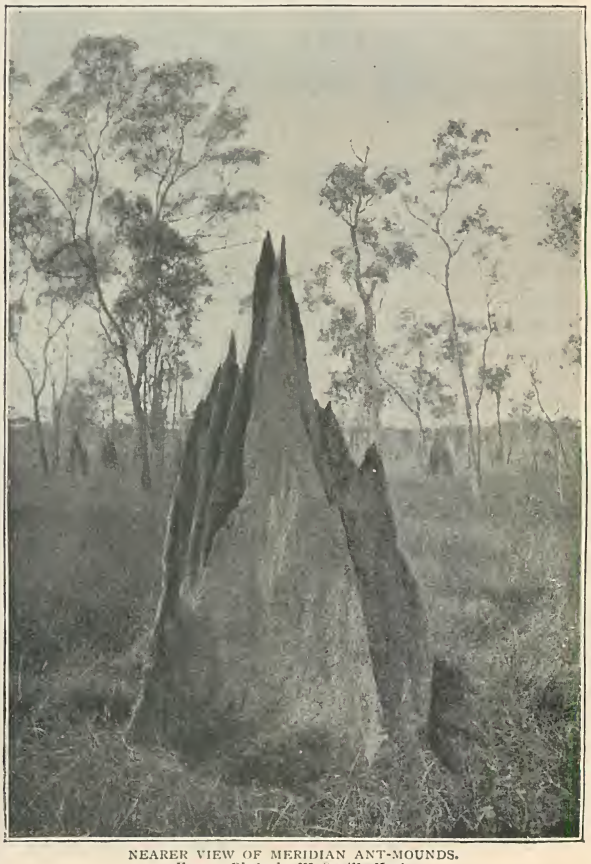
From a Photo. by] SECTION OF AN ANT-MOUND. *[W. Saville-Kent.*

From a Photo. by] GENERAL VIEW OF NEST MOUNDS, MERIDIAN VARIETY, LAURA VALLEY, N. QUEENSLAND. *[W. Saville-Kent.*

shape of finely chopped grass. Much of this is seen lying at the foot in the photograph among the *débris* of the destroyed half of the mound. In the centre, however, and a little below, was a collection of smaller cells, apparently the nurseries, devoted to the rearing of the young ants. These cells, however, were found to be unoccupied when laid bare, the young having doubtless been carried away at the first sign of disturbance. Here again nothing could be discovered of the queen ant.

A mound partially destroyed in this manner is never abandoned. The termites instantly set about rebuilding the destroyed side, and in course of two or three years no sign is visible that the termitary has ever been interfered with. As a matter of fact, Mr. Saville-Kent paid a later visit to this same termitary, and found the work of rebuilding well forward.

A third class of Australian ant-mound is shown in our next two photographs. It is called the Magnetic, Compass, or Meridian Ant-hill, from a very noticeable peculiarity. Every one of these termitaries is in plan of a roughly elliptical shape, or, at any rate, it is narrow and compressed, so as to be very much longer than broad. And every one of these mounds points, in the direction of its length, *exactly north and south.* In the valley of the Laura River, about sixty miles inland from Cooktown, North Queensland, these termitaries abound. In one of our pictures nearly fifty are in view, some at a considerable distance. The other illustration shows one of the largest of the nests as seen from the end, looking north. It will be noticed that this class of nest differs totally in outward conformation from those we have already considered. It rises in a multiplicity of sharp pinnacles, with some remote resemblance to the roof of a Gothic cathedral. This particular form of meridian or magnetic termitary does not attain any very great elevation, 8ft. being the height of the tallest measured. But, as we shall presently see, there are in other parts of Australia termitaries of very different shape, rising to a much greater height, and



NEARER VIEW OF MERIDIAN ANT-MOUNDS.
From a Photo. by W. Saville-Kent.

From a Photo. by] ANT-MOUNDS OF COLUMNAR TYPE, PORT DARWIN. *[Paul Folsche.*

yet characterized by the singular north and south direction. To guess the reason of this extraordinary orientation has been a puzzle to many men of science, and all sorts of theories have been expressed. It seems agreed, however, that magnetism or anything of that sort has nothing to do with it. The most probable suggestion yet offered is that the mounds being of such a shape and so placed, their larger surfaces are in the least possible degree exposed to the direct mid-day rays of the sun, and therefore convey to the interior a minimum degree of heat. A large surface facing directly the noon rays of the tropical sun would become extremely hot, and would retain its heat for the rest of the afternoon. If this explanation be the true one, it adds one more to the many wonderful instances of termite sagacity. And, indeed, so must any other explanation. For it is plain that these little insects, working in the interior of their habitations, "box the compass" with perfect accuracy, through all the tortuous windings of the myriad passages which they traverse. *How* they, in the dark of their habitations, know with such perfect precision the exact direction of north and south, and how they carry that knowledge with them through the mazes they traverse, is a thing science may some day determine, though we scarcely expect the revelation very soon. There is another variety of Meridian mounds familiar in the neighbourhood of Port Darwin, which not only point due north and south, but are also *convex* on the broad east side and *concave* on the west. Here is a more complete demonstration still of an underground knowledge of the cardinal points.

Still another form of Meridian termitary is found in Australia, also in the Port Darwin district. This is the largest of all the ant-hills in the continent. It differs in shape from all the others, and its height is immense, as may be seen from the photograph we give, taken by Mr. Paul Folsche. This particular example was 18ft. high, and one may test the figures by comparison of the mound with the man, the horse, and the waggon standing near. Mr. Saville-Kent calls this the "Columnar" variety. Strong ridges or buttresses are built against these mounds, adding much to their strength. By the rule we have already mentioned, which makes the depth underground of these habitations equal to their height above it, the total height of this colossal structure, visible and invisible, is 36ft.

Many other kinds of Australian termites erect very small mounds of 2ft. or 3ft. high; and it is a curious fact that certain species of birds drive holes in these mounds, and build

their nests there. A sort of kingfisher, distinguished by a white breast, behaves thus in the southern parts of Western Australia. In Central Queensland, a parrakeet excavates into the small termitaries in the same way, and deposits its eggs in the nest there formed. But another kingfisher—the White-tailed—selects a particular form of mound which is a curiosity in itself. It is an even, regular, *egg-shaped* mound. Into the side of this the kingfisher burrows, and within it makes its habitation and lays and hatches its eggs. Mr. D. Le Souef, the director of the Melbourne Zoological Society's Gardens, has taken a photograph of such a termitary as this, showing the entrance to the kingfisher's nest within, and this photograph we reproduce. After the irregularities to which the other forms of white ant-mound have accustomed us, this regular construction comes as a surprise.

Not only birds, but lizards, rats, snakes, and scorpions thrust themselves as visitors on the unwilling termites and make their homes in the mounds. Man, also, has found a use for the habitation of these insects. He does not go into them as a lodger, but he breaks them up and uses them for road-making. Termitary earth, used as a top layer, binds and hardens under stress of weather into a firm mass, like cement. Then the knowing bushman will select a small termitary mound, hollow it with dexterity and care, and use it as a temporary oven wherein he performs surprising feats of cookery.

It is to be remembered that the termites work at their building operations in the night time only. This is the rule, but it is a rule with exceptions. It seems to be the rule because, in making some fresh extension of premises, it is necessary for the insects to break through the outer wall, and so expose themselves to possible attacks from their many enemies.

In all countries where white ants abound the flight of swarms of the winged sort is a familiar occurrence. They crowd over all artificial lights at night, and become a great nuisance. In Massachusetts they are each season observed to fly in a thick cloud, accompanied by numberless birds, which gorge themselves with the insects until unable to close their beaks. There are fifteen different species of birds that take part in this feast.

In India and in many parts of Africa, termites are used as food by human beings, and European travellers have testified that, nicely roasted, a handful or so of white ants is a delicacy not to be despised. But in Australia, low as is the development of the aboriginals, and unpromising as are many of their articles of food, the termites are not eaten. But, what is, perhaps, more singular still, the natives about the Kimberley district of Western Australia eat large quantities of the earth of which the mounds are composed. Mr. Saville-Kent has frequently observed a native break off a piece of white ant's nest and devour it with much relish. And it was not from the promptings of imperious hunger, for the natives in question were in European service, and well and regularly fed. Mr. Saville-Kent suspects that certain secretions of the termites, together with a minute fungoid growth, conspire to render the clay attractive to the native palate.

From a Photo. by] OVATE MOUND WITH NEST BURROW. *[D. Le Souef.*

Miss Cayley's Adventures.

By Grant Allen.

III.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE INQUISITIVE AMERICAN.

IN one week I had multiplied my capital two hundred and forty-fold! I left London with twopence in the world; I quitted Schlangenbad with two pounds in pocket.

"There's a splendid turn-over!" I thought to myself. "If this luck holds, at the same rate, I shall have made four hundred and eighty pounds by Tuesday next, and I may look forward to being a Barney Barnato by Christmas." For I had taken high mathematical honours at Cambridge, and if there is anything on earth on which I pride myself, it is my firm grasp of the principle of ratios.

Still, in spite of this brilliant financial prospect, a budding Klondike, I went away from the little Spa on the flanks of the Taunus with a heavy heart. I had grown quite to like dear, virulent, fidgety old Lady Georgina; and I felt that it had cost me a distinct wrench to part with Harold Tillington. The wrench left a scar which was long in healing; but as I am not a professional sentimentalist, I will not trouble you here with details of the symptoms.

My livelihood, however, was now assured me. With two pounds in pocket, a sensible girl can read her title clear to six days' board and lodging, at six marks a day, with a glorious margin of four marks over for pocket-money. And if at the end of six days my fairy godmother had not pointed me out some other means of earning my bread honestly—well, I should feel myself unworthy to be ranked in the noble army of adventuresses. I thank thee, Lady Georgina, for teaching me that word. An adventuress I would be; for I loved adventure.

Meanwhile, it occurred to me that I might fill up the interval by going to study art at Frankfort. Elsie Petheridge had been there, and had impressed upon me the fact that I must on no account omit to see the Städel Gallery. She was strong on culture. Besides, the study of art should be most useful to an adventuress; for she must need all the arts that human skill has developed.

So to Frankfort I betook myself, and found there a nice little *pension*—"for ladies only," Frau Bockenheimer assured me—at very moderate rates, in a pleasant part of the Lindenstrasse. It had dimity curtains. I will not deny that as I entered the house I was conscious of feeling lonely; my heart sank once or twice as I glanced round the luncheon-table at the domestically-unsympathetic German old maids who formed the rank-and-file of my fellow-boarders. There they sat—eight comfortable Fraus who had missed their vocation; plentiful ladies, bulging and surging in tightly-stretched black silk bodices. They had been cut out for such housewives as Harold Tillington had described, but found themselves deprived of their natural sphere in life by the unaccountable caprice of the men of their nation. Each was a model Teutonic matron *manquée*. Each looked capable of frying Frankfort sausages to a turn, and knitting woollen socks to a remote eternity. But I sought in vain for one kindred soul among them. How horrified they would have been, with their fat pudding-faces and big saucer-eyes, had I boldly announced myself as an English adventuress!

I spent my first morning in laborious self-education at the Ariadneum and the Städel Gallery. I borrowed a catalogue. I wrestled with Van der Weyden; I toiled like a galley-slave at Meister Wilhelm and Meister Stephan. I have a confused recollection that I saw a number of stiff mediæval pictures, and an alabaster statue of the lady who smiled as she rode on a tiger, taken at the beginning of that interesting episode. But the remainder of the Institute has faded from my memory.

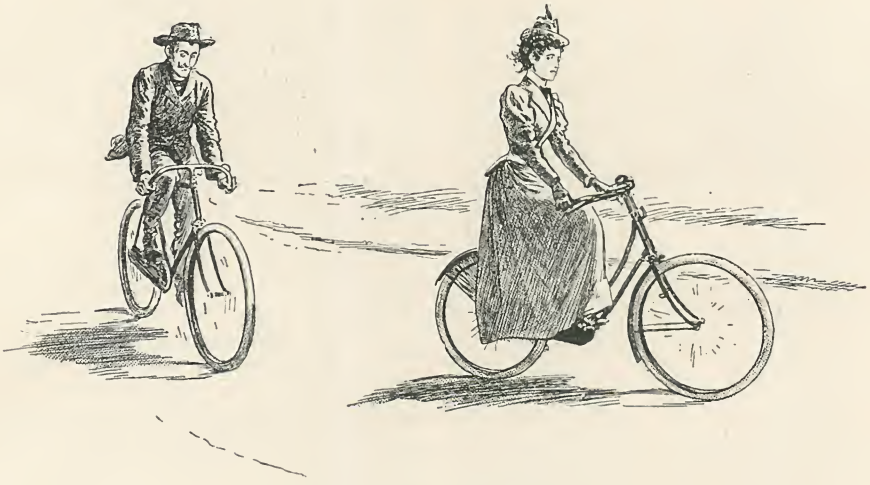
In the afternoon I consoled myself for my herculean efforts in the direction of culture by going out for a bicycle ride on a hired machine, to which end I decided to devote my pocket-money. You will, perhaps, object here that my conduct was imprudent. To raise that objection is to misunderstand the spirit of these artless adventures. I told you that I set out to go round the world; but to go round the world does not necessarily mean to circumnavigate it. My idea was to go round by easy stages, seeing the world as I went as far as I got, and taking as little heed as possible of the morrow. Most of my readers, no doubt, accept that philosophy

of life on Sundays only; on week-days they swallow the usual contradictory economic platitudes about prudential forethought and the horrid improvidence of the lower classes. For myself, I am not built that way. I prefer to take life in a spirit of pure inquiry. I put on my hat: I saunter where I choose, so far as circumstances permit; and I wait to see what chance will bring me. My ideal is breeziness.

The hired bicycle was not a bad machine, as hired bicycles go; it jolted one as little as you can expect from a common hack; it never stopped at a Bier-Garten; and it showed very few signs of having been ridden by beginners with an unconquerable desire to tilt at the hedgerow. So off I soared at once, heedless of the jeers of Teutonic youth who found the sight of a lady riding a cycle in skirts a strange one—for in South Germany the "rational" costume is so universal among women cyclists that 'tis the skirt that provokes unfavourable comment from those jealous guardians of female propriety, the street boys. I hurried on at a brisk pace past the Palm-Garden and the suburbs, with my loose hair straying on the breeze behind, till I found myself pedalling at a good round pace on a broad, level road, which led towards a village, by name Fraunheim.

As I scurried across the plain, with the wind in my face, not unpleasantly, I had some dim consciousness of somebody unknown flying after me headlong. My first idea was that Harold Tillington had hunted me down and tracked me to my lair; but gazing back, I saw my pursuer was a tall and ungainly man, with a straw-coloured moustache, apparently American, and that he was following me on his machine, closely watching my action. He had such a cunning expression on his face, and seemed so strangely inquisitive, with eyes riveted on my treadles, that I didn't quite like the look of him. I put on the pace, to see if I could outstrip him, for I am a swift cyclist. But his long legs were too much for me. He did not gain on me, it is true; but neither did I outpace him. Pedalling my very hardest—and I can make good time when necessary—I still kept pretty much at the same distance in front of him all the way to Fraunheim.

Gradually I began to feel sure that the weedy-looking man with the alert face was really pursuing me. When I went faster, he went faster too; when I gave him a chance to pass me, he kept close at my heels, and



"HE KEPT CLOSE AT MY HEELS."

appeared to be keenly watching the style of my ankle-action. I gathered that he was a connoisseur; but why on earth he should persecute me I could not imagine. My spirit was roused now—I pedalled with a will; if I rode all day I would not let him go past me.

Beyond the cobble-paved chief street of Fraunheim the road took a sharp bend, and began to mount the slopes of the Taunus suddenly. It was an abrupt, steep climb; but I flatter myself I am a tolerable mountain cyclist. I rode sturdily on; my pursuer darted after me. But on this stiff upward grade my light weight and agile ankle-action told; I began to distance him. He seemed

afraid that I would give him the slip, and called out suddenly, with a whoop, in English, "Stop, miss!" I looked back with dignity, but answered nothing. He put on the pace, panting; I pedalled away, and got clear from him.

At a turn of the corner, however, as luck would have it, I was pulled up short by a mounted policeman. He blocked the road with his horse, like an ogre, and asked me, in a very gruff Swabian voice, if this was a licensed bicycle. I had no idea, till he spoke, that any license was required; though to be sure I might have guessed it; for modern Germany is studded with notices at all the street corners, to inform you in minute detail that everything is forbidden. I stammered out that I did not know. The mounted policeman drew near and inspected me rudely. "It is strongly undersaid," he began, but just at that moment my pursuer came up, and, with American quickness, took in the situation. He accosted the policeman in choice bad German. "I have two licenses," he said, producing a handful. "The Fräulein rides with me."

I was too much taken aback at so providential an interposition to contradict this highly imaginative statement. My highwayman had turned into a protecting knight-errant of injured innocence. I let the policeman go his way; then I glanced at my preserver. A very ordinary modern St. George he looked, with no lance to speak of, and no steed but a bicycle. Yet his mien was reassuring.

"Good morning, miss," he began—he called me "Miss" every time he addressed me, as though he took me for a barmaid.

"I WAS PULLED UP SHORT BY A MOUNTED POLICEMAN."

"Ex-cuse *me*, but why did you want to speed her?"

"I thought you were pursuing me," I answered, a little tremulous, I will confess, but avid of incident.

"And if I was," he went on, "you might have con-jectured, miss, it was for our mutual advantage. A business man don't go out of his way unless he expects to turn an honest dollar; and he don't reckon on other folks going out of theirs, unless he knows he kin put them in the way of turning an honest dollar with him."

"That's reasonable," I answered: for I am a political economist. "The benefit should be mutual." But I wondered if he was going to propose at sight to me.

He looked me all up and down. "You're a lady of con-siderable personal attractions," he said, musingly, as if he were criticising a horse; "and I want one that sort. That's

jest why I trailed you, see? Besides which, there's some style about you."

"Style!" I repeated.

"Yes," he went on; "you know how to use your feet; and you have good understandings."

I gathered from his glance that he referred to my nether limbs. We are all vertebrate animals; why seek to conceal the fact?

"I fail to follow you," I answered, frigidly; for I really didn't know what the man might say next.

"That's so!" he replied. "It was *I* that followed *you*; seems I didn't make much of a job of it, either, anyway."

"SEEMS I DIDN'T MAKE MUCH OF A JOB OF IT."

I mounted my machine again. "Well, good morning," I said, coldly. "I am much obliged for your kind assistance; but your remark was fictitious, and I desire to go on unaccompanied."

He held up his hand in warning. "You ain't going!" he cried, horrified. "You ain't going without hearing me! I mean business, say. Don't chuck away good money like that! I tell you, there's dollars in it."

"In what?" I asked, still moving on, but curious. On the slope, if need were, I could easily distance him.

"Why, in this cycling of yours," he replied. "You're jest about the very woman I'm looking for, miss. Lithe—that's what I call you. I kin put you in the way of making your pile, I kin. This is a *bonâ-fide* offer. No flies on *my* business! You decline it? Prejudice! Injures you; injures me! Be reasonable, anyway!"

I looked round and laughed. "Formulate yourself," I said, briefly.

He rose to it like a man. "Meet me at Fraunheim; corner by the Post Office; ten o'clock to-morrow morning," he shouted, as I rode off, "and ef I don't convince you there's money in this job, my name's not Cyrus W. Hitchcock."

Something about his keen, unlovely face impressed me with a sense of his underlying honesty. "Very well," I answered, "I'll come, if you follow me no further." I reflected that Fraunheim was a populous village, and that only beyond it did the mountain road over the Taunus begin to grow lonely. If he wished to cut my throat, I was well within reach of the resources of civilization.

When I got home to the Abode of Blighted Fraus that evening, I debated seriously with myself whether or not I should accept Mr. Cyrus W. Hitchcock's mysterious invitation. Prudence said *no*; curiosity said *yes*; I put the question to a meeting of one; and, since I am a daughter of Eve, curiosity had it. Carried unanimously. I think I might have hesitated, indeed, had it not been for the Blighted Fraus. Their talk was of dinner and of the digestive process; they were critics of digestion. They each of them sat so complacently through the evening — solid and stolid, stodgy and podgy, stuffed comatose images, knitting white woollen shawls, to throw over their capacious shoulders at *table d'hôte* — and they purred with such content in their middle-aged rotundity that I made up my mind I must take warning betimes, and avoid their temptations to adipose deposit. I prefer to

grow upwards; the Frau grows sideways. Better get my throat cut by an American desperado, in my pursuit of romance, than settle down on a rock like a placid fat oyster. I am not by nature sessile.

Adventures are to the adventurous. They abound on every side; but only the chosen few have the courage to embrace them. And they will not come to you: you must go out to seek them. Then they meet you half-way, and rush into your arms, for they know their true lovers. There were eight Blighted Fraus at the Home for Lost Ideals, and I could tell by simple inspection that they had not had an average of half an adventure per lifetime between them. They sat and knitted still, like Awful Examples.

If I had declined to meet Mr. Hitchcock at Fraunheim, I know not what changes it might have induced in my life. I might now be knitting. But I went boldly forth, on a voyage of exploration, prepared to accept aught that fate held in store for me.

As Mr. Hitchcock had assured me there was money in his offer, I felt justified in speculating. I expended another three marks on the hire of a bicycle, though I ran the risk thereby of going perhaps without Monday's dinner. That showed my vocation. The Blighted Fraus, I felt sure, would have clung to their dinner at all hazards.

When I arrived at Fraunheim, I found my alert American punctually there before me. He raised his crush hat with awkward politeness. I could see he was little accustomed to ladies' society. Then he pointed to a close cab in which he had reached the village.

"I've got it inside," he whispered, in a confidential tone. "I couldn't let 'em ketch sight of it. You see, there's dollars in it."

"What have you got inside?" I asked, suspiciously, drawing back. I don't know why, but the word "it" somehow suggested a corpse; I began to grow frightened.

"Why, the wheel, of course," he answered. "Ain't you come here to ride it?"

"Oh, the wheel?" I echoed, vaguely, pretending to look wise; but unaware, as yet, that that word was the accepted Americanism for a cycle. "And I have come to ride it?"

"Why, certainly," he replied, jerking his hand towards the cab. "But we mustn't start right here. This thing has got to be kept dark, don't you see, till the last day."

Till the last day! That was ominous. It sounded like monomania. So ghostly and elusive! I began to suspect my American ally of being a dangerous madman.

"Jest you wheel away a bit up the hill," he went on, "out o' sight of the folks, and I'll fetch her along to you."

"Her?" I cried. "Who?" for the man bewildered me.

"Why, the wheel, miss! *You* understand! This is business, you bet! And you're jest the right woman!"

He motioned me on. Urged by a sort of spell, I remounted my machine and rode out of the village. He followed, on the box-seat of his cab. Then, when we had left the world well behind, and stood among the sun-smitten boles of the pine-trees, he opened the door mysteriously, and produced from the vehicle a very odd-looking bicycle.

It was clumsy to look at. It differed immensely, in many particulars, from any machine I had yet seen or ridden.

The strenuous American fondled it for a moment with his hand, as if it were a pet child. Then he mounted nimbly. Pride shone in his eye. I saw in a second he was a fond inventor.

He rode a few yards on. Next, he turned to me eagerly. "This ma-chine," he said, in an impressive voice, "*is* pro-pelled *by* an eccentric." Like all his countrymen, he laid most stress on unaccented syllables.

"Oh, I knew you were an eccentric," I said, "the moment I set eyes upon you."

He surveyed me gravely. "You misunderstand me, miss," he corrected. "*When* I say an eccentric, I mean, a crank."

"They are much the same thing," I answered, briskly. "Though I confess I would hardly have applied so rude a word as *crank* to you."

He looked me over suspiciously, as if I were trying to make game of him, but my face was sphinx-like. So he brought the machine a yard or two nearer, and explained its construction to me. He was quite right: it *was* driven by a crank. It had no chain, but was moved by a pedal, working narrowly up and down, and attached to a rigid bar, which impelled the wheels by means of an eccentric.

Besides this, it had a curious device for altering the gearing automatically while one rode, so as to enable one to adapt it to the varying slope in mounting hills. This part of the mechanism he explained to me elaborately. There was a gauge in front which allowed one to sight the steepness of the slope by mere inspection; and according as the gauge marked one, two, three, or four, as its

gradient on the scale, the rider pressed a button on the handle-bar with his left hand once, twice, thrice, or four times. so that the gearing adapted itself without an effort to the rise in the surface. Besides, there were devices for rigidity and compensation. Altogether, it was a most apt and ingenious piece of mechanism. I did not wonder he was proud of it.

"Get up and ride, miss," he said, in a persuasive voice.

I did as I was bid. To my immense surprise, I ran up the steep hill as smoothly and easily as if it were a perfectly-laid level.

"Goes nicely, doesn't she?" Mr. Hitchcock murmured, rubbing his hands.

"Beautifully," I answered. "One could ride such a machine up Mont Blanc, I should fancy."

He stroked his chin with nervous fingers. "It ought to knock 'em," he said, in an eager voice. "It's geared to run up most anything in creation."

"How steep?"

"One foot in three."

"That's good."

"Yes. It'll climb Mount Washington."

"What do you call it?" I asked.

He looked me over with close scrutiny.

"In Amurrica," he said, slowly, "we call it the Great Manitou, because it kin do pretty well what it chooses; but in Europe, I am thinking of calling it the Martin Conway or the Whymper, or something like that."

"Why so?"

"Well, because it's a famous mountain climber."

"I see," I said. "With such a machine, you'll put a notice on the Matterhorn, 'This hill is dangerous to cyclists.'"

"IT'LL CLIMB MOUNT WASHINGTON."

He laughed low to himself, and rubbed his hands again. "You'll do, miss," he said. "You're the right sort, you are. The moment I seen you, I thought we two could do a trade together. Benefits me; benefits you. A mutual advantage. Reciprocity is the soul of business. You hev some go in you, you hev. There's money in your feet. You'll give these Meinherrs fits. You'll take the clear-starch out of them."

"I fail to catch on," I answered, speaking his own dialect to humour him.

"Oh, you'll get there all the same," he replied, stroking his machine meanwhile. "It was a squirrel, it was!" (He pronounced it *squirl*.) "It 'ud run up a tree ef it wanted, wouldn't it?" He was talking to it now as if it were a dog or a baby. "There, there, it mustn't kick; it was a frisky little thing! Jest you step up on it, miss, and have a go at that there mountain."

I stepped up and had a "go." The machine bounded forward like an agile greyhound. You had but to touch it, and it ran of itself. Never had I ridden so vivacious, so animated a cycle. I returned to him, sailing, with the gradient reversed. The Manitou glided smoothly, as on a gentle slope, without the need for back-pedalling.

"It soars!" he remarked, with enthusiasm.

"Balloons are at a discount beside it," I answered.

"Now you want to know about this business, I guess," he went on. "You want to know jest where the reciprocity comes in, anyhow?"

"I am ready to hear you expound," I admitted, smiling.

"Oh, it ain't all on one side," he continued, eyeing his machine at an angle with parental

affection. "I'm a-going to make your fortune right here. You shall ride her for me on the last day; and ef you pull this thing off, don't you be scared that I won't treat you handsome."

"If you were a little more succinct," I said, gravely, "we should get forrader faster."

"Perhaps you wonder," he put in, "that with money on it like this, I should intrust the job *into* the hands of a female." I winced, but was silent. "Well, it's like this, don't you see: ef a female wins, it makes success all the more striking and con-spicuous. The world to-day *is* ruled *by* adver*tize*ment."

I could stand it no longer. "Mr. Hitchcock," I said, with dignity, "I haven't the remotest idea what on earth you are talking about."

He gazed at me with surprise. "What?" he exclaimed, at last. "And you kin cycle like that! Not know what all the cycling world is mad about! Why, you don't mean to tell me you're not a pro-fessional?"

I enlightened him at once as to my position in society, which was respectable, if not lucrative. His face fell somewhat. "High-toned, eh? Still, you'd run all the same, wouldn't you?" he inquired.

"Run for what?" I asked, innocently. "Parliament? The Presidency? The Frankfort Town Council?"

He had difficulty in fathoming the depths of my ignorance. But by degrees I understood him. It seemed that the German Imperial and Prussian Royal Governments had offered a Kaiserly and Kingly prize for the best military bicycle; the course to be run over the Taunus, from Frankfort to Limburg; the winning machine to get the equivalent of a thousand pounds; each firm to supply its own make and rider. The "last day" was Saturday next; and the Great Manitou was the dark horse of the contest.

Then all was clear as day to me. Mr. Cyrus W. Hitchcock was keeping his machine a profound secret; he wanted a woman to ride it, so that his triumph might be the more complete; and the moment he saw me pedal up the hill, in trying to avoid him, he recognised at once that I was that woman.

I recognised it too. 'Twas a pre-ordained harmony. After two or three trials, I felt that the Manitou was built for me, and I was built for the Manitou. We ran together like parts of one mechanism. I was always famed for my circular ankle-action; and in this new machine, ankle-action was everything. Strength of limb counted for naught; what told was the power of "clawing up again" promptly. I possess that power: I have prehistoric feet: my remote progenitors must certainly have been tree-haunting monkeys.

We arranged terms then and there.

"You accept?"

"Implicitly."

If I pulled off the race, I was to have fifty pounds. If I didn't, I was to have five. "It ain't only your skill, you see," Mr. Hitchcock said, with frank commercialism. "It's your personal attractiveness as well that I go upon. That's an element to consider in business relations."

"My face is my fortune," I answered, gravely. He nodded acquiescence.

Till Saturday, then, I was free. Meanwhile, I trained, and practised quietly with the Manitou, in sequestered parts of the hills. I also took spells, turn about, at the Städel Institute. I like to intersperse culture and athletics. I know something about athletics, and hope in time to acquire a taste for culture. 'Tis expected of a Girton girl, though my own accomplishments run rather towards rowing, punting, bicycling.

On Saturday, I confess, I rose with great misgivings. I was not a professional; and to find oneself practically backed for a thousand pounds in a race against men is a trifle disquieting. Still, having once put my hand to the plough, I felt I was bound to pull it through somehow. I dressed my hair neatly, in a very tight coil. I ate a light breakfast, eschewing the fried sausages which the Blighted Fraus pressed upon my notice, and satisfying myself with a gently-boiled egg and some toast and coffee. I always found I rowed best at Cambridge on the lightest diet; in my opinion, the raw beef *régime* is a serious error in training.

At a minute or two before eleven I turned up at the Schiller Platz in my short serge dress and cycling jacket. The great square was thronged with spectators to see us start; the police made a lane through their midst for the riders. My backer had advised me to come to the post as late as possible, "For I have entered your name," he said, "simply as Lois Cayley. These Deutschers don't think but what you're a man and a brother. But I am apprehensive of con-tingencies. When you put in a show they'll try to raise objections to you, on the ground of your being a female. There won't be much time, though, and I shall rush the objections.

Once they let you run and win, it don't matter to me whether I get the twenty thousand marks or not. It's the adver*tize*ment that tells. Jest you mark my words, miss, and don't you make no mistake about it—the world to-day is governed by adver*tize*ment."

So I turned up at the last moment, and cast a timid glance at my competitors. They were all men, of course, and two of them were German officers in a sort of undress cycling uniform. They eyed me superciliously. One of them went up and spoke to the Herr Over-Superintendent who had charge of the contest. I understood him to be lodging an objection against a mere woman taking part in the race. The Herr Over-Superintendent, a bulky official, came up beside me and perpended visibly. He bent his big brows to it. 'Twas appalling to observe the measurable amount of Teutonic cerebration going on under cover of his round, green glasses. He was perpending for some minutes. Time was almost up. Then he turned to Mr. Hitchcock, having finally made up his colossal mind, and murmured, rudely, "The woman cannot compete."

"Why not?" I inquired, in my very sweetest German, with an angelic smile, though my heart trembled.

"Warum nicht? Because the word 'rider' in the Kaiserly and Kingly for-this-contest-provided decree is distinctly in the masculine gender stated."

"Pardon me, Herr Over-Superintendent," I replied, pulling out a copy of Law 97 on the subject, with which I had duly provided myself, "if you will to Section 45 of the Bicycles-Circulation-Regulation-Act your attention turn, you will find it therein expressly enacted that unless any clause be anywhere to the contrary inserted, the word 'rider,' in the masculine gender put, shall here the word 'rideress' in the feminine to embrace be considered."

For, anticipating this objection, I had taken the precaution to look the legal question up beforehand.

"That is true," the Herr Over-Superintendent observed, in a musing voice, gazing down at me with relenting eyes. "The masculine habitually embraces the feminine." And he brought his massive intellect to bear upon the problem once more with prodigious concentration.

I seized my opportunity. "Let me start, at least," I urged, holding out the Act. "If I win, you can the matter more fully with the Kaiserly and Kingly Governments hereafter argue out."

"I guess this will be an international affair," Mr. Hitchcock remarked, well pleased. "It would be a first-rate adver*tize*ment for the Great Manitou ef England and Germany were to make the question into a *casus belli*. The United States could look on, and pocket the chestnuts."

"Two minutes to go," the official starter with the watch called out.

"Fall in, then, Fräulein Engländerin," the Herr Over-Superintendent observed, without prejudice, waving me into line. He pinned a badge with a large number, 7, on my dress. "The Kaiserly and Kingly Governments shall on the affair of the starting's legality hereafter on my report more at leisure pass judgment."

The lieutenant in undress uniform drew back a little.

"Oh, if this is to be woman's play," he muttered, "then can a Prussian officer himself by competing not into contempt bring."

I dropped a little curtsy. "If the Herr Lieutenant is afraid even to *enter* against an Englishwoman——" I said, smiling.

He came up to the scratch sullenly. "One minute to go!" called out the starter.

We were all on the alert. There was a pause; a deep breath. I was horribly frightened, but I tried to look calm. Then sharp and quick came the one word "Go!" And like arrows from a bow, off we all started.

I had ridden over the whole course the day but one before, on a mountain pony, with an observant eye and my sedulous American—rising at five o'clock, so as not to excite undue attention; and I therefore knew beforehand the exact route we were to follow; but I confess when I saw the Prussian lieutenant and one of my other competitors dash forward at a pace that simply astonished me, that fifty pounds seemed to melt away in the dim abyss of the Ewigkeit. I gave up all for lost. I could never make the running against such practised cyclists.

However, we all turned out into the open road which leads across the plain and down the Main valley, in the direction of Mayence. For the first ten miles or so, it is a dusty level. The surface is perfect; but 'twas a blinding white thread. As I toiled along it, that broiling June day, I could hear the voice of my backer, who followed on horseback, exhorting me in loud tones, "Don't scorch, miss; don't scorch; never mind ef you lose sight of 'em. Keep your wind;

that's the point. The wind, the wind's everything. Let 'em beat you on the level: you'll catch 'em up fast enough when you get on the Taunus!"

But in spite of his encouragement, I almost lost heart as I saw one after another of my opponents' backs disappear in the distance, till at last I was left toiling along the bare white road alone, in a shower-bath of sunlight, with just a dense cloud of dust rising grey far ahead of me. My head swam. It repented me of my boldness.

"DON'T SCORCH, MISS; DON'T SCORCH."

Then the riders on horseback began to grumble; for by police regulation they were not allowed to pass the hindmost of the cyclists; and they were kept back by my presence from following up their special champions. "Give it up, Fräulein, give it up!" they cried. "You're beaten. Let us pass and get forward." But at the selfsame moment, I heard the shrill voice of my American friend whooping aloud across the din, "Don't you do nothing of the sort, miss! You stick to it, and keep your wind! It's the wind that wins! Them Germans won't be worth a cent on the high slopes, anyway!"

Encouraged by his voice, I worked steadily on, neither scorching nor relaxing, but maintaining an even pace at my natural pitch under the broiling sunshine. Heat rose in waves on my face from the road below; in the thin white dust, the accusing tracks of six wheels confronted me. Still I kept on following them, till I reached the town of Höchst—nine miles from Frankfort. Soldiers along the route were timing us at intervals with chronometers, and noting our numbers. As I rattled over the paved High Street, I called aloud to one of them: "How far ahead the last man?"

He shouted back, good-humouredly: "Four minutes, Fräulein."

Again I lost heart. Then I mounted a slight slope, and felt how easily the Manitou moved up the gradient. From its summit I could note a long grey cloud of dust rolling steadily onward down the hill towards Hattersheim.

I coasted down, with my feet up, and a slight breeze just cooling me. Mr. Hitchcock, behind, called out, full-throated, from his seat, "No hurry! No flurry! Take your time! Take—your—time, miss!"

Over the bridge at Hattersheim you turn to the right abruptly, and begin to mount by the side of a pretty little stream, the Schwarzbach, which runs brawling over rocks down the Taunus from Eppstein. By this time the excitement had somewhat cooled down for the moment; I was getting reconciled to be beaten on the level, and began to realize that my chances would be best as we approached

the steepest bits of the mountain road about Niederhausen. So I positively plucked up heart to look about me and enjoy the scenery. With hair flying behind—that coil had played me false—I swept through Hofheim, a pleasant little village at the mouth of a grassy valley inclosed by wooded slopes, the Schwarzbach making cool music in the glen below as I mounted beside it. Clambering larches, like huge candelabra, stood out on the ridge, silhouetted against the skyline.

"How far ahead the last man?" I cried to the recording soldier. He answered me back, "Two minutes, Fräulein."

I was gaining on them; I was gaining! I thundered across the Schwarzbach, by half-a-dozen clamorous little iron bridges, making easy time now, and with my feet working as if they were themselves an integral part of the machinery. Up, up, up; it looked a vertical ascent: the Manitou glided well in its oil-bath at its half-way gearing. I rode for dear life. At sixteen miles, Lorsbach; at eighteen, Eppstein; the road still rising. "How far ahead the last man?" "Just round the corner, Fräulein!"

I put on a little steam. Sure enough, round the corner I caught sight of his back. With a spurt, I passed him—a dust-covered soul, very hot and uncomfortable. He had not kept his wind; I flew past him like a whirlwind. But, oh, how sultry hot in that sweltering, close valley! A pretty little town, Eppstein, with its mediæval castle perched high on a craggy rock. I owed it some gratitude, I felt, as I left it behind, for 'twas here that I came up with the tail-end of my opponents.

That one victory cheered me. So far, our route had lain along the well-made but dusty high road in the steaming valley: at Nieder-Josbach, two miles on, we quitted the road abruptly, by the course marked out for us, and turned up a mountain path, only wide enough for two cycles abreast—a path that clambered towards the higher slopes of the Taunus. That was arranged on purpose—for this was no fair-weather show—but a practical trial for military bicycles, under the conditions they might meet with in actual warfare. It was rugged riding: black walls of pine rose steep on either hand; the ground was uncertain. Our path mounted sharply from the first; the steeper the better. By the time I had reached Ober-Josbach, nestling high among larch-woods, I had distanced all but two of my opponents. It was cooler now, too. As I passed the hamlet my cry altered.

"How far ahead the first man?"

"HOW FAR AHEAD THE FIRST MAN?"

"Two minutes, Fräulein."

"A civilian?"

"No, no; a Prussian officer."

The Herr Lieutenant led, then. For Old England's sake, I felt I must beat him.

The steepest slope of all lay in the next two miles. If I were going to win I must pass these two there, for my advantage lay all in the climb; if it came to coasting, the men's mere weight scored a point in their favour. Bump, crash, jolt! I pedalled away like a machine: the Manitou sobbed; my ankles flew round so that I scarcely felt them. But the road was rough and scarred with waterways—ruts turned by rain to

runnels. At half a mile, after a desperate struggle among sand and pebbles, I passed the second man; just ahead, the Prussian officer looked round and saw me. "Thunder-weather! you there, Engländerin?" he cried, darting me a look of unchivalrous dislike, such as only your sentimental German can cast at a woman.

"Yes, I am here, behind you, Herr Lieutenant," I answered, putting on a spurt; "and I hope next to be before you."

"I AM HERE BEHIND YOU, HERR LIEUTENANT."

He answered not a word, but worked his hardest. So did I. He bent forward: I sat erect on my Manitou, pulling hard at my handles. Now, my front wheel was upon him. It reached his pedal. We were abreast. He had a narrow thread of solid path, and he forced me into a runnel. Still I gained. He swerved: I think he tried to foul me. But the slope was too steep; his attempt recoiled on himself; he ran against the rock at the side and almost overbalanced. That second lost him. I waved my hand as I sailed ahead. "Good morning," I cried, gaily. "See you again at Limburg!"

From the top of the slope I put my feet up and flew down into Idstein. A thunder-shower burst: I was glad of the cool of it. It laid the dust. I regained the high road. From that moment, save for the risk of side-slips, 'twas easy running—just an undulating line with occasional ups and downs; but I saw no more of my pursuers till, twenty-two kilomètres further on, I rattled on the cobble-paved causeway into Limburg. I had covered the forty-six miles in quick time for a mountain climb. As I crossed the bridge over the Lahn, to my immense surprise, Mr. Hitchcock waved his arms, all excitement, to greet me. He had taken the train on from Eppstein, it seemed, and got there before me. As I dismounted at the Cathedral, which was our appointed end, and gave my badge to the soldier, he rushed up and shook my hand. "Fifty pounds!" he cried. "Fifty pounds! How's that for the great Anglo-Saxon race! And hooray for the Manitou!"

The second man, the civilian, rode in, wet and draggled, forty seconds later. As for the Herr Lieutenant, a disappointed man, he fell out by the way, alleging a puncture. I believe he was ashamed to admit the fact that he had been beaten in open fight by the objurgated Engländerin.

So the end of it was, I was now a woman of means, with fifty pounds of my own to my credit.

I lunched with my backer royally at the best inn in Limburg.

A Fat Men's Club.

(The "Cent Kilos.")

By G. Megan and D. Bril.

WE once knew a fat man of 41¾ stone. When he retired on an immodest competency from the show business he bought an uproarious hostelry in Old Street, St. Luke's, and had the partition between the bar and the private room cut away, for obvious commercial reasons. We used to sit with him o' nights listening to his weird stories of adventure. They all turned on his own excess of avoirdupois. Once he went to Coventry to see a cycle race, but as he was going up to bed at the inn he fell through the staircase and partially wrecked the house. Then he sued the landlord for damages. There you see the element of commerce. After all, the French must be right—we are a nation of shopkeepers. *Conspuez les Anglais*, that is the correct Gallic note. Frenchmen, now blessed or cursed with a superabundance of adipose tissue, naturally turn towards the notion of a club. Beggars' clubs already exist on Montmartre; why not a special *cercle* for fat men? *Absit omen*, however. "But," says the jesting Briton, "what *is* a fat man?" and quick comes the answer, "One of at least a hundred kilos"—no less. Members there may be, compared with whom the nimble "cent kilos" is but as water unto wine, but a man of less than the minimum is not to be tolerated. Cent kilos represents, roughly speaking, 15st.

During a recent visit to Paris, we passed down the Boulevard Voltaire, seated on the top of a tram, and noticed a café, just opposite the St. Ambroise Church, with a huge red sign, bearing in white letters the inscription "*Siège Social de la Société des 100 Kilos de Paris*" staring us in the face. Still, a very few solid grains of doubt remained, a little disjointed, until a day or two later, when paying a visit to an old bookseller friend on the Boulevards, who is a perfect encyclopædia in himself, we were fortunate enough to be introduced to a fellow-customer, a very stout gentleman, who turned out to be M. Vivian, the secretary of the "Fat Men's Club," and our incredulity, at least as far as this subject was concerned, was cured.

M. VIVIAN (THE SECRETARY OF THE "CENT KILOS").
From a Photo. specially taken by George Newnes, Limited.

How eagerly we scanned the heroic proportions of this worthy official! and how breathlessly we questioned him! receiving but curt, monosyllabic replies, for our new acquaintance evidently thought we were perpetrating a joke at his expense. Total annihilation might have been our fate, had not the bookseller hastened to explain that the too-curious querists represented a well-known English magazine, whereupon we

were courteously invited to the club on the following evening, when important discussions relating to the rules of the society were to take place.

We kept the appointment, and found ourselves in a narrow, low room, where we hastened to hide our meagre frames in an obscure corner. Several of the members had already arrived, among whom were the honorary president, M. Fèche, who scales close upon 27st.; his frank, clean-shaven face was inspiring, but his handshakes were operations to be remembered by the average mortal. As his portrait shows, he is cast in an heroic mould — no deformity, nothing repulsive; simply a man good-natured and healthy, with a physique that distinguishes him above his fellows. We wondered how he could possibly "preside" over anything without killing it.

M. JULES FÈCHE (HON. PRESIDENT OF THE "CENT KILOS").
From a Photo. specially taken by George Newnes, Limited.

Next to him sat the actual president, M. Berthoud — like his colleague, a wine-merchant; on the left he was supported by the treasurer, who, on a very extensive scale, resembled a Piccadilly masher; his glossy top-hat was a revelation in head-gear, and it might have been used for the storage of goods.

With interest, not unmingled with anxiety, we watched the gradual assembling of the members and their safe seating. A bell, rung by the chairman, announces that the meeting is about to begin; the hum of voices ceases, and the chairs creak ominously, as each member endeavours to fix his attention upon the proceedings. No wonder the proceedings nearly broke down once or twice.

Our wandering thoughts are recalled when the secretary stands up to read the articles of this strange society, *Les Cents Kilos de Paris*, founded in 1896, and which, we learn, has three special objects: 1. The establishment of amicable relationship between the members. 2. To organize, on certain occasions, excursions on steam-rollers, and banquets, etc. (Here the secretary is interrupted by one of the burliest members, who, with an appreciative laugh, shouts out, "Certainly we must amuse ourselves in the best possible way." The secretary, with a withering look at the offender, proceeds.) 3. To create a centre of support (surely a matter for an engineer) and of brotherhood to members of similar societies visiting Paris.

In case of the death of one of the members, the secretary can summon each member to assist at the funeral, and a wreath is to be provided at the expense of the club, bearing the inscription, "*Les Cents Kilos de Paris.*" Here our burly friend again is heard: "Is everybody to attend? What are to be the dimensions of the wreath?" and "What the fine," shouts another, "for non-attendance?" This cheerful subject starts an animated discussion, which lasts for half an hour, the general opinion evidently being that no fines are necessary, as theirs was a gathering of *bons vivants*, and not of shareholders.

"Divide, divide!" is soon heard, and a proposition is made that the voting shall be done as in the Chamber, viz., by each member rising from his seat; this, however, is at once vetoed, as it would be both difficult and dangerous. At last the matter is satisfactorily settled, and the next business on the agenda is dealt with.

The first and most important qualification of a would-be member is weight, which must be not less than 100 kilos. Here a kindly amendment was suggested: "That if any member lost weight from any cause, he

From a Photo. by] GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE "CENT KILOS *[L. Bertin, Enghien, France.*

should not be expelled at once, but a little time accorded him to regain his proper proportions." He might even be fattened up on "Thorley" for a reasonable period.

The only other qualifications necessary to insure entrance to this club are: to be a son of France, and a payment of a modest entrance fee of 2fr., with an annual subscription of 24fr., payable monthly. One rule is rigidly enforced, and that is, the exclusion of all discussions on religious and political subjects. In short, no "heavy" subjects were admitted save the members themselves. This wise order not only preserves harmony, but also the physical well-being of the members, excitement of any kind not being conducive to obesity.

"By what means are the members to recognise each other?" was one important question; the answer seemed obvious enough, but the suggestions were many, and provoked considerable hilarity. It was, however, finally decided that every member should wear a large panama hat, carry an exceptionally heavy stick in the hand, and have a badge in the button-hole with "100 Kilos" inscribed on it in gold letters, the same inscription also to decorate the front of the hat.

While these discussions were pending, and occasionally reaching stages that were uninteresting to mere onlookers, M. Fèche, the founder of the society, explained to us how it came into existence.

"All round us," he said, "there were plenty of athletic and sporting clubs being formed, but, as you may imagine, we were not considered eligible as members; indeed, we were looked upon as pariahs. A 100 Kilos Club was then started, not in Paris, but at St. Denis, and it was not until after many discussions between the members of Paris proper and their suburban colleagues, that I succeeded in calling into life this Paris organization, and here we are," he concluded, with a proud wave of the hand, as he glanced round the crowded room and at the beaming faces and portly forms of the members.

We passed a very pleasant evening, *seeing* more than being seen, for we were but Liliputians in the country of the Brobdingnags.

The cordial adieux of our entertainers will not soon be forgotten; our hands still ache when we recall the parting.

Between ourselves, if we started a fat men's club in this country we could knock the French institution into fits. We've got the means and we've got the men. And we'd make it pay; we can't help it. Eventually it might be turned into a company, when the

leaner kine might be weeded out on the well-known biological principle of the "survival of the fattest."

We had yet one wish ungratified—that was, an opportunity of studying the fat men in their home circles; to find out if their wives and families were moulded on the same liberal lines, and also if their furniture was insured.

Our kind hon. president possibly divined our wishes, and cordially invited us to breakfast at his establishment, in the Rue St. Maur, not far from La Roquette, on the following morning, at 12.30.

Needless to say, we went, and found our weighty host moving nimbly among his customers, and liberally joining them in their libations. Too liberally, we thought, as we noticed, from time to time, several angry glances shot at him by the lady behind the counter, which convinced us that here was the better half of our president, and, although she was thin, and not possessed of a quarter of her husband's weight, it did not require much perception to come to the conclusion that *she* was indisputably the *Monsieur le President* of the home. Such is woman's power! And how impossible it is for men, even those who are modern Samsons, to oppose it!

Our host was just then called away by his personage, she did not think much of the society. People," she said, with a little side glance at us, "make too much fuss of them. After all, they are only respectable merchants." Then came the real grievance: "Invitations are showered upon them from all sides, and we, their hard-working wives, who are certainly to a great extent responsible for their good health, are never for a moment taken into consideration. For instance," she added, "the other night the whole club was invited to attend the *Bal de l'Opéra*—of course, not with their wives!"—the toss of the head which accompanied this remark spoke volumes. "For my part," she went on to say, "I heartily pity the poor girls whom they select as their partners in a *Valse*." So did we, but for different reasons. "And I feel quite sure," said madame, "that no *balleteuse* would carry *my* husband away."

Déjeuner was announced, and we sat down to a multitude of good things, although it was the usual French meal, nothing substantial enough to account for the extraordinary bulk of our friend, we thought. Nor did his appetite for food seem particularly sharp, but the same could not be said about the liquid. Bottle after bottle of Piccolo and Bordeaux vanished with astonishing rapidity; but we will not betray hospitality by stating how many.

From a] THE FAT MEN'S RACE.—THE START. *[Photograph.*

son, a little mite of a fellow; he also ruled and turned his huge father round his tiny fingers.

We made use of this opportunity to learn madame's views on the club in general, and its president in particular. Under our complimentary speeches, Madame Fèche thawed a little, and said that, "although she was very proud of being the wife of such an important

The conversation naturally centred round the 100 Kilos Club and its members, and we gathered that the majority of them were wine-merchants or representatives, in some way, of the wine and spirit trade, although there were a few architects among them, who helped to shore up the club-room, and a representative of Art in the shape of a sculptor.

Asked about the principal events of the

From a] THE FAT MEN'S RACE.—WAITING FOR THE FINISH. *Photograph.*

club history since its foundation, M. Fèche said: "We mourn the death of one eminent member, M. Finck, a brewer; and we also feel deeply for another member, M. Artigue, who, to his shame be it said, has managed to lose 80 kilos in weight. We were very proud of him. Now he only weighs 154 kilos, but is still one of the heaviest members of the club.

"How many excursions have we had? Only one, up to now. We went to St. Cloud, and had a glorious time; we had races—I will give you a photograph. I assure you that after the second race the course was like a ploughed field. However, we came out in grand form, and were so cheered by the spectators that we felt that the military regulation, which precludes us from serving our fatherland, is a gross injustice."

Great men we found these novel clubbites—away from home and from petticoat government—as we had several opportunities of judging. One special instance was convincing. We were anxious to present our readers with illustrations of the fat men at home. We suggested this to several of the members, but none seemed particularly to crave for the distinction; they interchanged sheepish looks, and hum'd and ha'd in a most perplexing way. At last one, bolder than the rest, agreed, but in making the appointment, insisted upon it being very early, "before madame is up," he added, in a whisper. We took in the situation at a glance, and duly presented ourselves at the hour named; but, unfortunately, when everything was arranged and our sitter posed in the graceful attitude in which the Great Napoleon was usually depicted, a vision in a dressing-gown burst upon us, and in a few minutes, but without undue haste, we were in the street, and, somehow, we felt no more interest in photographing fat men in the privacy of their homes. We realized that there *are* places where journalists and photographers—like angels—fear to tread.

The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

V.—TWENTY DEGREES.—Told by Norman Head.

A HOT and sultry day towards the end of June was drawing to a close. I had just finished dinner and returned to my laboratory to continue some spectroscopic work, when Dufrayer, whom I had not seen for more than a week, walked in. Noticing that I was busy, he took a cigar from a box which lay on the table and sank into an easy chair without speaking.

"What is it to-night, Norman?" he asked at last, as I descended from my stool. "Is it the Elixir of Life or the Philosopher's Stone?"

"Neither," I replied. "I have received some interesting specimens of reduced hæmoglobin, and am experimenting on them. By the way, where have you been all this week?"

"At Eastbourne. The Assizes begin at the Old Bailey, as you know, on Thursday, and I am conducting the defence in the case of the Disney murder. However, I have not come here to talk shop. I had a small adventure at Eastbourne, and have come to tell you about it."

"More developments?" I asked, slightly startled by his tone, which was unusually grave. "Come into the garden; we will have coffee there."

We went through the open French windows and ensconced ourselves in wicker chairs.

"Does it ever occur to you," said Dufrayer, taking his cigar from his mouth as he spoke, "that you and I are in personal danger? It is absurd to lull ourselves into security by saying that such things do not happen in our day, but my only surprise is that Mme. Koluchy has not yet struck a blow at either of us. The thought of her haunts me; she fights with almost omnipotent powers, and we cannot foresee from what quarter the shaft may come."

"You have a reason for saying this?" I interrupted. "Has it anything to do with your visit to the seaside?"

"There is a possibility that it may have something to do with it, but of that I am not certain. In all likelihood, Head, there are no two men in London in such a strange position as ours."

"It is a self-elected one, at any rate," I replied.

"True," he answered. "Well, I will tell you what happened, and the further sequel which occurred this evening. I had been feeling rather done, and as I had a few days to spare, thought I would spend them geologizing along the cliffs at Eastbourne. On Tuesday last I went out for the whole day on a long expedition under the cliffs towards Burling Gap. I was so engrossed in my discovery of some very curious pieces of iron pyrites, for which that part of the coast is noted, that I forgot the time, and darkness set in before I turned for home. The tide was luckily low, so I had nothing to fear. I had just rounded the point on which the light-house stands when, to my amazement, I heard a shrill, clear voice call my name. I stopped and turned round, but at first could see nothing. In a moment, however, I observed a figure approaching me—it sprang lightly from rock to rock. As it came nearer it resolved itself into a boy, dressed in a light grey suit and cloth cap. I was just going to address him when he raised his hand as if in warning, and said, quickly, in a low voice: 'Don't return to London—stay here—you are in danger.' 'What do you mean?' I asked. He made no reply, and before I could repeat my question had left me, and was continuing his rapid course toward the promontory. I shouted after him, 'Stop! who are you?' but in another moment I completely lost sight of him in the dark shadow of the cliffs. I ran forward, but not a trace of him could I see. I shouted; there was no answer. I then made up my mind that pursuit was useless, and returned to the town."

"Have you seen or heard anything since of the mysterious youth?" I asked.

"Nothing whatever. What do you think of his warning? Is it possible that I am really in danger? Is Mme. Koluchy mixed up in this affair?"

"YOU ARE IN DANGER."

I paused before replying, then I said, slowly :—

"As Madame is in existence, and as the youth, whoever he was, happened to know your name, there is just a possibility that the adventure may wear an ugly aspect. Two conclusions may be arrived at with regard to it : one, that this warning was intended to keep you at Eastbourne for some dangerous object ; the other, that it was a friendly warning given for some reason in this strange manner."

"You arrive precisely at my own views on the subject," replied Dufrayer. "I am not a nervous man, and can defend my life if necessary. But that small incident has stuck to me in a curious way. Of course, it is quite impossible for me to leave town. The Disney murder trial comes on this week, and as there are many complications it will occupy some days ; but, Head, try as I will, the impression of that boy's warning will not wear off ; and now, listen, there is a sequel. See ; this came by the last post."

As Dufrayer spoke he drew a letter from his pocket and thrust it into my hands.

I took it to the window, where, by the light of a lamp inside the room, I read the following lines :—

"Meet me inside gates, Marble Arch, at ten to-night. Do not fail. You have disregarded my advice, but I may still be able to do something."

"Your correspondent makes a strange *rendezvous*," I remarked, as I handed it back to him. "What do you mean to do?"

"What would you do in my place?" asked Dufrayer, shifting the question. He gazed at me earnestly, and with veiled anxiety in his face.

"Take no notice," I said. "The letter is anonymous, and as likely as not may be a trap to lead you into danger. I do not see anything for it but for you to pursue the even tenor of your way, just as if there were no Mme. Koluchy in the world."

It was half-past nine o'clock, the moon was rising, and Dufrayer's grave face, with his dark brows knit, confronted mine. After a time he rose.

"I believe you are right," he said. "I shall disregard that letter as I disregarded the warning of the youth on the sands. My

unknown correspondent must keep his *rendezvous* in vain. I won't stay any longer this evening. I am terribly busy getting up my case for Thursday. Good-night."

When he was gone I sat out of doors a little longer, pondering much over the two warnings which he had received, and which I had thought best to make little of to him. It was, as he said, impossible for him to leave town, but all the same I by no means liked the aspect of affairs. Whatever the warnings meant, they were at least significant of grave danger ahead, and knowing Mme. Koluchy as I did, I felt certain that no depths of treachery were beyond her powers.

I returned to the house, but felt little inclination to resume my experiments in the laboratory. The night grew more and more sultry, and a thunderstorm threatened.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock I was just preparing to retire for the night, when there came a loud ring at my front door. The servants had all gone to bed. In some surprise, I went to open the door. A woman in a voluminous cloak and old-fashioned bonnet was standing on the threshold. The moment the door was opened, and before I could say a word, she had stepped into the hall.

"Don't keep me out," she said, in a breathless voice; "I am followed, and there is danger. Mr. Dufrayer has failed to keep his appointment, and I was forced to come here. I know you, Mr. Head. I know all about you, and also about Mr. Dufrayer. Let me speak at once. I have something most important to say. Do get over your astonishment, and close the door. I tell you I am closely watched."

"MY NAME IS ELSIE FANCOURT."

The figure of the woman was old, but the voice was young. Without a word, I shut the hall door. As I did so, she removed her bonnet and dropped her cloak. She now stood revealed to me as a slight, handsome, dark-eyed girl. Her skin was of a clear olive, and her eyes black.

"My name is Elsie Fancourt," she said. "My home is at Henley. My mother is the widow of a barrister. Our address is 5, Gloucester Gardens, Albert Road, Henley. Will you remember it?"

I nodded.

"Will you make a note of it?"

"I can remember it without that," I said.

"Very good. You may need that address later on. Now, Mr. Head, you are thinking strange things of me, but I am not, in the ordinary sense of the word, an adventuress. I am a lady—one in sore, sore straits. I have come to you in my desperate need, because I believe you can help me, and because you and also Mr. Dufrayer are in the gravest danger. Will you trust me?"

As she spoke she raised her eyes and looked me full in the face. I read an

expression of truth in the depths of her fine eyes. My suspicion vanished; I held out my hand.

"You are a strange girl, and have come here at a strange hour," I said, "but I do trust you. Only extreme circumstances could make you act as you are doing. What is the matter?"

"Take me into one of your sitting-rooms, and I will explain."

I opened the door of my study and asked her to walk in.

"The matter is one of life and death," she began, speaking in a hurried voice. "Mr. Dufrayer has twice disregarded my warning. I warned him at the risk of my liberty, if not my life, and when he failed to keep the appointment which I made for him this evening, I felt there was nothing whatever for it but to come to you and to cast myself on your mercy. Mr. Head, there is not a moment to lose. Our common enemy"—here she lowered her voice—"is Mme. Koluchy. She has done me a great and awful wrong. She has done that which no woman with a woman's wit and intuition can ever forgive. I will avenge myself on her or die."

"Is it possible that you are the person who gave Mr. Dufrayer that strange warning on the beach at Eastbourne?" I asked.

"I am. I dressed myself as a boy for greater safety, but that night I was followed to my lodgings. Had Mr. Dufrayer heeded my advice I should not be here now. Mr. Head, your friend is in imminent danger of his life. I cannot tell you how the blow will fall, for I do not know, but I am certain of what I am saying. Out of London he might have a chance; in London he has practically none. Listen. You are both marked by the Brotherhood, and Mr. Dufrayer is to be the first victim. No human laws can protect him. Even here, in this great and guarded city, he cannot possibly escape. The person who strikes the blow may be caught, may suffer"—here a look of agony crossed her face—"but what is the good of that," she continued, "when the blow has done its work? No one outside the Brotherhood knows its immense resources. I repeat, Mr. Dufrayer has no chance whatever if he remains in London; he must leave immediately."

"That, I fear, is impossible," I replied, gravely; "my friend is no coward. He is conducting the defence in an important case at the criminal courts. The life of an accused man hangs on his remaining in town—need I say more?"

She turned white to her lips.

"I know all that," she answered. "Have I not followed the thing step by step? Madame also knows how Mr. Dufrayer is placed, and what he has to do this week. She has made her plans accordingly. Oh! Mr. Head, would I risk my life as I am doing for a mere nothing? Can you not believe in the reality of the danger?"

"I can," I answered. "I am certain from your manner that you are speaking the truth, and I know enough of Mme. Koluchy to be sure of the gravity of the situation. Of course, I will tell Mr. Dufrayer what you say, and suggest that he get a substitute to carry on his work in the courts."

"Will you see him to-night?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Thank you."

"He is certain to refuse to go," I said. "It is right to give him your warning, but he will disregard it."

"Ah! you think so?"

"I am positive."

"In that case something else must be done, and I must know immediately. If your friend refuses, send a letter to E. F., General Post Office, marked 'Poste Restante.' I will go to St. Martin's-le-Grand early to-morrow morning to obtain it. Put nothing within the letter but the word 'No.' Don't sign your name."

"In case my friend decides not to leave town you shall have such a letter," I replied.

"Under those circumstances I must see you again," continued Miss Fancourt.

I made no reply.

"It is better for me not to communicate with you. Even a telegram would scarcely be safe. I have, I believe, managed to elude vigilance in coming here. I feel that I am watched day and night. I dare not risk the chance of meeting you in the ordinary way. Let me think for a moment."

She stood still, leaning her hand against her cheek.

"Are you musical?" she asked, suddenly.

"Fairly so," I replied.

"Do you know enough of music to"—she paused and half smiled—"to tune a piano, for instance?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I will soon explain myself. The piano-tuner is expected at our house to-morrow. Will you come in his place? I will send him a line the moment I get home, telling him to postpone his visit, but will let our servant think that he is coming. She has

never seen our piano-tuner, and will suppose that you are the man we usually employ for the purpose. Do you mind assuming this *rôle?*"

"I am perfectly willing to try my hand on your piano," I said.

"Thank you. Then, in case you have to write that letter, come to our house to-morrow about two o'clock. The servant will admit you, believing you to be the tuner,

"THE YOUNG MAN TOOK HIS LEAVE."

and will show you into our drawing-room—I will join you there in a few moments. You can leave the rest to me."

I promised to do as Miss Fancourt required, and soon afterwards she took her leave.

A few moments later, I was on my way to Dufrayer's flat. He kept late hours, and I was relieved to see lights still burning in his windows. I was quickly admitted by my host himself.

"Come in, Norman," he cried. "That will do, North," he continued, turning to a young man whom I recognised as one of his managing clerks. "You have taken down all those instructions? Murchison and James Watts must be subpœnaed as witnesses. I shall be at the office early to-morrow."

The young man in question, who had a pale, dark face and grey, sensitive eyes, quickly gathered up several papers and, bowing to Dufrayer and myself, took his leave.

"One of the best managing clerks I have ever had," said Dufrayer, as he left the room. "I have been in great luck to secure him. He is a wonderfully well-educated fellow and knows several languages. He has been with me for the last three months. I cannot tell you what a relief it is to have a clerk who really possesses a head on his shoulders. But you have news, Norman; what is it?"

"I have," I answered; "strange news. After all, Dufrayer, I am inclined to believe in your anonymous correspondent. The youth on the Eastbourne beach has merged into a girl. Finding that you would not keep the appointment she made for you, she came straight to me, and has, in fact, only just left me. Strange as it all seems, I believe in that girl. May I tell you what occurred during our interview?"

Dufrayer pulled a chair forward for me without saying a word. He stood facing me while I told my story. When I had finished he gave his shoulders a slight shrug, and then said:—

"But, after all, Miss Fancourt has revealed nothing."

"Because at present she only suspects," I replied.

"And she coolly asks you to come to me to request me to throw my client over at the eleventh hour and to leave town?"

"She certainly believes that your danger is real," I answered.

"Well, real or not, I cannot possibly act on her warning," replied Dufrayer. As he spoke he walked to the window and looked out. "Things have come to a pretty pass when a man is hunted in this fashion," he continued. "A respectable London solicitor is converted into a modern Damocles, with the sword of Mme. Koluchy suspended above his head. The thing is preposterous; it cannot go on. My work keeps me here, and here I must stay. I will trust the Criminal Investigation Department against Madame's worst machinations. I shall go to Scotland Yard early to-morrow and see Ford. The thing is a perfect nightmare."

"I told Miss Fancourt you would not leave town," I replied.

"And you did right," he said.

"Nevertheless, I believe in her," I continued.

Dufrayer gave me one of those slow, inscrutable smiles which now and then flitted across his strong face.

"You were always a bit of an enthusiast, Head," he replied, "but the fact is, I have no time to worry over this matter now. All my energies of mind and body must be exerted on behalf of that unfortunate man, the conduct of whose trial has been placed in my hands."

I left Dufrayer, and before I returned home wrote the single word "No" on a sheet of blank paper, folded it up, put it into an envelope, and addressed it to E. F., "Poste Restante," St. Martin's-le-Grand.

To think over the enigma which Miss Fancourt had presented to me seemed worse than useless; but, try as I would, I could not banish it from my thoughts; and I even owned to a sense of relief when, on the following day, about two o'clock, I presented myself, as the supposed piano tuner, at 5, Gloucester Gardens, Albert Road, Henley.

The house was a small one, and a neatly-dressed little servant opened the door. She evidently expected the piano-tuner, for she smiled when she saw me, and showed me at once into the drawing-room. She supplied me with the necessary dusters, and opened the piano. I had just struck some chords on the somewhat ancient instrument, when Miss Fancourt came hastily in.

"I am sorry," she said, speaking in a rather loud voice, "but mother has a very bad headache, and has asked me to request you to postpone tuning the instrument to-day; but you must not go before you have had some lunch. I have asked the servant to bring it in."

She had left the door open, and now the girl who had admitted me followed, bearing a tray which contained some light refreshment.

"Put it down on that table, Susan," said Miss Fancourt, "and then please go at once for the medicine for your mistress. I can open the door in case anyone calls."

The girl, quite unsuspicious, departed, and Miss Fancourt and I found ourselves alone.

"Susan will be absent for over half an hour," said the girl, "and I have told mother enough to insure her not coming into the room. She has feigned that headache; it was necessary to do so in order to get an excuse for sending our little servant out for some medicine, and so keeping her out of the way. A man was here questioning her only this morning. Oh, you make a first-class piano-tuner, Mr. Head," she continued, looking at me with a smile, which vanished almost as soon as it came. "But now to business. So your friend refuses to leave town?"

"He does," I replied. "I told you that it was quite impossible for him to do so."

"I know you said so. Now I am going to give you my full confidence, but before I do so will you give me your word that what I am about to say will never, under any circumstances, pass your lips?"

"I cannot do that," I replied, "but if I find that you are a friend to me, I will be one to you."

She looked at me steadily.

"That will not do," she said. "Mr. Dufrayer is an old acquaintance of yours, is he not?"

"My greatest friend," I said.

Her brow cleared, and her dark eyes lightened.

"His life is in danger," she said. "By this time to-morrow he may——" she paused, trembling, her very lips turned white.

"For Heaven's sake, speak out," I cried.

"Yes, I will explain myself. I am certain that when you know all you will give me the promise which is absolutely necessary for my own salvation and the salvation of one dearer to me than myself. Six months ago I became

engaged to a man of the name of John North."

"North!" I said, "North." I felt puzzled by a memory.

The girl proceeded without noticing my interruption.

"I love John North," she said, slowly. "If necessary, I would die for him. I would go to any risk to save him from his present most perilous position."

As she spoke her dark brows were knit, she clasped her hands tightly together, and bent her head.

"'I LOVE JOHN NORTH,' SHE SAID, SLOWLY."

"There is a managing clerk of the name of North in Dufrayer's office," I said, slowly.

"There is," she replied; "he is the man about whom I am speaking. Now please follow me closely. Mr. North, who was educated abroad and spent all his early years in Italy, was articled when still quite a youth to a large firm of solicitors in the City. Early in the spring, Mr. Dufrayer engaged him as one of his managing clerks at a salary of four guineas a week."

"I met North last night," I said. "He looked an intelligent fellow, and my friend spoke very highly of him. I have not the least idea, Miss Fancourt, what this is leading up to, but, as far as I can tell, North seems all right."

"Please let me continue," said the girl; "you will soon see how complicated matters are. Almost immediately after our engagement, John North got into Madame's set. I do not know how he first had an introduction to her, although I sometimes think he must have met her long ago in Italy. She evidently holds the deepest fascination over him, for he was never tired of talking of her, her wonderful house, her fame, her beauty, and the strange power she had over each person with whom she came in contact. One day he told me that through her agency, although her name did not appear in the matter, she had got him an excellent appointment as managing clerk in the office of your friend."

I started. My attention was now keenly aroused.

"This," continued Miss Fancourt, "was three months ago. Mr. Head, during those three months everything has altered, the sun has got behind clouds, the sky is black. I am the most miserable girl on earth."

"You have doubtless a reason for your misery," I said.

"I have. Mr. Head, you tell me you have seen John North?"

"Last night for the first time," I answered.

"And you liked his appearance?"

"I was attracted by his face. I cannot exactly say that I liked it, it seemed clever—he looked intelligent."

"He is wonderfully so. Six months ago, when first we were engaged, his face used to wear the brightest, keenest expression; now it is haggard, restless—each day something of good leaves it and something of evil takes its place. Something, yes, something is eating into his youth, his manhood, and his beauty. He is changed to me—I believe he has almost lost the capacity of loving anyone. My love, however, is unaltered, for I know there is a spell over him. When it is removed he will be his own old self again.

Three weeks ago, Mr. Head, I swore I would discover what was wrong. Unknown to anyone, I followed John North to a house in Mayfair. He went there with a large party, of whom Madame was one. I have found out what that house is. It is an opium den, though few except its frequenters are aware of that fact. It was easy for me, then, to put two and two together, and to know what was wrecking the life of the man I loved. You are a scientist, and understand what the opium vice means. It has ruined my lover, both in body and soul."

"This is terribly sad," I answered, "but I cannot quite understand what it has to do with Dufrayer."

"I am coming to that part," she replied. "After I had seen him enter the opium saloon, I began to watch John North more closely than ever, and soon I had strong reason to suspect that he was burdened by a great and very terrible secret. I seemed to read this fact in his eyes, in his manner. He avoided my glance, his gaiety left him, he became more gloomy and depressed hour by hour. My mother lives here, and has done so for years, but my journalistic work keeps me in town during the greater part of the week. I have a small room in Soho, where I sleep whenever necessary, but I always spend from Saturday to Monday at home. I was careful not to give Mr. North the slightest clue that I had guessed his secret, and on the special Sunday evening about which I am going to tell you I asked him to come and visit me at our house. He had neglected me terribly of late, leaving my letters unanswered, seeming indifferent to my presence. He had ceased altogether to speak of our marriage, and the only things which really interested him were his law work and his evenings in Madame's set. When I pressed him, however, he promised faithfully to come to see me on that special Sunday, and I sat for a long time in this room waiting for him. He did not arrive, and I grew restless. I put on my hat, and went along the road to meet him. He did not appear. I felt desperate then, and determined to do a bold thing. I took the next train to town. I arrived in London between six and seven o'clock and took a hansom straight to his rooms. The landlady, whom I had already seen once or twice, told me that he was in. I went upstairs and knocked at his sitting-room door. I heard his voice say 'Come in,' and I entered. He was sitting on the sofa, and did not show the least surprise at seeing me. He asked me in a low, languid voice what I had come about. I replied that, as he had failed to keep his appointment with me, I had come to him. As I spoke I looked round the room. I noticed that he had in his hand a long pipe, and that there was a peculiar, sickly odour in the air. A small spirit lamp of uncommon shape stood burning on the table. I immediately guessed what was happening. When I interrupted him he was indulging in opium smoke. He was drawing in the pernicious, the awful drug, and did not care that I should interfere with him. I was determined, however, to probe this matter to the bitter end. I resolved

"HE WAS DRAWING IN THE AWFUL DRUG."

at any risk to save him. I knew that there was only one way to do this. I must learn the truth—I must find out what that thing was which was casting its awful shadow over him. Like a flash it occurred to me that in his present condition it would be easy to wrest secrets from his lips. I would, therefore, encourage him to smoke. Instead of blaming him, therefore, for smoking the opium I sat down by him and asked some questions with regard to it. I requested him to continue the pleasure which I had interrupted, and showed him that I was much interested in the effects of opium. Low as he had fallen, he evidently did not like to indulge in the horrible habit in my presence, but I would not hear of his denying himself. I even helped him to put some more of the prepared opium into the bowl of the pipe. I smiled gently at him as the heavy aromatic smoke curled up round his nostrils, soothing and calming him. He began to enter into the fun of the thing, as he called it, and asked me to seat myself by his side. I felt sick and trembling, but never for a moment did my resolution fail me. As he got more and more under the influence of the opium, and I noticed the pin-point pupils of his eyes, I began to question him. My questions were asked with extreme care, and deliberately, step by step, I wormed his secrets from him. A ghastly plot was revealed to me, a plot so horrible, so certain in its issues, that I could scarcely restrain myself while I listened. It had to do with you, Mr. Head, with Mr. Dufrayer, and in especial with my lover himself, John North. Just as he murmured the last words of his awful secret he fell back into complete insensibility.

"I immediately hurried from the room. I knew enough of the effects of opium to be certain that John would have no remembrance of what he had said to me when he awoke in the morning. I saw the landlady, told her enough of my strange position to insure her secrecy, and hurried away.

"That night I spent in town, but I had no rest. Since that dreadful moment I have not had an hour's quiet. The man I love is to be the instrument used by Mme. Koluchy for her terrible purpose. A blow is to be struck, and John North is to strike it. What the blow is in itself, how the fatal deed is to be committed, I have not the slightest idea; but your friend is doomed. Can you not understand my awful position? John North is to execute Madame's vengeance. It matters little to her if eventually he hangs for his crime; for, with her usual cunning, she has so arranged matters that she herself will not be implicated. Mr. Head, you now see what I want to do. I want to save John North. Your friend I should also wish to save, but John North comes first, don't you understand?"

"I understand," I replied, "and I pity you from my heart."

"Then, if you pity, you will help me."

"Undoubtedly I will."

"That is good; that is what I hoped."

"But what is to be done? At present it seems to me that you and I are in the terrible position of knowing that there are rocks ahead without having the slightest idea where they are."

"I know this much at least," she replied. "The fatal deed will be committed in London, hence my entreaty to your friend not to leave Eastbourne. I might have guessed that he would not heed an anonymous warning of that sort. Then I tried what a letter would do, begging him to meet me at the Marble Arch. Little I cared what he thought of me if only I could save John North. Mr. Dufrayer did not come, and as a last resource I fled to you."

"I am glad you did so," I answered. "Have you any plan in your head on which I can immediately act?"

"I have, but first of all I want your promise. You must not only save your friend, but you must save Mr. North. I want your word of honour that you will never give your testimony against him."

"I can only say that I will not be the one to hand him over to the police," I replied; "more it is impossible to promise. Will that content you?"

She hesitated and looked thoughtful.

"I suppose it must," she said at last. "Will Mr. Dufrayer make a similar promise?"

"I think I can answer for him," I said.

"Very well. Now, then, Mr. Head, it is just possible that we may be victorious yet. I have discovered that from time to time Mr. North receives communications from Mme. Koluchy. If we could get hold of some of these we might reach the heart of this ghastly plot."

"But how is that to be done?" I asked.

"I have acquainted myself with all Mr. North's movements," continued the girl. "He goes to his lodgings every evening between ten and eleven o'clock, not leaving them again until the morning. Doubtless, night after night he has recourse to the solace of the opium pipe. It is impossible for

me to visit him again, for I am too closely watched, but will you go to him—will you go to him to-night?"

"Do you really mean this?" I asked.

"I do," she replied, "it is the only thing to be done. You can take a message from Mr. Dufrayer. You are Mr. Dufrayer's friend, so a message from him will be natural. When you have got into Mr. North's presence you will know yourself what to do. Your own judgment will guide you. In all probability he will be under the effect of opium, and you can get further secrets from him. At the worst you may be able to find some of Madame's communications."

I stood still, considering.

"I will go," I said; "but success seems more than doubtful."

"I do not agree with you. I am certain that, with your tact, you will succeed. If you can only get hold of some of Madame's letters all may yet be well. By the way, can you read cipher?"

"I understand many ciphers," I replied.

"I have discovered that Mme. Koluchy always writes in cipher. Go to-night. Do not fail. This is Mr. North's address. Do not try to communicate with me again. I shall know if you succeed, and if—but I dare not think of the other alternative."

She held out her hand; her face was white, her lips trembled.

"You are a brave man," she said. "I feel somehow that you will succeed. Go, you must be out of this house before our little servant returns."

That evening between ten and eleven o'clock I found myself at North's lodgings. The landlady herself opened the door. I inquired if North was in, said that I had come with an urgent message from Dufrayer, and asked to see him at once.

"I do not know whether he is in," replied the woman, "but if you will go upstairs to the sitting-room on the third floor just facing the landing, you can see for yourself."

I nodded to her, and ran upstairs. A moment later I was knocking at the door which the landlady had indicated. There was no reply—I turned the handle and went in. One glance round the room caused my heart to beat with apprehension. The bird had evidently flown. Signs of a speedy departure were all too evident.

Some paper partly torn and partly burnt was lying in the grate, and some more papers

"SOME PAPER, PARTLY BURNT, WAS LYING IN THE GRATE."

completely charred to ashes were near it; the door which opened into the bedroom was flung back on its hinges. I went there, to see drawers and wardrobe open and empty. My next business was to go to the grate, secure the half-burnt paper, thrust it into my pocket, and go downstairs again. The landlady was nowhere in sight, so I let myself out.

About midnight I returned home.

"Now, for one last forlorn hope," I said to myself. "The man has evidently got a fright and has gone off. But like many another clever scoundrel, he did not quite complete his work before his departure. This paper is only half-burnt. Can it be possible that it contains the hidden cipher which may yet save my friend?"

I went straight to my laboratory, and opening the crumpled, torn piece of paper spread it out before me. To my dismay, I saw that it was only an ordinary sheet of a morning daily. I was about to fling it away, when suddenly an old memory returned to me. I knew of a method employed once by a great criminal who communicated with his confederates in the following manner. They received from time to time newspapers, certain of the printed letters of which were pricked with a needle. These prickings, when the paper was held up to the light, could be clearly seen, and the pricked letters, when taken down in consecutive order, formed certain words. Could the torn paper in my hands have been used for a similar purpose? I held it up to the light, but no sign of any pricking appeared.

Pacing to and fro in my laboratory I formulated every conceivable hypothesis that might throw light on the terrible problem. What was to be done?

At last, weary with anxiety, I went to bed, and, exhausted as I was, sank into a heavy sleep.

I was roused by my servant calling me at the usual hour the next morning, and almost at once my thoughts flew to our terrible position. I dressed and went again to my laboratory to examine once more the fragment of paper. Without having any definite reason for doing so, I got out my camera, and, placing the paper in a strong light, exposed it to one of my rapid plates; then, going to my dark-room, I proceeded to develop it. As I bent over the dish and rolled the solution to and fro in the plate, I suddenly started, and my heart beat quickly. Was it only imagination, or was something coming out—something beyond and above the mere printed words of the newspaper? In the dim red light I could almost swear that I detected separate dots on the plate, which the paper itself did not show. Could there be a flaw in the negative?

Rapidly fixing it, I took it out and brought it to the light. A cry of joy burst from my lips. Over some of the printed letters something had been put which showed up in the negative, as whiter than the paper, something which would reflect the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum — something fluorescent. Perhaps a solution of quinine was the agent employed. This would, I knew, be quite invisible to the naked eye. Scarcely able to contain the excitement which consumed me, I dried the plate rapidly, and printed off a copy, and without waiting to tone it, took it to the light and examined it with my lens. Great heavens! the awful plot was about to be unveiled. A cipher had really been sent to North in this subtle way. The letters which had been touched with the quinine stood out clearly. As the newspaper was torn and a great part of it burnt, I could not read the full details of the ghastly plot in consecutive order, but the following fragments left little doubt of what the result was meant to be:—

"Aneroid substituted. . . . . thermometer explodes at twenty degrees Réaumur . . . . . leave London to-night."

My brain swam. Quick as lightning my thoughts flew to Dufrayer.

"Thermometer explodes at twenty degrees," I found myself repeating.

Twenty degrees on the Réaumur scale in Russia means seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit on our English scale. For the last few days the thermometer in London had daily recorded as high a temperature as this. Had it done so yet to-day? Dufrayer had an aneroid barometer hanging in his private room at his office. In it I knew was a thermometer. This was enough.

I bolted from the house, and in another moment a hansom was taking me at a hand gallop to Chancery Lane. In half an hour I was at my friend's door. I jumped out of the hansom, and dashed through the clerk's office into his private room. Dufrayer had evidently just come in, and was seated at his desk.

"Is that you, North? How late you are. I want you to go at once," he began. Then he caught sight of my face, and sprang from his chair.

"Norman!" he exclaimed; "what in the world is the matter?"

"Get out of this," I shouted. "You will never see that ruffian North again; but no matter, you must save yourself now."

As I spoke, I pushed Dufrayer roughly to the further end of the room. My eyes were fixed upon the thermometer in the aneroid, which hung on the wall over his desk. The mercury stood at 76deg. Seizing a jug of cold water, which stood on a table near, I dashed the contents over the instrument. The mercury sank. I was right. I could see it. I was only just in time.

"What in Heaven's name is the matter? Are you mad?" said Dufrayer, gazing at me in astonishment.

"Matter!" I echoed, "the devil's the matter. This thing is an infernal machine.'

"That aneroid an infernal machine? My dear Head, you must have lost your senses. I have had it for years."

"This is not the aneroid you have had for years," I answered. "Get a bucket of cold water—don't stand staring like that. Cannot you understand that we may be blown to pieces any moment?"

He paused just to take in the meaning of my words; then the colour left his face, and he rushed from the room.

"There," I said, as I unhooked the instrument and lowered it gently into the bucket which he had got from the housekeeper's kitchen, "we are safe for the present. But look here."

We bent down and examined the aneroid closely. Fused into the glass bore at the line which marked 77deg. was the tiniest metallic projection.

"But what does it mean? Explain yourself, for Heaven's sake," he said, excitedly.

"SEIZING A JUG OF WATER I DASHED THE CONTENTS OVER THE INSTRUMENT."

"I will in a moment," I answered, drawing out my heavy knife. With the screwdriver I unscrewed the back and levered it open.

"Good heavens! look here," I said.

The space in the hollow woodwork was literally packed with masses of gun-cotton, and below it lay a small accumulator with its fine connecting wires. I cut the wires and emptied the cotton into the water.

"Don't you see now?" I cried. "This is the most devilishly clever infernal machine that could be contrived. When the mercury

rose to 77deg. the circuit would be completed, the gun-cotton fired, and you and your office blown to kingdom come."

"But who has done it?" said Dufrayer. "Who in the name of Heaven could have changed the aneroid?"

"Your clerk, North. I have a story to tell you, but I must do so in confidence."

"Let us go at once to Scotland Yard, Head. This is unbearable!"

"We cannot do so at present," I replied. "I am under a promise to hold back information."

Dufrayer stared at me as though once more he thought me possessed.

"I will explain matters to-night," I said. "Come now, let us turn the key in the door and go out."

Dufrayer suddenly glanced at his watch.

"In the excitement of this infernal affair I had almost forgotten my unfortunate client," he cried; "his case must be coming on at the Old Bailey about now. I must start at once."

"I will walk with you there," I said.

A moment later we found ourselves in Fleet Street. We passed an optician's—in the window was a thermometer. We stood and looked at it without speaking. The mercury was standing at 80deg.

"THE MERCURY WAS STANDING AT 80DEG."

That evening the strange story which Elsie Fancourt had confided to me was told to Dufrayer.

"Once again Madame has scored," was his remark when I had finished, "and that scoundrel North gets off scot-free."

"Madame has not quite scored, for your life has been spared," I said, with feeling.

"The whole thing was planned with the most infernal cunning," said Dufrayer. "Yesterday, North came into my office, pointed out that the aneroid was not working properly, and asked me if he might take it to an optician's in Fleet Street. I very naturally gave him permission. He brought it back in the evening and put it into its place. Yes, the whole plot was timed with the most consummate skill. The thermometer has been daily rising for the last few days, and Madame guessed only too well that it would reach 77deg. before I went to court this morning. Doubtless, North had informed her that the Disney trial was to come on second in the list, and that I should not be required at the Old Bailey before half-past eleven. Well, I have escaped, and I owe it to you, Head, and to Miss Fancourt. I pity that poor girl; she is too good to be thrown away on a scoundrel like North."

"I wonder what her future history will be," I said. "There is no doubt that North is fast in Madame's toils. Miss Fancourt believes, however, that her mission in life is to reclaim him. The ways of some good women are inexplicable."

Savage Cricketers.

By William G. FitzGerald.

TRAVELLERS in distant countries are often amused to find homely articles of European manufacture treasured as valuables, and occasionally as gods, to be worshipped by savages in various regions. Mr. Savage Landor, whose disastrous attempt to enter the sacred city of Lhassa, in Tibet, occasioned so much excitement lately, tells how, when his devoted servant Chanden Sing first made his appearance before him, his prospective attendant shouldered arms with one solitary cricket-stump, and stood at stiff attention in the doorway of the tent. Now, the thing is, how did that cricket-stump get into the wilds of the Himalayas? We suppose it must have been carried thither by traders. Everyone knows of that splendid profitable trade in old clothes which went on between certain shrewd business men in this country and agents in Central Africa, who disposed of various incongruous garments to the natives in return for ivory, ostrich feathers, spices, and other valuable commodities.

A curious fact about the Englishman abroad is that he takes with him not merely his own personal idiosyncrasies—which are very strongly marked—but also his sports and games, to which he has been accustomed from his youth. Wherever two or three Englishmen—and women—are gathered together in a remote and hitherto unexplored spot, there you will immediately find a tennis ground, a cricket pitch, and ultimately even a racecourse. These reflections lead up to the very interesting, amusing, and striking photographs which we are enabled to reproduce in this article. The first photograph shows us a primitive but earnestly played game of cricket in progress in one of the Solomon Islands. This photo. was taken four or five years ago, when the islands were annexed to the British Crown by H.M.S. *Curacoa*. Now, just observe the wicket-keeper, who is a typical South Sea Islander. Not only is he unprovided with the orthodox leg-guards, but he is practically stark naked, his ebony skin fairly shining beneath the blazing tropical sun. It is obvious from the photo. that the ground itself is hardly suitable for batting and bowling, and so a strip of cocoanut matting, very much home made, has been laid down from the bowler's end to the wicket. You will observe that bails are dispensed with, but it would be unfair to insist on these genial savages playing the game with that accuracy of detail which we are accustomed to expect at Lord's or the Oval. A cricket pavilion is seen in the background, and at intervals all the players leave the "field" and retire slowly to that queer-looking structure which seems to be raised on piles above the ground. They climb the little ladder, and crawl in through the hole, and then indulge in some refreshments—perhaps palm wine and bananas. This is a happy land, and our savage cricketers may play their favourite game from morning till night without any thought of what they shall eat or drink or wherewith they shall be clothed. Certainly, there is very little necessity about the latter item.

A QUIET GAME IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

Sets of cricket implements are carried by traders to very remote parts indeed, and sold for quite a large sum, which, however, includes some elementary tuition in the noble game itself. Travellers have often found an ancient bat doing duty which has been broken and spliced all over, until hardly a square inch of the original material remains. Or again, in the event of a bat being stolen, these dusky cricketers will carve a rude specimen out of the wood of the cocoanut tree, and make it do duty for years. Accidents will happen, of course, and, judging from the scanty attire of our cricketers, they must be more than usually painful.

The next photograph we reproduce shows

This sport, though possibly less exciting than head-hunting, may well be encouraged by the missionaries, since it keeps their charges out of mischief, and even tends to improve their minds by inculcating some idea of discipline, watchfulness, and science. Nothing could exceed the frantic hilarity of the field when one of their number is accidentally struck by the ball. Traders in the South Seas have described to the writer how they have seen the batsmen themselves fairly collapse on the cocoanut matting in a perfect delirium of merriment over the discomfiture of long-off, who has perhaps been felled to the earth with a blow that would have slain any ordinary white man.

A MATCH IN THE WILDS OF NEW GUINEA.

quite an important match in progress at a place which looks very similar to the one shown in the last illustration. It is not so, however, for the scene of this interesting match is Quato, in New Guinea. At this place is established one of the posts of the London Missionary Society, and it is doubtless the influence of the missionaries themselves which accounts for the European clothing seen on various members of the field. This is an extremely interesting view of a New Guinea village, and here again we see that a strip of cocoanut matting has had to be laid down from one wicket to the other. It is really extraordinary to see these half-naked savages playing cricket in this remote part of the earth, surrounded by their own native growths of palms and papoon houses.

The next photograph reproduced transports us to the northern province of the beautiful Island of Ceylon. Here we see a number of black boys playing a very serious game of cricket in the Jaffna peninsula, Ceylon. At this place the Church Missionary Society has a very large school, which is known as St. John's College, and when you are told that the number of students on the books is twenty-six, you will cease to wonder at the excellent game of cricket seen in progress in the schoolground.

The scoring at some of these savage matches is very interesting, and in some cases it is kept by means of little sticks of wood laid upon the ground, and added to or taken away from the winning and losing sides respectively.

A MISSION MATCH IN NORTHERN CEYLON.

Talk about cricket enthusiasts! Look at the couple of East African niggers depicted in the next photograph. In this case the batsman is manifestly unused to wielding the willow, but his anxiety to make a good stroke is only equalled by the strenuous alertness of the wicket-keeper, whose trepidation and agony of mind between each ball are something pitiful to witness.

Amusing to relate, all kinds of queer conceptions prevail among savages as to how the game should really be played. The game we are now considering was played not far from Mengo, in Uganda, and bowler, batsman, and wicket-keeper were fully convinced that the fundamental idea of the game was not to bowl at the wicket, but to try and brain the keeper thereof, whilst the batsman did his best to preserve the life of that functionary. At other times, bats will be found up to "two feet in width," with a wicket rather narrower than the ordinary one. Obviously, then, it is extremely difficult to get the batsman out, so batting is simply taken in turns.

EAST AFRICAN NIGGERS PRACTISING.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XLIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

CLIVEDEN, once, as Pope genially put it,

> The bower of Wanton Shrewsbury and love,

now the modest home of an American millionaire, has still another claim to fame. It was at Cliveden, a few months more than thirty years ago, that Mr. Gladstone finally decided, not only upon a campaign against the Irish Church, but on the form in which action should be opened in the House of Commons. Under the auspices of the Duchess of Sutherland, then in residence at Cliveden, Mr. Gladstone was a frequent visitor. So also was the Duke of Argyll.

COLONEL SIR E. GOURLEY.

Another guest, at that time closely connected with one of these statesmen, tells me that Mr. Gladstone and the Duke had long consultations on the question of the Irish Church. Mr. Gladstone had set himself the task of bringing the Duke round to his views on the subject. The Duke hesitated, and was lost. One morning, after renewed discussion and explanation, he yielded. Strong in his powerful support, Mr. Gladstone went back to London, resolved to move for the Committee to consider his Resolutions for the Disestablishment of the Church in Ireland, the first blow given at its foundations.

RELICS OF 1874.

Counting his close connection with eleven Parliaments of the Queen, Sir John Mowbray has the advantage of me who have known only seven. A sight of a picture of one of these older Houses, or a glance down a division list of twenty or twenty-five years ago, shows with startling effect the mutability of the assembly. Without going so far back as the Session of 1873, when I commenced regular attendance upon the debates, I have gone carefully through the roll-call of members elected to the Parliament of 1874, and compared it with the list of to-day. I find that of the crowd of members sworn in in 1874, only twenty-six have seats in the present Parliament.

Of these the oldest is the Father of the present House, Sir John Mowbray. Next to him comes Mr. Beach, the Young Pretender in the claim to succession to the throne of the Fathership. He was, by the way, elected in the same year that John Bright was returned to Parliament by Birmingham. There is a notable group of veterans from the Parliament of 1868, of which I saw the closing Session. At their head towers Sir William Harcourt, with his present colleague on the Front Opposition Bench, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. Others of this year are Mr. A. H. Brown, the gallant ex-Cornet, who represents a division of Shropshire in the present Parliament; Mr. J. Round (Essex), Mr. Chaplin, Colonel Sir E. Gourley, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Staveley Hill, and Mr. J. G. Talbot. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, though he does not look

MR. TALBOT.

it, is an older member than any of these, having taken his seat in 1864. Sir William Hart Dyke, Sir Joseph Pease, and Mr. M. Biddulph date from 1865. Mr. Abel Smith (I am not quite sure whether he has yet made his maiden speech) came in in 1866. Sir John Kennaway goes back to 1870. Of the 1874 brand are Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Burt, Sir Charles Cameron, Mr. T. F. Halsey, Mr. F. C. Morgan, Sir Charles Palmer, Mr. Ritchie, and Mr. C. H. Wilson, member for Hull in the present Parliament.

375 OUT OF 367.

At the close of every Session there is circulated a return setting forth the number of divisions taken during its progress, and giving the aggregate scored by individual members. When the last return was made up, lo! a strange thing happened. Three hundred and sixty-seven divisions had been taken in the Session. Mr. Anstruther and Mr. Hayes Fisher, the Government Whips, enjoyed the distinction, prouder than pertains to any amount of oration-making, of having voted in every one. That seemed about as much as man or member could do. But Mr. MacAleese had apparently established a claim to have voted 375 times out of 367 opportunities, whilst Mr. Donald Sullivan and Mr. Caldwell scored only one less!

SIR JOHN KENNAWAY.

How might that be? Explanation was speedily forthcoming. In the course of the Session there had been nine occasions when the muster of dissentients to the Speaker's or Chairman's ruling was so small that the right hon. gentleman ordered them to stand up in their place and be counted. To legislators of Mr. Caldwell's composition this process was of itself attractive. Shrewd Parliamentary hands began to discover an accidental advantage underlying it. Whilst the minority who stood up had their names taken down by the Clerks, entered in the division lists, and therefore counted as an attendance, the hapless majority—mute, inglorious patriots—were unrecognised and unnamed. As soon as this discovery was made, the practice of challenging hopeless divisions merrily grew apace. Mr. Caldwell's aggregate visibly swelled, and records, steadily growing through the Session by honest endeavour, were overhauled.

The thing was overdone, and the Speaker's opinion being challenged, it was ordered that though the names of members of the minute minorities should, as directed by the Rules, be taken down by the Clerks, they need not be entered in the return of attendance at divisions. After this the habit of vexatiously challenging divisions promptly lapsed.

A COLONIAL GRIEVANCE.

In respect of our Parliamentary usages, the Colonies are preferring a request which, though it may not lead to submersion of tea-chests in Sydney Harbour or other Australasian port, may, in time, seriously engage the attention of Mr. Chamberlain. When members of the Imperial Parliament visit any of the self-governing Colonies it is the pretty fashion for the Premier to move that chairs be provided for them on the floor of the House at the right of the Speaker. When members of Colonial Parliaments, not to mention Colonial Premiers and Ministers of the Crown, visit the House of Commons they have no privileges other than those shared in common by more or less distinguished strangers. If there is room they may have a seat in the Diplomatic Gallery; or, on the same conditions, under the gallery, with the proviso that they shall be bundled out whenever a division is called. The congregation of Colonial Premiers who flocked to London in honour of the Jubilee brought this condition of affairs to a head.

Mr. Hogan, M.P., whose birthplace was Nenagh, whose home is the world, with a special preference for Australia, has taken the matter in hand. He does not go the length of proposing that Colonial magnates shall have a seat on the floor of the House, but suggests that they may be admitted to the side gallery on the right of the Speaker, at present reserved for members. This point of view is not nearly so good as that provided by the front row of the Diplomatic Gallery. But honourable distinctions are of more account than is personal convenience.

LICENSE IN THE LORDS.

The laxer rules of the House of Lords as affecting the outside public is illustrated when foreign potentates or high Ministers of State visit this country. Last year we had the King of Siam, who diligently went the round of both Houses. In the Commons he was treated as an ordinary distinguished stranger, a seat being provided for him in the gallery over the clock. When he went over to the House of Lords a chair was placed for him on the steps of the Throne, literally on the floor of the House.

"POPPING ON AND OFF THE WOOLSACK."

This contiguity with the Woolsack enabled His Majesty to observe with close and audibly-expressed delight the graceful performance of the Lord Chancellor as, popping on and off the Woolsack, he formally placed the House in and out of Committee. No one present can ever forget the boyish delight with which the King, digging his *chaperon*, Lord Harris, in the ribs, pointed to the stately figure, which he seemed to think had been specially wound up to go through this quaint performance for his Royal pleasure.

When, a year earlier, Li Hung Chang was a visitor to these shores, he suffered the same reverse of fortune. In the Commons he was seated with Westminster boys and other distinguished visitors in the Diplomatic Gallery. In the House of Lords he had a chair set for him almost under the shadow of the Throne.

"MESSENGERS."

This constitutional jealousy of all persons, loftily and indiscriminately described as "strangers," applies even to the duly-appointed uniformed, and highly-respected, "messengers," as certain officials of the House are quaintly called. In the Lords, messengers may move about the Chamber even when full debate is going forward, with the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack, and the Mace on the table. You may see them bringing in the boxes of Ministers, or handing messages to peers in various parts of the House. In the Commons, if one of the messengers were to cross the Bar by a foot span whilst the House is in session, he would probably be run through the body by the sword of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and subsequently hanged, drawn, and quartered.

The terror with which this overhanging fate imbues the breasts of a respectable community—most of them fathers of families, some I believe churchwardens — is shown in their movements when in charge of a card or message for a member seated in the House. If he happens to be seated anywhere near the Bar, the experienced messenger, elongating his body to what seems perilous extent, hands him the card without crossing the Bar by an unsanctified foot. If he is out of reach, the progress of the message is negotiated along a string of members till it reaches his hand. The only time messengers may cross the floor of the House of Commons when the Speaker is in the Chair, is when they are summoned to assist the Sergeant-at-Arms in casting forth a recalcitrant Irish member. But that is poor compensation for the habitual, regularly-enforced restraint.

THE CROSS BENCHES.

Per contra, this particular part of the House of Commons, in close proximity to the Bar, has its re-

strictions for members. The very best place in the Chamber from which a member might address an audience is the Cross Bench on either side of the Bar. It comes more nearly than anything else available to the Tribune, from which in Continental Parliaments the orator faces the House. So attractive is the place that a member seated there, and feeling suddenly impelled to take part in debate or to put a supplementary question, sometimes rises and commences an observation. It is promptly interrupted by a roar of execration, amid which the trembling member is projected or dragged forth, and made to stand before one of the side benches.

THE CROSS BENCHES.

The explanation of what to the stranger in the Gallery seems an unprovoked and unmanly assault is, that the Cross Benches are technically outside the House, whose area at this quarter is defined by an imaginary bar.

THE SIDE GALLERIES.

It is a fact, perchance little known to the majority of members of the present House, that though they may not ask a question from the Cross Benches on the floor of the House, they may, if they please, deliver an oration from the long side galleries above. Only once in my experience have I known this privilege availed of. It was in the early days of the Parliament of 1880, when the House was nightly crowded to overflowing, members drawn by the attraction of a succession of Bradlaugh scenes. Mr. Mitchell Henry one afternoon created a profound sensation by addressing the Speaker from this lofty eminence. When members recovered from their astonishment they broke forth into angry cries of "Order! Order!" But Mr. Henry, as he well knew, was quite in order. The side galleries are as much within the House as are the Front Benches below or above the gangway.

The obvious objection to their constant use as a rostrum is, primarily, the difficulty of catching the Speaker's eye. That accomplished, and the orator launched on his harangue, he would have the mutually uncomfortable consciousness that half the audience were under his feet.

DAYBREAK ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

When morning after morning through the Session I hear the Speaker, a few minutes after midnight, put the question "That this House do now adjourn," I think of times that are no more, and wonder how members of the present House would like to have them resuscitated. Twenty years ago, nay a dozen years ago, the hour at which members now expect to go home, querulous if they are kept up for an extra half hour, was the epoch of the sitting at which business usually began to brisk up. Members flocking down for questions at half-past four never knew at what time of the next morning they would be free from their labours. For the cry, "Who goes home?" to echo through the lobby at half-past one in the morning was a sign of uncommonly quiet times. Two or three o'clock was more usual, and history records how, at frequent intervals, there was what came to be called an "All-night sitting."

Often leaving the House after a ten or twelve hours' sitting, I have stood on Westminster Bridge and seen what Wordsworth described as he drove over it on an early September morning in 1803:—

This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare.
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

The fields are built over, but there remained the truth which Wordsworth hymned, and his sister Dorothy described scarcely less charmingly in a prose letter, that earth has not anything to show more fair than the scene from Westminster Bridge at the break of a summer day. Naturally it was the more soothing after the heat and turmoil of a long sitting in the adjoining House of Commons.

DAYBREAK ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

THE TWELVE O'CLOCK RULE.

When the Twelve O'clock Rule was introduced it was avowedly an experiment, timidly made in face of that stern Conservatism that animates the House of Commons in all that relates to its procedure. Members were assured it would be easy to go back to the old order of things if after the experience of a Session return were found advisable. I suppose there is no power on earth that would to-day induce the House of Commons to revoke the Twelve O'clock Rule. From time to time, to suit Ministerial convenience, it is suspended for a particular sitting. It is necessary that motion to that effect should be formally made at the commencement of the sitting. The motion carried, the House is at liberty to peg away till two or three o'clock in the morning, or, if it pleases, till breakfast time. It turns out in a majority of cases that extension of time is not needed, debate being brought to a conclusion before midnight, just as if the Rule were still in force. When the limit is overstepped it is only by a few halting paces, members fuming with indignation if they are kept up as late as half-past twelve.

The best part of the story is, that at least as much legislative work is now accomplished in the average Session as was scored during the barbaric times that preceded the establishment of the Twelve O'clock Rule. It is true that the House meeting now at three o'clock instead of four has an hour to the good. By comparison with the old order of things, the rising of the House under the new rule is equivalent to dispersal at one o'clock in the morning. But, taking a Session through, the aggregate duration of a sitting is not nearly what it used to be, whilst there is added the wholesome certainty of members knowing exactly the hour of breaking up.

The Twelve O'clock Rule has effected an entire revolution in the order of debate. Formerly the fire began to burn up most brightly about half-past ten, and blazed away till all hours of the morning, the principal speakers reserving themselves till after the dinner hour. Now the chief business of debate is got through before the dinner hour. The rule is varied in the case of a full-dress debate, which is wound up on the eve of the division by leaders from either Front Bench. But in an ordinary way, the big men have their say before dinner. In this opportunity they are twice blessed. They not only have a full and unfagged audience, but reports of their speeches reaching editorial offices in good time, there is opportunity of their being fully considered and justly dealt with.

TORY REVOLUTIONISTS.

The Twelve O'clock Rule, like household suffrage and other beneficent revolutionary enactments, was carried under Conservative auspices. Had the proposal been made by a Liberal Minister, Mr. W. H. Smith and his colleagues on the Treasury Bench who carried it would have died on the floor of the House in resisting it. It is one of the advantages of having a Tory Government occasionally in power, that its tenure of

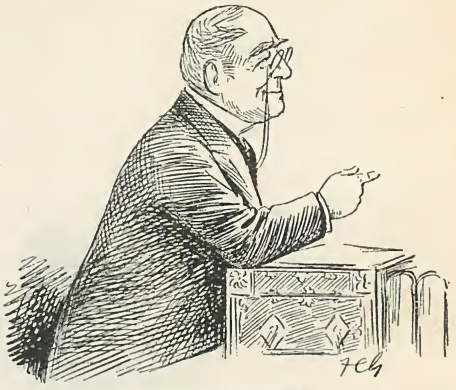
office frequently sees bold reforms accomplished. To Mr. Arthur Balfour, subservient to the same law of nature, the House is indebted for the scheme whereby Supply is regularly dealt with through a succession of Friday nights. This rule on its proposal was violently assailed by some Liberal critics as an infringement on freedom of debate, most jealously guarded in all that relates to Supply. It has come to pass that, under the new regulation, Supply is more fully, and more calmly, discussed than it was in the good old days.

Incidentally, the close of the Session within reasonable time is automatically fixed. This is another rule aimed at obstruction—individual or organized—which, whilst it shortens the Session, does not practically narrow opportunity for accomplishing useful work. In spite of occasional suggestions to the contrary, the House of Commons is, after all, an assembly of business men. It is ready (sooner or later) to recognise the inevitable. Having a certain strict measurement of cloth dealt out to it, convinced that in no circumstances will it get an inch more, it cuts its coat accordingly. If there be any difference in the output of the work of a Session under the new and the old orders of things, I should say that, with the shorter sittings and the automatically-closed Session, more work is done than under the looser arrangements that made obstruction master of the situation.

PENSIONERS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The lamented death of Sir H. Havelock-Allan relieves the public purse from two distinct payments. Sir Henry was in receipt of £700 a year retired pay as Major-General and Honorary Lieut.-General. In addition, he received a pension of £1,000 a year for military services. In this respect he topped the list of members of the House of Commons drawing State pay. I think the nearest to him is General Fitzwygram, who draws retired pay to the amount of £1,185 a year. General Edwards, Member for Hythe, is comforted in his retirement with a pension of £770. General Goldsworthy draws only £466, but he commuted £256 per annum of his retired pay, receiving a lump sum of £1,951 16s. 6d. The odd shillings and pence recall the items in President Kruger's little bill.

General Laurie draws £610 retired pay.



SERGEANT HEMPHILL.

General Russell and General McCalmont each have £500 a year, the half-pay of a Major-General. Colonel Wyndham Murray, of Bath, draws £300 a year retired pay, with an additional £70 a year for arduous and gallant services as Gentleman-at-Arms.

THE LATE SIR HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN.

Sir John Colomb battens on the retired pay of a captain, amounting to £133 16s. 8d. But he has, or had, to the good £1,595 15s., amount paid for commutation of pensions. Mr. Arthur O'Connor preserves pleasant reminiscences of duties at the War Office in the shape of retired pay amounting to £172 10s. He commuted his pension for a lump sum of £2,420 18s. 6d. The Marquis of Lorne draws £1,100 a year as Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle. Sergeant Hemphill, some time Solicitor-General for Ireland, has a pension of 1,000 guineas a year in commemoration of his Chairmanship of County Kerry. From the same distressful country, Mr. W. J. Corbett draws a pension of £292 10s., he having for awhile been Chief Clerk of the Lunatic Department. Mr. Doogan, the member for East Tyrone, modestly assimilates £111 5s. 4d., the pension of a National School Teacher.

Sir Thomas Fardell has his new baronetcy supported by a pension of £666 13s. 4d., the pension of a Registrar in Bankruptcy. 666 is, of course, the Number of the Beast; the 13s. 4d. more directly pertains to the lawyer. Colonel Kenyon Slaney has £420 a year retired pay, and Mr. Staveley Hill receives, in addition to fees, £100 as Counsel to the Admiralty and Judge Advocate of the Fleet.

THE MINNOWS.

These are the whales among the pensioners in the House of Commons. There are some small fry who receive trifling recognition of military ardour devoted to the service of their country. Lord Cranborne, for example, draws £22 19s. annual pay as Colonel of the 4th Battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment. He further has an allowance of £17 11s. 6d. Mr. Hermon Hodge sustains his distinctively military appearance on £6 11s. 3d., supplemented by an allowance of £2 1s. 7d. as Captain and Honorary Major of the Oxford Yeomanry. Sir Elliot Lees, Bart., draws a Captain's pay in the Dorset Yeomanry. Together with allowance it foots up to £8 11s. 3d. per annum. Mr. Legh, Captain and Hon. Major of the Lancashire Hussars Yeomanry, draws an aggregate of 1s. 10d. a year more. Mr. Walter Long supplements his salary as President of the Board of Agriculture by pay and allowance amounting to £10 3s. 6d., the guerdon of his colonelcy of the Royal Wilts Yeomanry. Mr. George Wyndham, Captain of the Cheshire Yeomanry, is put off with a paltry £8 13s. 4d. in annual pay and allowance. In worst plight of all is Lord Dudley's brother, Mr. Ward, who represents the Crewe division of Cheshire. As Second Lieutenant of the Worcester Yeomanry he receives in pay and allowance £4 19s. a year.

MR. HERMON HODGE.

The House of Commons will begin to understand why the gallant member has gone to the Cape, exciting the concern of Mr. Swift MacNeill at his prolonged abstention from Parliamentary duties. A man can't get on in London on £5 a year minus one shilling.

AN UNKNOWN POET.

The present Earl of Derby is one of the few members of the House of Lords who can bring to discussion of affairs in Crete personal knowledge of the island. Just twenty years ago, when he was Secretary of State for War, he made a semi-official tour in Eastern waters, accompanied by that gallant seaman Mr. W. H. Smith, at the time First Lord of the Admiralty. The event was celebrated in the following verse, the manuscript of which, in an unrecognised hand, I turned up the other day among some papers relating to the epoch :—

The head of the Army and chief of the Fleet
Went out on a visit to Cyprus and Crete.
The natives received them with joyful hurrahs,
Called one of them Neptune, the other one Mars.
They ran up an altar to Stanley forthwith,
And ran up a bookstall to W. H. Smith.

To the sensitive ear the rhyme of the last couplet is not everything that could be desired. But the intention is good.

MR. SWIFT MACNEILL : "HAVE YOU SEEN MR. WARD?"

Rose-Coloured Spectacles.

By Mary E. Johnson.

IT was just the old story. She was fair; she was sweet; she was good. He was in love, desperately, of course. There never had been such a love as his since the world began. There never would be again.

He played the lover admirably. Possessing a vein of poetry, he elected to sustain his part after a distinctly high-flown fashion. He was discoursing eloquently on the "ideal she," according to his own conception of her, and comparing her with the real one that was sitting beside him. Needless to say, the resemblance was identical.

At one point she gave a little, common-sense laugh.

"Dear, dear Frank," she said, looking at him with a loving, indulgent smile, "don't be quite so extravagant. You believe it all, I know. But love has given you rose-coloured spectacles."

"They are what every lover wears, Edith, or should wear," he replied, warmly. "The ideal is ever in the real. I see in you my real, my truest ideal. How often have I explained that to you?" He vowed this and that, and kept on vowing until the dressing-bell rang for dinner, when Edith at once hurried away.

The room was large and full of screens and cosy corners. It was getting dusk. Unseen, or, at any rate, forgotten, by the lovers, a little boy had been sitting all the time in a window seat apparently absorbed in the "Comic History of England."

As Frank was getting up to follow Edith's example, his little brother's small, shrill voice startled him.

"Frank! I say! I've been here a long time. Did it matter?"

Frank turned hot all over. However, this small child could be trusted. So he answered, good-naturedly: "Well, old chappie, it isn't exactly good form, you know, to stay in a room during—ah—during that sort of thing."

"I've never done it before."

"And you won't do it again?"

"No. Honour bright."

"And you won't tell anyone, Willy?"

"I won't tell anyone it was you," said the child, thoughtfully. He had been intensely interested by the conversation. What were rose-coloured spectacles like? he wondered. What was an "ideal"? Could he remember that word? What was a "real"? It was all extremely interesting.

"Frank," he said, earnestly, after a somewhat awkward pause—looking straight up into his great, handsome brother's eyes—"Frank, we've always been chums, haven't we? And I want you to help me awfully."

"WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN CHUMS, HAVEN'T WE?"

"Go on, old man."

"And I know you can; 'cos you've kinder been through it yourself."

"Hurry up, old fellow. It's nearly dinner time."

The child struck an oddly dramatic attitude.

"The point, sir, is this. I'm in love, and I wish for a lady's hand."

Frank nobly suppressed any suspicion of a smile. But what did it mean? Was this young rogue making game of him? Words very much like these he had used himself only just three weeks ago. And yet how grave and sweet was the little, eager, upturned face.

"She's awfully pretty," Willy continued. "And very clever. And if I marry her I shall have that shell cabinet. I do so want those double Venuses. She's got curls and lovely grey eyes. And she isn't so very much taller than I am. Don't you think I had better ask someone for her? You see, she hasn't a father now, and I don't know who'll be the best person to ask. I haven't said a word to her yet."

"Her mother, perhaps?"

"Well," he replied, knitting his brows and looking down at the carpet in deep thoughtfulness, "I don't think from what she said that she ever had one."

"Perhaps she would know her own mind. How old is she?"

"Ladies don't tell their ages," replied Willy, with dignity, and with an air of possessing superior knowledge of the sex.

"Well, I must go. But you take my advice—tell her everything; she won't mind."

The next day was Sunday. Willy walked to church with his beloved, carrying her books, also her umbrella and waterproof, as it looked like showers. He gallantly conducted her to her pew and sat beside her. How happy he was! His little heart was ready to burst with love and chivalry.

And yet all that the rest of the congregation saw was a tiny, bent, old-fashioned figure in a huge antique bonnet, under which the grey corkscrew curls quivered quaintly. The sweet Puritan old face was rapt in devotion. How small, how fragile, how old she was; so brave to come to church at all, so visibly failing.

Sunday after Sunday her head seemed to sink lower on her breast, the little, slender back rounder and rounder.

By-and-by there flashed a sunbeam across her. Willy looked up at her with unspeakable awe and admiration. "She is in a glory all her own—like the angels," he thinks—so far above him. He is quite unaware that he is in the line of the same sunbeam, that it is playing merrily on his little bare, brown head. He finds her hymns and hands her the book with scrupulous politeness. She sings, or tries to occasionally, in a voice cracked with age; yet he could listen to it all day long.

At the collection Willy gives a penny, and he sees her do the same. "That's because she must be very poor," he says to himself. "She has to live in another person's house. When I grow up, I will work for her, and she shall have a house of her own."

In reality, underneath the penny was a half-sovereign. Miss Selina Potter chose to practise literally the not letting her left hand know what her right hand was doing.

"Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest," quavers out the old, tin-kettleish voice. How long before she too may know it? She is getting so tired. Her eighty years lie so heavily upon her. And yet Death, like the rest of the world, seems to have forgotten her.

On their way home it began to rain. Willy put up her umbrella and then stood on tiptoe to throw her cloak over her shoulders. "May Allah protect you whilst He is blessing the fields!" he exclaimed, theatrically.

"Where did you get that from, boy?" she asked, laughing somewhat uneasily. There was a flavour about it not quite satisfactory to her evangelical, sabbatarian sense.

"Well—er—Frank said it to 'Cousin' Edie the other day. He had heard a Turk say it, you know. And he had an umbrella, but he let me have it all to myself, and Cousin Edie gave him some of hers, like what you're doing now."

She laughed again. Frank and Edie! She knew all about her niece's engagement, and took great interest in it; as, however, one apart. How could she fully enter into that which she had never experienced? She watched them wonderingly without understanding, without regret, without any personal reminiscences, yet with enough imagination to be truly sympathetic.

It was all very nice, quite proper, quite right. It was good to have happy young people in the house. And this little boy: how nicely he was behaving. How quiet and reverent he had been in church. When they started again to walk, proof against the wet, she told him he was "a very good little boy" that morning.

He coloured with delight. "Praise from you is doubly sweet," he said.

"What an old-fashioned piece of goods!"

thought the old lady to herself. "I think we match very well." She couldn't bear boys as a rule. But this one was so different from most. He seemed a small gentleman. She had felt it on his arrival four days ago, when he and his brother Frank had come to stay for awhile at Edith's home.

They all lived together, in a big old country house, the Grimstons—father, mother, and daughter, and Mr. Grimston's widowed mother and her elder sister, Miss Selina Potter.

Great expectations were held respecting the old ladies. At present they paid handsomely for their board; their own maids, their own suite of rooms. They had a certain affection for each other, but the widow, ten years the younger, was distinctly domineering. As a child, Selina had spoilt her baby sister, with the result that the baby sister gained the upper hand and kept it through life. When Selina was twenty-seven and her sister seventeen, a highly desirous "eligible" appeared on the scene. It was really Selina that attracted him first. She guessed it might be so with a thrill of happiness, for she could have loved him. But she looked in her glass. "No," she argued, "it's not so. Of course, it's Anastasia. So young, so pretty, so bright. An old *passée*, ugly, unattractive, like me, must just keep out of their way."

And she did so, effectually, for the suitor, Mr. Grimston, finding her cold and distant, transferred his affection to the younger sister and married her.

That was the only approach to a romance there had ever been in Miss Selina's life. It had been singularly devoid of all that makes for a "sublime rhythm" in a woman's existence, except the unconscious sublimity of a life too self-forgetful to know the meagreness of its own pleasures, or the extent of its own starvation.

She had not had enough strength of mind or purpose to carve out for herself an independent career. Her lot in life seemed the doing of distasteful society work which everyone else avoided. The irksome call, the tiresome letter, the stupid dinner-party—in all these she would be called upon to do duty, and she did it heroically.

There were a few hobbies, however, she had been able to take up without drawing anyone's attention either to herself or them. Year by year, silently, quietly, patiently, she had gathered together wild flowers, birds' eggs, shells, insects, till she had a collection that was almost unique. She loved Nature. It had been a good friend to her all her life. She had a peculiar sympathy with all animals, including very young, shy children.

On the evening of Frank's and Willy's arrival, when they were all sitting round the great drawing-room in state, before Willy's bed-time, Miss Selina devoted herself exclusively to the timid little boy-guest. Somehow she was not afraid of him, though he had reached the mature age of eight. There was nothing alarming in the large, soft, dark eyes, the thoughtful brow, the baby mouth, the delicate-looking physique, the gentle look and manner. They found their tastes agreed on many subjects. She was a great authority on butterflies, beetles, and postage-stamps.

"If you would like to see my collections," she said, "come to my rooms at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning."

He obeyed to the minute. What a happy morning it was! With what exquisite neatness the specimens were arranged and classified. What stories and associations Miss Selina had about every one of them. And how interested he was. Miss Selina was quite delighted with his intelligent remarks and questionings. Neither of them could believe it when the luncheon-bell rang.

"Dear me," said Miss Selina, "how the time has flown. Run, laddie, run away and wash your hands."

"With thee conversing I forgot all time," said Willy, turning round in the doorway, his grave little face contrasting oddly with the comical movement of his arms.

"Come again to-morrow, Willy."

"At your service, lady fair. Adieu, sweetheart, adieu."

Miss Selina smiled as she went downstairs. What a funny little boy. Where had he got all those speeches from? She had not yet discovered that the boy was a born mimic, and that his new passion for herself served as an admirable pretext for reproducing his brother's behaviour under the present circumstances.

On his second visit to the "Museum," as he called Miss Selina's room, she presented him with one of her second-best double "Venus" shells.

"Miss Selina," he said, after seizing her hand and kissing it gratefully, "you must be perfectly happy with all these lovely things round you?"

She smiled, just a little sadly. "I have much to be thankful for, dear. There is a great deal of enjoyment, even for a lonely old woman like me."

"Lonely!" He knew the meaning of that word, and did not like it. It meant to him,

night, silence, darkness dim, undefined—a time when there was nothing to see, nothing to feel, nothing real except the pillows and the sheets. It meant heart-throbbings, the undefinable, sickening fear of a child afraid of the dark.

"If you're ever lonely, I think I should take up to bed some of those, if I were you," he said, pointing to a case of beetles with extra brilliant elytras. "I take 'the Duke' occasionally, and he's only wood and wool."

She shook her curls. "I'm afraid the beetles will hardly do, Willy."

"Why, of course not," thought Willy, afterwards. "What a stupid I am. Baby Lucy has her doll when she's lonely. Beetles and bull-dogs are only for boys. I've got a new sixpence. She must have a doll or two."

He was going out with "Cousin" Edith that afternoon. He would go to the village toy-shops and get as many little dolls as he could for the money.

Accordingly, when Miss Selina retired to rest that night, her bed was taken possession of by half-a-dozen undressed wooden, painted, staring dollies, their heads only appearing from beneath the down-turned sheet. The old lady gasped with amazement. It was a trick of Willy's, of course.

"A TRICK OF WILLY'S."

When they met next morning he said to her, quite simply:—

"Were you just a little less lonely last night, Miss Selina?"

Ah, that was it, was it? She was touched. She kissed him. She thanked him. She behaved altogether so graciously that the little boy's heart fairly bubbled over with happiness.

They took a stroll together after that, in the garden.

"I've got some chocolates for you," she said. "Give me your left hand."

"I've forgotten which it is. But they're both yours. All I have is yours."

"I'm only a poor old woman, Willy. You'd better fasten your love on someone else."

"No, I sha'n't. You're sweet. The rose-gardens of Damascus are nothing to you for sweetness."

Willy treated all the other people in the house with polite, courteous neutrality. Mrs. Grimston, senior, was piqued and jealous.

"Selina Potter," she said to her sister, adding the maiden name, as she always did when a little vexed; "Selina Potter, how ridiculously you do spoil that child. What you will have to answer for!"

"He's very intelligent and very tractable, and doesn't seem spoilable," answered Miss Selina, humbly.

"I call him a little mountebank, with his absurd ways of going on. *My* boys never made such idiots of themselves. I shouldn't encourage him so, if I were you. You'll make him a laughing-stock."

Miss Selina said nothing. But that afternoon, in her arm-chair, instead of dozing as usual, she found herself thinking, thinking. How dear this little child was becoming to her. So winning, so affectionate. No one had ever said such nice things to her before. What a gleam of sunshine, what a rich pleasure in her barren old age. Did not the old Book say that at eventide it should be light? Though, perhaps, Anastasia was

right. Did she encourage him too much? For her own sake she mustn't get over-fond. . . . He would be going away soon. . . He would forget in a few months, weeks even."

Willy's stock of pretty speeches was getting somewhat exhausted, when there came that afternoon with the lovers in the drawing-room. He was not slow in showing how he had profited by it.

It became his established practice to go to Miss Selina's room regularly every morning. Sometimes when it was rainy they played games, of which Miss Selina knew a surprising number. She had, moreover, accepted the discipline they can teach, knowing how to win with generosity and how to lose with sweetness. Their conversations embraced many subjects, though, as a rule, they began scientifically.

At last, one morning Willy determined to do away with the science and come at once to his own particular business. He felt so completely at home with her now. He was going to play the trump card he had been reserving for some days.

"Spectacles, Willy?" said Miss Selina, as he entered the room. "What next? And what funny ones!"

"Would you, please, give me your hand, Miss Selina? I can't quite see my way about."

"Why, Willy, whatever scheme is this?" said Miss Selina, laughing with her low, restrained, old-world laugh.

"Can't you see, Miss Selina? Are you as blind as I? I've got on some rose-coloured spectacles. I found some old ones once, and I've stuck some rose-coloured tissue paper on them."

"Why, what a little guy you look!"

The tears were choking him. But he answered, bravely, "I thought you would understand—I thought you would know that rose-coloured spectacles are what every lover ought to wear—and I thought you knew —that—that I ——"

"Bless you, child, bless you," cried Miss Selina, her own old eyes brimming and overflowing plenteously, by this. "Never mind the spectacles," she said, drawing Willy to her. "Let's take them off, and talk to me instead, my sweetheart, my little sweetheart Willy."

Greatly comforted, he took the unsightly things off, obediently.

"I had something to say to you as well," he whispered.

"Say it, then, my sweet."

"You're my real idol!"

This scene had been rehearsed and rehearsed as the climax of his love-making. Part of it had failed. What effect would the words produce? He stood still in childish mock-tragedy.

"Child," she said, rising in real distress, "I can't have this. Doubtless you have learned all this from your brother Frank. But you are not such a sensible little boy as I thought you were."

"Miss Selina, I apologize if you are offended." But his face betrayed no further discomfiture. It was all going on quite properly now. Cousin Edith had spoken in just that sort of half-cross tone. He hadn't finished yet.

"Miss Selina," he continued, "I have a song to sing you."

"Sing it then, Willy, by all means," said the old lady, sitting down again, glad of any change of subject. "I've heard you sing hymns and nursery songs quite prettily."

With dramatic emphasis he carolled out, in his baby voice:—

"I HAVE A SONG TO SING YOU."

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms
Like fairy gifts fading away—

Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will ;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would fondly entwine itself still.

No lover ever sang it more exclusively to his lady, more devotedly, more earnestly. It was excruciatingly funny, but somehow the old eyes filled again, though the lips were tightly pressed together.

"Run away, dear," she said, at length. "Run and play."

"Must I?" he said, with a sigh. "Then your wish is my pleasure."

But he first produced a very unpresentable pocket-handkerchief, gently wiped her eyes, and kissed them. "Parting is such sweet sorrow, dearest, isn't it?" he said.

Trotting downstairs, he met Frank.

"Well, how are you getting on?" asked the elder brother. "Have a game of tennis?"

"N—no, thank you. Oh, I'm getting on all right. But — er — I haven't actually proposed yet, you know. It's — er — so awkward, you see, if a fellow's refused."

"Quite so, chappie. It's just as well to wait."

"You waited a year before you spoke to Cousin Edith, didn't you?"

"I'd advise you to do the same."

So the stupendous question was never asked. When the visit came to an end, and good-byes had to be said, Willy flung his arms round Miss Selina's neck, to the sad disarranging of her cap-strings. Then, before putting on his hat, he made a low bow, and reverently kissed her hand — what a tiny, wizened, claw-like hand it was.

"In one little year, dearest," he said, "we shall meet again. Adieu."

Next year not only Frank and Willy, but their mother and father, brothers and sisters, came down to the Grimstons again. For the wedding bells were ringing. Flowers were scattered broadcast. Everyone seemed full of smiles and good wishes. The sun shone on one of the fairest brides ever seen. Willy was her page. Not until they were in the middle of the wedding breakfast did he remember to say to someone, "How is Miss Selina?"

How was she, indeed? They did not answer him fully till next day, when they gathered for him a handful of white roses, and took him into the churchyard. For Death, the faithful, had remembered her at last.

"HOW IS MISS SELINA?"

The Biggest Picture on Record.

EVEN now few Europeans are acquainted even with the names of any of the great artists who made the art of old Japan. Japanese art, taking its origin in the China of a thousand or two thousand years back (as much of our own took its origin in Greece), developed and flourished under its own conventions and canons, undisturbed by influence from without, and, indeed, to all intents unknown beyond the coasts of Japan. In the result, it seems to us, at first glance, as the art of another planet, and, perhaps, as difficult to understand.

It *is* difficult for most people to understand without a little trouble, and, therefore, many find that the easiest way is to sneer at it, and to condemn it with the superior confidence that ignorance alone can give. These are reinforced by the many thousands who do not, and never can, understand any sort of art whatsoever, but who either fancy they do, or are not honest, and pretend they do. A real and deep knowledge of Japanese art is the attainment of very few; consequently, the amusing "howlers" perpetrated by those who undertake to talk confidently of "overrated Japan," cannot be so widely enjoyed as they deserve. For Japanese art is a matter beset with amazing traps for the smatterer, and perhaps there is no other subject in the world in which a little knowledge is quite so dangerous a thing. On the other hand, European art is to a Japanese as strange and as difficult to comprehend as the Japanese to us; and the ignorant and self-sufficient Japanese is as disdainful of Western art as his European counterpart is of Eastern. And, of course, one must remember that there is bad Japanese art as well as good, just as is the case with the art of other countries; and to commend a thing merely because it is Japanese is as foolish as to dispraise it for the same reason. But Japanese art in abstract and in general is not our business in this article.

Among the scores of great Japanese painters of all schools, Yamato, Tosa, Kano, Ukioyé, and the rest, the man whose name is most familiar to Europeans is Hokusai. Indeed, many have contrived to keep alive quite a small reputation as connoisseurs in Japanese art on the knowledge of that one name, and of nothing else whatever relating to the subject. Hokusai was not only one of the greatest of Japanese artists, but he was also one of the last—indeed, he was quite the last great painter, for he lived till ninety, and outlasted all his early contemporaries—Utamaro, Yeishi, Toyokuni, and others. After his death, Japanese art was the barren waste it has remained—but for the performances of one or two men—ever since. Hokusai was born at Yedo (which is now Tokio) on the eighteenth day of the first month of the tenth year of Horeiki, according to Japanese chronology—or, in plain English, on the 5th of March, 1760. He was the third son of his father, Kawamura Ichiroyemon, and as a child his name was Tokitaro. Names are plentiful in Japan, and a man may take several in the course of his life. Hokusai changed his again and again, and his many signatures are a bewilderment and a snare to the student. At the age of four, little Tokitaro was adopted by one Nakajima Isai, maker of mirrors to the Shogun, and when at last he was set to a trade he got a situation in a bookseller's, where, by unflagging idleness and strict disregard of business, he shortly achieved the distinction of the "sack." Next he was a wood-engraver, cutting the blocks for the books printed from the writing of the author, a block for each page. And at last, when about eighteen, his true vocation claimed him, and he became a pupil in the studio of the great artist Katsugawa Shunsho.

To treat with moderate fulness of the work he poured forth from this date till that of his death in 1849 would need not an article, but a large volume. He was never idle again. He was always poor, but he worked away merrily, with his heart in his drawings, and he delighted to sign himself, "Gwakiorojin"—the old man mad with drawing. His life-work was likewise his hobby, and he rode his hobby with passionate ardour. He was poor, as we have said, but he was proud and independent. He was despised by many because he threw aside the rules and conventions of the schools and brought something new into his art, something of his own. From the beginning of the world every man who has done this has been abused by the critics among his contemporaries, but he has been remembered afterwards. It was because of this independence that he broke with the school of Shunsho, and became a free-lance in art. He drew a poster for a print-dealer, and drew it in his own way. When this

HOKUSAI BEGINNING THE BIG PICTURE.

poster, handsomely mounted, was exhibited at the print-seller's door, it so scandalized another pupil of the Shunsho school that he tore it down on the spot. The result was a quarrel, and Hokusai's final shaking off of the fetters of the schools.

Hokusai now devoted himself to independent work in design and book illustration. As he grew in years, so his genius grew in strength. Some day we may have an opportunity of presenting our readers with specimens of his work, but the present article is chiefly concerned with a curious *tour de force* of Hokusai's rather than with his more serious work. In the year 1817, when the artist was in his fifty-eighth year, he paid a visit to Nagoya, where several of his pupils (he had pupils of his own now) had settled. At this time his book illustrations were in great demand, and his enemies took occasion to observe that he was capable of nothing more than little drawings of that sort. This irritated Hokusai, who proclaimed, ironically, that if the greatness of a painter were to be measured by the size of his work, he could prove himself great indeed. He and his pupils immediately set to work to confound their adversaries, and to make preparation for the drawing in public, by the master, of the largest picture on record.

First, arrangements were made for the use of the northern courtyard of the great temple of Nishigakeijo, at Nagoya. A temporary fence was placed round the space reserved for the work, and most of the space was covered by a great bed of rice-straw, on which the paper was to lie. The paper was specially made, of great thickness, many large pieces being deftly joined to make a sheet of the area of 120 *tatami*, or Japanese floor-mats. Now, as these *tatami* are invariably of one size, 6ft. by 3ft. exactly, it is easy to calculate that Hokusai's big picture was to occupy a sheet of paper of 240 square yards in area. A scaffolding was erected at the head of the courtyard, with pulleys and ropes, by which the picture might be raised to a vertical position. Brushes were made, of which the very smallest were brooms. Ink and colour were prepared in barrels, with buckets

for convenience of carriage. The preparations were not completed till the noon of the day appointed for the task, but from daylight a great crowd of people of all classes pressed about the fence to see the show. Hokusai, the "man mad with drawing," was to cover the vast sheet before them with an immense figure of Daruma, the ancient hermit, who was fabled to have spent nine years in contemplation, and in a sack. It was this same Daruma, by the way, who, indignant at finding himself asleep after a few years' wakefulness, cut off his eye-lids and flung them away, as a precaution against any such failing in the future; and, lo! the next morning, from the spot where the sainted eye-lids had fallen, there sprang up a new plant—the tea-plant—an infusion of the leaves of which was a sovereign remedy for all sleepiness.

THE PUPILS REMOVING THE SURPLUS COLOUR.

Early in the afternoon Hokusai appeared at the head of his pupils. All were in ceremonial costume, but with garments girded up and legs and arms bare. The pupils passed the brushes and materials, and two of them constantly followed Hokusai, bearing a large bronze vessel full of ink. The master, taking his first broom, and wetting it with ink, drew first the nose of the figure. Then he drew the right eye, and drew it 6ft. across; then the left eye. This done, he took a little walk and drew the mouth—more than 7ft. wide; another little walk and he drew the ear—12ft. from top to bottom. All divine and saintly figures in Buddhist art are given big ears—they have some symbolic meaning.

Next he ran forward, keeping his feet from the damp ink, and drew the outline of the head at the top, continuing with the outlines of face and jaw. After this he changed his brush, and took one made of cocoanut fibre, dipped in ink of a paler tint. With this he drew the hair and the bristly beard. And then his pupils brought his largest brush—a bunch of rice-sacks, soaked in ink, with a cord attached. The pupils placed the bunch on the spot pointed out by the master, and then, dragging it by the cord, he proceeded to make the folds of Daruma's robe. The colour of the robe was to be red, and this colour was brought in buckets and swilled over the surface, the pupils mopping up the superfluity with large cloths as the completed picture was at last raised by the pulleys. The head of the figure, by the way, from the extreme crown to the lowest of the chins, measured

THE GREAT PICTURE RAISED.

32ft. Hokusai's signature and the date appeared at the left-hand side, and the whole thing remained suspended on the scaffold till the next day for the wonder and admiration of the crowd, which was vast.

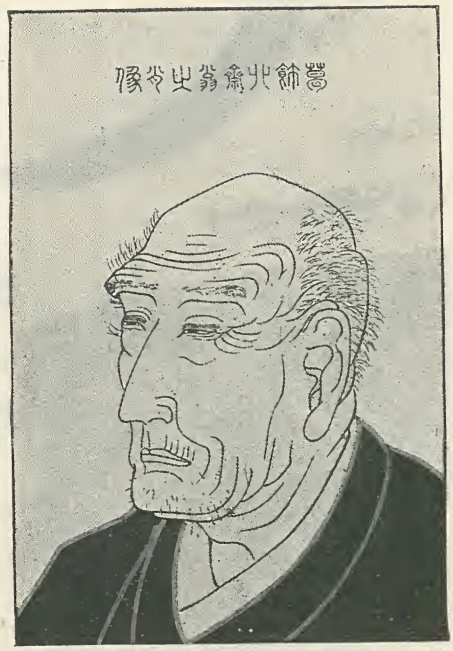
Our illustrations of this feat are taken from the "Katsushika Hokusai den," the biography of Hokusai by I-ijima Hanjuro. They were drawn by Yeiko, a later and smaller artist, the figure of Daruma being done from a copy made at the time. In the drawing representing the elevation of the picture in the midst of the crowd, the artist has not made the picture nearly of a sufficient size in relation to the people in the crowd. This is one of those quaint carelessnesses that many Japanese artists regard as mattering nothing. To consider a picture merely

as an exact record of some event or thing, correct in every proportion, never occurs to them, for in old days in Japan pictures were never designed to serve any such utilitarian purpose. The inscription seen to the left of the figure is the date and signature already mentioned. The date is expressed in the vertical line of characters next the figure, and it reads, "Bunkwa, the fourteenth year, the tenth month, and the fifth day." The fourteenth year of Bunkwa was our year 1817. The other line contains the signature, "Gwakiojin Hokusai Taito."

Hokusai performed other similar feats, though the figure of Daruma was his largest drawing. Once he painted, on the same day, a horse as large as an elephant, on paper, and two sparrows in flight, *on a grain of rice.*

We reproduce a portrait of Hokusai as he was after his eightieth year. It was drawn in colours by his daughter, O Yei. One of the most wonderful facts about this wonderful old man was his steady improvement in his art at an age when most men's faculties deteriorate. In the preface to one of his most celebrated books—that of the 'Hundred Views of Fujisan,' published when his age was seventy-five—he says this:—

"Since the age of six I have had a mania for drawing. When I reached fifty years of age I had published a vast number of pictures, but all that I drew before the age of seventy years is not worth counting. At seventy-three I had to some extent comprehended the structure of animals, plants, trees, birds, fishes, and insects. Consequently, at the age of eighty I shall have made still more progress; at ninety years I shall penetrate the mystery of things; at 100 years I shall certainly achieve wonders; and when I am 110 everything I draw, be it but a point or a line, shall be alive. I call on those who shall live till that time to observe if I fail to keep my word. Written at the age of seventy-five by me, formerly Hokusai, now Gwakiorojin."



PORTRAIT OF HOKUSAI: BY HIS DAUGHTER.

"Gwakiorojin" means, as we have already explained, "old man mad with drawing."

But the brave old fellow did not live to carry out his promise, though in truth he died a very old man, and an artist worthy to rank with the highest. And he died thinking of his work, as ever, and yearning still for improvement—improvement at ninety! "If Heaven would give me ten more years——" he said, and paused. Then, presently, he resumed, "If Heaven would give me only five more years of life, I might become a truly great painter!" But he was as great a painter as Heaven allows already, and he lived no longer, but at ninety "penetrated the mystery of things," as he had prophesied he would, though in another sense to that he had intended. It must be understood that when one puts his age at ninety, it is according to the Japanese computation, which counts a completed year at each New Year's Day, beginning with the first after birth. He fell a little short of ninety complete years of life. In his last hour he made a little verse, which is difficult to translate precisely, but which means something like this: "There will be freedom, noble freedom, when one walks abroad in the fields of spring, the soul alone, untrammelled by the body!"

His tomb stands in the garden of the Sukioji Temple at Asakusa, with the inscription on its face: "Gwakiojin Manji no Haku"—the tomb of Manji, the Old Man Mad with Drawing.

He was an eccentric old man, unfortunate in his worldly affairs, but a man of great character, quite apart from his genius. Many curious anecdotes are told of his doings, and of his relations with those about him, but for these we have no space in this particular article.

THE ANDANTE OF A DREAM.

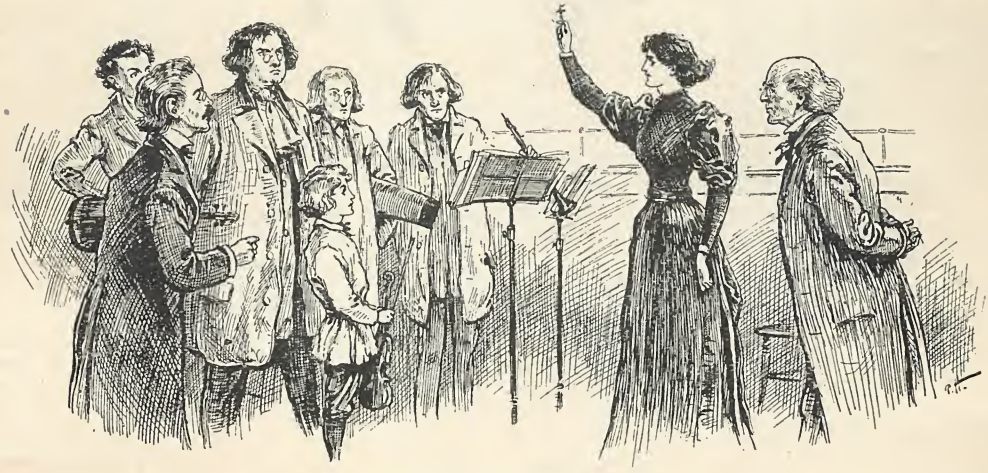
By Lilian Morrell.

I.

A STUDENTS' concert was just over. Most of the orchestra had left the "Saal," but a few still lingered behind, evidently waiting for something further to happen, for their violins were already replaced in their cases, and there seemed no reason why they should not hasten after their companions. These students were of all ages, from the big man who played the 'cello, whose shaggy brown locks were already tinged with grey, to the little violinist of twelve, with sensitive pale face and massy yellow hair. They were talking together in little groups when the door opened and a lady entered dressed in deep black, escorted by a long-haired professor. She was young and beautiful, and bowed amiably, though with dignity, to the young men as she moved to the seat which had been placed for her at the foot of the deserted orchestra. At her appearance the hum of voices ceased, and the students turned with one accord towards her. As soon as the slight stir attendant upon her entrance had subsided, she rose and said :—

"I believe I see here all those who were lately pupils of my father. I have, then, a message for you which he left with me to give you just before his death. He bade me first recall to your minds how earnestly he used to urge you all to cultivate largely your individual powers, saying that if you would indeed become masters of your art you must face bravely the arduousness of composition. Now, it was his wish that I should give this souvenir of himself to the one of you who should bring and play to me within a certain time the composition which I should consider the best."

She held up a gold crucifix of exquisite workmanship. The jewel was familiar to all present. It had hung upon the old Professor's chain for many years, and had grown to be identified with his personality. It was curiously worked and of value, and there were few in the town who did not know Professor Herschell's crucifix. The eyes of every student lighted up with sudden interest and eagerness at even a possible prospect of winning such a trophy; of hanging it upon his own chain as it had hung upon the Professor's; of being the envy of his fellow-



"SHE HELD UP A GOLD CRUCIFIX."

students; perhaps of being pointed out in the street as the man who had competed for and won Herschell's crucifix. If honour made fortunes, his fortune would be made who won the crucifix.

The young lady saw the eagerness and was pleased. She smiled as she named the day on which the competition was to take place, and seemed almost to regret that her message was given, and that she had now nothing to do but to go away again. The yellow-haired boy was standing near the door as she passed out. He was gazing reverently at her, the bearer of such a wonderful message, as if she had been an angel. She stooped to speak to him.

"You will compete, Hugo?" she said kindly, for she had noticed his eager look.

"I want to do so, but, oh! how shall I be able against Herr Schmidt and Herr Ritter and oh, so many others! I have heard Herr Ritter play wonderful things on his 'cello, which he has composed himself, but I am only a child, and I have never been able to write anything, though I have often tried."

"ARE YOU GOING TO TRY FOR THE PRIZE, HUGO?"

"Never mind, my child. If it won't come with trying, perhaps it will come by inspiration. Indeed, Hugo, that is how all the best music comes."

"What is inspiration?" asked Hugo.

Fräulein Herschell smiled. "I mean," she said, "perhaps an angel will whisper a melody into your heart. But I must go now. You shall come and see me and talk to me some day," and she passed on.

The big man with the shaggy brown hair overtook little Hugo on his way home, and he asked the same question: "Are you going to try for the prize, Hugo?" but Hugo said very little in reply, although Herr Ritter walked all the rest of the way with him, for they lived in the same house. It was easy to open his heart to the beautiful lady with the smiling face and musical, tender voice, but Hugo stood rather in awe of Herr Ritter. He was so big, and his lips were so stern and pouting. This was really because Herr Ritter was nearly always thinking deeply, not because he was stern at heart, but Hugo did not know it. Then, too, Herr Ritter's instrument was so big in comparison with his own little one, that Hugo felt rather afraid of that, too, although he knew Herr Ritter could make such lovely sounds with it. So Hugo only replied that he should try what he could do, and Herr Ritter laughed a big, bluff laugh, and said he should do the same.

II.

Carl Ritter was not a bluff man at heart; his bluffness was only an assumed exterior, hiding a tender, charitable nature. When he was a youth, his had been one of the most open, sensitive countenances, but there had come to him one of those experiences which change men. He had lost — and very much through his own folly — the girl he had loved. He had thrown himself heart and soul into his work to escape from his thoughts, and in his solitary student-life there had been no gentler influence to bring him back again to the old trust and gentleness. His reserve had deepened. Few of his fellow-students knew anything of his life. They all revered him as a man of talent—partly because he worked so indefatigably — but all liked him, and I think this was the reason—he was so *charitable*. He

knew what great folly he had been guilty of in the past; he saw his failure; he was bearing its punishment, and it made him so tender and charitable with the faults and failures of other people. His fellow-students had soon found this out, and liked him accordingly.

Hugo Steinweg was a *protégé* of Herr Herschell. Had it not been for the old Professor the child would have been condemned to a life behind a counter in a dingy little shop in a by-way of the town. Hugo was an orphan, and it was here that he was living with his great-aunt, when the Professor's attention was first drawn to him by hearing him play self-taught airs on an old violin, in the garret. Herschell had great faith that the boy was a genius, and would one day become famous. He made provision for him, and, as the great-aunt would have no more to do with him if he would not stay with her and work for his living, hired a room for Hugo in the house where Carl Ritter was living. It was a solitary life for the child, but his life had always been solitary, and the barely-furnished garret was home to him because he saw in it the warmth of his good master's generosity, and he forgot to feel lonely in the company of his beloved violin.

It was thought by many of the students that Carl Ritter would be the one to carry off the Professor's crucifix. He had scored so many victories in a quiet way of his which used to take them by surprise, that they were prepared for this also.

The days went by, and most of those who intended competing had already begun, or even finished, their compositions. Little Hugo had not begun his. He was very anxious about it, and his little soul fluttered so much at the thought of possibly winning the prize that the calm frame of mind needed to entice the music fled away, and his very anxiety only delayed the fulfilment of his desire.

Still time went on, until at last the evening before the great day came round, and found Hugo's composition still unwritten. He had made many impatient attempts from time to time, but feeling them to be worthless, had cast them on one side. Now, as he sat before the window in his little room, looking out on the sunset with his chin in his hands, his violin lying idly beside him on the table, he realized that it was too late, the time was gone by, and his name must come on the list of those who were "not competing." Well, perhaps it was better so. What chance would have been his against all the rest, against Herr Ritter for example? Still, he would like to have made an attempt—to have produced *something!* And he had been so hopeful at first, too. He recalled the joy and eagerness he had felt when the Fräulein had paused to speak to him at the door of the "Saal," after she had given them the Professor's message. Then her words came back to his mind: "If it won't come with trying, perhaps it will come by inspiration. Indeed, that is how all the best music comes. Perhaps an angel will whisper a melody into your heart." Well, no inspiration, no angel had come yet, and it seemed too late to hope any more now. The little yellow head fell forward on his hands, and Hugo sighed.

But there was another who was unprepared for the morrow, and that was Carl Ritter. It was not excitement that had kept him from writing, like Hugo. Other work had claimed his attention, and perhaps he had trusted too much to inspiration at the last. Carl was rather given to catching up work in haste at the eleventh hour, and now he sat down to think seriously about his composition. He drew from his pocket-book little scraps of melody which he had jotted down from time to time, and prepared to begin. But the ideas did not seem to fit one another. He tried one refrain after another, but they proved unsatisfactory, and would not lend themselves to be worked out. And, since the music would not come, Carl fell to thinking upon other things. He thought of the child upstairs, and wondered how he had progressed, and whether his composition was already done; the crowd of students and professors who would be present on the morrow to hear the contest; Fräulein Herschell, herself, how graceful she would look, and how easily she would take the dignity and responsibility of awarding the prize.

She was a graceful creature, Fräulein Herschell. Her dignity and gentleness reminded Carl somewhat of his old love. But Fräulein Herschell's face was of a distinctly German type, so different from Margaret's English one. Then, with the name "Margaret" came a host of memories—recollections of a summer spent in an English home, wandering through sunny orchards and leafy lanes, with Margaret. Ah, those were happier days than now, for they were full of sweet intercourse with friends, and home life, and this was but a lonely life at best. Yes, very lonely. There came into Carl's mind the recollection of how one day, when

he had been telling Margaret of his passionate love for his art and his desire to become a musician, she, with her English way of thinking, had not been quite so enthusiastic about it as he had wished, and had even replied that perhaps a musician's career was a selfish one. "What a pity one could not become a musician without devoting oneself body and soul to the art," she had said. Carl half felt she had been right. His had been a selfish life, inasmuch as he had, now he came to think of it, lived just for himself alone, perhaps because he had had no one else to live for. And it had been a lonely life, too, he was forced to own to himself, in spite of the attractiveness of pursuing his beloved art.

These are some of the thoughts which passed through Carl's mind. But there were so many more besides which I have not time to tell, that, when he at length awoke from his reverie, the room was in shadow and the moon was shining in the dusky sky. He must have seen that the moon was rising all this time, for he had been sitting gazing out of the window, but he had not noticed it until this moment, nor seen how beautiful was the peaceful night before him. Carl stood up that he might see its beauty the better, and as he looked, the calm of the night seemed to enter into his soul. Perhaps his long reverie of past things had lifted him out of his present self; perhaps the self-dissatisfaction that his review had brought to him had touched a more divine chord in his heart than his usual thoughts could reach: I cannot account for the thousand subtle influences which combine to thrust the human soul into the solemn and glorious moods of which it is capable — but certainly that minute in which Carl gazed out into the calm night after his troubled thoughts was one of the greatest in his life. Such moments are laden with divine possibilities. I fancy that if little Hugo could have seen the big man's face then, the pouting expression of the lips relaxed humbly into a peaceful serenity; the shaggy, self-assertive head bent forward in an attitude of rest, he would have lost all his fear, and would henceforth have known Carl Ritter a great deal better. But Hugo was fast asleep in his little bed in the garret, dreaming that the angel of which Fräulein Herschell had spoken had really come and was standing by his side. So Carl lived through his inspired mood alone. Yet not quite alone. With sudden yet calm impulse he drew his 'cello towards him, and his hands caressed it gently in the dusk. It was years since he had played thus to himself at midnight. And now Carl was too full of his own thoughts to express those of another, so his fingers strayed up and down in snatches of improvised melody, until at last, without seeking, came forth the most wonderful air from his bow—sweet, plaintive, sustained. So easily it came, so naturally did his fingers find just the notes that the melody needed, that the refrain sounded almost familiar to his ears.

Again and again, with gentle, controlled variations, he repeated the air, and then he began to realize that he was giving utterance to a divine theme—a perfect, soul-thrilling Andante. Not until now did Carl remember the contest of the morrow. The recollection came upon him with a wild thrill of exultation. Let him but write the music he was playing, and he had won the crucifix! With almost trembling eagerness he retraced the melody, step by step, with the same slight variation in

"AGAIN AND AGAIN HE REPEATED THE AIR."

the minor key. He repeated it until he was sure of retaining it in his memory. Then, the calm mood which had inspired him having passed into one of excited exultation, Carl hastily lit his lamp and sat down with pencil and paper to write his Andante.

Meantime, as little Hugo lay asleep upstairs, his dream of the angel of the Fräulein's words began to take more definite form. He thought that the white-robed figure carried a violin and bow in his hand, with which he began to make the most beautiful music. Then, quite suddenly, the angel vanished, but the music went on playing just the same. Then Hugo thought that he awoke, or, at least, that he was awake enough to know that he was only dreaming, but the music was so beautiful that he did not want to wake—he only wanted to listen. And so, half sleeping, half waking, he drank in the phantom strains. Slow, sweet, sustained,

"HE DRANK IN THE PHANTOM STRAINS."

they seemed to bear him upon unseen wings into an atmosphere of entrancing joy, until he seemed at last to lose his identity, and to be one with the beautiful Andante to which he was listening. It seemed to Hugo as if he lay for hours under the spell of the dream-music; but at last it died away, and he seemed to wake to reality again. Then he sat up in bed and peered, still half asleep, into the darkness. He listened intently for a long time, then lay down and listened again. But he could hear nothing. No sound broke the stillness of the night. A dream, then! But what a dream! His waking seemed like the dream after it. Perhaps he was dreaming still? A few more confused thoughts, a sigh or two, and little Hugo fell asleep again as soundly as ever.

III.

THE first thing Hugo remembered when he awoke the next morning was his dream of the previous night; the next thing he remembered was the contest, for which he was unprepared. Oh, if he could but recall the Andante of his dream! For a moment he clutched his little yellow head with both hands and thought hard, then he began to whistle the air, and at last it came fluently into his memory, strain upon strain, as he had heard it repeated so often in the stillness of the night. It seemed so strange that his dream should actually come to life again in broad daylight that Hugo felt almost afraid. But his fear soon gave place to thankfulness and joy. The inspiration had come at last. The angel had really been to visit him. With a sense of awe upon him, as if he were in the presence of some unseen being, Hugo seized pencil and paper, and began to write. First, there was the air—though he was not likely to forget that — then the accompaniment, which another would have to play for him, so that he must write it carefully. Certainly, there had been no accompaniment to the dream-music, but there had been chords in that which Hugo dared not trust himself to produce. So he wrote, and recollected, and revised, and it was almost time to start for the Hall by the time his score was finished. He had wanted to get it written in time to have a run in the sunshine before starting. He had seen Herr Ritter go out half an hour since. But then, Hugo reflected, no doubt Herr Ritter's composition was written days ago and he had not to trouble about it at the last minute as he himself had to do. So, with a sigh, he took his violin, and then forgot his lost walk and everything else in the enchantment of reproducing the mysterious Andante. It was all so novel, so romantic, so weird, and the weirdness and the romance seemed to affect his fingers, for he played like one awed and entranced. He played the Andante once through. As he laid down his bow he saw Carl Ritter crossing the street, and presently the big man entered the house for his 'cello, and called to little Hugo to come and walk with him to the Hall.

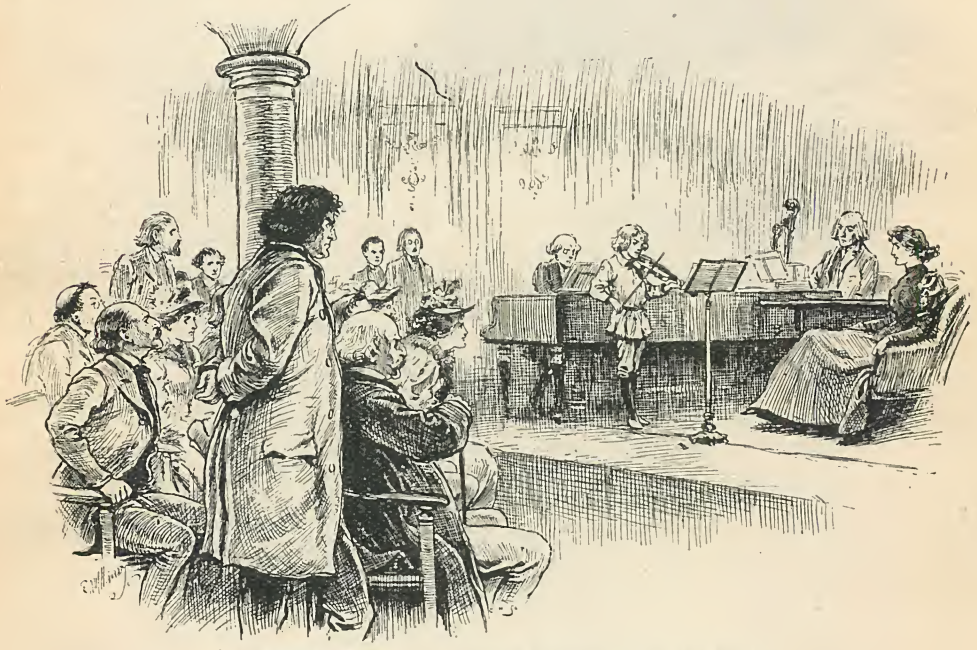
The room was crowded with students and others who were interested in the contest.

At one end, on a platform, sat Fräulein Herschell, dignified and beautiful as ever, perhaps a little more queenly even than usual, feeling the honour of her father's having trusted the award of the crucifix to herself. She, herself, was a musician and would take her part well.

The performance began. One by one the competitors came forward and played, and were received with more or less applause from the listeners, while Fräulein Herschell made notes on a paper before her. Carl Ritter and little Hugo, having been the last to enter, would be the last to perform. At last, however, it came to Hugo's turn. He was so much the youngest competitor, that all eyes were turned upon him with interest as he took his violin and handed his score to the professor who was to accompany him. Carl thought he looked pale, but noticed the calm precision with which he raised his bow and paused. He leaned forward with a kindly interest in hearing what the child would do. Hugo drew the upraised bow, and the next moment the sweet strains of a glorious Andante filled the room. Hugo himself was possessed with the dream-music that had filled his soul in the night, and now he gave it forth again as it had been given to him, with sweet impassioned simplicity. The first moment the listeners held their breath to wonder at it; the next, they forgot to wonder, and only enjoyed.

At the first strains, Carl Ritter had started suddenly, his lips parted with astonishment, and a frown darkening his face. He instinctively moved forward a step, then halted. Was he dreaming? What was this? *His own Andante*—the child of his inspired mood of the previous night; the lovely thing which had cost him a night's rest to capture; the melody which was to have wrought his victory! Yet Hugo was playing it with all the tenderness and inspiration with which he himself could have rendered it—playing it truly, as if it had been his own!

How had the child become possessed of the music? A deeper frown gathered on Carl's brow as he recollected how he had taken his morning walk leaving the score open on the table. Was it possible that Hugo had found and copied it? Surely the child would not be guilty of such a thing! Besides, there was the certainty of being found out. Still, the thing was done. Carl never knew till this moment how his heart had been set upon this victory.



"THE SWEET STRAINS OF A GLORIOUS ANDANTE FILLED THE ROOM."

But his thoughts were interrupted. The music had drawn to a close, and for one moment there was intense silence. The

listeners forgot to applaud; Fräulein Herschell forgot to make notes on the paper before her. Then, amid the burst of almost deafening applause which followed this silence, Carl was struck to see Hugo's little white hand upheld as if to ask quietness. Wondering intensely, the people obeyed, and Hugo began to speak. His face was very pale, but filled with excitement and emotion. With trembling voice he bade them not applaud until they had heard what he had to tell them, for he could not call the music his own. And then, in awed tones, the child told them the story of his midnight dream, how the angel had whispered the melody into his heart, and how, when the daylight came, the dream-music had still remained.

Carl listened eagerly, conflicting emotions struggling within him as the child's tale proceeded. Once he made a movement as if he would have spoken, but drew back with compressed lips. After that he fixed his eyes on the ground, but he heard the note of conscious triumph which the child could not keep out of his voice, and he knew that it was in his power to crush it. Yet he did not stir.

He knew now that he had but to step forward and tell *his* story of the previous night, and he could claim the Andante for his own, and the victory with it. For had he not the music he had written there with him to prove his truth?

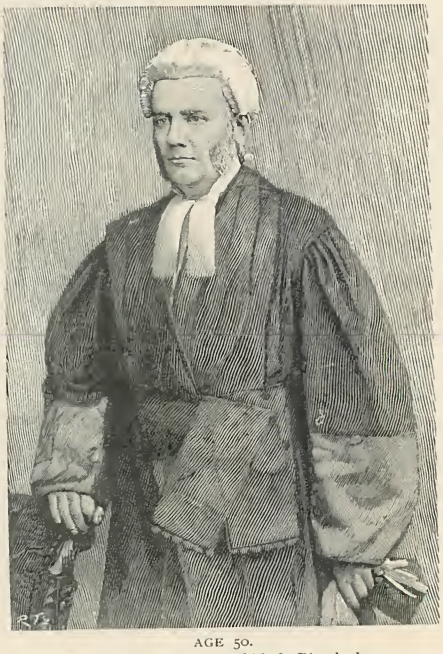
Carl thought of all these things. He knew the boy would have finished speaking in a moment, and then he himself would be called upon to take his turn, and all would be revealed. The decision must be made now; there could no time be given him to think it over. For one moment Carl faced the thought of his own failure should his name be called and he not be there, then he raised his eyes and saw Hugo's little pale face, lit with the joy of conscious victory, radiant with the unalloyed happiness of success, such as only a child can know. In that look Carl found his decision. The next moment the child's voice ceased, and, unnoticed in the applause which followed, Carl turned and made his way to the door. Opening it as silently as possible, he hurried out, nor did he pause until he had reached the house where he lived.

Carl went straight to his own room. A bright fire was burning there. For a while he gazed into it, his shaggy head bent forward, his lips more pouting than ever. He opened the manuscript of his Andante, which he had carried in his hand. One hasty glance through it, and then, with steady hand, he laid it, open, across the flame. A pause, while the corners of the paper gradually curled up, browned with smoke, and then the flame leapt up and took possession! Then, when nothing remained of his Andante but a charred, shrivelled wafer, Carl turned on his heel and went out.

The crucifix was given to little Hugo. He shared in the general surprise created by Carl Ritter's strange behaviour on the day of the contest, but, with the rest, he soon grew to regard it as having been one of the big 'cellist's well-known freaks, and wore his crucifix and was happy. And though Hugo is a man now and wears the crucifix to this day, he has never been troubled by any doubts on the subject, nor found out the origin of the Dream Andante which brought him his success.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Worthing.



AGE 50.
From a Photo. by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

LORD JUSTICE SMITH.

BORN 1836.

THE HON. SIR ARCHIBALD LEVIN SMITH was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar in 1860. From 1863 till 1868, and from 1879 till 1883, he was Junior Counsel of the Treasury, in which latter year he was elevated to the Bench, becoming Lord Justice of Appeal in 1893. Lord Justice Smith was one of the three judges appointed on the Parnell Commission, in 1888.

From a] AGE 44. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Charles Wright.

GEORGE AITCHISON, R.A.

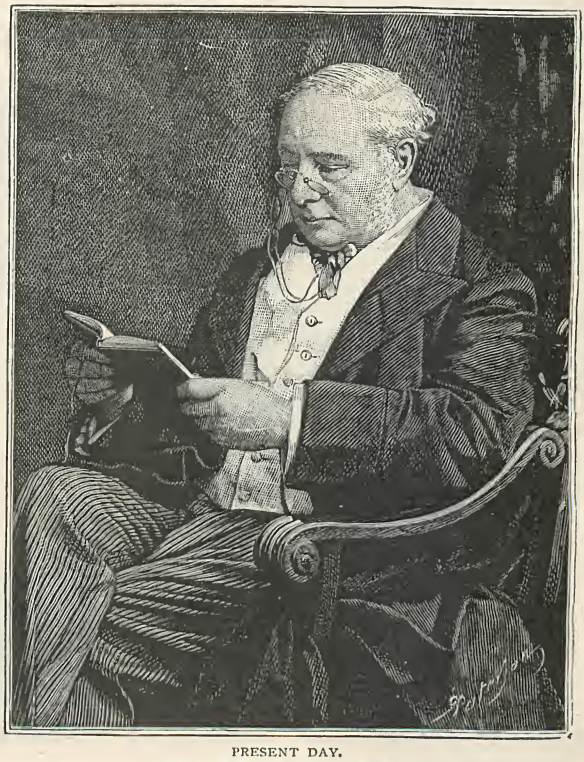
MR. GEORGE AITCHISON, one of the newly-made R.A.'s, is the son of George Aitchison, who himself was an architect of some repute. Educated at Merchant Taylors' School until his sixteenth year, and completing his education at University College, London, he became architect to the St. Katharine Docks Company in 1861, afterwards becoming joint architect to the London and St. Katharine Docks Company, and architect to the Founders' Company. Among his principal and most noteworthy achievements in architecture we may mention

AGE 45.
From a Photo. by Fratelle Vianelli.

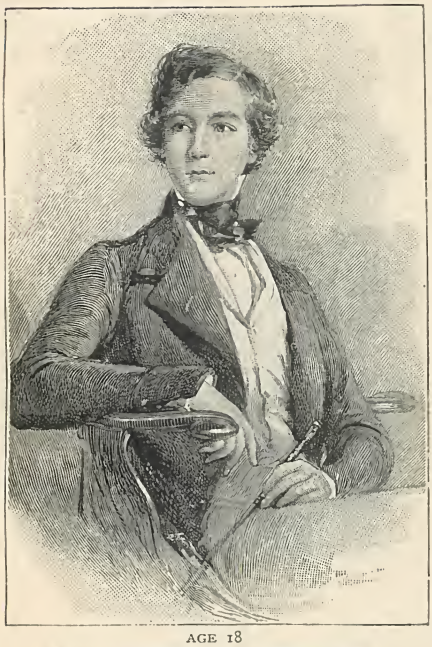
the house of the late Lord Leighton, P.R.A.; Founders' Hall, and the offices of the Royal Exchange Assurance, 129, Pall Mall. Mr. Aitchison has also decorated the apartments of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, Kensington Palace, and has met with great approval.

AGE 55.
From a Photo. by Vernon Kaye.

He became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1881. Mr. Aitchison is a keen athlete, being quite an adept at fencing, rowing, and swimming.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



AGE 18
From a Water-Colour by George Richmond, R.A.

THE BISHOP OF GUILDFORD.

BORN 1824.

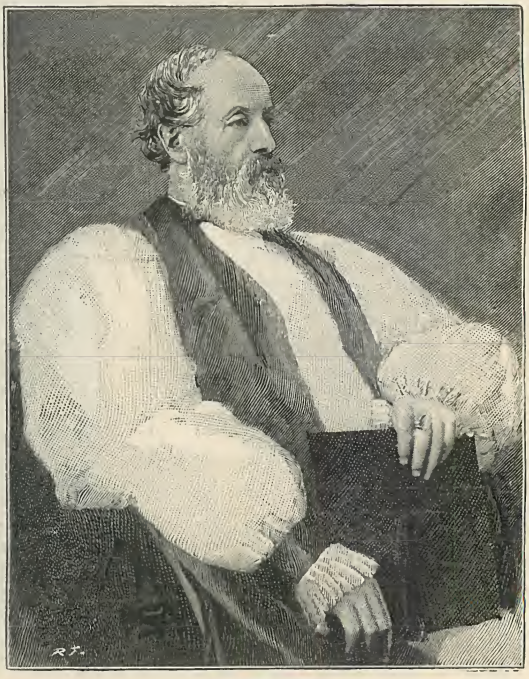
GEORGE HENRY SUMNER, the youngest son of Charles Henry Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, and nephew of Archbishop Sumner, of Canterbury,

AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Lock & Whitfield, Regent Street.

went to Eton in 1836. It is interesting to note that our first picture is from a portrait by G. Richmond, R.A., done for the boy's tutor, Mr. Coleridge, on his leaving Eton in 1842, having been Captain of the Oppidans for six months. Entering Balliol College, Oxford, in 1842, he took his B.A. in 1845, being ordained in 1847, appointed Rector of Old Arlesford, Hants, in 1850, Proctor in Convocation 1866, Hon. Canon of Winchester in 1873, Archdeacon of Winchester in 1884,

AGE 40.
From a Photo. by Sarony, Scarborough.

and Residentiary Canon in 1885. He was, moreover, elected Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury in 1886, which office he continues to hold at the present time, being granted the degree of D.D. by decree of Convocation, Oxford, in 1886. On November 30th, 1888, he was consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Guildford.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street.

Battlefields.

BY the aid of photography, stay-at-home people may now realize what in olden times they could but imagine, more or less cloudily, according as their faculties helped them. Also, we have in photography a process of historical record, such as older methods have never in the weakest degree approached.

And battles being, perhaps, the most striking and immediately effectful of historical events, photographs of battles and battlefields will be among the most important of historical documents. Perhaps more of this work has already been accomplished than most people suspect. Who, for instance, would expect to find a battlefield photograph forty-three years old? Yet here we have one, of that age less a few months, representing the interior of the Great Redan at Sebastopol. It is, we believe, the first battlefield photograph ever taken. Artillery in 1855 was not what it is to-day, by a great deal, but here we get a vivid notion of what even the smooth-bore artillery of half a century back was capable of, even when active and determined repairs were made almost as fast as damage was done. For the Russian defenders of Sebastopol, under the great engineer Todleben, were anything but idle during the eleven months for which they succeeded in keeping the English and French armies out of the town. The final attack, which left the Redan (undoubtedly the strongest of the "keys" to Sebastopol) as we see it in the photograph, was begun by a general bombardment on September 5th, 1855. The bombardment persisted till the morning of the 8th, when the allies formed for the assault. It was a cold and dull morning. A low, black cloud of smoke hung over the city, from many parts of which flames were rising. At the signal of the hoisting of the French flag on the Malakhoff, attacks were made on the Little Redan by the French and on the Great Redan by the English. On the Little Redan not much impression was made. At the Great Redan a hundred British riflemen, carrying ladders, made for the ditch surrounding the fort, followed by the stormers, with the Russian shot tearing long furrows through them, and leaving heaps of dead and wounded in their trail. The ditch was 15ft. deep in many places, and the ladders were found too short, but the stormers scrambled up as best they might, and struggled

From a Photo. lent by] A CORNER OF THE GREAT REDAN AT SEBASTOPOL. *[Sydney Keith, Whitton.*

on to the parapet. The Russians, however, were reinforced by large numbers from the Malakhoff, and by the sheer weight of their solid masses the few attackers were forced back over the parapet. But they returned to the struggle again and again, and, lying in the outer ditch, continued firing as long as their ammunition held out. So the fight went on for two hours, and then the gabions on the parapet gave way and fell into the ditch below with all who were on them, many being buried in the falling earth, whereupon those regained the trenches who could. The British loss in killed and wounded in this attack was 2,500, but the Russians lost far more heavily still.

The attacks on the two Redans were to have been renewed in the dusk of the early morning, but the Russians abandoned their positions and fled during the night. And so Sebastopol was taken. Our photograph shows the aspect of one corner of the deserted Redan as seen on September 9th. Gabions, and the earth they inclosed, are seen strewn in every direction; planks, sand-bags, guns, and *débris* of all descriptions lie in confusion everywhere. It is a fact that on the outside of the fort many dead Englishmen were found actually still clinging to the face of the wall, shot through and through, but with arms and hooked fingers rigid in death.

Our next picture was taken five years later than the one we have been considering. It represents the interior of the angle of one of the Taku forts (the north fort, in fact) immediately after its capture by the British on August 21st, 1860. Our third and last war with China arose, as will be remembered, in consequence of these forts at Taku, at the mouth of the Pei-ho, opening fire on the vessels carrying the English and French envoys, who were proceeding, by arrangement, to ratify a treaty at Pekin. Eighty-one Europeans were killed, and nearly 400 wounded, and the ships were obliged to retire. Speedy measures were taken, however, and an adequate force was sent to punish the Chinese for their treachery. The Taku forts were taken, and after them Tientsin, whence a march was made on Pekin, and

INTERIOR OF THE NORTH TAKU FORT IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CAPTURE.
From a Photograph.

From a] FORT SUMTER. *[Photograph.*

that sacred city itself was occupied. It will be observed that far less damage was done here than in the Redan, no such great force of artillery being brought into play. But there *is* damage, as the dismounted guns and the dead bodies of Chinamen testify. The heads of the ladders used for scaling are visible above the parapet.

Next we have views of Fort Sumter. This was a structure built mainly of brick. It was five sided, and the walls were 38ft. high. It stood on a shoal in Charleston Harbour, 3½ miles from Charleston. At the beginning of the American Civil War, in 1860, the fort, with the others defending the harbour, was occupied by United States troops. South Carolina was the first State to secede, and Major Anderson, in command of the troops, abandoned the other forts and betook himself to this, with a garrison of eighty men and sixty-two guns. General Beauregard, of the Southern Army, attacked it on April 12th, 1861, and of necessity it surrendered two days later —this being the first battle of the war. The first of our two photographs shows us the fort after this surrender. The Confederate party strengthened the place considerably, and added more guns and mortars. The Federal fleet attacked it in April, 1863, but were beaten off, and one monitor was sunk. But in July of that year, the Northern forces built batteries on Morris Island, two miles off or so, and from these batteries shot and shell were showered for a week —some 5,000 altogether, each of weight from 100lb. to 300lb. This terrific smashing silenced the guns and demolished a great deal of the fort. But the garrison stuck to the ruins still, and two months afterwards they even beat off another attack from the sea. More, they stood a *six* weeks' bombardment, from the end of October to the early part of December, and would not budge. Still more, they held on through an even longer bombardment in the following year, and it was not until Charleston itself was abandoned by the Confederate Army that the heroic garrison at last evacuated the fort, in April, 1865, almost at the end of the war. The second of the photographs shows the aspect of a piece of the fort wall—or rather of the place where there *had* been a wall—at this last period. It will be seen that shot and shell, round and conical, lie very nearly as thick as stones and bricks.

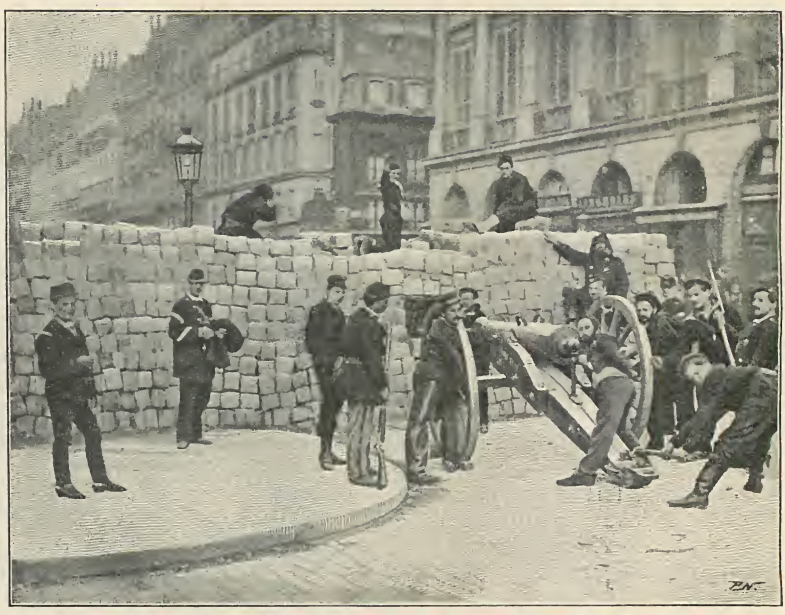
We come now to the doings of the Commune in Paris in 1871. In the day of France's national humiliation, when her armies were scattered and her capital at the

VIEW OF FORT SUMTER, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF SHOT AND SHELL.
From a Photo. by Anthony & Co., New York.

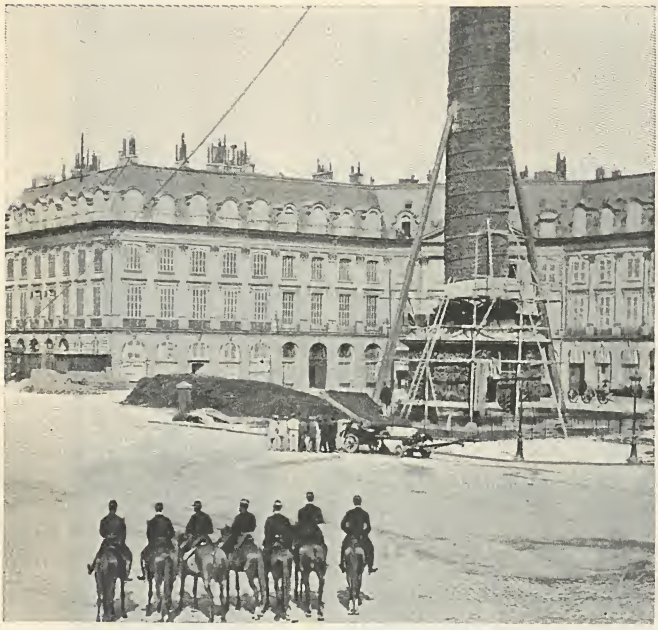
mercy of the Prussians, yet one more terror was added. When the Germans entered Paris a mysterious body, calling itself the "Central Committee," began extensive organization, and, under pretext of securing them from the Prussians, got possession of a large number of cannon and mitrailleuses. These they placed in positions chosen by themselves, and notably at Montmartre, where a formidable array of guns were directed towards Paris. Simultaneously, restlessness and insubordination broke out among the National Guard, a force appertaining strictly to Municipal Paris, and not under orders of the Central Government. An attempt was made by Generals Vinoy and Le Comte to seize the guns at Montmartre, but the greater part of the soldiers mutinied and made common cause with the "Committee" and the National Guard, a large part of which openly joined with the Red Republicans. General Le Comte was murdered, together with General Clement Thomas, an old commandant of the National Guard. The weak Government at Paris, distracted by a thousand perplexities, retired to Versailles, and the revolutionaries took command of Paris and superintended the election of the Communal Council. They announced a new form of government. Each "commune," or municipality, was to be a supreme government in itself; and France was but to consist of a loosely-federated mass of such communes. It was much as though the London County Council were to proclaim itself supreme in London, superior to Parliament, and with its own army, and entirely independent of the Government of the country. This plan of government was to be forced on Paris, willing or not. A peaceful demonstration of unarmed citizens which met to protest was fired upon by the National Guard, and fled, leaving thirty dead and wounded. Barricades were thrown up in the streets, and the reign of terror and civil war began. In ten days alone, 160,000 persons left the city. A great sortie of the Communal party was broken up and driven back by the army of Versailles. The Germans gave permission for the organization of 150,000 French soldiers (many returned prisoners) to begin the second siege of Paris—a siege of Paris by Frenchmen.

Point after point in the outer defences was taken, and the Communists saw themselves defeated. Whereupon they took to wanton murder and arson. Public buildings were set on fire, and petroleum was pumped on the fires. People were shot in batches—often tortured by hopes of rescue first. Priests were dragged forth and shot as they stood, and in particular the venerable Archbishop of Paris was taken from the place where he had been confined as a hostage, and murdered. The in-coming troops on their part spared no Communards and gave no quarter, in many places equalling the atrocities of the revolutionaries themselves. And so the second siege of Paris came to an end in a deluge of blood.

Through all the troubles in France, Mr. Stone, now Sir Benjamin Stone, and a member of Parliament, had been conducting most valuable observations by means of photography, and by his courtesy we are enabled to print facsimiles of six of the photographs taken under his direction in



THE PARIS COMMUNE—BARRICADE OF PAVING STONES IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX.
From a Photo. lent by Sir Benjamin Stone.



DEMOLITION OF THE COLONNE VENDÔME.
From a Photo. lent by Sir Benjamin Stone.

Paris. He had in the beginning arranged with an eminent photographer to take pictures of all the more important incidents of the siege, and in addition to these records Sir Benjamin has a number of other interesting relics of the time. The first of the six photographs shows us the first of the barricades, set up in the Rue de la Paix. This is constructed of paving-stones torn up from the street and piled into a solid wall a dozen stones thick or more. Most of the barricades were made in this fashion, though the Communists were never particular, and made others of various materials, including overturned omnibuses. Firing was actually going on when this photograph was taken, and a Communist can be seen perched on the barricade near where the street lamp is visible, taking aim.

The next photograph is, perhaps, even more interesting. The Communists, while they held Paris, were very short of money. They seized it here, and borrowed it there, and took supplies where they found them, but the National Guard had to be paid, and there was little to do it with. So it was determined to pull down the Colonne Vendôme and sell the materials. By this means they expected to get some money, and at the same time to score a sentimental Republican triumph by oversetting the great memorial to the first Emperor Napoleon, whose statue stood at the top of the column, and whose deeds were commemorated on the column itself. A huge bed of straw and manure was laid a little away from the pillar's base to prevent too great damage, poles were fixed to guide the fall, and ropes were fastened at the top, on which a crowd of people pulled. The column fell with a crash, and broke, notwithstanding the precautions taken. Later, when the troubles were over, it was repaired and replaced, with another figure at the top. The photograph was taken while the crowd in the Rue de la Paix awaited the signal to pull. The men on horseback in the foreground were leading members of the Commune. The succeeding photograph shows the statue of Napoleon after its fall.

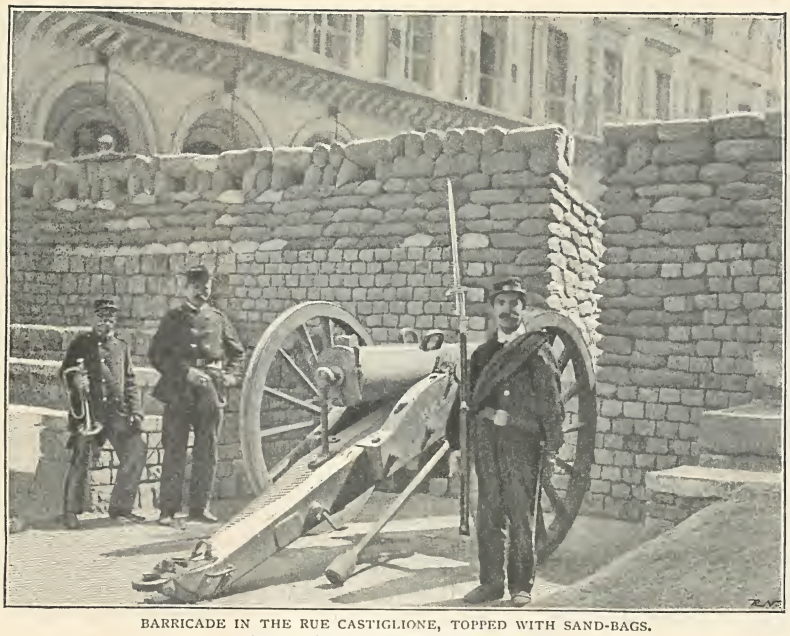
THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON AFTER THE FALL OF THE COLUMN.
From a Photo. lent by Sir Benjamin Stone.

From a Photo. lent by] INTERIOR OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, BURNED AND WRECKED. *[Sir Benjamin Stone.*

Next we have a view of the interior of the Palais de Justice after the Communists had visited it, burning and wrecking. It is an example of what occurred in most of the public buildings in Paris. Another example is seen in the next picture, showing the Arsenal, Reservoir du Grenier d'Abondance, the crumpled sheets of lead from the roof producing a very striking effect. The last of this group of photographs shows us the barricade in the Rue Castiglione, where the ordinary rampart of paving stones was capped by a parapet of sandbags.

We skip eight years, or nearly eight, and come to troubles of our own. It will be long ere the name of the field of Isandlhana is forgotten in this country. The memory of the sad disaster there sustained is so fresh in our minds now that it is difficult

THE ARSENAL, RESERVOIR DU GRENIER D'ABONDANCE, WITH CRUMPLED SHEETS OF LEAD.
From a Photo. lent by] ROOFING. *[Sir Benjamin Stone.*



BARRICADE IN THE RUE CASTIGLIONE, TOPPED WITH SAND-BAGS.
From a Photo. lent by Sir Benjamin Stone.

to believe that the event occurred nineteen years back. The story may be told in a few words: a march out in force, a successful encounter with an unimportant body of the enemy, and a leisurely return; meanwhile, an inadequately guarded camp, a stealthy approach by the main body of the enemy in overwhelming numbers, and the extinction of the camp. Four companies of the 24th Regiment were wiped out — that is to say, the whole of the British force present, the rest consisting of native levies, many of whom escaped. Our total loss in killed, British and native together, was 837 or thereabout, but that none died tamely is testified by the fact that more than 2,000 perished of the swarm of 20,000 which surrounded the little band. Lieutenants Melville and Coghill, badly hurt, escaped to the River Tugela, with the colours of their regiment, but died there. The whole of the stores of the camp fell into the hands of the Zulus, but dispirited by their losses, they abandoned the place on the approach of the main body of the British — some 1,600 British and the rest natives — in the evening. We give a photograph of the site of the camp, where many of the camp-waggons, deprived of their oxen by the Zulus, may be seen scattered on the sloping ground where the men of the 24th made their last stand.

But that night saw another fight, when a handful of the 24th Regiment again encountered a swarm of the enemy, but this time successfully. Singularly enough, too, a pair of young lieutenants especially distinguished themselves here. From the field of Isandlhana the nearest road into the Colony of Natal lay through the pass of Rorke's

From a] ISANDLHANA. *[Photograph.*

From a] RORKE'S DRIFT—DE WITT'S HOUSE. *[Photograph.*

Drift. This post, with the hospital for Lord Chelmsford's force, was held by Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead with eighty men only. Some native fugitives from Isandlhana brought the news of the disaster, and to the two young officers the meaning was this—that the victorious host of flushed Zulus would make for the pass, and, if they could, would pour through into the Colony, and murder and lay waste among its peaceful farms. They had but their eighty men, but they never hesitated for a moment. They flung up defences of anything that lay handy—bags and biscuit-tins, principally. They had barely finished this curious and frail barricade when the enemy, to the number of 4,000, began to pour in their fire. The 4,000 rushed time after time, and the attack lasted all night, but the eighty never wavered. Six times parties of the Zulus got within the barricade, but each time they were driven back by the bayonet. The hospital was fired, but at dawn the enemy withdrew, and soon afterward the little band was relieved by the main British force from Isandlhana. About the barricade 351 Zulus lay dead, but many had been carried away by the retreating force.

On July 11th, 1882, the bombardment of Alexandria began, at seven in the morning. The first distinct impression was made at 8.30, when the fort of Marsa-el-Kanal was blown up; and at eleven o'clock the Mex Fort was completely silenced. Fort Ada held out till 1.30, succumbing at last when the great *Inflexible* joined in the firing with her 80-ton guns. Fort Pharos was stopped at 4 p.m., but firing did not cease till 5.30. Lord Charles Beresford, in command of the little *Condor* gunboat, performed the most distinguished service of the day, steaming boldly in under the guns of the Marabout Fort, and doing amazing damage, the little ship being handled with such astonishing dexterity and quickness as to escape altogether without damage. The bombardment was resumed next morning, but soon afterward a flag of truce was shown, and then it was discovered by a landing-party under Captain Morrison that the rebels had abandoned the place. We give a photograph of the interior of Fort Mex after the fight, with an enormous Krupp gun in the foreground dismounted by the British fire.

British land forces under Lord Wolseley (then Sir Garnet) followed up the retreating Egyptians, and after various minor successes finally defeated and overthrew Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir. The position was a good one, and the Egyptians had fortified it

From a] FORT MEX—ALEXANDRIA. *[Photograph.*

From a] TEL-EL-KEBIR. *[Photograph.*

well with excellent earthworks, and lay behind it to the number of 26,000 or more. Sir Garnet Wolseley's skilful night march on this position with an army of 13,000 is a matter of quite recent memory. The Egyptians were taken by surprise at daybreak on September 13th, and in twenty minutes were swept away at the point of the bayonet, and the position, which Arabi had been fortifying for weeks, was in possession of the British. The attack was made from two sides, the left being in command of Sir Edward Hamley, whose troops were chiefly Highlanders. Thus, the Egyptian army was completely broken up and scattered. Our photograph shows a portion of the field after the battle, with the first and less formidable earthwork in the background. A dead horse lies among the general litter, near an ammunition waggon.

Our last two pictures do not precisely represent battlefields, though they illustrate the effects of artillery, and at the same time

From a] OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR OF CEARA, AFTER THE ATTACK. *[Photograph.*

the ways of South American Republics. Early in 1892 the Governor of Ceara, a Brazilian province, became obnoxious to the Central Government, and defied it to remove him. It was no uncommon state of things in Brazil, and this Governor—his name was General Clarindo de Queiroz—was supported by some troops and some of the people in his province. He had got the police and local forces under his command, and his fingers hooked well on to the public money-boxes, and he would not have been a South American Republican official if he had a hundred of the Civic Guara to defend it. But all to no purpose, for the Government troops brought some old-fashioned cannon and knocked fresh windows all over the premises, thereby persuading the inmates at last to surrender. One of the photographs gives a view of the late Governor's office after the attacking party had finished their alterations. There is a certain air of disorganization about that office, noticeable even to the most unbusinesslike observer.

Outside the house stood a statue of some

From a] THE STATUE WHICH FELL ON ITS FEET. *[Photograph.*

not held on to them with all his might. Bnt the Central Government was as amorous of the money-boxes as General Queiroz, and they sent Senator Bezerra and Colonel Bezerril to knock the rebellious Governor off the coffers in question. These officers took a battalion of soldiers with them, and gathered up as they went the cadets of the Military School and the marine apprentices stationed at Ceara. The Governor barricaded his house, and got a hundred of the police and former president of this fraternal republic. Early in the scrimmage a shot hit this statue and knocked it over; but it fell on its feet, and, stranger still, stood so, without toppling over. Plainly, this was an omen of success for the Central Government, and the attacking party, invigorated thereby, renewed the bombardment with fresh courage, and ruined a deal of furniture. Our last photograph exhibits the statue standing where it fell.

Welsh Queens of the May.

By M. Dinorben Griffith.

THERE are not many picturesque and romantic customs left in this prosaic land, therefore we ought to appreciate the more the pretty custom of electing May Queens which still prevails in various country towns in England and Wales.

But perhaps at Llandudno, in North Wales, is the place where this charming function can be observed with the greatest wealth of picturesque detail. As one approaches the beautiful town on May Day, one cannot fail to notice that the peerless sea-front is adorned with Venetian masts, while innumerable pennons and flags wave their multi-coloured silks in the breeze, and enliven a picture which Nature has painted with skilled fingers.

May Day at Llandudno has no gloomy memories to sadden it. Each succeeding festival, it is said, eclipses the last; and every year a sweeter, daintier little maiden, clad in royal robes, is for one brief day *fêted*, cheered, and worshipped by enthusiastic thousands.

If faces are indicative of character, these little royal ladies have all the attributes that were necessary for candidates for the French Rosière—a general all-round goodness, in addition to their own personal charms of youth, beauty, and dainty robing. The make-believe of these children is delightful; the train and crown transform a merry little madcap into a stately little queen, unsmiling and staid, as if the cares of the kingdom were in reality hers. She accepts the homage rendered her as though to the manner born.

It was in 1892 that the May Day Carnival was inaugurated in Llandudno, and so great was the success of that charming festival that it has been repeated every year since that date.

On this page will be found reproduced the portrait of Miss Gwladys Jones, who was the first of Llandudno's May Queens. There was a most gorgeous procession, followed by the crowning of the Queen and the children's maypole dance. Crowds of sightseers poured into the town during the morning, taking advantage of the special railway facilities granted. The whole town was *en fête*, and practically every tradesman contributed towards the success of the procession. There were marshals on horseback, and the Conway brass band; the London and North-Western Railway Company's horses and carts; coaches, carrying the local football and cricket club; scores of private carriages, omnibuses, and brakes; the local fire-brigade, too, and the lifeboat; displays by grocers and bakers and butchers. There were decorated cart-horses, and donkeys with grotesque riders. And, fortunately for Llandudno, there happened to be at that time in the town a certain Professor Dainez, a show gentleman, whose circus ponies and goats added great dignity to the procession. No wonder, then, that the procession took rather more than half an hour to pass a given point. Needless to remark, the tradesmen were very much in evidence, but whether they were more interested in advertising their own wares than their appreciation of May Day, is not for me to say. One enterprising trader had what the local news-

Miss Gwladys Jones (Queen in 1892).
From a Photo. by W. Symmonds, Llandudno.

paper called a "unique exhibit," consisting of heaps of Welsh shawls, in front of which was a young person, attired as "blind Justice," holding the scales and declaring the superiority of the Welsh manufacture. Between three and five in the afternoon, the coronation and maypole dance took place in the Pier Pavilion. The big building was packed with an interested and excited crowd of spectators. The Queen herself was tastefully attired in white silk, embroidered with gold and trimmed with the choicest flowers. Her Majesty's train was two and a half yards long, and was borne by two little powdered pages, dressed in black velvet relieved by lace ruffles. There were four little maids of honour, dressed all in white, and wearing sashes of beautiful flowers. The moment the Queen had ascended the throne, she turned to the maids, who at once bowed low, and then the Queen seated herself with august and smiling mien. A ceremony of crowning was then gracefully performed by Master Maurice Mostyn, and then the Queen was presented with a splendid bouquet by Lady Augusta Mostyn.

From a] MISS EFFIE COOPER (1893). *[Photograph.*

Our next photograph is a portrait of Miss Effie Cooper, who was Llandudno's May Queen in 1893. "Of one thing," wrote the reporter of that excellent paper, *The Llandudno Advertiser*, to whom we are greatly indebted for our details, "we are now assured — that May Day and its attendant festivities has been firmly established as an annual carnival in Llandudno." The procession started from the usual rendezvous in Gloddaeth Street soon after two o'clock. The unfavourable weather, unfortunately, prevented a large number of exhibitors from sending round contributions to the procession, therefore the committee very properly decided to dispense with prizes in the various classes, and to award, in lieu thereof, a certificate of merit to all those who had contributed towards the success of the procession. We read that the Saint Tudno brass band was there, playing a lively air. The commissioners' contribution was very excellent in itself, but its connection with the *fête* was not obvious. To quote from the local newspaper again, it "comprised a load of coke, a water-cart, and a street-sweeper." There were prize horses and ponies in the procession; also three very fat boys on a cart, who were "fed on J. B. Edwards's bread." Truly it was a great day. One of the most imposing exhibits in the May Day procession was that contributed by Mr. James Haworth, the ironmonger, who sent along a special wire mattress, a mangle, a garden-roller, and other unlovely things. He could have sent along a lot more things, only he was afraid the rain would spoil them. "The drizzling rain," wrote the local man, "greatly marred the glory of the procession," but it intensified the success of the gala in the Pavilion, where was presented a unique spectacle of lovely and idyllic beauty, witnessed by thousands of sight-seers. Seated on the platform were about 120 boys and girls in pretty costumes, forming the court of the May Queen. The Queen's maidens wore Kate Greenaway dresses of ethereal blue. Miss Cooper bore her regal honours with sweet grace, being dressed in white broché silk trimmed with Brussels lace, her long white satin train being carried by two pages. The crown was of silver, decked with choice artificial flowers. Little Lady Viola Talbot presented the Queen with a handsome banner, after the orchestra had played the

MISS LAURA HAWORTH (1894).
From a Photo. by Slater, Llandudno.

grand "Coronation March." Then followed some pretty rustic dances, and, finally, Her Majesty was presented with five shillings. In the evening, some of the processionists—240 in number—were entertained to a capital dinner by the May Day Committee.

Next comes Miss Laura Haworth, the May Queen of 1894. The day was observed as a complete holiday, coming, as it did, before the heavy work of the summer season commenced. There was the usual crowd in the Pavilion to witness the coronation and to gaze on the Queen, with her gathering of attendants, courtiers, and dancers. The plaiting of the ribbons of the maypole, a stately gavotte, and the graceful fan dance received the applause they deserved, while Queen Laura sat gracefully in state and smilingly surveyed the gay revelling. Various exhibits numbered 125. They were controlled by marshals on horseback, who were all dressed in costume—a field-marshal, a brigand chief, a bushranger, and so on.

After the coronation, the Queen held a reception of her subjects, who were dressed in costumes representing every nationality over which Her Britannic Majesty holds sway. The May Queen's dress on this occasion is described as "A white Empire robe with lace and jewelled trimmings, and a white satin train 4yds. long." The train was lined with pink silk and trimmed with pink genista, roses, and maidenhair fern. Her Majesty had a most dignified appearance, and she constantly bowed her acknowledgments to her people and her courtiers. It is interesting to note that the receipts in the Pavilion on the occasion of this coronation exceeded sixty-seven pounds. In the evening, there was a grand masquerade and fancy-dress ball, as to which you have only to learn that Mr. T. Bibbey appeared as Sir Walter Raleigh to get an adequate idea of its imposing magnificence.

It is no wonder that the

From a] MISS HELEN HUGHES (1895). *[Photograph.*

May Day festivities in Llandudno continued to be maintained. Miss Helen Hughes's photo. is next reproduced, she having been the May Queen of 1895. Over the whole committees on this occasion towered the form of Mr. John Jones, J.P., whose astounding energy and ubiquity were constantly remarked upon. He was backed up by local men of note, including Messrs. Bibbey, Broome, Littler, Wyley, and Pedler. An important item in the procession was contributed by the Llandudno Brick Company, who sent along a waggon-load of bricks. In the afternoon, the Queen, preceded by heralds and followed by the crown-bearer, entered the Pavilion. She wore a dress of ivory silk, trimmed with lace, and there was a train lined with pink satin and trimmed with a ruche of tulle. Her Majesty carried a crown shower bouquet, and wore on dress and train sprays of lilies of the valley, roses, pink may, and other lovely flowers presented by the ladies of the May Day Committee. Soon Queen and court retired to a veritable bower of flowers and ivy, and here Her Majesty remained to receive her subjects and witness the dancing.

From a Photo. by] MISS GWLADYS WOOD (1896). *[Slater, Llandudno.*

But we must pass on to the next year (1896), when Miss Gwladys Wood was Queen. The same able persons were again on the spot, full of energy and ingenuity. The procession was a specially brilliant one. Of course, there was the inevitable Saint Tudno brass band and a host of butchers' carts, but there were also a great number of emblematical figures, such as an Australian bushman on a bicycle, and a troupe of old and new niggers —whatever they may be. Miss Symonds, of Deganway, contributed an old horse, aged thirty-six; close behind, appropriately enough, was a detachment of the Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes. Mr. Percy J. Hutt contributed a coffee-roasting machine, and Mr. Roger Jones a severely plain milk-cart. All these things, of course, were not precisely topical; but they served to impress spectators, and, after all, that is the principal thing. Next, of course, came the usual festivities in the Pavilion, ushering in the charming May Queen, who was clad in white silk and pink may. Her two pages wore white and gold satin coats and knee-breeches. The stage was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers, and there were two crowns kindly contributed by Mr. Peterkin. One of these was suspended over the Queen's head, whilst the other was placed upon her regal brow. Then came the revels, appropriately inaugurated by the maypole dance.

The weaving of the be-ribboned pole having been gaily and skilfully accomplished, four breezy little lasses in nautical caps ran on to the stage and danced a rattling hornpipe. Finally, the May Queen was photographed, and presented with a new half-crown.

The May Day *fête* of last year was to be a record one. The weather was glorious, and the town gaily decorated. Train after train poured living freights into Llandudno, and the front was crowded with a merry throng, waiting for the procession. The queens, it should be said, are all children of good position. The May Day Committee of ladies work indefatigably for weeks, arranging and selecting the dresses, and coaching the children. The Pier Pavilion was again the

scene of the coronation. After the marshals, heralds, and courtiers came the crown-bearer. Last of all came the Queen herself, Miss Georgie Mather. The beauty of the little maiden was enhanced by her rich robes of thick white satin. Everyone was charmed with the modest grace of the little May Queen. Her Majesty's train was held by two diminutive baby boys, also in white satin, their eyes wide open with wonder. There were eight maids of honour, gorgeously attired. The stage, as usual, was a perfect bower of exquisite, fragrant flowers. Our next photograph shows the Queen, surrounded by the whole of her court. This May Day had really three queens, for in addition to the newly-crowned monarch there was Queen Victoria of 1837 and Queen Victoria of 1897, who was attended by a Highlander. The coronation was performed by the Scotch laddie, who afterwards kissed the Queen's hand.

MISS GEORGIE MATHER (1897).
From a Photo. by Slater, Llandudno.

From a Photo. by] THE QUEEN SURROUNDED BY HER COURT. *[W. Symmonds, Llandudno.*

THE TWO OTHER QUEENS OF 1897 (AND 1837), WITH THE ARCHBISHOP, PAGE, JESTER, ETC.
From a Photo. by W. Symmonds, Llandudno.

He was assisted in the ceremony by a most lovable and accurate archbishop, clad in stately robes, and with a most imposing mitre.

Our next photograph shows this group. Lying at the feet of the 1837–1897 queens is the court jester. The children were really very well drilled. The twenty-four dancers who went through the maypole dance held brightly-coloured ribbons in their hands, as they daintily trod their mazy steps. Now and again there were unforeseen incidents. For example, on this occasion the crown-bearer dropped the crown off the cushion, and it rolled over to the Queen's feet. The unfortunate official was very much confused, but the Queen reassured him with a gentle smile.

MISS KATIE HOOSON, ELECTED MAY QUEEN FOR 1898.
From a Photo. by Manders, Llandudno.

Lastly, we give the portrait of Miss Katie Hooson, who has been elected the May Queen for the present year.

By A. Sarathkumar Ghosh.

ONCE upon a time there was a great depression in the thieving trade of a certain town in India. People had suddenly grown cautious and taken to Chubbs's locks, steel safes, man-traps, and other species of infernal machines calculated to throw the thieving fraternity out of employment. Really, the business was in a bad way. The master thieves put their heads together and determined to cut down the wages of their men in proportion to the falling-off in the profits. The men began to complain, and a few advanced thinkers among them even hinted openly at a great big strike; they protested that it was all a bogus affair, got up by a ring among the masters, to defraud the labourers of their wages. Angry conferences were held between select committees of the masters and men, but no settlement could be arrived at. In the meantime the business went from bad to worse; then in sheer desperation some of the masters withdrew from the trade and went into some other honest profession; I have been privately informed that the more enterprising ones among them entered the police force, and became, in time, inspectors and superintendents.

Soon came the crash, and then all the minor thieves melted away one by one, leaving a solitary representative of their ancient and honourable profession. *He* was not going to desert the sinking ship. *He* was none of your sham-sample-swindle sort of a thief, none of your milk-and-water area sneak, none of your "Carry your bag, sir?" "Fetch a keb, sir?" "Sweep your steps, m'm?" sort of a loafer—but a real, thorough, straightforward out-and-out outer. He took a pride in his profession, that thief did, and loved his art for art's sake; in fact, had the outlook been a little less gloomy, he might have risen some day to be a——but I'm digressing. To return to our thieving.

Notwithstanding his enthusiasm, however, his integrity, his heroic determination to stick to the sinking ship, from which all but he had fled like so many rats, the business went downright bad—that bad, that one day he undertook a forlorn hope to stem the tide of adversity. He fetched a large earthen jar, filled it with clay, and poured a layer of treacle over the top; then, placing the jar on his head, he went about the town, crying, "Good treacle to sell—who will buy good treacle?"

Meanwhile, things were as bad in the country; the thieves there were having as hard a time of it as any ryot in the whole province. The fact was, the monsoons had failed that year, and the harvests were ruined; consequently, there was a great scarcity throughout the land. After a severe struggle with their conscience, the country thieves went into relief works for a living—all but one. He, too, like our friend the town thief, was no mere idler in the profession, but a regular hard-working and intelligent artist. He stuck on all alone in the business, till at last things went so hopelessly bad that he came to town to improve his prospects. But, alas! it was even worse there than in the country. Really, the honest fellow was in a sad plight; he was quite willing to work in his profession for a living, but there was no work to be done at all, at all. One day, then, when he was about dead-beat and stony-broke, he fetched a large earthen jar, filled it with clay, placed a thin layer of butter on the top, and went about the town with the jar on his head, crying, "Good butter to sell—who will buy good butter?"

Now, it happened that these two honest sellers passed and repassed each other several times in the streets, the town thief extolling the hidden virtues of his jar of treacle, and the country thief praising the wonderful qualities of his butter. But, alas! no luck attended their righteous endeavours; the perspiration rolled down in beads from their heated brows, their damp turbans sunk lower and lower under the weight of the jars, their bare feet scorched and blistered from the terrible heat of the roadway. They met each other again after six hours of fruitless wandering under a tropical sun. Then the country thief thought within himself, "I shall get that town fellow's treacle for my clay; that will be some compensation"; and the town thief argued within himself that he should get that country chap's butter for *his* clay.

"Brother," said the country thief, "the gods are unpropitious because we are selling the wrong articles; therefore let us exchange."

"Right, brother," exclaimed the town thief, "thy words are the words of wisdom; let us exchange."

So they exchanged, and each went home rejoicing that he had over-reached his brother. Each hurriedly opened his jar and found—clay!

They determined to seek one another out, and went about the streets the next day. They met—in one long, silent embrace.

"Brother," spoke the country thief, "with our united talents we ought to do well in our profession; but the town is bad at present—therefore, let us go into the country."

"Right again, brother; let us go at once."

Having no luggage to carry, they set off forthwith, and trudged along many a mile into the country. No work for them there; on every side was hunger and misery, and not so much as a banana to steal. At last, weary and footsore, they came upon a fat and prosperous *bunniah* (money-lender), who alone seemed to be happy on his hoarded extortions.

"*Khodabund!*" (Heaven-favoured) begged the country thief, with a profound salaam, "will the Protector of the Poor be graciously pleased to give some work to two honest labourers?"

"Honest labourers!" laughed the *bunniah* with the abnormal abdominal development: "confirmed vagabonds, you mean. Go! I have no work for such as you."

"Master," prayed the thief, "be merciful, for we starve. Give us *any* work you please—just for a meal. We pray for no more."

"Ha-ha! *Any* work! I have half a mind to take this fellow at his word"; and he laughed till his cummerbund bobbed up and down on the sea of flesh beneath.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, "to-morrow you begin: water that mango-tree of mine at the end of the compound—just enough water to wet the ground with, neither more nor less. Take a *ban-key** from the store-room and draw the water from the pond. As for the other fellow (I see he is from the town, his tongue betrays it), let him take out my cow in the morning to graze in the fields, and bring her back at night. Then each of you will get a handful of rice. Are my words understood?"

"To hear is to obey, *Khodabund;* it shall be done as the Protector of the Poor commands."

The next morning the town thief led the

* Two large jars slung at each end of a long pole; the pole is carried on the shoulder about mid-way from the two ends.

"TO HEAR IS TO OBEY, KHODABUND."

cow out, thinking to himself that he was more lucky than his comrade; for assuredly it was better to be out in the fields than cooped up in the house. But he did not know that cow. No sooner did the beast sniff the country air, than with a toss of her head she wrenched the rope out of his hand and went scampering along, kicking, plunging, butting, jumping, rearing, as if suddenly possessed by ten thousand demons. The honest fellow, fearing to lose the cow altogether, stuck to her manfully all day, through hedges and ditches, thickets and brambles, till, bruised and battered, bleeding and torn, he came home in the evening in a dilapidated condition and a ferocious temper.

In the meantime the country thief fared no better. He had thought that one jar of water would be about sufficient for the day's work; but he did not know that mango-tree. No sooner was the water poured out than the ground was as dry as ever. He went down to the pond with the *ban-key* and fetched two jarfuls—with the same result. Two more; still it was no better. That mango-tree had developed an insatiable thirst. He might have turned the great Ganges on it, and still the water would have disappeared as if into that bottomless pit with the bare mention of which we are sometimes coaxed into good behaviour. The poor man went to and fro with his heavy weight between the pond and the tree from morning till night, and still the foot of that mango-tree was as dry as a cabby's throat on Boxing Day.

The two thieves met that evening, when each had managed to remove the obvious traces of the day's hardship.

"What luck had you, brother?" asked the country thief.

"Oh, nothing particular. I just let the cow loose when I reached the field, spread my turban under a tree, and slept without a break till sunset. When I woke up, I found the cow grazing quietly a few feet away; I whistled to her, and she came trotting behind all the way, gentle as a little kid. Truly, she is the very incarnation of *Luk-khi* (the goddess of benignity), and I shall offer a garland of flowers to her to-morrow," and the honest thief puffed away at his hookah with the utmost equanimity.

"Indeed, brother," replied the country thief, "I am glad you fared well, for I was equally fortunate. It was not even necessary to use the *ban-key;* one jar of water was enough to do my work, and I slept in the veranda till just before you came."

There was a long pause, and the village curs howled merrily in the evening air. The country thief glanced furtively at his comrade as he reached for the hookah.

"Brother," said he, at last, hesitatingly, "you come from the town, and it is not fair to make you work in the fields; but I am more used to the country. What say you then, brother? Let us exchange."

"Right you are, brother," replied the other, struggling to disguise his eagerness. "Let us exchange. And it is indeed kind of you to think of me so. I feel that I can hardly repay your kindness without a little advice. I found the ground rather hard to sleep on, but you might do better to-morrow by carrying a *charpoy** with you."

So next morning the country thief led the cow out with a *charpoy* balanced on his head—but I shall draw a veil over the sufferings he underwent that terrible day. That cow kicked and plunged more viciously than ever before. Perhaps the beast was frightened by that huge *charpoy* looming behind like an overhanging cloud; at all events, the poor man had to leap over hedges and ditches with that *charpoy* on his head, because he could not leave it behind for fear of its being stolen. Once, to vary the monotony of discomfort, he tied the rope to the *charpoy* and sat on it (the *charpoy*, not the rope); but with a furious onslaught the wicked beast went careering like a demon, and landed him in a filthy ditch with the *charpoy* on top—but really, I am forgetting my promise; you can well imagine the rest.

As for the town thief, *he* had never been used to drawing water in all his life before—well, well, you can imagine *that*, too!

In the evening the two thieves clasped each other in one long, frantic embrace. Each felt that he had met a kindred spirit, a sympathetic soul. There was no need for words.

At last the country thief gave tongue to his thoughts.

"Brother, what can be the matter with that mango-tree? Let us dig to see."

"THE COW KICKED AND PLUNGED MORE VICIOUSLY THAN EVER."

"Right, brother, right! Let us dig."

So that night, when all were asleep, they fetched spades and mattocks, and began to dig round that mango-tree at the end of the fat *bunniah's* compound. They worked by turns. When the pit was about 7ft. deep, the town thief was below, while his comrade stood with the *ban-key* on the top, ready to raise up the two baskets

*A camp-bed, woven with strings in place of the usual canvas.

of earth dug up by the former. The *ban-key* had been lowered and raised several times in this manner when a sharp metallic ring in the pit greeted the ear of the country thief above.

"What is it, brother?" he asked, eagerly.

"Hush! brother, hush! *Two* jars of gold! Lower the *ban-key*, and I shall place one at each end."

me draw up the two jars while he was still in the pit! Ha, ha!"

"Softly, softly, brother," replied the town thief from behind, "there was only *one* jar, and it is I who am sitting behind."

The country thief nearly dropped the *ban-key* in fright when he heard that voice. Yes! sitting behind, in place of the other jar, was the town thief, grinning most ami-

"IT IS I WHO AM SITTING BEHIND."

The *ban-key* was lowered; the thief above felt the two weights, one at each end of the pole; drew up the load, slung the pole over his shoulder, and ran off with the money, leaving his comrade behind in the pit—as he thought.

That thief ran for all he was worth. He fled across the fields, panting under his heavy burden, till just on the break of dawn he arrived at his native village. Then he could not help chuckling to himself at having outwitted the other so easily.

"What a fool he was," he laughed, "to let

ably. Fool that he was—he had been carrying him all the way!

There was no use in quarrelling over the matter, and thieves as a rule show more tact in dealing with one another than the diplomatists of first-class Powers. So the country thief put on a good countenance over the affair, and invited his comrade to spend the day at his house.

At nightfall, when free from all chances of detection, they fetched out the jar of gold and began dividing the contents. That jar was filled with the brightest and reddest

mohurs they had ever feasted their eyes upon before. They were overcome with visible emotion, which was quite pardonable after the great privations they had lately undergone, and it was some few minutes before they could begin the work of division. Piece after piece was taken out and laid alternately in two little heaps; cries of joy, exultation, and happiness broke forth as the heaps piled up higher and higher. At last the jar was empty, leaving a single *gold-mohur* undivided. The question was: Who should have it? Each urged his prior claim to it—the one by right of discovery, the other by the right of occupation. Assuredly you would have thought them to be two leading Q.C.'s, discussing some great *cause célèbre* before the Lord Chief Justice himself, so startling the forensic acumen, so profound the legal subtlety those two thieves brought to bear upon that solitary piece of stolen gold.

"Let us go halves, brother," exclaimed at last the country thief; "let us hide it in some place of safety to-night, and change it for rupees in the bazaar to-morrow."

"Right, brother; let us hide it to-night."

So they wrapped up the *mohur* in a piece of rag and put it in some place of security for the night. Then they went to sleep.

The town thief happened to wake up after a couple of hours, and feeling suspicious of his friend, went to look for the piece of gold. It was gone! But he made no fuss over the loss; rather, he went quietly where his friend was asleep and began feeling his hands. Yes! his right arm was white quite up to his elbow!

"The rascal has hidden it in the sack of flour!" and he chuckled softly. He was correct; for, plunging his arm into the sack, he drew out the coin wrapped up as before. He then did something with it, and went to sleep again.

A little later the country thief woke up, and wishing to make quite sure of the coin he had hidden in the sack, went to look for it. It had vanished! Now, he too was as clever as his friend, and made no fuss over the double theft. Instead, he went over to his sleeping comrade, and began feeling his limbs. Both legs were cold and damp up to the knees, and the right arm to the elbow!

"The villain has taken it to the pond," he muttered, between his teeth, and set out in the dark towards the pond. As soon as he approached it on one side, the frogs on that bank leapt out in fright into the water; the same thing happened on the second and third sides, but not on the fourth, which seemed quiet and deserted.

"The rascal has been here, I see, and frightened away the frogs." Then, chuckling at his own cleverness, he went down the steps to his knees, and plunging his right arm in, fished up the wet rag. Hastily opening it, he found—the coin gone! The cunning rascal had hidden it elsewhere and then gone to the pond with the rag to mislead him! Where was the coin? He felt powerless to discover it, now that the scent was destroyed. But he resolved to be avenged. Running home, he awoke his wife and told her to fetch some stout rope and a piece of matting. With these he bound the town thief hand and foot like a corpse, and began dragging him by a rope along the ground towards the field. His wife followed behind, tearing her hair and beating her breast, to make believe that her brother was dead.

When they reached the burying-ground about a couple of miles from the village, he sent his wife back, and slinging the rope over the bough of a tree, hauled up the supposed corpse in the air. Scarcely had he done this when he heard the tramp of many feet, and, looking through the forest glade, espied a band of robbers coming towards him. Leaving his late comrade mid-way between heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin, he hastily climbed up a neighbouring tree in great fright and hid himself among the leaves.

The robbers came along merrily, laughing and joking, and soon caught sight of the corpse in that fantastic position.

"*Ohé Corpse!*" cried the captain, "we have seen your face; let us see what luck you bring us in this expedition." And they disappeared in the opposite direction.

But the country thief was so frightened that he dared not descend from his safe retreat; for verily they might return at any moment and slay him for their own security. Nor was he wrong. Soon the robbers returned, laughing and joking more merrily than before, for they were laden with the loot of a rich zemindar of the neighbourhood. The thief devoured the spoils with gluttonous eyes as the robbers passed beneath his tree. Gold and silver plates there were, and jewellery of many precious stones. He felt quite sick with envy. Suddenly he heard a robber speak.

"Captain, that corpse has brought us good luck. Let us, therefore, carry away his head

with us, to look at every morning, to bring us the same good luck."

"True, true, my friend; I shall cut off the head with my sword." And the gallant captain climbed up the tree till the corpse hung just over his head. Then, drawing his sword, he looked up to deal the blow. At that instant the countenance of the corpse assumed a most hideous contortion, and a terrific, demoniacal yell thundered out into the very face of the robber.

With a shriek of terror, the robber fell from the tree.

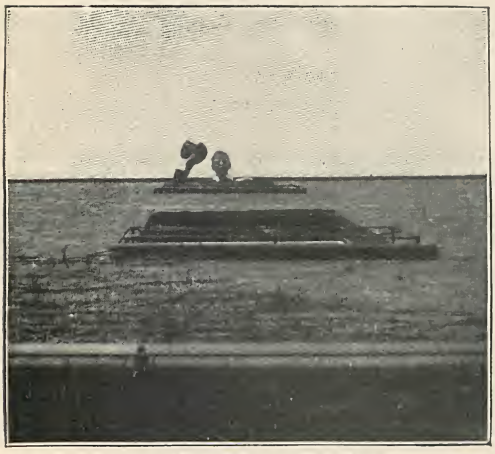
"*Bhût! Shaitan!*" (ghost! devil!); and the robbers, dropping their plunder, fled as if all the demons of hell were behind them.

"Ha-ha! my friend," chuckled the town thief, addressing his comrade, "you left me in the lurch and fled up that tree when they came; but I, alone, have robbed the robbers of their spoils. Now, who has the best right to that piece of *gold-mohur?*"

"You, brother, you! and much good may it do you!" and the country thief, climbing down from his place of safety in great joy at his narrow escape, released his comrade from his uncomfortable position. Then, collecting the plunder the robbers had dropped, they went home amicably together, and lived happily ever afterwards—begetting many sons, who in time brought great joy to their fathers by the honourable and successful practice of their ancestral profession. But that is another story.

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



A FANTASTIC PHOTOGRAPH.

The first question that naturally arises to one's lips on looking at the extraordinary photograph here reproduced is, "What is it? Is this the flat top of a house, with a man looking out of the attic window?" No; it is nothing so commonplace. It is just a curious fantastic photograph of a person looking out of an upper window, the view being taken from below, close to the house. It was sent in by Mr. A. Moore, of Eton College.

A UNIQUE SET OF CHESSMEN.

They are reputed to possess an historical interest, and they are of the finest sculptured ivory, the leading figures being 5in. in height. The set is emblematical of Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, the white king being an exquisite model of the great leader himself. His consort, Josephine, is considered by connoisseurs to be the finest piece of the set. Her ruffles are carved out of the ivory in a most extraordinary manner. The red sultan and sultana are also very striking. The white bishop, Talleyrand, wears a singular expression, whilst his red *confrère* is rather funny. The white pawns are likenesses of Napoleon's marshalls, and possess striking facial characteristics. They are much prized by their owner, the Rev. Robert Tattersall, B.D., of Merton Vicarage, Oxon. The photo. was kindly sent in by Mrs. Ada Mayell, of 6, Arthur Street, Brompton Road, S.W.

WONDERFUL COSTUME OF AN ESCAPED CONVICT.

Here is a very strange curiosity. Last November a prisoner escaped from Shrewsbury Gaol in a clever way, but he was still handicapped on account of the prison clothes he wore. That night he broke into a large house by cutting a hole in a shutter with a pair of scissors. Not finding men's clothes the convict took two cloth skirts belonging to the ladies of the household (one green and one brown), a gentleman's cap, gloves, and scarf. With these, and a quantity of food done up in a bundle, he got clear away into a wood, and with a pair of scissors, and needle and cotton, converted the skirts into a coat and pair of trousers, as we see in the photograph here shown. It is not the burglar himself at whom we are looking in this picture, as, unfortunately, no photograph of him was taken by the police, and he is only showing off his suit by deputy, if we may so express it. The ingenuity displayed, however, is altogether his own, and is quite wonderful, considering the circumstances. In an hour or so the man emerged from the wood, and was soon recaptured. Photo. sent in by Miss H. E. Cope, of Shawbury, Shrewsbury.

From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

A PECULIAR JUBILEE RELIC.

This is a piece of turned box, the ends of which when sliced off are amazingly accurate head portraits of the Queen as she appeared in the early days of her reign. This curiosity was sent to this office by Mr. Daniel Ellcock, of Little Hadham, Herts. It was given to Mr. Ellcock early in the sixties by his brother, who was working in London. It was not, however, turned by him. It is supposed that this curiosity first came to light on the Queen's accession, and that slices from the ends were sold at a shilling each on the streets by the ingenious man who had originally turned the wood.

A CURIOUS PET.

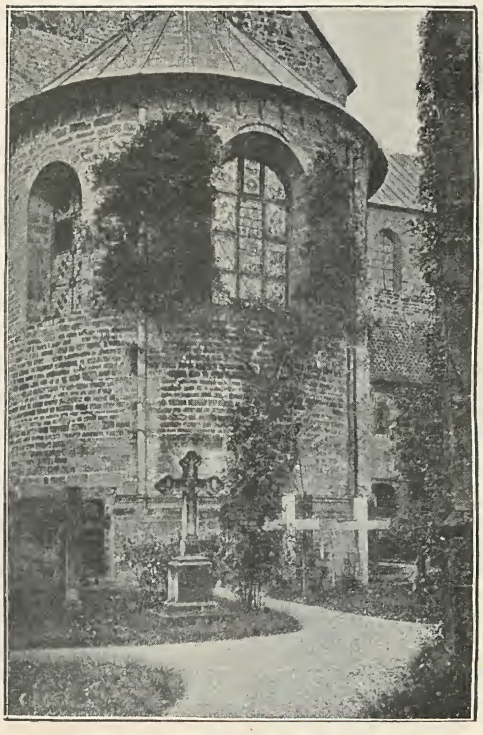
This is a portrait of Nurse McCully, of Ward 9, Royal Infirmary, Liverpool. She is clasping in her arms her pet armadillo. This little animal, which is a native of South America, was given to the nurse by a sailor when it was quite a baby, weighing only 3lb. It was most advantageously reared on peptonized milk, ordinary cow's milk being too strong, and the little creature now weighs 11lb. Its present diet is peculiar, consisting of bread and milk, bacon, apples, and sardines. Also, it supports its adopted country by eating English tomatoes, but rejecting American ones. It sleeps all day, rising at six o'clock p.m. and running all over the ward. Its chief amusement seems to be tearing to pieces the patients' slippers. It knows its mistress, and will readily come to her, as we see in the portrait. The little armadillo sleeps in a warm barrel, furnished with bran and flannel. It has now been at the Royal Infirmary for about four years. We are indebted for the portrait to Mr. Morris Davidson, of 2, Gambier Terrace, Liverpool.

REMARKABLE FREAK OF LIGHTNING.

This is a photograph of a half-crown which had a piece burnt out of it by lightning on August 5th last. It belonged to a young man named Joseph Putnam, who had two half-crowns in his pocket when he was struck by lightning, and, strange to say, both of them were burnt in the same manner, whilst the other money in Putnam's pocket was not marked in any way. At the time of the storm, both Putnam and his *fiancée* were standing under a lime tree in Tring Park. He was struck dead, and the young lady died soon afterwards. Photo. sent in by Mr. W. Bushell, of New Mill, near Tring, Herts.

A ROSE TREE A THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

One of the most interesting curiosities in Germany is the famous rose tree of Hildesheim, whose existence can be traced back to the time of Charlemagne. It was mentioned as a curiosity in old chronicles of the ninth century. It twines round a large part of the ancient cathedral of Hildesheim, near Brunswick, and with its countless blossoms presents in the season a delightful spectacle. Lately, however, it has been attacked by some insect and threatened with destruction. The photo. was forwarded by Mr. Theodore Milford, of Yockleton Hall, Shrewsbury.



A POST-CARD THIRTEEN YEARS IN TRANSIT.

It is reproduced in facsimile from the original, and was sent in by Mr. William Ashworth, of 12, Piccadilly, Manchester. Mr. Ashworth writes: "Inclosed I beg to hand you post-card dated Carlisle, March 27th, 1884, which only came to hand on Wednesday, November 10th, 1897, it having been in transit thirteen years and seven and a-half months. You will see that the post-card has been to Ronsdorf, near Elberfeld, Germany. It was delivered exactly in the present condition, with an extra charge of one penny, owing to the stamp having been cut off in transit." Many of us could tell queer stories about the wanderings of parcels, letters, and post-cards, but we are of the opinion that this one will take a good deal of beating.

A VERY CURIOUS STILE.

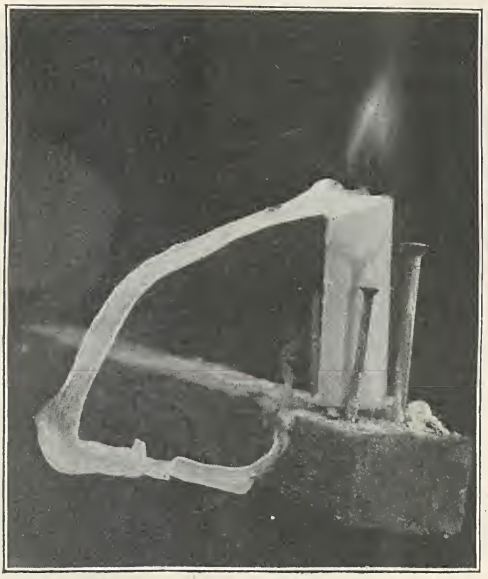
This photo. shows an unsuspecting person who came to grief whilst negotiating the curiously-constructed stile which is known as "the tumble-down stile," situated opposite the entrance to Charlecote Park, about four miles from Stratford-on-Avon. It will be seen that the three bars of this curious stile act like levers, the left hand end of each being heavily weighted. This is a very useful stile to those who understand its ways, for by pressing one end down the difficulty of getting over is considerably reduced. On the other hand, many a stranger, unaware of the stile's tricks, comes to grief, like the gentleman seen in the photo., which was sent in by Mr. G. W. Quatremain, of 19, Paton Street, Stratford-on-Avon.

NEST OF MICE IN A CAKE.

Here we see a cake in a grocer's shop burrowed out, and with a nest of newly-born mice deposited in the hole. It is Mr. A. J. Thresher, of 23, High Street, Kingsland, N.E., who sends us the photo. It seems that this discovery was made when overhauling a stock of cakes left over from Saturday night. The whole of the cake was eaten out between midnight and 7.30 on the Monday morning. Surely a record place for a nest!

A CANDLE THAT "GUTTERED."

Here we have a curious photograph sent in by Mr. Frank Parkinson, of 3, Havelock Street, Spalding, Lincs. Mr. Parkinson writes: "I send you herewith a photograph of a candle that burnt in a very extraordinary manner. It was placed in a very rustic, home-made candlestick, such as is generally used on buildings in course of erection by workmen. It was lighted and then placed in



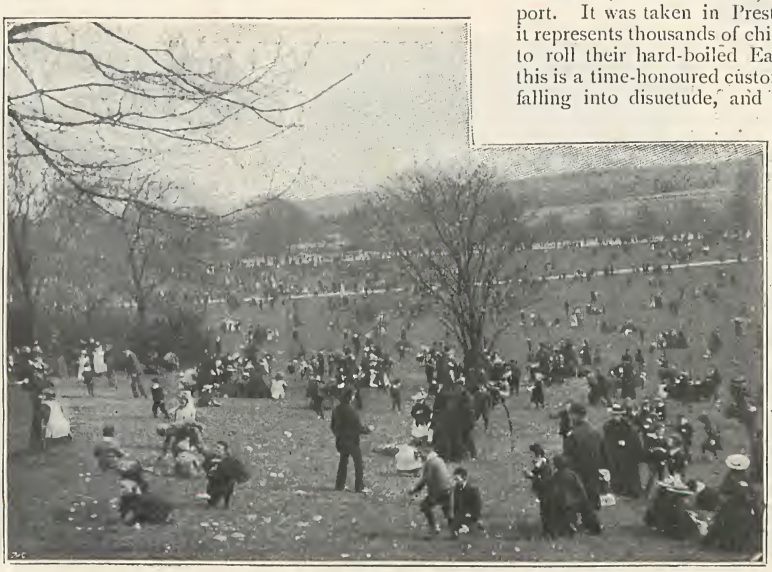
a corner, where it was supposed to be out of the draught. On looking at it some time afterwards, however, it was found to be in the startling condition noticeable in the photo. The candlestick is only a piece of wood, with a socket made of a few French nails. It is very curious to observe how the grease has been blown right from the candle itself, and has curled right round and then returned to the candlestick."

A STARTLING PORTRAIT.

If this photo. were copied in oils, and hung in one of the big galleries, labelled, in the most approved style, "Portrait of a Man," it could not fail to attract a great deal of attention. Of course, it is only a photographic freak, the camera being held too close up to the reclining gentleman. The photographer labels it, "An Incident at the Recent Trip of the 'Happy Days Fishing Club' to the North Shore of Lake Superior. The victim usually prides himself on his small feet." Certainly, there never was a photograph yet shown which illustrated in a more striking manner the vagaries and *possibilities* of the camera.

A QUEER EASTER CUSTOM.

This interesting photo. was taken and sent in by Mrs. Wall, of The Grove, Manchester Road, Southport. It was taken in Preston (Avenham Park), and it represents thousands of children who have assembled to roll their hard-boiled Easter eggs. It seems that this is a time-honoured custom, which is, however, fast falling into disuetude, and is now only observed in Preston and a few other towns. On Easter Monday, Avenham Park presents a very animated spectacle, when the children foregather to play with their coloured eggs. The boys throw them high into the air and catch them again, and the girls roll them madly along the grass. There is also a game between the boys, which consists in knocking two eggs together until one breaks and is forfeited to the owner of the winning egg. The condition of the park next day may be left to the imagination.

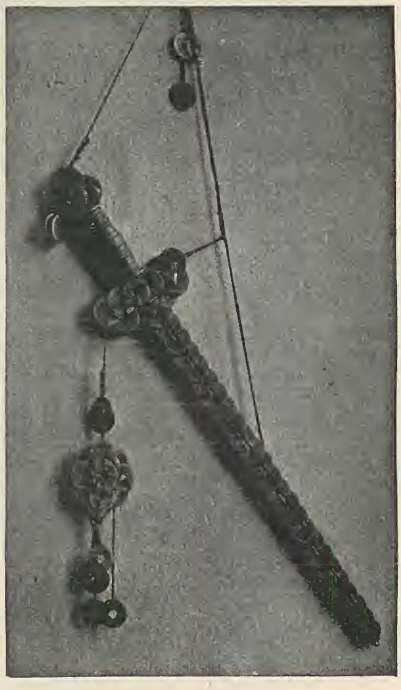


QUEER FREAK OF A HURRICANE.

Here is a remarkably curious photo., for which we are indebted to Mr. H. T. Hayward Butt, of 21, Lansdowne Terrace, Cheltenham. "I am sending you," writes Mr. Hayward Butt, "a photograph which I have taken of a big tree, torn up from the roots, and left fairly upside down in this extraordinary position by a storm which passed over this country some time ago. I think it may be considered worthy of a place among your curiosities."

CHINESE SWORD MADE OF COINS.

This extraordinary weapon was photographed and sent in by Dr. E. C. Fincham, of 19, Pride Hill, Shrewsbury. The blade consists of a central stem on which the overlapping "cash" or Chinese coins are fastened. The length of the sword is 19in., and altogether it is made up of 120 coins. This weapon is supposed to act as a charm in certain diseases.

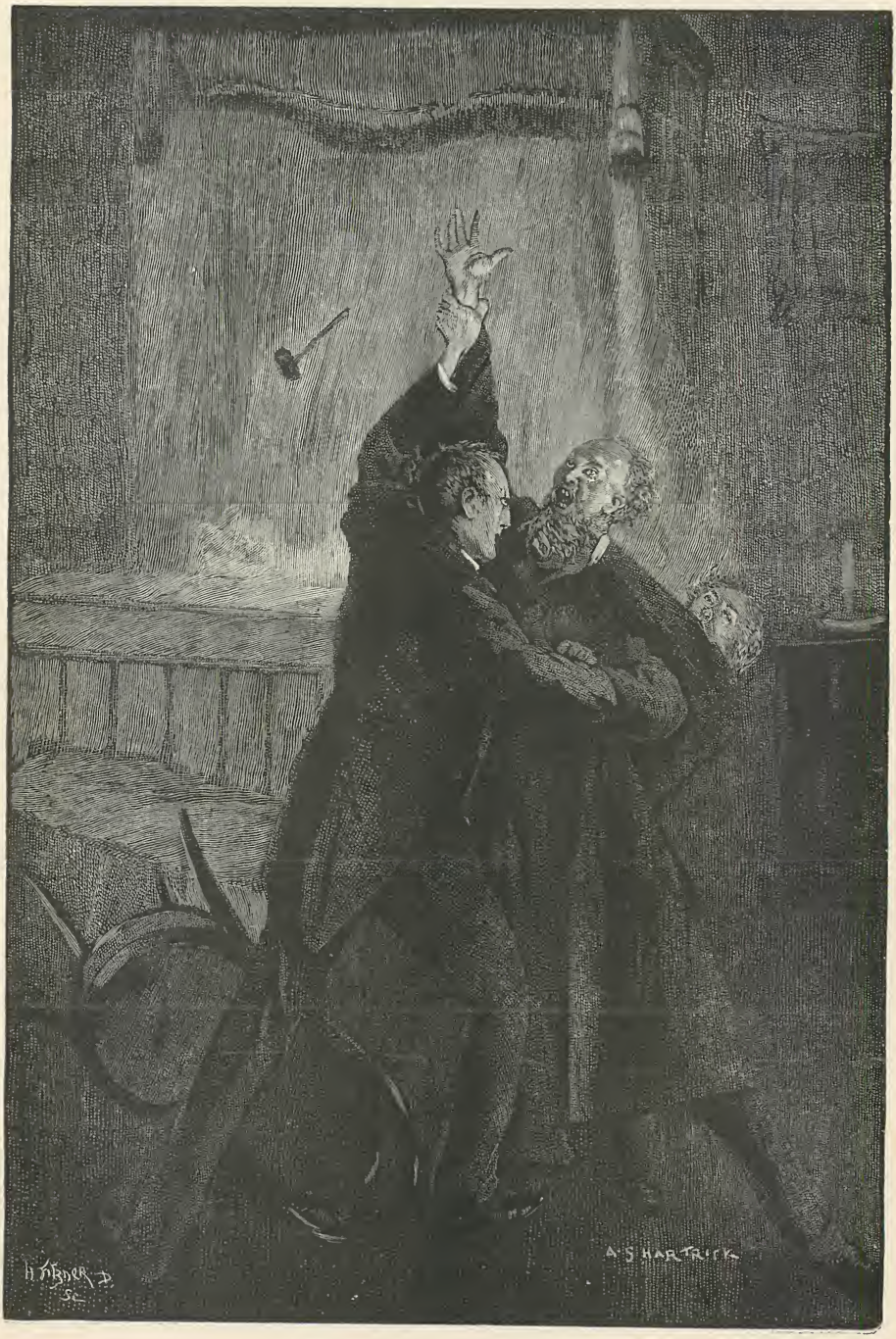


DRINKING CUP MADE OUT OF A SPANISH DOLLAR.

It was made from the coin by simply hammering out the centre until it formed the bottom of the cup. The outer edge of the coin is the rim of the little vessel. It was sold to its present owner about half a century ago by a Spanish silversmith. These dollars were virtually one ounce in weight, and were of beautifully bright and pure Mexican silver. These coins, however, are now extremely scarce, and only exist as curiosities. Formerly, they used to fetch from 7s. 6d. to 8s. each for shipment to the East. They contain no hardening alloy. The wreath round the outer edge of the cup—where our coins are "milled"—is, of course, the edge of the dollar itself.

CURIOUS VIEW OF BLACKWALL TUNNEL.

Sent in by Mr. Charles Eden, of 21, Woodlands Park Road, East Greenwich. This is a view of the interior of Blackwall Tunnel — the section directly under the river, 80ft. below high-water level. The length of the tunnel, seen to the end of the rows of lights, is 1,222ft. During the exposure of the photographic plate, which occupied twenty minutes, twenty-six vehicles and sixty-five foot passengers passed the camera; but the only indication of anything passing is the white streaks of light seen along the roadway. These were caused by the lamps carried by the various vehicles.



"I SPRANG TO THE RESCUE."

(*See page* 611.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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Round the Fire.

I.—THE STORY OF THE BEETLE-HUNTER.

By A. Conan Doyle.

A CURIOUS experience? said the Doctor. Yes, my friends, I have had one very curious experience. I never expect to have another, for it is against all doctrines of chances that two such events would befall any one man in a single lifetime. You may believe me or not, but the thing happened exactly as I tell it.

I had just become a medical man, but I had not started in practice, and I lived in rooms in Gower Street. The street has been renumbered since then, but it was in the only house which has a bow-window, upon the left-hand side as you go down from the Metropolitan Station. A widow named Murchison kept the house at that time, and she had three medical students and one engineer as lodgers. I occupied the top room, which was the cheapest, but cheap as it was it was more than I could afford. My small resources were dwindling away, and every week it became more necessary that I should find something to do. Yet I was very unwilling to go into general practice, for my tastes were all in the direction of science, and especially of zoology, towards which I had always a strong leaning. I had almost given the fight up and resigned myself to being a medical drudge for life, when the turning-point of my struggles came in a very extraordinary way.

One morning I had picked up the *Standard* and was glancing over its contents. There was a complete absence of news, and I was about to toss the paper down again, when my eyes were caught by an advertisement at the head of the personal column. It was worded in this way:—

"MY EYES WERE CAUGHT BY AN ADVERTISEMENT."

> Wanted for one or more days the services of a medical man. It is essential that he should be a man of strong physique, of steady nerves, and of a resolute nature. Must be an entomologist — coleopterist preferred. Apply, in person, at 77B, Brooke Street. Application must be made before twelve o'clock to-day.

Now, I have already said that I was devoted to zoology. Of all branches of zoology, the study of insects was the most attractive to me, and of all insects the beetles were the species with which I was most familiar. Butterfly collectors are numerous, but the beetles are far more varied, and more accessible in these islands than are the butterflies. It was this fact which had attracted my attention to them, and I had myself made a collection which numbered

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some hundred varieties. As to the other requisites of the advertisement, I knew that my nerves could be depended upon, and I had won the weight-throwing competition at the inter-hospital sports. Clearly, I was the very man for the vacancy. Within five minutes of my having read the advertisement I was in a cab and on my way to Brooke Street.

As I drove, I kept turning the matter over in my head and trying to make a guess as to what sort of employment it could be which needed such curious qualifications. A strong physique, a resolute nature, a medical training, and a knowledge of beetles—what connection could there be between these various requisites? And then there was the disheartening fact that the situation was not a permanent one, but terminable from day to day, according to the terms of the advertisement. The more I pondered over it the more unintelligible did it become; but at the end of my meditations I always came back to the ground fact that, come what might, I had nothing to lose, that I was completely at the end of my resources, and that I was ready for any adventure, however desperate, which would put a few honest sovereigns into my pocket. The man fears to fail who has to pay for his failure, but there was no penalty which Fortune could exact from me. I was like the gambler with empty pockets, who is still allowed to try his luck with the others.

No. 77B, Brooke Street, was one of those dingy and yet imposing houses, dun-coloured and flat-faced, with the intensely respectable and solid air which marks the Georgian builder. As I alighted from the cab, a young man came out of the door and walked swiftly down the street. In passing me, I noticed that he cast an inquisitive and somewhat malevolent glance at me, and I took the incident as a good omen, for his appearance was that of a rejected candidate, and if he resented my application it meant that the vacancy was not yet filled up. Full of hope, I ascended the broad steps and rapped with the heavy knocker.

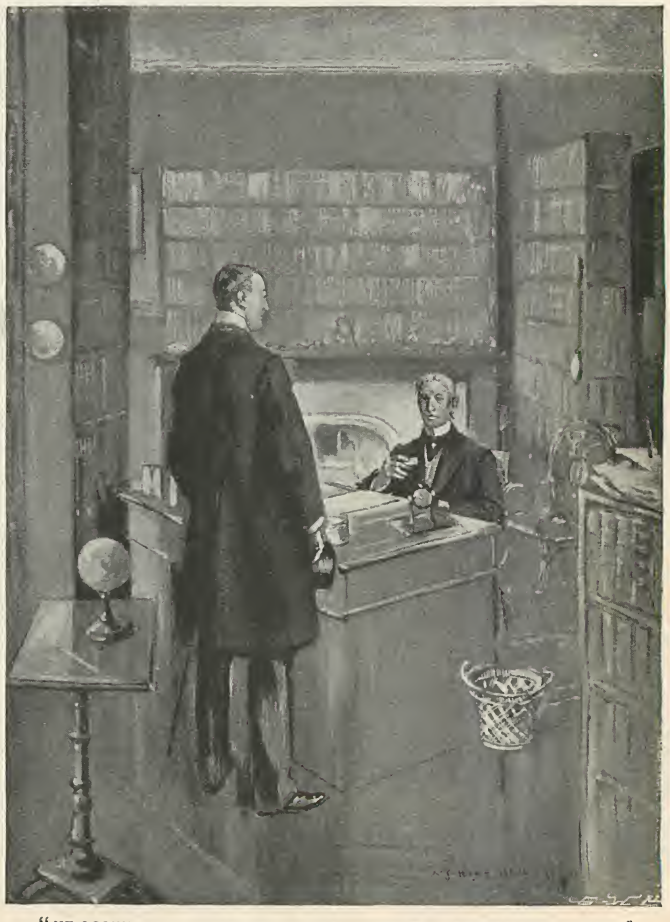
A footman in powder and livery opened the door. Clearly I was in touch with people of wealth and fashion.

"Yes, sir?" said the footman.

"I came in answer to——"

"Quite so, sir," said the footman. "Lord Linchmere will see you at once in the library."

Lord Linchmere! I had vaguely heard the name, but could not for the instant recall anything about him. Following the footman, I was shown into a large, book-lined room in which there was seated behind a writing-desk a small man with a pleasant, clean-shaven, mobile face, and long hair shot with grey and brushed back from his forehead. He looked me up and down with a very shrewd, penetrating glance, holding the card which the footman had given him in his right hand.



"HE LOOKED ME UP AND DOWN WITH A SHREWD, PENETRATING GLANCE."

Then he smiled pleasantly, and I felt that externally at any rate I possessed the qualifications which he desired.

"You have come in answer to my advertisement, Dr. Hamilton?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you fulfil the conditions which are there laid down?"

"I believe that I do."

"You are a powerful man, or so I should judge from your appearance."

"I think that I am fairly strong."

"And resolute?"

"I believe so."

"Have you ever known what it was to be exposed to imminent danger?"

"No, I don't know that I ever have."

"But you think you would be prompt and cool at such a time?"

"I hope so."

"Well, I believe that you would. I have the more confidence in you because you do not pretend to be certain as to what you would do in a position that was new to you. My impression is that, as far as personal qualities go, you are the very man of whom I am in search. That being settled, we may pass on to the next point."

"Which is?"

"To talk to me about beetles."

I looked across to see if he was joking, but, on the contrary, he was leaning eagerly forward across his desk, and there was an expression of something like anxiety in his eyes.

"I am afraid that you do not know about beetles," he cried.

"On the contrary, sir, it is the one scientific subject about which I feel that I really do know something."

"I am overjoyed to hear it. Please talk to me about beetles."

I talked. I do not profess to have said anything original upon the subject, but I gave a short sketch of the characteristics of the beetle, and ran over the more common species, with some allusions to the specimens in my own little collection and to the article upon "Burying Beetles" which I had contributed to the *Journal of Entomological Science*.

"What! not a collector?" cried Lord Linchmere. "You don't mean that you are yourself a collector?" His eyes danced with pleasure at the thought.

"You are certainly the very man in London for my purpose. I thought that among five millions of people there must be such a man, but the difficulty is to lay one's hands upon him. I have been extraordinarily fortunate in finding you."

He rang a gong upon the table, and the footman entered.

"Ask Lady Rossiter to have the goodness to step this way," said his lordship, and a few moments later the lady was ushered into the room. She was a small, middle-aged woman, very like Lord Linchmere in appearance, with the same quick, alert features and grey-black hair. The expression of anxiety, however, which I had observed upon his face was very much more marked upon hers. Some great grief seemed to have cast its shadow over her features. As Lord Linchmere presented me she turned her face full upon me, and I was shocked to observe a half-healed scar extending for two inches over her right eyebrow. It was partly concealed by plaster, but none the less I could see that it had been a serious wound, and not long inflicted.

"Dr. Hamilton is the very man for our purpose, Evelyn," said Lord Linchmere. "He is actually a collector of beetles, and he has written articles upon the subject."

"Really!" said Lady Rossiter. "Then you must have heard of my husband. Everyone who knows anything about beetles must have heard of Sir Thomas Rossiter."

For the first time a thin little ray of light began to break into this obscure business. Here, at last, was a connection between these people and beetles. Sir Thomas Rossiter—he was the greatest authority upon the subject in the world. He had made it his life-long study, and had written a most exhaustive work upon it. I hastened to assure her that I had read and appreciated it.

"Have you met my husband?" she asked.

"No, I have not."

"But you shall," said Lord Linchmere, with decision.

The lady was standing beside the desk, and she put her hand upon his shoulder. It was obvious to me as I saw their faces together that they were brother and sister.

"Are you really prepared for this, Charles? It is noble of you, but you fill me with fears." Her voice quavered with apprehension, and he appeared to me to be equally moved, though he was making strong efforts to conceal his agitation.

"Yes, yes, dear; it is all settled, it is all decided; in fact, there is no other possible way, that I can see."

"There is one obvious way."

"No, no, Evelyn, I shall never abandon you—never. It will come right—depend upon

it; it will come right, and surely it looks like the interference of Providence that so perfect an instrument should be put into our hands."

My position was embarrassing, for I felt that for the instant they had forgotten my presence. But Lord Linchmere came back suddenly to me and to my engagement.

"The business for which I want you, Dr. Hamilton, is that you should put yourself absolutely at my disposal. I wish you to come for a short journey with me, to remain always at my side, and to promise to do without question whatever I may ask you, however unreasonable it may appear to you to be."

"That is a good deal to ask," said I.

"THEY WERE BROTHER AND SISTER."

"Unfortunately I cannot put it more plainly, for I do not myself know what turn matters may take. You may be sure, however, that you will not be asked to do anything which your conscience does not approve; and I promise you that, when all is over, you will be proud to have been concerned in so good a work."

"If it ends happily," said the lady.

"Exactly; if it ends happily," his lordship repeated.

"And terms?" I asked.

"Twenty pounds a day."

I was amazed at the sum, and must have showed my surprise upon my features.

"It is a rare combination of qualities, as must have struck you when you first read the advertisement," said Lord Linchmere; "such varied gifts may well command a high return, and I do not conceal from you that your duties might be arduous or even dangerous. Besides, it is possible that one or two days may bring the matter to an end."

"Please God!" sighed his sister.

"So now, Dr. Hamilton, may I rely upon your aid?"

"Most undoubtedly," said I. "You have only to tell me what my duties are."

"Your first duty will be to return to your home. You will pack up whatever you may need for a short visit to the country. We start together from Paddington Station at 3.40 this afternoon."

"Do we go far?"

"As far as Pangbourne. Meet me at the bookstall at 3.30. I shall have the tickets. Good-bye, Dr. Hamilton! And, by the way, there are two things which I should be very glad if you would bring with you, in case you have them. One is your case for collecting beetles, and the other is a stick, and the thicker and heavier the better."

You may imagine that I had plenty to think of from the time that I left Brooke Street until I set out to meet Lord Linchmere at Paddington. The whole fantastic business kept arranging and re-arranging itself in kaleidoscopic forms inside my brain, until I had thought out a dozen explanations, each of them more grotesquely improbable than the last. And yet I felt that the truth must be something grotesquely improbable also. At last I gave up all attempts at finding a solution, and contented myself with exactly carrying out the instructions which I had received. With a hand valise, specimen-case, and a loaded cane I was waiting at the Paddington bookstall when Lord Linchmere arrived. He was an even smaller man than I had thought—frail and peaky, with a manner which was more nervous than it had been in the morning. He wore a long, thick travelling ulster, and I observed that he carried a heavy blackthorn cudgel in his hand.

"I have the tickets," said he, leading the way up the platform. "This is our train. I have engaged a carriage, for I am particularly

"I WAS WAITING WHEN LORD LINCHMERE ARRIVED."

anxious to impress one or two things upon you while we travel down."

And yet all that he had to impress upon me might have been said in a sentence, for it was that I was to remember that I was there as a protection to himself, and that I was not on any consideration to leave him for an instant. This he repeated again and again as our journey drew to a close, with an insistence which showed that his nerves were thoroughly shaken.

"Yes," he said at last, in answer to my looks rather than to my words, "I *am* nervous, Dr. Hamilton. I have always been a timid man, and my timidity depends upon my frail physical health. But my soul is firm, and I can bring myself up to face a danger which a less nervous man might shrink from. What I am doing now is done from no compulsion, but entirely from a sense of duty, and yet it is, beyond doubt, a desperate risk. If things should go wrong, I will have some claims to the title of martyr."

This eternal reading of riddles was too much for me. I felt that I must put a term to it.

"I think it would be very much better, sir, if you were to trust me entirely," said I. "It is impossible for me to act effectively, when I do not know what are the objects which we have in view, or even where we are going."

"Oh, as to where we are going, there need be no mystery about that," said he; "we are going to Delamere Court, the residence of Sir Thomas Rossiter, with whose work you are so conversant. As to the exact object of our visit, I do not know that at this stage of the proceedings anything would be gained, Dr. Hamilton, by my taking you into my complete confidence. I may tell you that we are acting—I say 'we,' because my sister, Lady Rossiter, takes the same view as myself—with the one object of preventing anything in the nature of a family scandal. That being so, you can understand that I am loth to give any explanations which are not absolutely necessary. It would be a different matter, Dr. Hamilton, if I were asking your advice. As matters stand, it is only your active help which I need, and I will indicate to you from time to time how you can best give it."

There was nothing more to be said, and a poor man can put up with a good deal for twenty pounds a day, but I felt none the less that Lord Linchmere was acting rather scurvily towards me. He wished to convert me into a passive tool, like the blackthorn in his hand. With his sensitive disposition I could imagine, however, that scandal would be abhorrent to him, and I realized that he would not take me into his confidence until no other course was open to him. I must trust to my own eyes and ears to solve the mystery, but I had every confidence that I should not trust them in vain.

Delamere Court lies a good five miles from Pangbourne Station, and we drove for that distance in an open fly. Lord Linchmere sat in deep thought during the time, and he never opened his mouth until we were close to our destination. When he did speak it was to give me a piece of information which surprised me.

"Perhaps you are not aware," said he, "that I am a medical man like yourself?"

"No, sir, I did not know it."

"Yes, I qualified in my younger days, when there were several lives between me and the peerage. I have not had occasion to practise, but I have found it a useful education, all the same. I never regretted

the years which I devoted to medical study. These are the gates of Delamere Court."

We had come to two high pillars crowned with heraldic monsters which flanked the opening of a winding avenue. Over the laurel bushes and rhododendrons I could see a long, many-gabled mansion, girdled with ivy, and toned to the warm, cheery, mellow glow of old brick-work. My eyes were still fixed in admiration upon this delightful house when my companion plucked nervously at my sleeve.

"Here's Sir Thomas," he whispered. "Please talk beetle all you can."

A tall, thin figure, curiously angular and bony, had emerged through a gap in the hedge of laurels. In his hand he held a spud, and he wore gauntleted gardener's gloves. A broad-brimmed, grey hat cast his face into shadow, but it struck me as exceedingly austere, with an ill-nourished beard and harsh, irregular features. The fly pulled up and Lord Linchmere sprang out.

"My dear Thomas, how are you?" said he, heartily.

But the heartiness was by no means reciprocal. The owner of the grounds glared at me over his brother-in-law's shoulder, and I caught broken scraps of sentences — "well-known wishes . . . hatred of strangers . . . unjustifiable intrusion . . . perfectly inexcusable." Then there was a muttered explanation, and the two of them came over together to the side of the fly.

"LET ME PRESENT YOU TO SIR THOMAS ROSSITER."

"Let me present you to Sir Thomas Rossiter, Dr. Hamilton," said Lord Linchmere. "You will find that you have a strong community of tastes."

I bowed. Sir Thomas stood very stiffly, looking at me severely from under the broad brim of his hat.

"Lord Linchmere tells me that you know something about beetles," said he. "What do you know about beetles?"

"I know what I have learned from your work upon the coleoptera, Sir Thomas," I answered.

"Give me the names of the better-known species of the British scarabeoi," said he.

I had not expected an examination, but fortunately I was ready for one. My answers seemed to please him, for his stern features relaxed.

"You appear to have read my book with some profit, sir," said he. "It is a rare thing for me to meet anyone who takes an intelligent interest in such matters. People can find time for such trivialities as sport or society, and yet the beetles are overlooked. I can assure you that the greater part of the idiots in this part of the country are unaware that I have ever written a book at all—I, the first man who ever described the true function of the elytra. I am glad to see you, sir, and I have no doubt that I can show you some specimens which will interest you." He stepped into the fly and drove up with us to the house, expounding to me as we went some recent researches which he had made into the anatomy of the lady-bird.

I have said that Sir Thomas Rossiter wore a large hat drawn down over his brows. As he entered the hall he uncovered himself, and I was at once aware of a singular characteristic which the hat had concealed. His forehead, which was naturally high, and higher still on

account of receding hair, was in a continual state of movement. Some nervous weakness kept the muscles in a constant spasm, which sometimes produced a mere twitching and sometimes a curious rotary movement unlike anything which I had ever seen before. It was strikingly visible as he turned towards us after entering the study, and seemed the more singular from the contrast with the hard, steady grey eyes which looked out from underneath those palpitating brows.

"I am sorry," said he, "that Lady Rossiter is not here to help me to welcome you. By the way, Charles, did Evelyn say anything about the date of her return?"

"She wished to stay in town for a few more days," said Lord Linchmere. "You know how ladies' social duties accumulate if they have been some time in the country. My sister has many old friends in London at present."

"Well, she is her own mistress, and I should not wish to alter her plans, but I shall be glad when I see her again. It is very lonely here without her company."

"I was afraid that you might find it so, and that was partly why I ran down. My young friend, Dr. Hamilton, is so much interested in the subject which you have made your own, that I thought you would not mind his accompanying me."

"I lead a retired life, Dr. Hamilton, and my aversion to strangers grows upon me," said our host. "I have sometimes thought that my nerves are not so good as they were. My travels in search of beetles in my younger days took me into many malarious and unhealthy places. But a brother coleopterist like yourself is always a welcome guest, and I shall be delighted if you will look over my collection, which I think that I may without exaggeration describe as the best in Europe."

And so no doubt it was. He had a huge oaken cabinet arranged in shallow drawers, and here, neatly ticketed and classified, were beetles from every corner of the earth, black, brown, blue, green, and mottled. Every now and then as he swept his hand over the lines and lines of impaled insects he would catch up some rare specimen, and, handling it with as much delicacy and reverence as if it were a precious relic, he would hold forth upon its peculiarities and the circumstances under which it came into his possession. It was evidently an unusual thing for him to meet with a sympathetic listener, and he talked and talked until the spring evening had deepened into night, and the gong announced that it was time to dress for dinner. All the time Lord Linchmere said nothing, but he stood at his brother-in-law's elbow, and I caught him continually shooting curious little, questioning glances into his face. And his own features expressed some strong emotion, apprehension, sympathy, expectation: I seemed to read them all. I was sure that Lord Linchmere was fearing something and awaiting something, but what that something might be I could not imagine.

The evening passed quietly but pleasantly, and I should have been entirely at my ease if it had not been for that continual sense of tension upon the part of Lord Linchmere. As to our host, I found that he improved upon acquaintance. He spoke constantly with affection of his absent wife, and also of his little son, who had recently been sent to school. The house, he said, was not the same without them. If it were not for his scientific studies, he did not know how he could get through the days. After dinner we smoked for some time in the billiard-room, and finally went early to bed.

And then it was that, for the first time, the suspicion that Lord Linchmere was a lunatic crossed my mind. He followed me into my bedroom, when our host had retired.

"Doctor," said he, speaking in a low, hurried voice, "you must come with me. You must spend the night in my bedroom."

"What do you mean?"

"I prefer not to explain. But this is part of your duties. My room is close by, and you can return to your own before the servant calls you in the morning."

"But why?" I asked.

"Because I am nervous of being alone," said he. "That's the reason, since you must have a reason."

It seemed rank lunacy, but the argument of those twenty pounds would overcome many objections. I followed him to his room.

"Well," said I, "there's only room for one in that bed."

"Only one shall occupy it," said he.

"And the other?"

"Must remain, on watch."

"Why?" said I. "One would think you expected to be attacked."

"Perhaps I do."

"In that case, why not lock your door?"

"Perhaps I *want* to be attacked."

It looked more and more like lunacy. However, there was nothing for it but to submit. I shrugged my shoulders and sat down in the arm-chair beside the empty fireplace.

"I am to remain on watch, then?" said I, ruefully.

"We will divide the night. If you will watch until two, I will watch the remainder."

"Very good."

"Call me at two o'clock, then."

"I will do so."

"Keep your ears open, and if you hear any sounds wake me instantly—instantly, you hear?"

"You can rely upon it." I tried to look as solemn as he did.

"And for God's sake don't go to sleep," said he, and so, taking off only his coat, he threw the coverlet over him and settled down for the night.

It was a melancholy vigil, and made more so by my own sense of its folly. Supposing that by any chance Lord Linchmere had cause to suspect that he was subject to danger in the house of Sir Thomas Rossiter, why on earth could he not lock his door and so protect himself? His own answer that he might wish to be attacked was absurd. Why should he possibly wish to be attacked? And who would wish to attack him? Clearly, Lord Linchmere was suffering from some singular delusion, and the result was that on an imbecile pretext I was to be deprived of my night's rest. Still, however absurd, I was determined to carry out his injunctions to the letter as long as I was in his employment. I sat therefore beside the empty fireplace, and listened to a sonorous chiming clock somewhere down the passage, which gurgled and struck every quarter of an hour. It was an endless vigil. Save for that single clock, an absolute silence reigned throughout the great house. A small lamp stood on the table at my elbow, throwing a circle of light round my chair, but leaving the corners of the room draped in shadow. On the bed Lord Linchmere was breathing peacefully. I envied him his quiet sleep, and again and again my own eyelids drooped, but every time my sense of duty came to my help, and I sat up, rubbing my eyes and pinching myself with a determination to see my irrational watch to an end.

"A MELANCHOLY VIGIL."

And I did so. From down the passage came the chimes of two o'clock, and I laid my hand upon the shoulder of the sleeper. Instantly he was sitting up, with an expression of the keenest interest upon his face.

"You have heard something?"

"No, sir. It is two o'clock."

"Very good. I will watch. You can go to sleep."

I lay down under the coverlet as he had done, and was soon unconscious. My last recollection was of that circle of lamplight, and of the small, hunched-up figure and strained, anxious face of Lord Linchmere in the centre of it.

How long I slept I do not know; but I was suddenly aroused by a sharp tug at my sleeve. The room was in darkness, but a hot smell of oil told me that the lamp had only that instant been extinguished.

"Quick! Quick!" said Lord Linchmere's voice in my ear.

I sprang out of bed, he still dragging at my arm.

"Over here!" he whispered, and pulled me into a corner of the room. "Hush! Listen!"

In the silence of the night I could distinctly hear that someone was coming down the corridor. It was a stealthy step, faint and intermittent, as of a man who paused cautiously after every stride. Sometimes for half a minute there was no sound, and then came the shuffle and creak which told of a fresh advance. My companion was trembling with excitement. His hand which still held my sleeve twitched like a branch in the wind.

"What is it?" I whispered.

"It's he!"

"Sir Thomas?"

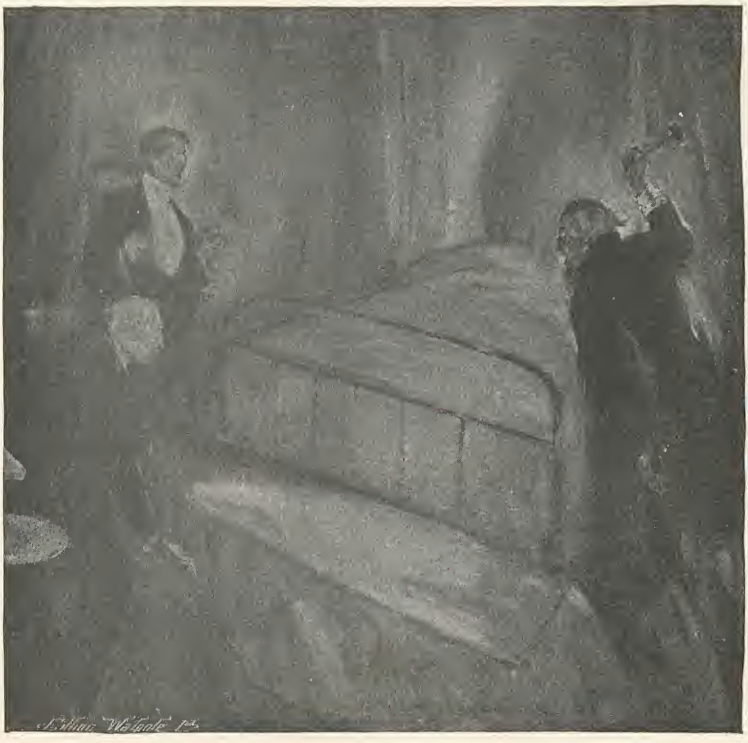
"Yes."

"What does he want?"

"Hush! Do nothing until I tell you."

I was conscious now that someone was trying the door. There was the faintest little rattle from the handle, and then I dimly saw a thin slit of subdued light. There was a lamp burning somewhere far down the passage, and it just sufficed to make the outside visible from the darkness of our room. The greyish slit grew broader and broader, very gradually, very gently, and then outlined against it I saw the dark figure of a man. He was squat and crouching, with the silhouette of a bulky and misshapen dwarf. Slowly the door swung open with this ominous shape framed in the centre of it. And then, in an instant the crouching figure shot up, there was a tiger spring across the room, and thud, thud, thud, came three tremendous blows from some heavy object upon the bed.

I was so paralyzed with amazement that I stood motionless and staring until I was aroused by a yell for help from my companion. The open door shed enough light for me to see the outline of things, and there was little Lord Linchmere with his arms round the neck of his brother-in-law, holding bravely on to him like a game bull-terrier with its teeth into a gaunt deerhound. The tall, bony man dashed himself about, writhing round and round to get a grip upon his assailant; but the other, clutching on from behind, still kept his hold, though his shrill, frightened cries showed how unequal he felt the contest to be. I sprang to the rescue, and the two of us managed to throw Sir Thomas to the ground, though he made his teeth meet in my shoulder. With all my youth and weight and strength, it was a desperate struggle before we could master his frenzied struggles; but at last we secured his arms with the waist-cord of the dressing-gown which he was wearing. I was holding his legs while Lord Linchmere was endeavouring to relight the lamp, when there came the pattering of many feet in the passage, and the butler and two footmen, who had been alarmed by the cries, rushed into the room. With their aid we had no further difficulty in securing our prisoner,



"THUD, THUD, CAME THREE TREMENDOUS BLOWS."

who lay foaming and glaring upon the ground. One glance at his face was enough to prove that he was a dangerous maniac, while the short, heavy hammer which lay beside the bed showed how murderous had been his intentions.

"Do not use any violence!" said Lord Linchmere, as we raised the struggling man to his feet. "He will have a period of stupor after this excitement. I believe that it is coming on already." As he spoke the convulsions became less violent, and the madman's head fell forward upon his breast, as if he were overcome by sleep. We led him down the passage and stretched him upon his own bed, where he lay unconscious, breathing heavily.

"Two of you will watch him," said Lord Linchmere. "And now, Dr. Hamilton, if you will return with me to my room, I will give you the explanation which my horror of scandal has perhaps caused me to delay too long. Come what may, you will never have cause to regret your share in this night's work.

"The case may be made clear in a very few words," he continued, when we were alone. "My poor brother-in-law is one of the best fellows upon earth, a loving husband and an estimable father, but he comes from a stock which is deeply tainted with insanity. He has more than once had homicidal outbreaks, which are the more painful because his inclination is always to attack the very person to whom he is most attached. His son was sent away to school to avoid this danger, and then came an attempt upon my sister, his wife, from which she escaped with injuries that you may have observed when you met her in London. You understand that he knows nothing of the matter when he is in his sound senses, and would ridicule the suggestion that he could under any circumstances injure those whom he loves so dearly. It is often, as you know, a characteristic of such maladies that it is absolutely impossible to convince the man who suffers from them of their existence.

"Our great object was, of course, to get him under restraint before he could stain his hands with blood, but the matter was full of difficulty. He is a recluse in his habits, and would not see any medical man. Besides, it was necessary for our purpose that the medical man should convince himself of his insanity; and he is sane as you or I, save on these very rare occasions. But, fortunately, before he has these attacks he always shows certain premonitory symptoms which are providential danger-signals, warning us to be upon our guard. The chief of these is that nervous contortion of the forehead which you must have observed. This is a phenomenon which always appears from three to four days before his attacks of frenzy. The moment it showed itself his wife came into town on some pretext, and took refuge in my house in Brooke Street.

"It remained for me to convince a medical man of Sir Thomas's insanity, without which it was impossible to put him where he could do no harm. The first problem was how to get a medical man into his house. I bethought me of his interest in beetles, and his love for anyone who shared his tastes. I advertised, therefore, and was fortunate enough to find in you the very man I wanted. A stout companion was necessary, for I knew that the lunacy could only be proved by a murderous assault, and I had every reason to believe that that assault would be made upon myself, since he had the warmest regard for me in his moments of sanity. I think your intelligence will supply all the rest. I did not know that the attack would come by night, but I thought it very probable, for the crises of such cases usually do occur in the early hours of the morning. I am a very nervous man myself, but I saw no other way in which I could remove this terrible danger from my sister's life. I need not ask you whether you are willing to sign the lunacy papers."

"Undoubtedly. But *two* signatures are necessary."

"You forget that I am myself a holder of a medical degree. I have the papers on a side-table here, so if you will be good enough to sign them now, we can have the patient removed in the morning."

So that was my visit to Sir Thomas Rossiter, the famous beetle-hunter, and that was also my first step upon the ladder of success, for Lady Rossiter and Lord Linchmere have proved to be staunch friends, and they have never forgotten my association with them in the time of their need. Sir Thomas is out and said to be cured, but I still think that if I spent another night at Delamere Court, I should be inclined to lock my door upon the inside.

The Queen as a Mountaineer.

By Alex. Inkson McConnochie.

From a] LOCHNAGAR—"THE STEEP, FROWNING GLORIES." *[Photograph.*

AMONG the many accomplishments of Her Majesty, and the almost innumerable interesting circumstances of her long life, which the Diamond Jubilee has brought to light, one of no small importance has been overlooked. The public seem to have forgotten that in her younger days the Queen was an enthusiastic mountaineer—that almost fifty years ago the highest and most noted mountains of Scotland were ascended during the annual visits of the Court to Balmoral. Living four months of the year under the shadow of Lochnagar, it is not to be wondered at that the Queen, as well as other members of the Royal Family, became imbued with that love for mountains which, from the middle of the present century, has developed as rapidly as have the most popular sports of the day.

While Lochnagar faces her Majesty's Highland home, and so bulks largely in public estimation, Byron had previously sung:—

England! Thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar.
Oh, for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep, frowning glories of dark Lochnagar!

and paved the way for the world-wide popularity which the monarch of the Deeside mountains has now attained. It must be remembered that, apart from such adventitious fame, Lochnagar is an imposing mountain, of no small altitude, with an exceedingly graceful outline, and an extensive and varied view from the summit.

Her Majesty's first ascent of Lochnagar, as well as her first hill climb, was made on September 8th, 1848, eight days after the Court's first arrival at Balmoral Castle. The ascent of a Scottish mountain is, generally, a simple matter—when the sun shines; in mist, however, it may be quite another affair. Mountains are no respecters of persons, and the Queen's first experience of Lochnagar might well have damped her ardour for hill-climbing. An early start (9.30) was made, the route being through the famed woods of the Ballochbuie. Prince Albert had a passing shot at a stag, but failed to bring him down, though more successful with ptarmigan. Mist had gradually enveloped the upper part of the mountain, and when the top was reached fog drifted in thick clouds, so that nothing could be seen beyond a few yards. In the Queen's words, "It was cold, wet, and cheerless"; then the wind developed

Photo. by] DUBH LOCH. *[W. A. Hawes.*

into a hurricane, and the mist was like rain. A downward start was made; but, alas, the guides failed to recognise certain landmarks, and the Royal party was literally lost on the mountain. As hour after hour passed the anxiety at the Castle increased, the appointed time for return had long elapsed, and the change in the weather had been viewed from below with considerable apprehension. Captain Gordon set out at the head of a search party; but, by-and-by, the situation appeared so serious, that the Prime Minister himself, Lord John Russell, started to find his Royal mistress. Fortunately the mist lifted, and so, after some aimless wanderings, the descent was safely accomplished, Balmoral being reached more than four hours late.

The following year Her Majesty improved her knowledge of the more picturesque portions of Lochnagar, in particular visiting Dubh Loch, "Black Lake," a tarn situated at a height of over 2,000ft. above the sea level. "The Spectre Stag of Lochnagar," and his stalker Lord Ian, "huntsman keen," simultaneously found a grave in Dubh Loch, but it is more famous from the circumstance that the Duke of Edinburgh shot a stag on Lochnagar which, wounded, swam for safety into this loch. The Duke, being the only swimmer of the party, followed the chase, and administered the *coup de grace* in the water.

In September, 1850, the Queen ascended Beinn a' Bhuird, one of the giants of the Cairngorm Mountains. Her Majesty's route to Beinn a' Bhuird lay through the Forest of Invercauld—a time-immemorial possession of the Farquharsons. The chronicles of the Farquharsons form the history of Upper Deeside for many centuries; but though that family has an authentic genealogy of over 500 years, tradition must needs go farther back. It attributes the acquisition of Invercauld to a clever ruse. Snow was rapidly melting in the corries of Beinn a' Bhuird, when a wily shepherd from Rothiemurchus, known as Farquhar of the

Photo. by] BEN MUICH DHUI, FROM GLEN LUIBEG. *[Morgan, Aberdeen.*

Red Hair, asked permission to pasture his sheep on the banks of the Dee at Invercauld till the snow should disappear. Leave was readily granted, so Farquhar and his flock became permanent residents—on the ground that snow was always to be found in the recesses of the corries of Beinn a' Bhuird! A few years ago the head of the clan was the Queen's neighbour and landlord, a Guardsman known about town as "Piccadilly Jim"—rather a contrast to his traditional ancestor.

Photo. by] DERRY LODGE. *[J. McGregor.*

Ben Muich Dhui, of which an illustration is given on the previous page, the highest summit of the Cairngorm Mountains, and long believed to be the highest mountain in the British Isles, was climbed by the Queen on 7th October, 1859. It is a long road from Balmoral to Ben Muich Dhui, and the excursion can only be accomplished in one day when weather and other circumstances are favourable. The route is through Castletown of Braemar and past Mar Lodge and Derry Lodge—both belonging to the Duke of Fife. At the latter lodge ponies, with guides, were in waiting, and the Glen Derry path was selected. This, now known as the Royal route, is longer than that by Glen Luibeg, but is more easily traversed. A halt was made at Loch Etchachan, at a height of over 3,000ft., to enable the party to "scramble," as Her Majesty well expresses it, to a point where a view is obtained of Loch Avon, the grandest and most desolate scene among the mountains. The Queen was also impressed with the peculiar appearance of Beinn Mheadhoin, a mountain nearly 4,000ft. in height, on

Photo. by] LOCH ETCHACHAN. *[T. W. Binner.*

Photo. by] BEINN MHEADHOIN, THE SUMMIT. *[J. McGregor.*

Photo. by] BEN MUICH DHUI, THE SUMMIT. *[W. E. Carnegie Dickson.*

whose shoulder a stand was made. The summit of this "Ben" is remarkable for its huge rocky protuberances, the highest of which is represented in an accompanying illustration. "Queen's weather" awaited the climbers on the top of Ben Muich Dhui, with the result that they were enchanted with the magnificence of the prospect. The Queen writes that "It had a sublime and solemn effect, so wild, so solitary—no one but ourselves and our little party there. . . . I had a little whisky and water, as the people declared pure water would be too chilling."

Her Majesty was so delighted with the view of Loch Avon, as seen from the neighbourhood of Loch Etchachan, that she made a special "expedition" to it two years later. The weather was not a little rough, but the Queen enjoyed the excursion, writing of the loch, which is at an altitude of about 2,500ft., that "nothing could be grander and wilder—the rocks are so grand and precipitous," an opinion with which all who have seen Loch Avon will readily agree. The head of the loch is particularly remarkable for its cliffs, its waterfalls, and especially for the famous Shelter Stone. The latter is a huge block of granite, weighing about 1,500 tons, which at some remote period fell from a neighbouring crag. The boulder so lies that, creeping under it, protection is afforded to mountaineers — in past times to poachers

Photo. by] LOCH AVON, THE UPPER END. *[W. E. Carnegie Dickson.*

Photo. by] THE SHELTER STONE. *[A. F. Dugan.*

—the accommodation being rough, but storm-proof.

Among the Queen's mountain excursions may be included two "expeditions" through Glen Feshie. The height of this glen, where it was entered, is quite equal to that of an ordinary British mountain, and in certain parts advantage cannot be taken of even hill ponies. The route is westward from the Linn of Dee, and here an incident may be referred to which, if kodaks had then been in existence and propriety had permitted the use of one, would have afforded an exceedingly interesting picture. The Linn of Dee is still beyond reach of tourist four-in-hands, and a quarter of a century ago had not even a tithe of its present popularity, as may be judged from the little incident itself. As we crossed the bridge here we looked over its eastern parapet to admire the wonderful "Linn," when, to our surprise, we saw on the left bank the Queen-Empress seated on a rug, which John Brown was adjusting. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, with a lady-in-waiting, was sketching the beautiful scene. Two of the notable quartette named are now no more, and the Princess is also a widow.

The great interest of Glen Feshie, apart from its Highland beauties, lies in the fact that here Landseer was the honoured guest of the Duchess of Bedford, the then lessee of the deer forest, and thus acquired his extraordinary knowledge of deer and of Highland scenery so faithfully reproduced in his famous paintings. Part of a fresco by Landseer is preserved in a ruined hut, now inclosed by a wooden building, near Glenfeshie Lodge. It is interesting to read the Queen's delight in visiting "the scene of all Landseer's glory," and her frequently expressed appreciation of mountain scenery.

Photo. by] LINN OF DEE. *[W. A. Hawes.*

The last mountain excursion undertaken by the Queen in the company of the Prince Consort was on 16th October, 1861, when the great Clova table-land was visited. This plateau, which lies at a height of about 3,000ft., is on the "march" between the counties of Aberdeen and Forfar, and is so extensive and uniformly flat that a coach-and-four might be driven there for miles. The difficulty, however, is the getting there; the steepness of the ascent, combined with other causes, occasioned several falls to the

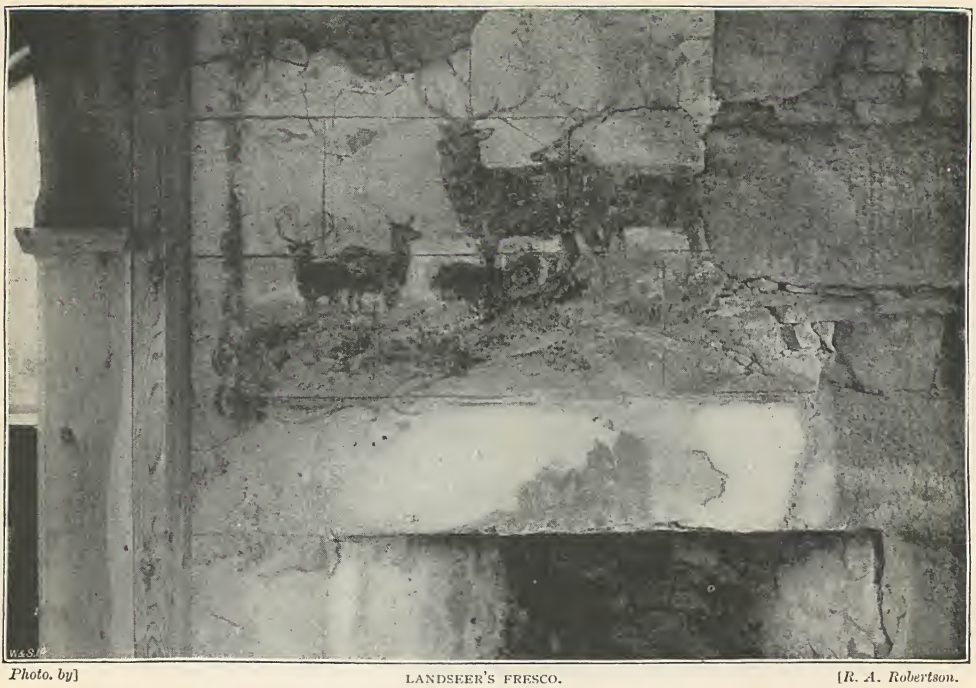


Photo. by] LANDSEER'S FRESCO. *[R. A. Robertson.*

Royal party. The route selected was *viâ* Glen Callater, ponies being in waiting at the loch of that name The principal summits visited were Cairn na Tuirc and Cairn na Glasha. Human nature is, apparently, much the same in all classes and conditions; the desire to leave one's name behind is generally irresistible. On this occasion Prince Albert wrote on a scrap of paper a note of the Royal lunch on the mountain-top, depositing it in a seltzer-water bottle, which was then stuck in the ground. A rare find awaits someone there! The luncheon itself was commemorated in a well-known drawing by Carl Haag.

Mount Keen is the most easterly mountain in the United Kingdom over 3,000ft. in height, and has been crossed three times by Her Majesty. It is described in "Leaves" as "a curious, conical-shaped hill, with a deep corrie in it. We descended by a very steep but winding path, called the Ladder, very grand and wild." The Royal party were then on a visit to the Earl of Dalhousie at Invermark. The Queen repeated the visit in September, 1865, and this was the last of Her Majesty's mountain excursions. Near the foot of the Ladder, in Lord Dalhousie's forest, the Queen, on her second visit, found the well, from which she drank in 1861, surmounted by an elegant gothic crown in granite, on which had been cut the following lines:—

> Rest, traveller, on this lonely green,
> And drink and pray for Scotland's Queen.

Photo. by] IN GLEN CALLATER, *[W. G. Melvin.*

The Christenings at Birri Birri

By A. Williams.

THE REVEREND EUSTACE HEWITT sat in the doorway of his iron shanty, smoking and thinking. The prospect before his eyes was as beautiful a one as Nature had to offer; but in spite of the soft radiance cast by the sun as it slowly neared the western hills, his meditations were not of the pleasantest. For the fact was thrusting itself upon him that the task which he had undertaken was beyond his powers. The church at Birri Birri, he painfully reflected, was in a bad way. Perhaps it had asserted itself too late in the formation of the community. For though the Gospel often leads the way for civilization into an unopened country, the clerical element is often the last to enter a mining-camp.

Such had been the case at Birri Birri. There were plenty of drinking-saloons, stores, and places of more or less doubtful amusement in full swing and doing a roaring trade before a Society had decided that it was high time for the spiritual needs of the miners to be taken into consideration. A corrugated iron church of unprepossessing exterior was erected in the camp. Then a minister was sought to officiate at the proper services, and give attention to the spiritual welfare of the miners.

Eustace Hewitt, twenty-seven years old and a priest of two years' standing, had offered himself for the post. He had not entered his new sphere of life with his eyes shut. He knew that gold-miners in general were extremely careless of religious matters, and that a mining-camp was likely to prove but barren soil for the seed of the Gospel. Yet, being young and sanguine, he had decided to undertake the task in the hope that steady perseverance might at length break down the callous indifference which he would have to face.

Before Eustace had been at Birri Birri a full year he discovered that his labours were even less fruitful than he had expected. The miners just tolerated him as a parson, and were rather inclined to slap him on the back as "A good sort of cove bar the preachin's." A Sunday spent in the drinking-saloons or gambling-dens appeared to them much more profitable—to the proprietors at least—than attendance at the "tin tabernacle," as it was scoffingly called. Cards were much more popular than prayer-books, and if there were need of exhortations, "Why," as a miner declared, "there were half-a-dozen men in camp as could spin quite as good a yarn and a sight more amusin' than the parson."

Eustace found that to address practically empty benches Sunday after Sunday was at the best very depressing work. But what caused him more sorrow than anything else was the reflection that, of the many little

Willies and Harries and Pollies who ran loose about the camp, but few had any Christian names in the full acceptance of the term.

The miners would come willingly enough to the church to be married; and their friends came with them as spectators. To be married in church was considered more convenient and more respectable than the formal ceremony before the registrar—who lived several miles away. But to the necessity of having their babies christened the miners seemed absolutely indifferent, sometimes even hostile. "Cos," as a leading light among them had argued, "if a bloke is married in church everything is on the square; but, lor! what odds does it make who names the kids? Does a cove have to lug his horse or dog up yonder before he can give it a name?"

He only expressed the sentiments of his comrades in general; wherefore one man would promise that "his missis should bring the bairn next Sunday," but neither "missis" nor baby as a rule turned up; others would simply laugh at the parson, and give no promise or refusal; while some went so far as to threaten him with bodily harm, "ef he came foolin' around about the kids."

Against this indifference Eustace had firmly set his face from the first, and had endeavoured to explain to the miners that the trouble involved for them was but slight, and their neglect an injury to their children. But to little purpose, and at the end of his first year of office his registry book contained less than a dozen names of infants brought to the font during that period.

On the evening in question his position seemed more hopeless than ever. For that very afternoon he had come off second best in an attack on Josh Waters, a great black-bearded ruffian of six foot three. This Waters was a kind of self-elected ruler among the rougher characters of the camp. He owed his position more to a powerful pair of arms and a readiness with an accurate six-shooter than to any intrinsic virtues of his own. Many feared him, some even attributed to him wisdom in connection with "the profession," for his takings had been large during the past year; nearly everyone found it best to be on good terms with him.

He had a little daughter, Mary, who, though five years old, and born in camp, had not been baptized. This was an unusually flagrant case, and one calling for severe reproof. So Eustace, armed with righteous wrath and resolution, had swooped down upon Josh as he sat drinking with his boon companions outside a store. Perhaps the moment was an ill-chosen one, as Josh had his reputation to keep up in front of so many onlookers. Wherefore his answer had been brief, decisive, and to the point.

"Look ye here, parson, I don't want ter quarrel with yer. But ef yer want ter baptize that ere kid there's only one way of managing it, that's by licking her dad first."

Even now there rang in Eustace's ears the derisive shouts which had followed the bully's speech.

"Now then, parson, hurry up and lick 'im while yer've got the chance," remarked one.

"Your dart's to go for him at once, parson, or the cap'n 'll be backing out," shouted another.

Another, more kindly disposed, said, "Don't yer go barneying with Josh, sir; he's a devil to rile."

Then had come mocking invitations to shout for his drink and show himself a man; and some in profane pantomime had imitated the rite of baptism. Eustace had left utterly discomfited by the conduct of the irate parent and his comrades. This open repulse showed clearly enough on which side lay the sympathies of the community, and the weakness, if not entire absence, of all religious convictions.

Yes! Eustace Hewitt confided to himself that he was heartily sick of it all. Much better to let the miners go their own godless way and return to England, where his endeavours would be better appreciated. The nearness of gold seemed to set God at a greater distance from their thoughts, and amid the continual hunting for the precious metal men found little spare time in which to think of their souls. Or if they did they filled it up in their own way.

But yet—was this the perseverance that he had set before himself a year ago? Was he in twelve months to own himself beaten? Was it thus that Napoleon, Hannibal, Howard, and others had overcome their difficulties? After all, an equally stern fight was being waged in many parts of the Old Country.

So Eustace shook himself together, and set to work to seek a way out of his troubles. One thing was certain—Josh Waters meant resistance. Another fact obtruded itself equally insistently—none of Waters' following would consent to do what their leader had openly opposed. Until he was conquered in some manner a large part of the camp would turn a deaf ear to Eustace's remonstrances. The real key of the posi-

tion was Waters' resistance. Verbal argument of any kind was obviously worse than useless. Eustace pondered gloomily over the problem that he had set himself.

At last light came into his darkness. There seemed to be only one way out of the difficulty. The price to be paid for the privilege of baptizing Mary was a victory by force of arms over her father. When Josh had challenged, should he refuse? Would it not be best to accept the terms offered?

The day of fighting-priests was over, certainly, and violence does not form part of the modern Christian's creed. But, then, everything depends on circumstances. What is an argument with one person is wasted breath with another. Where one method fails, another must be employed. Evidently at Birri Birri camp there was only one argument of any weight—that of physical superiority. To this Eustace told himself he would have to resort.

With considerable satisfaction and thankfulness, he called to mind the time when he represented his school in the Public Schools Boxing Competition. After several stubborn fights, he had carried off the cup. Nor at the 'Varsity had his talent been wasted, for even if he had not personally upheld the honour of his college in a "town and gown," his name was still remembered at Oxford as that of a nasty person to "take on," and the winner of the South Country Middle-weights. In what good stead might that hard apprenticeship of blows stand him in his hour of need!

There was no lack of pluck about Eustace Hewitt. If it had been his plain duty to "take on" the whole camp at once he would not have shrunk from it. He was ready enough to tackle the big miner in the cause of his religion, but doubted whether by so doing he might not lower its prestige. What effect would his messages of peace and good-will have upon men who had seen him brawling with one of their number? Supposing, too, he got a bad "smashing," would not the goal be farther off than ever then? The only thing to justify him was success. On the other hand, it could be argued that success in the future could under any circumstances scarcely be less than in the past.

Then, too, a scene of his schooldays rose before his eyes. It was when he was in the Upper Fifth that the form master was in a position very similar to his own. On the one side was a young man fresh from the University, inexperienced in discipline. On the other a large class of unruly boys, whose one desire was to see how much "chaff" the new hand could tolerate. They had not long to wait. Before the week was out the bulkiest member had atoned for his misbehaviour with a very severe thrashing, heartily administered. The positions were then reversed; the boys were the ruled and the master quickly established himself as a successful ruler. After all, were not these miners only big, overgrown boys; careless, happy-go-lucky, rough in speech, ready to be led away by anyone who would lead? Very likely beneath that thick outer crust there was some latent respect for a religion that they affected to despise. If he followed the example of his old master and took the bull by the horns, would not the end justify the means?

After long meditation Eustace determined that his duty was plain enough. He would approach Josh Waters again on the subject of his daughter, and, if necessary, take up the challenge. He trusted to his superior science to carry him through; and in the meantime would neglect no measure necessary for getting himself into the best possible condition.

"GETTING HIMSELF INTO THE BEST POSSIBLE CONDITION."

For a month or so the miners noticed that their "sky-pilot" was much less among them than usual. He was often to be seen returning from the hills, where, to judge by his appearance, he had been engaged in severe exercise. The Chinese servant up at the parsonage talked a great deal about "punchee, punchee," and went through strange contortions, which were meant to represent an attitude of defence. Eustace was in training, and rubbing up some of the old tricks that had proved so useful in bygone days. His muscles hardened beneath the severe tasks imposed on them. At the end of four weeks he judged himself ready for the encounter.

One morning, at the hour when the miners knocked off for a spell, Eustace changed his braces for a belt, and set off in the direction of Josh Waters' dwelling. He was not at home, but his wife, a poor, crushed-looking creature, said that he was sure to be found at the "Miner's Joy."

"Humph!" thought Eustace, "a very awkward place to tackle him in, but the men are sure to give fair play. At any rate, a victory in their midst would be all the more telling; and if I get whipped it doesn't much matter where."

With a beating heart he stepped into the store.

There, sure enough, was Josh, talking loud and angrily. "Look here, 'Possum Jim, there's no man in this camp who's going to argify with me. If you start crowing on your own account, I'll fire yer durned carcass out of this spot pretty lively. I'm skipper in these parts; ain't that so, pards?"

"Durn my old buckskins if yer ain't right, mate," said one miner, and many others growled assent. Evidently at the present moment Josh was in a majority, whatever was going forward. Eustace felt that things were likely to be awkward, but he walked boldly up to Josh.

"Mr. Waters," said he (Eustace was always careful to "Mister" the men until he knew them well), "I've come to ask you to bring Mary to church next Sunday. It's a month now since I last asked you, and I hope that this time you will take my request in better part and do your duty by the child."

Waters fairly gasped with surprise, and some of the onlookers whistled. When he had recovered himself sufficiently, he grasped Eustace's shoulder as in a vice, and said:—

"Look you here, Mr. Parson, after what I told yer last time you cornered me about the kid, you may reckon yourself durned lucky that I haven't slung you out neck and crop without so much as a word. Blessed if I wouldn't a-done it but that I thought you a good plucked 'un to tackle me in here. What do you say, mates?" continued he, with rising anger. "What's to be done with a bloke that will come palavering about things as are no concern of his? We're all tarnation sick of his poking his nose in where it ain't wanted. There's not a durned place where we're safe from his preachments. That's not the card for Birri Birri."

Some of his followers echoed his words. "Fire him out; give him tokey; wipe the floor with him," they shouted. Others, who had a sneaking affection for their pastor, and also a dread of the bully, held their peace. Only one, John Mather, an ex-captain of Hussars, broken for misconduct, stood out and championed Eustace.

"Now then, mates," said he, "Josh has had his say, and I'm going to have mine. Parson Hewitt is only doing what he considers his duty, and who can blame him for that? If you don't find gold all at once, you keep on digging till you *do*. He keeps on digging at us till he finds what *he* wants. That's reasonable enough, isn't it?"

"Yes, pard," answered one, "there's the right kind o' hang about your argifying."

Mather's short but pithy speech was evidently turning popular opinion about a bit. Josh Waters, white with passion at seeing this opposition to his hitherto unquestioned authority, lifted up his hand with the intention of finishing the matter off then and there. But the blow never fell, for Eustace, without flinching an inch, looked him steadily in the face.

"Josh Waters," he said—this was no time for titles—"you said a month ago that on one condition I might baptize your daughter. It was that I should give you a drubbing first. God helping me, I'm going to do it now."

A roar of incredulous laughter greeted his speech. The whole thing was so ridiculous! A parson who looked a mere lad promising to thrash a man six inches taller and four stone heavier than himself—one, too, whose strength was a proverb in a camp of strong men. Such a challenge had never been heard of in those parts. The absurdity of the position caused the listeners to whistle, shout, and shriek.

"Waal, I'm blowed!" spluttered one miner. "Talk about a sparrer squaring up to a hawk! Strike me lucky if I ever saw so funny a go as this."

"Lor! Don't he crow loud?" exclaimed

another. "Go it, parson. Tie up one of yer maulies. 'Twouldn't be fair to use two on Josh."

Even the bully treated the whole affair as a joke at first. He stuck his hands in his pockets and stared at the clergyman. But the miners ceased to jeer when they saw Eustace in a business-like way take off his coat and waistcoat and hang them over a chair. When he turned up his sleeves and displayed a pair of arms that would have done discredit to few of the assembly, a murmur of excitement went round.

"I do believe he means what he says," observed one, "and he's got some beef behind his flippers, though parson he be."

"Josh Waters," said Eustace, "when there's space and you're ready, I am." Then, turning to the miners, he continued, "Before we begin, men, I would ask two things of you: first, to give us fair play and let us have the fight all to ourselves; secondly, to remember that I'm fighting not from choice but from my duties to the religion which I preach."

"Bravo," shouted the miners, "we'll give you fair enough play. Clear the ring there and give 'em room."

"You lick Josh," exclaimed a voice, "and I'm blessed if you don't have the baptizing of every kid I ever has, if there's a thousand of 'em."

A rough-and-ready ring was quickly formed. There were to be no sponges or watches and shoutings of "time." The fight would be a grim, ding-dong slogging-match until one or the other was whipped. But Mather edged up so as to be as near Eustace as possible.

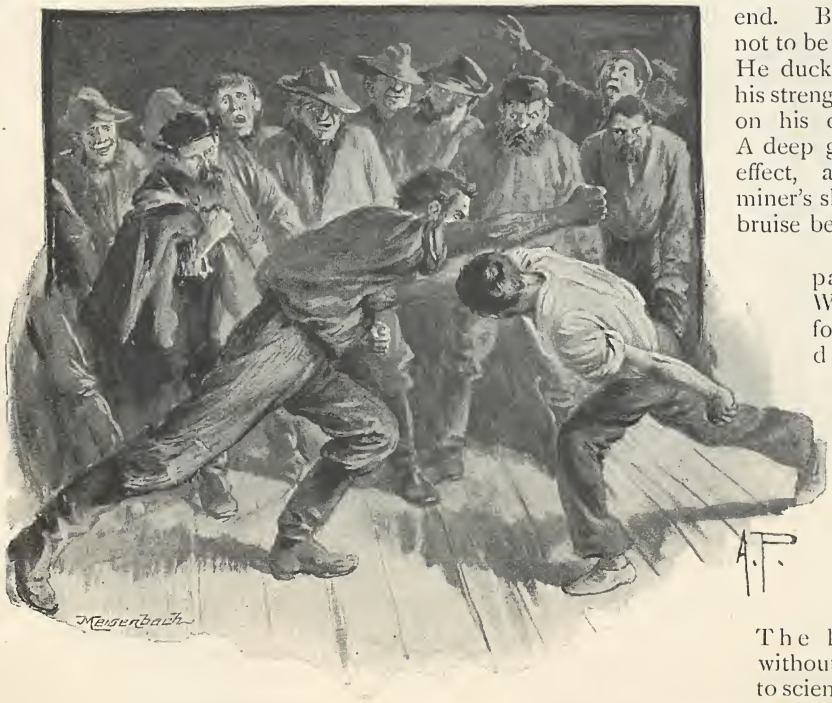
Popular opinion was fast veering round in favour of the smaller man. The miners, even if they turned a deaf ear to Eustace's exhortations, were ready to appreciate his pluck in undertaking what seemed an impossible task. "That's what I call real spunk," remarked Darkey Jeff, the keeper of the store. "He knows, too, how to put up his knobblies."

This last, as Eustace stepped forward to face his antagonist, and threw himself into a posture of defence. Something in his attitude caused Josh's heart to beat a bit quicker than usual, but the sight of his own brawny arms soon restored his confidence.

"Listen now, parson," said he, as he advanced. "I'll give you a chance of backing out now, if you like; 'cos, if once my dander's up, there's no knowing what I mayn't do. If you *will* fight, look out for squalls."

"I'm ready, if you are," was the reply.

In a second Josh had opened the ball with a tremendous sweeping blow at his adversary. Had it landed in the desired quarter the fight would have been at an end. But Eustace was not to be caught napping. He ducked, and put all his strength into a counter on his opponent's ribs. A deep groan told of its effect, and under the miner's shirt a great black bruise began to form.



"HE DUCKED, AND PUT ALL HIS STRENGTH INTO A COUNTER."

With a roar of pain and rage, Waters rushed forward and endeavoured to close, but Eustace kept him off with a rain of blows, every now and then getting a stinger home on the miner's face and chest. The latter fought without any pretensions to science, and in a short time the ineffectual

blows showered at random in the direction of an ever-dodging enemy, combined with the work done during the morning, caused him to draw his breath in great gulps.

Not that Eustace escaped damage altogether. A tremendous contusion on the forehead and a bleeding ear testified to the force of the sledge-hammer blows which the bully was delivering. More than once he felt as if the brute strength and weight of his opponent would sweep away all his scientific manœuvres. To let Josh get his desired grip meant destruction, for in the arms of the gigantic and now furious miner he would be a mere plaything. His only chance lay in eluding his savage blows, and endeavouring to wear his opponent down by superior staying powers. Then he could go in and hit out freely with the remainder of his strength.

"Well hit, parson." "Now then, Josh, finish him off." "Slip into him, man. Waal, you air a regular crawler, Cap'n, to fool around all this time: knock him off his pins," resounded on all sides.

The news that a fight was in progress between the arch-bully of the camp and the parson spread like wild-fire. Men flung down their picks and spades in the claims and ran. In a few minutes the space outside the store was crowded with would-be spectators of the unusual sight within. Those inside soon experienced the greatest difficulty in giving the combatants fighting room. Bets began to be freely exchanged. "Two to one on the little 'un," was the cry. Then Eustace tired a bit, and the betting was in favour of his opponent. "Now then, mates," roared the store-keeper, "six to one on the Cap'n. No! I'm durned if it's more'n three to one," as a left-hander from the clergyman caused the bully to gasp out a deep oath.

Then prices ruled even for a bit. In about ten minutes both Waters's eyes were black and swollen; his nose, too, emitted a red stream which liberally sprinkled the boards of the store. Eustace, on his part, would have given worlds for a moment in which to place his hand to his ear—now swollen into a blue-black mass and causing acute agony. More than once the great, iron-soled boot of the miner crushed his scarcely protected foot, and nearly wrung from him a cry of anguish. His arms were mere strings of huge bruises where they had intercepted

"'THANK GOD! HE'S COMING ROUND,' SAID THE EX-CAPTAIN."

the blows aimed by the horny hand of the bully at the more delicate parts of his body. Most of the skin was gone from his knuckles; altogether he presented a sorry appearance.

The excitement grew fierce. At the sight of blood the fighting spirit of the miners began to rise. The backers of the two combatants exchanged challenges freely; and one fight seemed ready at any moment to resolve itself into half a score. Fortunately for the peace of the community, the combat which they were witnessing soon came to a conclusion.

Eustace saw that the time had now arrived for a decisive effort. His opponent was in a bad way, with very little more fight left in him. The breath whistled through his teeth as he sucked it in, and the struggle was evidently now but the matter of a minute or so. Waiting until the miner had lifted his arm for a crushing blow, Eustace ducked aside and replied with a sharp upper-cut on the jaw. Then, while the miner was recovering his balance, he put his whole strength into a tremendous slog at that part of the body which is called the "wind," guarded hitherto by the miner.

The effect was instantaneous. The miner fell like a log. This was Eustace's last effort. A bloody mist passed before his eyes, and then all was darkness. When he recovered consciousness he found Mather forcing some brandy between his teeth.

"Thank God! he's coming round," said the ex-captain, and a sigh of relief passed through the ring of bystanders. After the game fight which their parson had made, those rough fellows would have given half their earnings to prevent any ill-consequences resulting.

"I'll tell you what it is, mates," said an unshaven and muddy-booted Yankee. "I reckon he's a reg'lar out-and-outer, is our parson. If he asked me to pass him all the dust that pans out in my claim for the next fortnight, I'd do it without a kick."

"Ef I hadn't seen Josh whipped with my own peepers, I'd never have swallered it," quoth another. "That last blow was a reg'lar downer, and it'll be some time before Josh'll be trapesing round agin."

"Yes; that wor parson's fight," chimed in a third. "He had the last word; that's clear enough."

About the truth of this last remark there could be no doubt whatever. When the miner fell in a lump the stream proceeding from his nose was supplemented by a deeper and fuller flood from his mouth. The unusual strain of the last ten minutes had resulted in the bursting of a blood-vessel, which put him most effectually "hors de combat."

On learning this Eustace was much perturbed. The feeling of triumph at his success soon turned into anxiety. What if his victory should have been purchased at too great a price after all? But it soon went round that Josh was out of all danger, and doing well. In fact, before Eustace was fairly recovered from his bruises the miner was at work in his claim.

Congratulatory remarks followed the clergyman as he went about his duties; but the most gratifying words of all came from Josh Waters himself. As he was passing the store —the scene of the conflict—one morning, a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned round, and found that the hand belonged to his vanquished foe.

"Mister," said the miner, with feeling, "give me yer fist, and make me a prouder man than I've ever been in my life. I thought I held the trump cards in that little bout, but you won the tricks by sheer dogged pluck. If ever yer want a friend as'll stand by you till the last farthing, there's one in Josh Waters." A firm grip and they parted.

The cause of the Church in Birri Birri was won. People flocked to hear what this man had to say who could speak so kindly with his tongue and smite so grimly with his arm—and brought their babies with them.

Even now a favourite story over the camp fire is that of the fight between the parson and his giant antagonist. That the former is now held in universal respect is evident from the rapidity with which a brawl ceases or an indecent word dies on the lips of the speaker when the word goes round, "Parson's coming." Furthermore, in the little mission church stands a new font with brass letters, bearing the simple inscription, "From the miners of Birri Birri."

Glimpses of Nature.

XI.—A VERY INTELLIGENT PLANT.

By Grant Allen.

PEOPLE who have never had occasion to observe plants closely often fall into the error of regarding them as practically dead—dead, that is to say, in the sense of never doing or contriving anything active. They know, of course, that herbs and trees grow and increase; that they flower and fruit; that they put forth green leaves in spring and lose them again in autumn. But they picture all this as taking place without the knowledge or co-operation of the plant itself—they think of it as done *for* the tree or shrub rather than *by* it. Those, however, who have kept a close watch upon living green things in their native condition have generally learned by slow degrees to take quite a different view of plant morals and plant economy. They begin to find out in the course of their observations that the life of a herb is pretty much as the life of an animal in almost everything save one small particular. The plant, as a rule, is rooted to a single spot; the animal, as a rule, is free and locomotive.

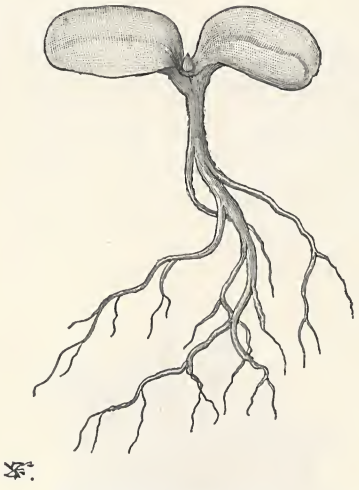
Yet even this difference itself is not quite absolute: for there are on the one hand locomotive plants, such as that quaint microscopic vegetable tumbler, the floating green volvox, which whirls about quickly through the water like a living wheel, by means of its rapid vibratory hairs; and there are, on the other hand, fixed animals, such as the oyster and the sea-anemone, which are far more rigidly attached to one spot for life than, say, the common field-orchid or the yellow crocus. For field-orchids and crocuses do travel very slightly from place to place each season, by putting out fresh bulbs or tubers at the sides of the old ones, and springing up next year in a spot a few inches away from their last year's foothold; whereas the oyster and the sea-anemone settle down early in life on a particular rock, and never stir one step from it during their whole existence. Thus the distinction which seems to most people most fundamental as marking off plants from animals—the distinction of movement—turns out on examination to be purely fallacious. There are sedentary animals and moving plants; there are herbs that catch and eat insects, and there are insects that live a life more uneventful and more stagnant than that of any herb in a summer meadow.

Again, everybody who has studied plants in a broad spirit is well aware that each act of the plant's is just as truly purposive, as full of practical import, as any act of an animal's. If a child sees a cat lying in wait at a mouse's hole, it asks you why she does so; it is told, in reply, and truly told, "Because she wants to catch her prey for dinner." But even imaginative children seldom or never ask of a rose or a narcissus, "Why does it produce this notch on its petals? Why does it make this curious crown inside the cup of its flower?" Those things are thought of as purely ornamental: as parts of the plant, not as organs made by it. Yet the rose and the narcissus have just as much a reason of their own for everything they do and everything they make as the cat or the bird; they are just as much governed by ancestral wisdom, though the wisdom may in one case be conscious, in the other hereditary.

The rose, for example, produces prickles for its own defence, and scented blossoms to attract the fertilizing insects for its own propagation. It does everything in life for some good and sufficient reason of its own, and takes as little heed of other people's convenience as the tiger or the snake does. "Each species for itself," is the rule of nature; no species ever undertakes anything for the sake of any other, except in the expectation of a corresponding advantage. If the wild thyme lays by in its throat abundant honey for the bumble-bee, that is because it counts upon the bumble-bee to carry its pollen from blossom to blossom; if the holly puts forth bright red berries for the robin to eat, that is not because it cares for the

robin's distress, but because it looks upon the bird as a paid disperser of its stony seeds, and gives him in return a pittance of pulp for his pains, as stingy payment for the service rendered. The holly and the thyme are confirmed sweaters. Indeed, you will find that no plant ever wastes one drop more of nectar on its flowers, or one atom more of sweet pulp on its fruit, than is absolutely necessary to secure its own purely selfish object. It offers the bird or the insect the minimum wage for which bird or insect will consent to do the work it contracts for; and it never wastes one farthing's worth of useful material on tips or generosities. The rose, for all that poets have said of it, is strictly utilitarian. "You help me and I will help you," it says to the butterfly; and it keeps the sternest possible debtor-and-creditor account with all its benefactors.

As a familiar example of this purposive character in all plant life, I am going, in the present article, to take one of our most utilitarian English shrubs — the common gorse—and try to show you why it behaves as it does in the conduct of its affairs; who help it in life and who hinder it, what friends it strives to buy or conciliate, what enemies it repels by what violent acts of armed hostility.



1.—THE BABY GORSE PLANT.

Everybody knows gorse; and everybody also knows that it is almost never out of flower. This last peculiarity, however, is due to a cause that not everybody has noticed. We have in England two distinct kinds of gorse at least—the larger and the smaller. It is the larger sort that one observes most when it is not in blossom, though it is the smaller kind whose golden bloom contrasts so beautifully in autumn with the rich purple of the upland heather. Now, the larger gorse begins to flower in October or November; it goes on opening its buds spasmodically in every fine spell throughout the winter, reaching its fullest glory of blossom in April and May; while the smaller kind begins to flower in summer, as soon as its larger cousin has fixed its attention on setting seed; and it goes on yellowing our heaths with its wealth of gold till October or November, when the bigger sort once more replaces it and takes up the running. In this way there is no bright day throughout the year—that is to say, no day fit for insects to gather honey—on which one kind of gorse or the other does not seek to cater for the friendly allies which help it to set its precious seeds, as we shall see in the sequel. It is the larger and better-known gorse with which I shall deal chiefly here, though I may occasionally refer by way of illustration or contrast to its smaller neighbour.

If we begin at the beginning in the life-history of the gorse, it may surprise you to find that each plant sets out on its way through life, not as a prickly gorse-bush, but as a sort of quiet and unarmed little flat trefoil. No. 1 shows you the young furze-bush in its earliest infantine stage, when it is still essentially a two-leaved seedling. This seedling grows from a small bean scattered by the parent plant in a very curious way, which I will explain later. Thousands of the beans lie on the ground on every common, and only a few germinate, under favourable circumstances, into two-leaved seedlings, like those represented in these illustrations. The leaves of the first pair spread out flat on the surface of the unoccupied soil and drink in the sunlight. They also drink in, what is equally important to them, the carbonic acid of the air, and manufacture from it the living material of fresh leaves by the aid of the sunlight. For the first few days of its life, the young gorse plant lives mainly on the food laid up for it in the bean by the parent bush; but as soon as this is exhausted, and it has accumulated a little stock of its own by its private exertions, it begins to manufacture new leaves and branches that it may rise above the tangled mass of competitors by which its birthplace is surrounded.

No. 2 shows us this second stage in the young shrub's development. At first sight you would hardly suppose it was a gorse at all; you might take it for the young of some such allied species as a broom or a genista.

2.—THE GORSE PLANT AT ONE WEEK OLD.

You will observe that at this point in its history the young gorse has trefoil leaves, not very unlike those of some kinds of clover. Why is this? Well, we have many good reasons for supposing that the ancestors of gorse were originally soft-leaved and unarmed shrubs, like the ornamental genistas which we grow in pots for drawing-room decoration; but as they were much exposed on open moors and commons, where they were liable to be grazed down and browsed upon by rabbits, sheep, and other herbivorous animals, the tenderer and more luscious among them stood little chance of surviving. Indeed, so hard is it for plants to grow in such situations, that one not uncommonly finds tiny trees of Scotch fir, close cropped to the ground, yet with many years' growth exhibited by the annual rings of wood in their underground root-stock. These poor persistent little trees have been nibbled down, year after year, as soon as they appeared, by rabbits or donkeys; yet year after year they have gone on sprouting afresh, as well as they could, and laying by an annual ring of woody tissue in their buried root-stock.

3.—THE PLANT OUTGROWING ITS TREFOIL STAGE.

To some such attacks the ancestral gorses must always have been exposed on the open moors and hillsides of primitive Europe, at first, no doubt, from deer and wild oxen and beavers, but later on from the sheep and cows and goats and donkeys which followed in the wake of aggressive civilization. Under these circumstances, most of the soft-leaved and unprotected plants get eaten down and killed off; but any shrubs which showed a nascent tendency to develop stout spines or prickles on their branches must have been favoured by nature in the struggle for existence. The consequence was that in the end our upland slopes and open spaces all over Western Europe came to be occupied by nothing but strongly-armed plants — brambles, thistles, blackthorns, may-bushes, nettles, butcher's-broom, and the various kinds of furze, all of which can hold their own with ease against the attacks of quadrupeds. Indeed, we have one not uncommon English herb, the little purple-flowered rest-harrow, which very well illustrates this curious connection between the production of thorns and the habit of growing in much-browsed-over spots; for when it settles in inclosed and protected fields, it produces smooth and unarmed creeping branches, but when it happens to find its lot cast in places where donkeys and rabbits abound, it defends itself against the dreaded enemy by covering its shoots with stout woody prickles.

Still, to the end of its days, the developed gorse plant never entirely forgets that it is the remote descendant of trefoil-bearing ancestors: for not only does every young gorse begin life with trefoil foliage, but if frost happens to check the growth of the budding branches in the full-grown bush, or if fire singes them, the shrub at once puts forth a short sprout of trefoil leaves at the injured point, as though reverting in its trouble to its infantile nature.

In No. 3 we see the third stage in the upward evolution of the baby gorse. Here, the seedling begins to outgrow its childish

4.—THE YOUNG SHRUB BEGINS TO ARM ITSELF.

trefoil stage, and to prepare itself for the repellent prickliness of its armed manhood. You will observe in this case that the outer and lower leaves have still three leaflets apiece, but that the upper and inner ones—that is to say, the youngest and latest produced—have the form of single long blades, like those of the broom-bush. As yet, these solitary leaves are also unarmed: they do not end in sharp points like the later foliage, and they cannot pierce or wound the tender noses of sheep or rabbits. But if the gorse were to continue long in this unarmed condition, it would stand a poor chance in life on the open hillsides; so it soon proceeds to the stage exhibited in No. 4. This illustration shows you a plant about a fortnight or three weeks old, with trefoil leaves below, passing gradually into silky and hairy single blades, which in turn grow sharper and thinner as they push upward towards the unoccupied space above their native thicket. Interspersed among these sharp little leaves you will also note a few grooved branches, each ending in a stout prickly point; these prickles are the chief defence of the bush against its watchful enemies. But the leaves and the branches are often so much alike that only a skilled botanist can distinguish the one from the other. Both are sharp and intended for defence; and as the branches of gorse are green like the leaves, both perform the same feeding function.

In No. 5 I have chosen for illustration and comparison a full-grown shoot of the common scented yellow genista, so often grown in pots as a table decoration. This pretty shrub begins in life so much like a gorse-bush, that if I were to show you very youthful seedlings of both, you could hardly discriminate them. That is to say, in all probability, both are descendants of a common ancestor which had trefoil leaves and bright yellow peaflowers. But the scented genistas happened to find their lot cast in inaccessible places, on cliffs or crags, where defence against browsing animals was practically unnecessary; while our ruder northern gorse had its lines laid on rough upland moors, where every passing beast could take a casual bite at it. The gorse was, therefore, driven perforce into producing thorny branches which would repel its foes, while the genista retained the old soft silky shoots and broad trefoil foliage. Broom, which is a close relation of both these plants, with much the same yellow peaflowers and hairy pods, occupies to some extent an intermediate position between the

5.—ITS FIRST COUSIN, THE GENISTA.

two types. The young shoots have leaves of three leaflets, as shown in No. 6; but the older branches are covered with leaves of a single leaflet apiece, like the second form produced by the gorse plant. The trefoil leaves of the broom also closely resemble those of the laburnum, which is another and more tree-like descendant of the same ancient ancestor, with similar yellow blossoms, and pods and beans of much the same character. It is interesting to observe in a family of this sort how the young seedlings are in every case almost identical, and how, as they approach maturity, they begin to assume the adult differences which mark off each later developed kind from the primitive and central form of its ancestors.

6.—ITS SECOND COUSIN, THE BROOM.

But is gorse really exposed to the attacks of animals? Would any herbivore care to eat such hard food? If you doubt it, you have never lived near a gorse-clad common. From the moment the seedling shows itself above the ground, it is ceaselessly nibbled at by rabbits and other rodents; and even after it has acquired its prickly armour, it makes excellent fodder, if only the sharp tops can be rendered harmless to the sensitive noses of cattle or donkeys. Gipsies know this fact well; and you may often see them on our Surrey hills cutting the succulent young branches and chopping them up fine in a wooden trough till the prickles are destroyed. Their horses then eat the good green food most greedily.

The gorse knows the same thing, too; and it takes particular care to preserve its leaves and flowers against the aggressive quadrupeds. When November comes it begins to blossom. No. 7 shows you how cleverly and cautiously it makes its preparations for this important function. The flower-buds, I need hardly say, are particularly rich and juicy, and, therefore, particularly liable to the assaults of the enemy. Hence, you will observe, they are doubly protected. To guard against large animals, each little knot of buds is carefully placed, for safety, in the angle formed by the main stem with one of its short, stout branches. Stem and branch alike end in a forbidding prickle, and the buds are so set in the axil that it is simply impossible for any browsing creature to get at them without encountering both these serious weapons. Indeed, no illustration can fully bring out the beautiful variety and complexity of arrangement by which each separate group of buds is completely defended; in order to understand it fully, I advise you, after reading this essay, to go out to the nearest common, and examine a flowering gorse-bush for yourself, when you will see how wonderfully and how intelligently the plant provides for the equal security of all its blossoms. I do not wish to be personal, but if for one moment you can imagine yourself a donkey, and try to help yourself with your teeth to some of the juicy buds, you will find that it is practically impossible to do so without receiving a whole array of serried lance-thrusts from several separate prickles.

But large animals are not the only foes against which the gorse has to defend its blossoms. It is almost equally exposed to the unfriendly attentions of flying insects, which desire to lay their eggs near its rich store of pollen and its soft yellow petals.

7.—PROTECTING THE BUDS FROM BROWSING ANIMALS.

To ward off these winged assailants, mere prickles are insufficient. The insect can wriggle in sideways, and so deposit its egg, which would develop in time into a hungry grub; the grub would proceed to eat up the flower, and thus defeat the object which the plant has in view in producing its blossoms. No. 8 shows you how the gorse meets this second difficulty. It covers up the buds with its stout calyx, which, for greater security, is reduced to a pair of sepals only, though in allied types there are five, and traces of the five still exist in the lobed top of the existing calyx. This outer coverlet, or great-coat, is thickly sprinkled with a sort of fur, composed of dark brown hairs, which baffle the insects, and prevent them from laying their eggs upon the surface. Indeed, nothing keeps off insects so well as hairs; they form to these little creeping creatures an impenetrable thicket, like tropical jungle to an invading British army. Ants, you will remember, cannot creep up stems which are thickly set with hairs; and in warm climates people take advantage of this peculiarity by wrapping fur round the legs of meat-safes, so as to keep off those indefatigable pests of the equatorial housekeeper.

8.—THE GREAT-COAT, PROTECTING THE BUDS FROM COLD AND FROM EGG-LAYING INSECTS.

Nor is this the only use of the short brown hairs. I spoke of the calyx above as a great-coat, for warmth is really one of its chief objects. It keeps off the cold as well as the insects. You must remember that the greater gorse is a winter-flowering plant: it lays itself out to attract the few stray bees which flit out in search of food on sunny mornings in December and January. A bush with this habit needs protection for its buds from the cold: just as you see the crocus does, when it wraps up its flowers in a papery spathe, and as the willow does when it incloses its catkins in soft silky coverings. The hairy coat of the gorse-bud has just the same function: it is there for warmth as well as for protection against egg-laying insects. That, I think, is the reason why the hairs are coloured brown; because brown is a good absorber of heat; the fur collects and retains whatever warmth it can get from the winter sun in his friendlier moments.

You will further observe in the illustrations, and still better on the living gorse-bush, that all the buds are not at the same stage of development together. The plant does that intentionally. It is a slow and gradual flowerer. The reason is plain. Our winter and spring are proverbially uncertain. The bush does not want to put all its eggs into one basket. Sometimes, in doubtful weather, a few of the buds develop up to the stage shown in No. 8, and are just ready to open. Then comes a frost, a killing frost, and nips them in the bud, more literally than we often mean when we use that familiar metaphor. In such cases, you will sometimes find the more advanced flowers are killed off and never develop further. But look behind them, in No. 8, and you will see that the bush holds in reserve a number of younger buds, against this very contingency. They are wrapped up tight in their warm brown overcoats, and they keep one another warm as they nestle against the stem; so that, however sharp the frost, they seldom suffer, in England at any rate. Beyond the Rhine, where the winters are severer, both buds and foliage would be nipped by the east wind; and so the smaller gorse is confined to the portion of Europe west of the Rhineland, while even the greater kind cannot live in Russia. To eastward its place is taken by hardier shrubs, which have still more special methods of protection against the severe weather. In Western Europe, on the other hand, the buds are so arranged that in spite of frost we get a constant succession of gorse-blossoms from November to May or June, when the running is taken up by the smaller summer species. Thus the bees are never deprived of gorse-blossom, and kissing, as the old saw says, is never out of fashion.

I have said above that gorse protects itself against flying insects. But not indiscriminately. It is a respecter of persons. While it wishes to keep off the egg-laying

and flower-gnawing types, it wishes to attract and allure the honey-suckers and fertilizers. For this object alone it produces its bright yellow petals and its delicious nutty perfume, which hangs so sweetly on the air in warm April weather. And I know few things in plant life more instructive and interesting to

9.—THE FLOWER, HALF OPENED.

observe than the way of a bee with this common English flower. Go out and watch it, and verify my statements. When the blossom first opens, it looks somewhat as in No. 9, only that the keel, as we call the lower part of the flower, is not half open, as there, but firmly locked together above the stamens on its upper edges. This keel, as you may note in No. 10, consists of two petals slightly joined together at the margin. On either side of it come two other petals, which we call the wings, and which are fitted with a funny little protuberance at their base so arranged that it locks the whole lower part of the blossom together. This mechanism cannot be seen in the illustrations, nor indeed can it be properly understood except in action; but gorse is so universal a plant in Britain, that most of my readers can observe it and examine it for themselves at leisure. The upper petal of all, known as the standard, has no special duty to perform save that of advertisement. It attracts the insects, and shows them in which direction to approach the flower.

Now comes the strangest part of the whole process of flowering. When the bee settles on the blossom, she alights on the keel and wings, to which she clings by her fore-legs, and so weighs down the entire lower portion of the mechanism with her weight. As she does so, the clasps or knobs on the wings come undone, and the whole flower springs open elastically, as you see it in No. 10, exposing the stamens and the young pod which form its central organs. At the same moment, the pollen, which is specially arranged for this contingency, bursts forth in a little explosive cloud, covering the body and legs of the visiting insect. She takes no notice of this queer manœuvre on the part of the plant, being quite familiar with it, but goes on helping herself to the store of honey. As soon as she has rifled it all, she flies away, and visits a second flower of the same kind. In the act of doing so, she rubs off on its sensitive surface the pollen with which the last blossom dusted her, each part being so contrived that what she takes from one flower she hands on to another. You can see the little tufted stigma standing up in the centre of No. 10, and can understand how it must catch on its tip the fertilizing yellow grains which the bee collected in a previous explosion.

But now notice a curious thing that next happens. When once the flower is "sprung," as we call it—that is to say, thus elastically opened—the keel and wings never go back again into their original position. They remain permanently open. You will thus

10.—THE FLOWER, SPRUNG, AND DISCHARGING POLLEN-SHOWERS.

comprehend that there is a great difference between the virgin flower, in which the keel and wings are locked over the stamens, and the "sprung" one, in which the keel and wings have descended from their first position so that the entire centre of the blossom is exposed to view. Moreover, after the

flower is once fertilized, it produces no more bribes for the bee; it has got all it wants out of her, and it is certainly not going to find her in food and pay her wages for nothing. The consequence is, that a "sprung" flower becomes, as it were, an advertisement to the bee of "Nothing to eat here." If you watch a bee paying her visits to a gorse-bush, you will find that she passes by the "sprung" flowers without the slightest notice—seems, in fact, oblivious of their existence; but she fastens at once on each virgin flower, and promptly — though, of course, unconsciously—fertilizes it. Such a device for showing the visiting insects automatically which flowers are fertilized and which are not is, naturally, a great saving of time; and plants which develop such devices gain such an advantage thereby as neither they nor the bees are slow to appreciate. In some cases, indeed, as soon as the blossom has begun to set its seeds, it changes colour as a sign to the bees and butterflies that it is no longer open to receive their visits; in others, the petals fall the moment fertilization is effected, and so the flower ceases to be at all conspicuous.

In the gorse-bush, however, the petals do not fall at all. They remain to inclose the young pod as it swells and develops. The reason for this divergence from the usual habit of plants is, I think, because the gorse-bush flowers and ripens its fruit in such very cold weather, that the young and tender pods need all the cover they can get at the moment when they begin to swell and to go through the important process of fructification. The calyx and the petals help to keep things warm for them, and so they persist till the pods are ready to open and discharge their beans.

Each pod contains as a rule four beans, and these are fat and well stored with nutriment for the baby seedling. The young plant subsists for its first few days on the nourishment thus laid by for it; for gorse is not one of those improvident plants which turn their young ones loose upon a cold and unsympathetic world without a penny in their pockets, so to speak, to fall back upon. Plants in this respect differ, like human beings. Some send their offspring out, mere street Arabs of the vegetable world, without any capital to live upon; others provide them with a good stock or reserve of foodstuff, which suffices them till they are of an age to earn their own living. You can judge by the fatness and distention of the pod in No. 11 that the young beans of the gorse are fairly provided for in this respect. Indeed, so rich are they in food, that they would suffer seriously from two sets of enemies, were they not protected against both exactly as the buds are. The stout prickles at the ends of the branches efficiently repel the assaults of browsing animals; the close hairs on the pods (not seen in the sketch) just as efficiently repel the insects which would fain lay their eggs in the beans, as one knows they do in the similar case of the edible peas in our garden.

Nothing is more beautiful about the gorse, indeed, than the soft, close covering of fur in the young pods, which gives them almost the appearance of miniature ducklings. No insect can penetrate it; and if only the first few days pass by without serious mishap, the gorse may count upon maturing its seeds in peace and quietness.

11.—THE POD, WITH THE BEANS WITHIN IT.

They ripen in the first basking warmth of July, or often earlier. As soon as they are ready for dispersal, the bush has a device for scattering them and sowing them in proper places for their due germination, which is quite in accordance with its other proceedings. Gorse, indeed, is a very explosive species. It knows the full value of the propulsive habit. The valves of the pods remain straight and rigid after the beans have ripened; but the sides contract, only the ribs or thickened edges keeping them extended in their places. At last, on some very sunny morning, the baking heat dries them up to such a point that they can no longer hold together. They curl up suddenly and violently, as you see in No. 12, and expel the beans, shooting them out like little bullets all over the common. If you happen to sun yourself on a gorse-clad moor on such a warm summer morning, you will hear, from time to time, little abrupt discharges as if a succession of toy pistols were being continually fired off in the thicket all round you. These noises are due to the bursting pods of gorse, which go

off one ofter another, and shed their seeds piecemeal over a considerable area. Should you look in early spring on the bare spots around a moor or common, you will find gorse seedlings by the thousand, all fighting it out among themselves, and all trying their best to occupy the uncovered spaces in the neighburhood of their parents.

12.—THE POD, AFTER DISCHARGING THE BEANS ELASTICALLY.

And here the wonder of their life begins all over again. For while the gorse was old and woody, it grew like gorse, all stern and prickly. But as soon as the young seedlings start afresh in life, they seem to forget their parents: they revert once more to the old trefoil condition. All young plants and animals, at least in their embryonic stages, show this strange tendency to throw back at first to the ancestral form; and it is fortunate for us that they do so, for it often enables us to perceive underlying relationships which in the adult form escape our notice. Nobody who looked at a furze-bush in its stiff and prickly old age would ever suspect it at first sight of a cousinship with clover. Yet when we consider the trefoil leaves of the seedling, and the shape of the separate peaflowers in the adult form, we can see for ourselves that the two plants are far closer together than we might be tempted to imagine. Indeed, between the little creeping yellow clovers and the aggressive furze or the tall and beautiful laburnum, we can find even now a regular series of connecting links which show clearly that all alike are slightly divergent descendants of a single common ancestor.

We may conclude, then, that gorse in every particular lays itself out in life to fight its own battle, and to meet the peculiarities of its special situation by its own exertions. Born a trefoil-bearing plant, unarmed and undefended, it produces spines instead of leaves as soon as its growth exposes it to the attacks of enemies. It defends its buds alike from the attacks of cattle and the assaults of insects: it wraps them up from the cold in efficient overcoats. It cares for its young and lays up food in its beans on their account; it scatters its seed upon unoccupied spots where they may stand the best chance of picking up a living. All these acts are analogous to those produced by intelligence in animals; and though the intelligence is here no doubt unconscious and inherited, I think we are justified in applying the same word in both cases to operations whose effects are so closely similar. Gorse, in short, may fairly be called a clever and successful plant, just as the bee may be called a clever and successful insect, because it works out its own way through life with such conspicuous wisdom.

By Cutcliffe Hyne.

IT is not in the least expected that the general public will believe the statements which will be made in this paper. They are written to catch the eye of Mr. Wilfred Cecil Cording (or Cordy) if he still lives, or in the event of his death to carry some news of his last movements to any of his still existing friends and relations. Further details may be had from me (by any of these interested people) at Poste Restante, Kettlewell, Wharfedale, Yorkshire. My name is Chesney, and I am sufficiently well known there for letters to be forwarded to wherever I may be at the moment.

The matters in question happened two years ago on the last day of August. I had a small, high-ground shoot near Kettlewell, but that morning all the upper parts of the hill were thick with dense mist, and shooting was out of the question. However, I had been going it pretty hard since the Twelfth, and was not sorry for an off-day, the more so as there was a newly-found cave in the neighbourhood which I was anxious to explore thoroughly. Incidentally I may mention that cave-hunting and shooting were my only two amusements.

It was my keeper who brought me news to the inn about the impossibility of shooting, and I suggested to him that he should come with me to inspect the cave. He made some sort of excuse—I forget what—and I did not press the matter further. He was a Kettlewell native, and the dalesmen up there look upon the local caves with more awe than respect. They will not own up to believing in bogles, but I fancy their creed runs that way. I used to have a contempt for their qualms, but latterly I have somehow or other learned to respect them.

I had taken unwilling helpers cave-hunting with me before, and found them such a nuisance that I had made up my mind not to be bothered with them again; so, as I say, I did not press for the keeper's society, but took candles, matches in a bottle, some magnesium wire, a small coil of rope, and a large flask of whisky, and set off alone.

The clouds above were wet, and a fine rain fell persistently. I tramped off along one of the three main roads that lead from the village, but which road it was had better remain hidden for the present. And in time I got off this road and cut over the moor.

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What I was looking for was a fresh scar on the hillside, caused by a roof-fall in one of the countless caves which honeycomb this limestone district; and, although I had got my bearings pretty accurately, the fog was so thick up there that I had to take a good dozen casts before I hit upon the place.

I had not seen it since the 10th of August, when I first stumbled across it by accident whilst I was going over the hill to see how the birds promised for the following Twelfth; and I was a good deal annoyed to find by the boot-marks that quite a lot of people had visited it in the interval. However, I hoped that the larger part of these were made by shepherds, and perhaps by my own keepers, and, remembering their qualms, trusted that I might find the interior still untampered with.

The cave was easy enough to enter. There was a funnel-shaped slide of peat-earth and mud and clay to start with, well pitted with boot-marks; and then there was a tumbled wall of boulders, slanting inwards, down which I crawled face uppermost till the light behind me dwindled. The way was getting pretty murky, so I lit up a candle to avoid accidents, stepped knee-deep into a lively stream of water, and went briskly ahead. It was an ordinary enough limestone cave so far, with inferior stalactites, and a good deal of wet everywhere. It did not appear to have been disturbed, and I stepped along cheerfully.

Presently I got a bit of a shock. The roof above began to droop downwards, slowly but relentlessly. It seemed as though my way was soon going to be blocked. However, the water beneath deepened, and so I waded along to inspect as far on as possible. It was a cold job, for the water was icy, but then I am a bit of an enthusiast about cave-hunting, and it takes more than a trifle of discomfort to stop me.

The roof came down and down till I was forced into the water up to my chin, and the air, too, was none of the best. I was beginning to get disappointed; it looked as if I had got wet through to the bone with freezing cold cave-water for no adequate result.

However, there is no accounting for the freaks of caves. Just when I fancied I was at the end of my tether, up went the roof again; I was able to stand erect once more; and a dozen yards farther on I came out on to dry rock, and was able to have a rest and a drop of whisky. The roof had quite disappeared to candle-light overhead, so I burned a foot of magnesium wire for a better inspection. It was really a magnificent cave.

But I did not stop to make any accurate measurements or drawings then, and, for reasons which will appear, I have not been near to do so since. I was too cold to care for prolonged admiration, and I wanted to (so to speak) annex the whole of the cave's main contours before I took my departure. I was first man in, and wished to be able to describe the whole of my find. There is a certain keen emulation about these matters amongst cave-hunters.

So I walked on over the flat floor of rock, stepping over and through pools, and round boulders, and dodging round stalactites, which hung from the unseen roof above, and slipping between slimy palings of stalagmite which sprouted from the floor. And then I came to a regular big subterranean tarn, which stretched right across the cavern.

Spaces were big here, and the candle did little to show them. It burned brightly enough, and that pleased me: one has to be very careful in cave-hunting about foul air, because once overcome by that, it means certain death. The air in this cave, however, did not altogether pass muster; there was something new about it, and anything new in cave smells is always suspicious. It wasn't the smell of peat, or iron, or sandstone, or limestone, or fungus, though all these are common enough in caves; it was a sort of faint musky smell; and I had got an idea that it was in flavour rather sickly. It is hard to define these things, but that smell, although it might very possibly lead to a new discovery, somehow did not cheer me. In fact, at times, when I inhaled a deeper breath of it than usual, it came very near to making my flesh creep.

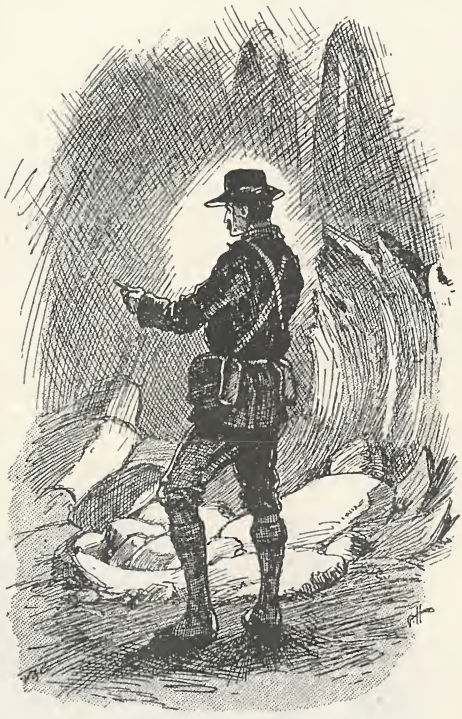
However, hesitations of this kind are not business. I nipped off another foot of magnesium wire, lit it at the candle, and held the flaming end high above my head. Before me the water of the tarn lay motionless as a mirror of black glass; the sides vignetted away into alleys and bays; the roof was a groined and fretted dome, far overhead; and at the farther side was a beach of white tumbled limestone.

I pitched a stone into the black water, and the mirror broke (I was pleased to think) for the first time during a million years into ripples. Yes, it's worth even a year of hard cave-hunting to do a thing like that.

The stone sank with a luscious *plop*. The water was very deep. But I was wet to the neck already, and didn't mind a swim. So with a lump of clay I stuck one candle in my cap, set up a couple more on the dry rock as

a lighthouse to guide my return, lowered myself into the black water, and struck out. The smell of musk oppressed me, and I fancied it was growing more pronounced. So I didn't dawdle. Roughly, I guessed the pool to be some five-and-thirty yards across.

I landed amongst the white broken limestone on the farther side, with a shiver and a scramble, and there was no doubt about the smell of musk now; it was strong enough to make me cough. But when I had stood up, got the candle in my hand again, and peered about through the dark, a thrill came through me as I thought I guessed at the cause. A dozen yards farther on amongst the tumbled stone was a broken "cast," where some monstrous uncouth animal had been entombed in the forgotten ages of the past, and mouldered away and left only the outer shell of its form and shape. For ages this, too, had endured; indeed, it had only been violated by the eroding touch of the water and some earth tremor within the last few days; perhaps at the same time that the "slip" was made in the moor far above, which gave an entrance to the caves.



"IT WAS A COMMON WHITE-HANDLED PENKNIFE."

The "cast" was half full of splintered rubbish, but even as it was I could see the contour of its sides in many places, and with care the *débris* could be scooped out, and a workman could with plaster of Paris make an exact model of this beast, which had been lost to the world's knowledge for so many weary millions of years. It had been some sort of a lizard or a crocodile, and, in fancy, I was beginning to picture its restored shape posed in the National Museum, with my name underneath as discoverer, when my eye fell on something amongst the rubble which brought me to earth with a jar. I stooped and picked it up. It was a common white-handled penknife, of the variety sold by stationers for a shilling. On one side of it was the name of Wilfred Cecil Cording (or Cordy), scratched apparently with a nail. The work was neat enough to start with, but the engraver had wearied with his job; and the "Cecil" was slipshod, and the surname too scratchy to be certain about.

On the hot impulse of the moment, I threw the knife far from me into the black water, and swore. It is more than a bit unpleasant for an explorer who has made a big discovery to find that he has been forestalled. But since then I have more than once regretted the hard things I said against Cording (if that is his name) in the heat of my first passion. If the man is alive I apologize to him. If, as I strongly suspect, he came to a horrible end there in the cave, I tender my regrets to his relatives.

I looked upon the cast of the saurian now with the warmth of discovery quite gone. I was conscious of cold, and, moreover, the musky smell of the place was vastly unpleasant. And I think I should straightway have gone back to daylight and a change of clothes down in Kettlewell, but for one thing. I seemed somehow or other to trace on the rock beneath me the outline of another cast. It was hazy, as a thing of the kind would be if seen through the medium of sparsely transparent limestone, and by the light of a solitary paraffin wax candle. I kicked at it petulantly.

Some flakes of stone shelled off, and I distinctly heard a more extensive crack.

I kicked again, harder—with all my might, in fact. More flakes shelled away, and there was a little volley of cracks this time. It did not feel like kicking against stone. It was like kicking against something that gave. And I could have sworn that the musky smell increased. I felt a curious glow coming over me that was part fright, part excitement, part, I fancy, nausea; but plucked up my courage

and held my breath, and kicked again, and again, and again. The laminæ of limestone flew up in tinkling showers. There was no doubt about there being something springy underneath now, and that it was the dead carcass of another lizard I hadn't a doubt. Here was luck, here was a find. Here was I the discoverer of the body of a prehistoric beast, preserved in the limestone down through all the ages, just as mammoths have been preserved in Siberian ice.

The quarrying of my boot heel was too slow for me. I stuck my candle by its clay socket to a rock, and picked up a handy boulder and beat away the sheets of the stone with that; and all the time I toiled, the springiness of the carcass beneath distinctly helped me. The smell of musk nearly made me sick, but I stuck to the work. There was no doubt about it now. More than once I barked my knuckles against the harsh, scaly skin of the beast itself—against the skin of this anachronism, which ought to have perished body and bones ten million years ago. I remember wondering whether they would make me a baronet for the discovery. They do make scientific baronets nowadays for the bigger finds.

Then of a sudden I got a start: I could have sworn the dead flesh moved beneath me.

But I shouted aloud at myself in contempt. "Pah!" I said, "ten million years: the ghost is rather stale by this!" And I set to work afresh, beating away the stone which covered the beast from my sight.

But again I got a start, and this time it was a more solid one. After I had delivered my blow, and whilst I was raising my weapon for another, a splinter of stone broke away as if pressed up from below, flipped up in the air, and tinkled back to a standstill. My blood chilled, and for a moment the loneliness of that unknown cave oppressed me. But I told myself that I was an old hand; that this was childishness; and, in fact, pulled myself together. I refused to accept the hint. I deliberately put the candle so as to throw a better light, swallowed back my tremors, and battered afresh at the laminated rock.

Twice more I was given warnings, and disregarded them in the name of what I was pleased to call cold common reason; but the third time I dropped the battering stone as though it burnt me, and darted back with the most horrible shock of terror which (I make bold to say) any man could endure and still retain his senses.

There was no doubt about it—the beast was actually moving.

Yes, moving and alive. It was writhing, and straining, and struggling to leave its rocky bed where it had lain quiet through all those countless cycles of time, and I watched it in a very petrification of terror. Its efforts threw up whole basketfuls of splintered stone at a time. I could see the muscles of its back ripple at each effort. I could see the exposed part of its body grow in size every time it wrenched at the walls of that semi-eternal prison.

"I WATCHED IT IN A VERY PETRIFICATION OF TERROR."

Then, as I looked, it doubled up its back like a bucking horse, and drew out its stumpy head and long feelers, giving out the while a thin, small scream like a hurt child; and then with another effort it pulled out its long tail and stood upon the *débris* of the limestone, panting with a new-found life.

I gazed upon it with a sickly fascination. Its body was about the bigness of two horses. Its head was curiously short, but the mouth opened back almost to the forearm; and sprouting from the nose were two enormous feelers, or antennæ, each at least 6ft. long, and tipped with fleshy tendrils like fingers, which opened and shut tremulously. Its four legs were jointless, and ended in mere club-feet, or callosities; its tail was long, supple, and fringed on the top with a saw-like row of scales. In colour, it was a bright grass-green, all except the feelers, which were of a livid blue. But mere words go poorly for a description, and the beast was outside the vocabulary of to-day. It conveyed, somehow or other, a horrible sense of deformity, which made one physically ill to look upon it.

me. Worse, it hobbled round clumsily with its jointless legs, and waved its feelers in my direction. I could not make out that it had any eyes—anyway, they did not show distinct from the rough skin of its head; its sensitiveness seemed to lie in those fathom-long feelers and in the fleshy fingers which twitched and grappled at the end of them.

Then it opened its great jaws—which hinged, as I said, down by the forearm—and yawned cavernously, and came towards me. It seemed to have no trace of fear or hesitation. It hobbled clumsily on, exhibiting its monstrous deformity in every movement, and preceded always by those hateful feelers which seemed to be endued with an impish activity.

For a while I stayed in my place, too paralyzed by horror at this awful thing I had dragged up from the forgotten dead, to move or breathe. But then one of its livid blue feelers—a hard, armoured thing like a lobster's—touched me, and the fleshy fingers at the end of it pawed my face and burned me like nettles. I leaped into movement again.

"I TURNED AND RAN."

But worst of all was the musky smell. That increased till it became well-nigh unendurable, and though I half-strangled myself to suppress a sound, I had to yield at last and give my feelings vent.

The beast heard me. I could not see that it had any ears, but anyway it distinctly heard

The beast was hungry after its fast of ten million years; it was trying to make me its prey: those fearful jaws——

I turned and ran.

It followed me. In the feeble light of the one solitary candle I could see it following accurately in my track, with the waving

feelers and their twitching fingers preceding it. It had pace, too. Its gait, with those clumsy, jointless legs, reminded one of a barrel-bellied sofa suddenly endowed with life, and careering over rough ground. But it distinctly had pace, and what was worse, the pace increased. At first it had the rust of those eternal ages to work out of its cankered joints; but this stiffness passed away, and fumbling got it out and opened the blade. The feelers with their fringe of fumbling fingers were close to me. I slashed at them viciously, and felt my knife grate against their armour. I might as well have hacked at an iron rail.

Still, the attempt did me good. There is an animal love for fighting stowed away in the bottom of all of us somewhere, and mine

"I STABBED AT THE BEAST WITH MY KNIFE."

presently it was following me with a speed equal to my own.

If this huge green beast had shown anger, or eagerness, or any of those things, it would have been less horrible; but it was absolutely unemotional in its hunt, and this helped to paralyze me; and in the end, when it drove me into a *cul-de-sac* amongst the rocks, I was very near surrendering myself through sheer terror to what seemed the inevitable. I wondered dully whether there had been another beast entombed beside it, and whether that had eaten the man who owned the penknife.

But the idea warmed me up. I had a stout knife in my own pocket, and after some woke then. I don't know that I expected to win; but I did intend to do the largest possible amount of damage before I was caught. I made a rush, stepped with one foot on the beast's creeping back, and leaped astern of him; and the beast gave its thin, small whistling scream, and turned quickly in chase after me.

The pace was getting terrific. We doubled, and turned, and sprawled, and leapt amongst the slimy boulders, and every time we came to close quarters I stabbed at the beast with my knife, but without ever finding a joint in its armour. The tough skin gave to the weight of the blows, it is true, but it was like stabbing with a stick upon leather.

It was clear, though, that this could not go on. The beast grew in strength and activity, and probably in dumb anger, though actually it was unemotional as ever; but I was every moment growing more blown and more bruised and more exhausted.

At last I tripped and fell. The beast with its clumsy waddle shot past me before it could pull up, and in desperation I threw one arm and my knees around its grass-green tail, and with my spare hand drove the knife with the full of my force into the underneath part of its body.

That woke it at last. It writhed, and it plunged, and it bucked with a frenzy that I had never seen before, and its scream grew in piercingness till it was strong as the whistle of a steam-engine. But still I hung doggedly on to my place, and planted my vicious blows. The great beast doubled and tried to reach me; it flung its livid blue feelers backwards in vain efforts: I was beyond its clutch. And then, with my weight still on its back, it gave over dancing about the floor of the cavern, and set off at its hobbling gait directly for the water.

Not till it reached the brink did I slip off; but I saw it plunge in; I saw it swim strongly with its tail; and then I saw it dive and disappear for good.

And what next? I took to the water too, and swam as I had never swum before—swam for dear life to the opposite side. I knew that if I waited to cool my thoughts I should never pluck up courage for the attempt. It was then or not at all. It was risk the horrors of that passage, or stay where I was and starve—and be eaten.

How I got across I do not know. How I landed I cannot tell. How I got down the windings of the cave and through that water-alley is more than I can say. And whether the beast followed me I do not know either. I got to daylight again somehow, staggering like a drunken man. I struggled down off the moor, and on to the village, and noted how the people ran from me. At the inn the landlord cried out as though I had been the plague. It seemed that the musky smell that I brought with me was unendurable, though, by this time, the mere detail of a smell was far beneath my notice. But I was stripped from my stinking clothes, and washed, and put to bed, and a doctor came and gave me an opiate; and when twelve hours later wakefulness came to me again, I had the sense to hold my tongue. All the village wanted to know from whence came that hateful odour of musk, but I said, stupidly, I did not know. I said I must have fallen into something.

And there the matter ends for the present. I go no more cave-hunting, and I offer no help to those who do. But if the man who owned that white-handled penknife is alive, I should like to compare experiences with him; and if, as I strongly suspect, he is dead, these pages may be of interest to his relatives. He was not known in Kettlewell or any of the other villages where I inquired, but he could very well have come over the hills from Pateley Bridge way. "Cording" was the name scratched on the knife, or "Cordy," I could not be sure which; and, as I have said, mine is Chesney, and I can be heard of at the Kettlewell Post-office, though I have given up the shooting on the moor near there. Somehow, the air of the district sickens me. There seems to be a taint in it.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XLIV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

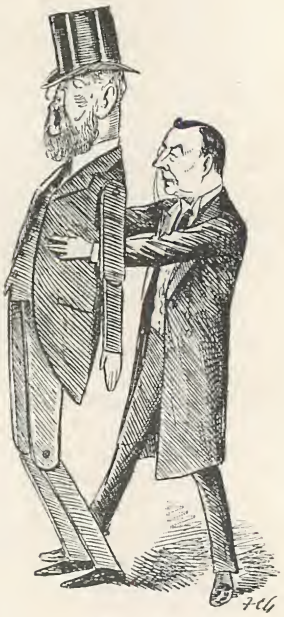
LORD SALISBURY'S SUCCESSOR.

DURING Mr. Gladstone's stay at Bournemouth in the early days of March conversation turned upon the prognostications about the next Unionist Premier published in the number of THE STRAND just issued. Asked whom he thought would succeed Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone replied in that deep chest note he uses when strongly moved: "The Duke of Devonshire."

In reviewing probable candidates for the post, the authority whose opinion I was privileged to quote did not glance beyond the House of Commons. I fancy that, fascinated by consideration of possible rivalry in the running between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, he "forgot Devonshire," as Lord Randolph Churchill on an historic occasion "forgot Goschen." Mr. Gladstone, who forgot nothing, seems to have hit the right nail on the head. The succession of the Duke of Devonshire to the post of the Marquis of Salisbury—men of all parties and politics will hope the occasion may be far distant—would, save from one aspect presently noted, be as popular as it would be meet. The Duke's promotion, on whatever plane or to whatever height it may reach, would never evoke the opposition instinctively ranged against the advance of a pushful man. Everyone knows that, if the Duke followed his natural impulse and gratified his heart's desire, he would stand aside altogether from the worry and responsibility of public life. As it is, he compromises by strolling in late to meet its successive engagements.

"STROLLING IN LATE."

It was under personal persuasion of Mr. John Bright that he first essayed public life. In deference to party loyalty and a sense of public duty he, on the retirement of Mr. Gladstone in 1874, undertook the thankless task of leading the disorganized and disheartened Liberal Party. Having twelve years later, for conscience sake, withdrawn from the Leadership of Mr. Gladstone, he again caught a glimpse of the land where it is always afternoon. Mr. Chamberlain at this crisis braced him up to meet the new call of duty.



"BRACING HIM UP."

In a long and not unvaried political career no one has ever hinted at suspicion that the Duke of Devonshire was influenced in any step by self-seeking motive. He may have been right, he may have been wrong. He always did the thing he believed to be right, irrespective of personal prejudice or desire. Neither on the public platform nor in either House of Parliament has he met with the success that marks the effort of some others. But it would be impossible to exaggerate the width and the depth of the esteem with which this shy, bored man, who would chiefly like to be let alone, is held in the hearts of the people. A Ministry formed under his Premiership would start with an enormous and sustaining access of popular confidence.

Apart from that, the arrangement would

recommend itself by shelving-off that otherwise inevitable conflict for final pre-eminence between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain the prophetic soul of my Mentor discovered, and disclosed in his conversation recorded in the March number. Whatever may be the views of those statesmen with respect to playing second fiddle the one to the other, there would be no possible objection to either serving under the Duke of Devonshire as Premier.

A TORY PROTEST.

The quarter from which opposition to the Duke of Devonshire's advancement to the Premiership will come is the Tory wing of the Unionist camp. Just before Easter, a story with circumstance was circulated, indicating the immediate retirement of Lord Salisbury from the Premiership and the succession of the Duke of Devonshire. That was certainly not a *ballon d'essai* from Downing Street. It equally well served the purpose. It drew forth unmistakable testimony that proposal of such arrangement would occasion unpleasant protest.

A "BALLON D'ESSAI."

Objection was not taken on the ground of personal disqualification on the part of the Duke. What was bluntly said in private conversation was that, in the division of the spoils of office, the Liberal Unionists had secured something more than their full share. To confer upon a member of their body, however distinguished and, on personal grounds, however acceptable, was too great a sacrifice to be claimed for the altar of Unionism. This demonstration will, doubtless, have due influence in directing the final arrangement whenever circumstances call for its settlement.

MR. GOSCHEN'S LITERARY WORK.

Mr. Goschen has, I believe, made considerable progress with a labour of love, his solace in the comparative leisure of the recess. It is preparation of the life and correspondence of his grandfather, a publisher in Berlin a century ago. He lived through the time of the First Empire, his literary connections bringing him in contact with some of the principal men of the age. These letters he preserved, together with copies of his own correspondence.

Nobody wishes the First Lord of the Admiralty that prolonged leisure which would result from dismissal of Her Majesty's Ministers from office. Still, it would be a loss to the country, equal to the non-completion of a new ironclad, if he failed to find time to finish his book. I never read the First Lord's "Theory of the Foreign Exchange," and am not in a position to judge of his literary style. But he is a man of keen literary taste, who certainly has to his hand the materials for a memorable book.

A PRECEDENT FOR MR. BALFOUR.

One of the fables about Mr. Balfour that endear him to the public mind is that which pictures him as never reading a newspaper. It is only partially true, and like most true things, it is not new. The peculiarity finds parallel in so distinct a personage as Edmund Burke. In the interesting and curious autobiography of Arthur Young (Smith Elder), edited by M. Betham-Edwards, there is note of an interview with Burke. Under date May 1st, 1796, Arthur Young describes how he visited the great statesman, who "after breakfast took me a sauntering walk of five hours over his farm and to a cottage where a scrap of land had been stolen from the waste." Speaking on public affairs, Young records, "Burke said he never looked at a newspaper. 'But if anything happens to occur which they think will please me, I am told of it.'" Young observed that there was strength of mind in this resolution. "Oh, no," Burke replied, "it is mere weakness of mind."

With Mr. Arthur Balfour, the motive is probably philosophical indifference.

THREE ACRES AND A COW.

Another proof supplied by this book of the truth of the axiom about nothing being new under the sun is personal to Mr. Jesse Collings. That eminent statesman first came

into prominent notice as a politician by his adoption of the battle cry, "Three Acres and a Cow." A forebear of the present Lord Winchilsea, whose interest in agriculture is hereditary, was first in this particular field.

Writing in June, 1817, Mr. Young notes: "Lord Winchilsea called here and chatted with me upon cottagers' land for cows, which he is well persuaded, and most justly, is the only remedy for the evil of poor rates."

That is not exactly the way Mr. Jesse Collings put it. It comes to the same thing in the end.

"AH, YES, I USED TO SING IT. BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO."

"THE THIN RED LINE."

The innate Conservatism of the House of Commons is picturesquely shown in the retention of the thin line of red that marks the matting on either side of the floor, a short pace in front of the rows of benches on either side. Up to the present day it is a breach of order for any members addressing the Speaker or Chairman of Committees to stand outside this mark. If by chance one strays he is startled by angry shout of "Order! Order!"

Probably few members who thus vindicate order know the origin of this particular institution. The red line is a relic of duelling days. It then being the custom for every English gentleman to wear a sword, he took the weapon down with him to the House, with as easy assurance as to-day he may carry his toothpick. In the heat of debate it was the most natural thing in the world to draw a sword and drive home an argument by pinking in the ribs the controversialist on the other side. The House, in its wisdom, therefore ordered that no member taking part in debate should cross a line to be drawn on the floor. This was judiciously spaced so that members standing within the line were far beyond reach of each other's sword-point.

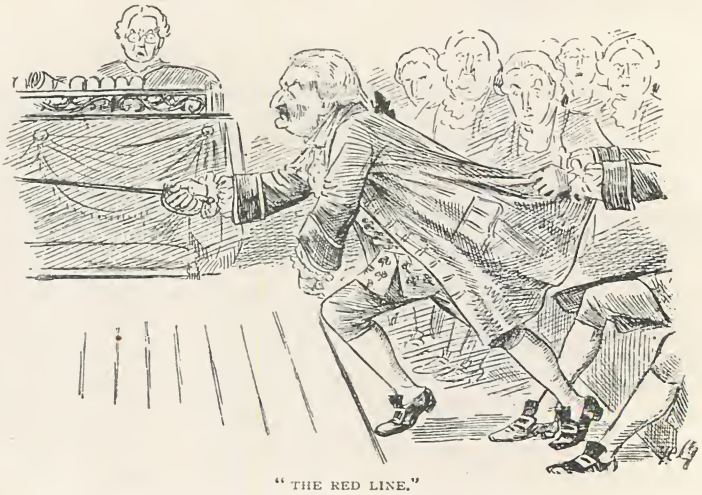
SWORDS.

In spite of this grandmotherly precaution, duels arising out of quarrels picked in the House, and forthwith settled in its immediate precincts, became so frequent that a fresh order was promulgated forbidding members to carry arms during attendance on their Parliamentary duties. This rule is so effectively insisted upon, that at this day, when, as sometimes happens, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, or other peaceful city, attends at Westminster accompanied by his sword-bearer, the latter functionary, guiltless of blood-letting through a long life, is compelled to leave his weapon in charge of the doorkeeper. The only armed man in attendance on debate is the Serjeant-at-Arms, who carries a pretty sword. Once a year exception is further made in the case of the mover and seconder of the Address, who may wear the sword pertaining to their naval or military uniform.

The way it persistently gets between their legs as they walk up the floor, or try to sit down, consoles less distinguished members for general abrogation of the privilege.

SPURS.

One other nice distinction in the matter of steel implements exists to the disadvantage (or advantage according as the case is regarded) of the borough member. A Knight of the Shire may, if he thinks fit, enter the House



"THE RED LINE."

of Commons and take part in debate with spurs on. This luxury is forbidden to the borough member. Sir Herbert Maxwell tells me he once saw a borough member who had ridden down to the House innocently attempt to enter the Chamber with armed heel. He was immediately stopped—whether by the doorkeeper or the lynx-eyed Serjeant-at-Arms, watchful in his chair, deponent sayeth not—and compelled to remove his spurs.

TYPE-WRITTEN PETITIONS.

A new-fangled notion the House of Commons cannot away with is that of typewriting. It is true that in recent years accommodation has been made for private members to use typewriting machines. That is a private affair, strictly guarded to the extent that members availing themselves of the machines must pay the typewriter.

It is quite another thing when, as sometimes happens, people ignorant of some of the more delicate of the foundations on which the safety and prosperity of the Empire rest forward typewritten petitions to the House. More than a century ago it was ordered that all petitions presented to the honourable House should be written in legible, clerkly hand. Neither lithograph nor printed type was permitted. Editors of newspapers and magazines, publishers, press readers, and the like, welcome the sight of typewritten manuscript in matter submitted to their judgment. The House of Commons is above petty considerations of the kind that influence this opinion. When it was established, there was no such device as lithography, typewriting, or, for the matter of that, a printing press. Petitions were then written by hand, and they must be so written now.

CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, OF THE HORSE MARINES.

The Committee on Petitions, accordingly, make a point of returning every petition other than those written by hand, and in this decision it has the support of the Speaker, to whom the question has been solemnly submitted.

A MID-CENTURY BOWLES, M.P.

Our Cap'en Tommy Bowles is not the first of his clan in the House of Commons. There was one there more than fifty years ago, though (happy augury) he ranked as admiral. In *The Mirror of Parliament* of the Session 1845 I find the following entry: "Admiral Bowles alluded to the Duke of Portland having built the *Pantaloon* to improve naval architecture. But the Navy could not boast of a pair of pantaloons. (A laugh.) He (Admiral Bowles) had himself commanded the armament in the Shannon, which had distinguished itself in the collection of the Irish poor rates."

This last remark further shows how apt is history to repeat itself. There is no recent case of the British Navy in Irish waters being commissioned for the collection of rents or rates. But during Coercion days, between 1886 and 1890, detachments of the British Army were not infrequently invoked for assistance in the collection of rents.

CORONATIONS.

At the time of the Queen's Jubilee there was published a list of people who, living at that happy time, had been present at the coronation of the Queen. One omission from the printed list was the name of the Marquis of Salisbury, at the time a small boy of seven summers, absolutely indifferent to the bearings of the Concert of Europe. In the matter of experience at coronations, Sir John Mowbray stands alone. He saw the Queen's Coronation Procession as it passed along the street. He was actually present at the Coronation of William IV. The Westminster boys had the privilege of being seated in Westminster Abbey just above the benches allotted to the Peers. Sir John, then at Westminster School, availed himself of the opportunity, and to this day declares that he and his school chums had a much better view of the scene than had the Peers.

Sir John, older by fifteen years than the Prime Minister, was at Oxford when the Queen came to the throne. On the occasion of Her Majesty's marriage, the University drew up a loyal address and sent a deputation of their members to present it. Young Mowbray (still young) was one of those intrusted with this pleasant and honourable duty. His keenest and still abiding recollection of the scene is the Duke of Wellington standing in close attendance on the girl Queen.

THE BALD TRUTH.

In the rough-and-tumble of electioneering contest, Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett is more successful than he proves in the finer fence of the House of Commons. But he sometimes meets his match in Yorkshire. At one of the gatherings in an electoral campaign, he was frequently interrupted by a man in the body of the hall, who resented his uncompromising attacks upon political opponents. The Knight bore this trial with admirable good humour, till, seeing an opening for scoring a point, he said :—

"Now I am going to tell you something about the late Liberal Government that will make my friend's hair stand on end," indicating, with smiling nod, the vigorous critic in the body of the hall.

"Wrong again!" shouted the irrepressible one, removing his cap and displaying a head smooth as a billiard-ball. "It can't be done."

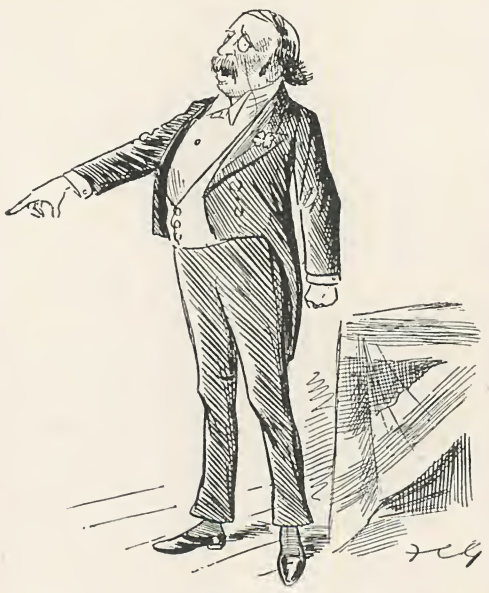
"YOUNG MOWBRAY."

PUBLIC AUDIENCES.

The other day, a member of Her Majesty's Government, one of the oldest living statesmen, whose acquaintance with public meetings is equal to that of any of his contemporaries left in the House of Commons, was talking to me about the varying quality of public audiences. As anyone accustomed to speak from the platform knows, audiences differ widely and inscrutably.

"Broadly speaking," said the right hon. gentleman, "the further north the political orator travels the better—I mean the more inspiriting—will he find his audience. Going into particulars, I should say that London, for this purpose, is the worst of all. The best audiences are Scotch, and I have found in my personal experience the pick of them at Glasgow. Newcastle-on-Tyne is excellent; Liverpool is second-rate; Birmingham, so-so."

It would be interesting to have these experiences compared. Doubtless a speaker's judgment would be biased by the practical result of his visit to particular towns. If, for example, he were elected at the head of the poll in Glasgow, and left at the bottom in London, he could hardly be expected to retain through life fond recollections of the community that had dissembled its love. The Minister to whom I allude never contested Glasgow, and for many years was returned at the head of the poll for a great London constituency. His testimony may therefore be regarded as unbiased by personal predilection.



"WRONG AGAIN!"

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS' TERRACE.

The Terrace of Westminster Palace flanking the river is so intimately connected with the House of Commons, that it exclusively bears its name. "The House of Commons' Terrace," it is called, as it looms large through the London season. But members of the House of Lords have an equal share in its privileges. They might, if they pleased, on fine summer afternoons bring down bevies of fair dames and regale them with tea, strawberries, and cream.

By way of asserting their rights, the Peers some time ago caused to be set forth on the Terrace a few belated benches specially assigned to and reserved for their use. They are deposited at the further, bleaker end of the Terrace, whence the afternoon sun earliest flees. On very rare occasions a peer may be seen haughtily seated in solitary state on one of these benches. Somehow

the thing doesn't work, and noble lords strolling on the Terrace are humbly grateful if invited to sit at the table of a friend among the Commoners.

"IN SOLITARY STATE."

THE SPEAKER'S LETTER-BOX.

I suppose that, next to the Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Speaker of the House of Commons is the recipient of the oddest correspondence in the world. Some time ago I cited one or two samples of the letters Mr. Gully is in the habit of receiving. The late Lord Hampden, presiding over the House of Commons at a time of extreme excitement consequent on the opening of the campaign of Irish obstruction, was specially enriched. Amongst his oddest experiences was the receipt by railway parcel of a box whose way-bill showed that it came from Ireland. Mr. Brand found it awaiting him on returning to Speaker's House after an uninterrupted sitting in the Commons of some forty-eight hours. He was piqued at the appearance of the box, and before seeking much-needed rest had it opened—discreetly, as became such undertakings in those troublesome times.

The uplifted lid disclosed a pair of torn and toil-worn trousers, the odour filling the room with pained sense of the absence of primroses. On the garment was pinned a piece of paper on which was written the text, "God's will be done!"

Its application to the trousers and their dispatch, carriage paid, to the Speaker of the House of Commons was and remains obscure. The incident was long anterior to the date at which Mr. William O'Brien's appendages figured largely in the political history of the day. It serves to show how intimately, if in this case obscurely, Irish politics are, so to speak, wrapped up in trousers.

MISDIRECTED ZEAL.

The member for a northern constituency tells me of a melancholy accident that recently befell him. He happens to represent a borough in which party spirit runs high, and finds outlet in physical demonstrations. On the occasion of his annual visit news reached his committee that the other side were planning, if not to pack the hall, at least to insert some formidable wedges of hostility. It was agreed that these tactics must be met on their own lines. The member accordingly recruited in London a score of stout fellows who had served lusty apprenticeship as chuckers-out at music-halls, public-houses, and other popular resorts. They were discreetly conveyed in groups of two or three to the borough, lodged out with instructions to gather in the body of the hall within touch of each other, and unite their forces in the event of a hostile demonstration.

The member got through his speech pretty well, attempts at criticism or interruption being drowned in the applause of his supporters. When he resumed his seat a meek-looking gentleman rose in the middle of the hall and said, "Mr. Chairman!" He was greeted with cheers and counter-cheers, through the roar of which he feebly tried to continue his remarks. The lambs, disappointed at the tameness of the business, began to warm up in prospect of work. As the mild-looking gentleman persisted in endeavour to speak, they, at a given signal from their captain, swooped down upon him, lifted him shoulder-high, and made a rush for the door with intent to fling him out. The townsmen in the body of the hall rallied to the rescue. A fight of fearsome ferocity followed. In the end the police were called in, and the hall cleared.

"This will be a nasty business for us at the

next election," gloomily said the chairman of the meeting to the member, as they made their way out from the back of the platform. "That was Mr. K——, one of your most influential supporters. He had risen to propose a vote of thanks to you when he was set upon in that infamous manner. It's not only him that was attacked. I saw scores of our best men going out with bleeding noses and blackened eyes. It'll tell some hundreds of votes against you at the next election."

PARLIAMENTARY FATUITIES.

It is a peculiarity of Parliamentary debate that whenever a certain journal is alluded to it is always styled "*The Times* newspaper." Any other paper mentioned is alluded to simply by its name. In private conversation or in correspondence, the very same members who mouth a reference to "*The Times* newspaper" would, as a matter of course, speak of "*The Times*." It is one of those little things which show how much there is among mankind, even in the House of Commons, of the character of the sheep. In a field you shall see one of a flock jumping over an imaginary obstacle, the rest following, doing exactly the same, though there is plainly nothing in the way. In the dim past some pompous person, stretching out his verbiage, talked of "*The Times* newspaper." Others followed suit. To-day the custom is as firmly rooted as are the foundations of Victoria Tower.

A kindred fatuity of Parliamentary speech is to talk of an hon. member "rising in his place," as if it were usual for him to rise in somebody else's, and, therefore, necessary for a variation in the habit to be noted. Funnier is the fashion amongst Ministers, especially Under-Secretaries, to talk about "laying a paper." What they mean is laying a paper on the table of the House. Tradition has grown up in the Foreign Office and elsewhere that a Parliamentary paper, whether Report, Despatch, or Blue Book, should be regarded as if it were an egg. The Minister accordingly always talks *tout court*, either of "laying it" or "having laid it" or of undertaking to "lay it in a very few days," the latter an assurance of prevision far beyond the scope of the average hencoop.

SHAKESPEARE UP TO DATE.

A member of the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, who long ago took his last "turn" and handed in his final copy, lives tenderly in my memory by reason of a passage in his report of a speech delivered in the country by a great statesman. I daresay it is not true; it is at least well invented.

"LAYING."

The particular passage ran as follows: "The right hon. gentleman concluded by expressing the opinion that the quality of mercy is not unduly strained. It dropped, he said, as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath. In fact, he did not hesitate to assert that it was twice blessed, conferring blessing alike upon the donor and the recipient. (Loud cheers, amid which the right hon. gentleman resumed his seat.)"

It was another of the confraternity, a painstaking, conscientious colleague of my own, long since joined the majority, who, reporting a speech, happed upon the flawless couplet—

> Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Whether he did not catch the last word, or, having it on his notes, thought it would be kind to save the speaker from the consequences of a slip of the tongue—for how could a rose blossom in the dust?—he wrote the lines thus:—

> Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom like a rose.

The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

VI.—THE STAR-SHAPED MARKS.

ON a certain Sunday in the spring of 1897, as Dufrayer and I were walking in the Park, we came across one of his friends, a man of the name of Loftus Durham. Durham was a rising artist, whose portrait paintings had lately attracted notice. He invited us both to his studio on the following Sunday, where he was to receive a party of friends to see his latest work, an historical picture for the coming Academy.

"The picture is an order from a lady, who has herself sat for the principal figure," said Durham. "I hope you may meet her also on Sunday. My impression is that the picture will do well; but if so, it will be on account of the remarkable beauty of my model. But I must not add more—you will see what I mean for yourselves."

He walked briskly away.

"Poor Durham," said Dufrayer, when he had left us. "I am glad that he is beginning to get over the dreadful catastrophe which threatened to ruin him body and soul a year back."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I allude to the tragic death of his young wife," said Dufrayer. "They were only married two years. She was thrown from her horse on the hunting-field, broke her back, and died a few hours afterwards. There was a child, a boy of about four months old at the time of the mother's death. Durham was so frightfully prostrated from the shock, that some of his friends feared for his reason; but I now see that he is regaining his usual calibre. I trust his new picture will be a success; but, notwithstanding his remarkable talent, I own I have my doubts. It takes a man in ten thousand to do a good historical picture."

On the following Sunday, about four o'clock, Dufrayer and I found ourselves at Durham's house, in Lanchester Gardens. A number of well-known artists and their wives had already assembled in his studio. We found the visitors all gazing at a life-sized picture in a heavy frame which stood on an easel facing the window.

Dufrayer and I took our places in the

"IN THE STUDIO."

background, and looked at the group represented on the canvas in silence. Any doubt of Durham's ultimate success must have immediately vanished from Dufrayer's mind. The picture was a magnificent work of art, and the subject was worthy of an artist's best efforts. It was taken from "The Lady of the Lake," and represented Ellen Douglas in the guard-room of Stirling Castle, surrounded by the rough soldiers of James the Fifth of Scotland. It was named "Soldiers, Attend!"—Ellen's first words as she flung off her plaid, and revealed herself in all her dark proud beauty to the wonder of the soldiers. The pose and attitude were superb, and did credit both to Durham and the rare beauty of his model.

I was just turning round to congratulate him warmly on his splendid production, when I saw standing beside him Ellen Douglas herself, not in the rough garb of a Scotch lassie, but in the simple and yet picturesque dress of a well-bred English girl. Her large black velvet hat, with its plume of ostrich feathers, contrasted well with a face of dark and striking beauty, but I noticed even in that first glance a peculiar expression lingering round the curves of her beautiful lips, and filling the big brown eyes. A secret care, an anxiety artfully concealed, and yet all too apparent to a real judge of character, spoke to me from her face. All the same, that very look of reserve and sorrow but strengthened her beauty, and gave that final touch of genius to the lovely figure on the canvas.

Just then Durham touched me on the shoulder.

"What do you think of it?" he asked, pointing to the picture.

"I congratulate you most heartily," I responded.

"I owe any success which I may have achieved to this lady," he continued. "She has done me the honour to sit as Ellen Douglas. Mr. Head, may I introduce Lady Faulkner?"

I bowed an acknowledgment, to which Lady Faulkner gravely responded. She stepped a little aside, and seemed to invite me to follow her.

"I am also glad you like the picture," she said, eagerly. "For years I have longed to have that special subject painted. I asked Mr. Durham to do it for me on condition that I should be the model for Ellen Douglas. The picture is meant as a present for my husband."

"Has he seen it yet?" I asked.

"No, he is in India; it is to greet him as a surprise on his return. It has always been one of his longings to have a really great picture painted on that magnificent subject, and it was also one of his fancies that I should take the part of Ellen Douglas. Thanks to Mr. Durham's genius, I have succeeded, and am much pleased."

A new arrival came up to speak to her. I turned aside, but her face continued to attract me, and I glanced at her from time to time. Suddenly, I noticed that she held up her hand as if to arrest attention, and then flew to the door of the studio. Outside was distinctly audible the patter of small feet, and also the sound of a woman's voice raised in expostulation. This was followed by the satisfied half coo, half cry, of a young child, and the next instant Lady Faulkner reappeared, carrying Durham's baby boy in her arms.

He was a splendid little fellow, and handsome enough in himself to evoke unlimited admiration. A mass of thick, golden curls shadowed his brow; his eyes were large, and of a deep and heavenly blue. He had the round limbs and perfect proportions of a happy, healthy baby. The child had clasped his arms round Lady Faulkner's neck. Seeing a great many visitors in the room, he started in some slight trepidation, but, turning again to Lady Faulkner, smiled in her face.

"Ah! there you are, Robin," said Durham, glancing at the child with a lighting-up of his own somewhat sombre face. "But, Lady Faulkner, please don't let the little chap worry you—you are too good to him. The fact is, you spoil him dreadfully."

"That is a libel, for no one could spoil you, could they, Robin?" said Lady Faulkner, kissing the boy on his brow. She seated herself on the window-sill. I went up and took a place beside her. She was so altogether absorbed by the boy that she did not at first see me. She bent over him and allowed him to clasp and unclasp a heavy gold chain of antique pattern which she wore round her neck. From time to time she kissed him. Suddenly glancing up, her eyes met mine.

"Is he not a splendid little fellow?" she said. "I don't know how I could have lived through the last few months but for this little one. I have been kept in London on necessary business, and consequently away from my own child; but little Robin has comforted me. We are great friends, are we not, Robin?"

"The child certainly seems to take to you," I said.

"Take to me?" she cried. "He adores me; don't you, baby?"

The boy looked up as she addressed him, opened his lips, as if to utter some baby word, then, with a coy, sweet smile, hid his face against her breast.

"You have a child of your own?" I said.

"Yes, Mr. Head, a boy. Now, I am going to confide in you. My boy is the image of this little one. He is the same age as Robin, and Robin and he are so alike in every feature that the resemblance is both uncommon and extraordinary. But, stay, you shall see for yourself."

She produced a locket, touched a spring, and showed me a painted photograph of a young child. It might have been taken from little Robin Durham. The likeness was certainly beyond dispute.

Dufrayer came near, and I pointed it out to him.

"Is it not remarkable?" I said. "This locket contains a picture of Lady Faulkner's own little boy. You would not know it from little Robin Durham, would you?"

Dufrayer glanced from the picture to the child, then to the face of Lady Faulkner. To my surprise she coloured under his gaze, which was so fixed and staring as to seem almost rude.

"DUFRAYER GLANCED FROM THE PICTURE TO THE CHILD."

Remarking that the picture might assuredly be taken from Durham's boy, he gravely handed back the locket to Lady Faulkner, and immediately afterwards, without waiting for me, took his leave.

Lady Faulkner looked after his retreating form, and I noticed that a new expression came into her eyes—a defiant, hard, even desperate, look. It came and quickly went. She clasped her arms more tightly round the boy, kissing him again. I took my own leave soon afterwards, but during the days which immediately followed, I often thought with some perplexity of Lady Faulkner, and also of Durham's boy.

I had received a card for the private view of the Academy, and remembering Durham's picture, determined to go there on the afternoon of the great day. I strolled through the rooms, which were crowded, so much so indeed that it was almost impossible to get a good view of the pictures; but by-and-by I caught a sight of Durham's masterpiece. It occupied a place of honour on the line. Beyond doubt, therefore, his success was assured. I had taken a fancy to him, and was glad of this, and now pushed my way into the midst of a knot of admirers, who, arrested by the striking scene which the picture portrayed, and the rare grace and beauty of the central figure, were making audible and flattering remarks. Presently, just behind me, two voices, which I could not fail to recognise, fell on my ears. I started, and then remained motionless. The voices belonged to Lady Faulkner and to Mme. Koluchy. They were together, and were talking eagerly. They could not have seen me, for I heard Lady Faulkner's voice, high and eager. The following words fell on my ears:—

"I shall do it to-morrow or next day. My husband returns sooner than I thought, and there is no time to lose. You have arranged about the nurse, have you not?"

"Yes; you can confidently leave the matter in my hands," was Madame's reply.

"And I am safe? There is not the slightest danger of——"

They were pushed on by the increasing crowd, and I could not catch the end of the last sentence, but I had heard enough. The pictures no longer attracted me. I made my way hurriedly from the room. As I descended the stairs my heart beat fast. What had Lady Faulkner to do with Mme. Koluchy? Were the words which unwittingly had fallen on my ears full of sinister meaning? Madame seldom attached herself to anyone without a strong reason. Beyond doubt, the beautiful young Scotch woman was an acquaintance of more than ordinary standing. She was in trouble, and Madame was helping her. Once more I was certain that in a new and startling manner Madame was about to make a fresh move in her extraordinary game.

I went straight off to Dufrayer's office, found him in, and told him what had occurred.

"Beyond doubt, Lady Faulkner's manner was that of a woman in trouble," I continued. "From her tone she knows Madame well. There was that in her voice which might dare anything, however desperate. What do you think of it, Dufrayer? Is Durham, by any possible chance, in danger?"

"That is more than I can tell you," replied Dufrayer. "Mme. Koluchy's machinations are beyond my powers to cope with. But as you ask me, I should say that it is quite possible that there is some new witchery brewing in her cauldron. By the way, Head, I saw that you were attracted by Lady Faulkner when you met her at Durham's studio."

"Were not you?" I asked.

"To a certain extent, yes, but I was also repelled. I did not like her expression as she sat with the child in her arms."

"What do you mean?"

"I can scarcely explain myself, but my belief is, that she has been subjected by Madame to a queer temptation. What, of course, it is impossible to guess. When you noticed the likeness between Durham's child and her own, I saw a look in her eyes which told me that she was capable of almost any crime to achieve her object."

"I hope you are mistaken," I answered, rising as I spoke. "At least, Durham has made a great success with that picture, and he largely owes it to Lady Faulkner. I must call round to see him, in order to congratulate him."

I did so a few days later. I found the artist busy in his studio working at a portrait of a City magnate.

"Here you are, Head. I am delighted to welcome you," he said, when I arrived. "Pray, take that chair. You will forgive me if I go on working? My big picture having sold so well, I am overpowered with orders. It has taken on; you have seen the reviews, have you not?"

"I have, and I also witnessed the crowds who collected round it on the opening day," I replied. "It is a magnificent work of art, Durham. You will be one of our foremost historical painters from this day out."

He smiled, and, brush in hand, continued to paint in rapidly the background of his picture.

"By the way," I said, abruptly, "I am much interested in that beautiful Scotch model who sat for your Ellen Douglas. I have seldom seen a more lovely face."

Durham glanced up at me, and then resumed his work.

"It is a curious story altogether," he said. "Lady Faulkner came to see me in the November of last year. She said that she had met my little boy in Regent's Park, was struck by the likeness between her child and mine; on account of this asked the name of the child, discovered that I was his father (it seems that my fame as a portrait painter had already reached her ears), and she ventured to visit me to know if I would care to undertake an historical picture. I had done nothing so ambitious before, and I hesitated. She pressed the matter, volunteered to sit for the central figure, and offered me £2,000 for the picture when completed.

"I am not too well off, and could not afford to refuse such a sum. I begged of her to employ other and better-known men, but she would not hear of it—she wanted my work, and mine alone. She was convinced that the picture would be a great success. In the end her enthusiasm prevailed. I consented to paint the picture, and set to work at once. For such a large canvas the time was short, and Lady Faulkner came to sit to me three or four times a week. She made one proviso—the child was to be allowed to come freely in and out of the room. She attracted little Robin from the first, and was more than good to him. The boy became fond of her, and she never looked better, nor more at her ease, than when she held him in her arms. She has certainly done me a good service, and for her

sake alone I cannot be too pleased that the picture is appreciated."

"Is Lady Faulkner still in town?" I asked.

"No, she left for Scotland only this morning. Her husband's place, Bram Castle, in Inverness, is a splendid old historical estate dating from the Middle Ages."

"How is your boy?" I asked. "You keep him in town, I see; but you have good air in this part of London."

"'HOW IS YOUR BOY?' I ASKED."

"Yes, capital; he spends most of his time in Regent's Park. The little chap is quite well, thank you. By the way, he ought to be in now. He generally joins me at tea. Would it worry you if he came in as usual, Head?"

"Not at all; on the contrary, I should like to see him," I said.

Durham rang the bell. A servant entered.

"You can get tea, Collier," said his master. "By the way, is baby home yet?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "I cannot understand it," added the man; "Jane is generally back long before now."

Durham made no answer. He returned to his interrupted work. The servant withdrew. Tea was brought in, but there was no sign of the child. Durham handed me a cup, then stood abstracted for a moment, looking straight before him. Suddenly he went to the bell and rang it.

"Tell nurse to bring Master Robin in," he said.

"But nurse and baby have not returned home yet, sir."

Durham glanced at the clock.

"It is just six," he exclaimed. "Can anything be wrong? I had better go out and look for them."

"Let me go with you," I said. "If you are going into Regent's Park, it is on my way home."

"Nurse generally takes the child to the Broad Walk," said Durham; "we will go in that direction."

We entered the park. No sign of nurse or child could we see, though we made several inquiries of the park-keepers, who could tell us nothing.

"I have no right to worry you with all this," said Durham, suddenly.

I glanced at him. He had expressed no alarm in words, but I saw now that he was troubled and anxious, and his face wore a stern expression. A nameless suspicion suddenly visited my heart. Try as I would, I could not shake it off.

"We had better go back," I said; "in all probability you will find the little fellow safe at home."

I used cheerful words which I did not feel. Durham looked at me again.

"The child is not to me as an ordinary

child," he said, dropping his voice. "You know the tragedy through which I have lived?"

"Dufrayer has told me," I replied.

"My whole life is wrapped up in the little fellow," he continued. "Well, I hope we shall find him all right on our return. Are you really coming back with me?"

"Certainly, if you will have me. I shall not rest easy myself until I know that the boy is safe."

We turned in the direction of Durham's house. We ran up the steps.

"Have you seen them, sir?" asked the butler, as he opened the door.

"No. Are they not back yet?" asked Durham.

"No, sir; we have heard nor seen nothing of either of them."

"This is quite unprecedented," said the artist. "Jane knows well that I never allow the boy to be out after five o'clock. It is nearly seven now. You are quite certain," he added, turning to the man, "that no message has come to account for the child's delay?"

"No, sir, nothing."

"What do you think of it, Head?" He looked at me inquiringly.

"It is impossible to tell you," I replied; "a thousand things may keep the nurse out. Let us wait for another hour. If the child has not returned by then, we ought certainly to take some action."

I avoided looking at Durham as I spoke, for Mme. Koluchy's words to Lady Faulkner returned unpleasantly to my memory.

"I shall do it to-morrow or next day—you have arranged about the nurse?"

We went into the studio, and Durham offered me a cigarette. As he did so I suddenly heard a commotion in a distant part of the house; there was the sound of hurrying feet and the noise of more than one voice raised in agitation and alarm. Durham's face turned ghastly.

"There has been an accident," he said. "I felt that there was something wrong. God help me!"

He rushed to the door. I followed him. Just as he reached it, it was flung open, and the nurse, a comely-looking woman, of between thirty and forty years of age, ran in and flung herself at Durham's feet.

"You'll never forgive me, sir," she gasped. "I feel fit to kill myself."

"Get up, Jane, at once, and tell me what has happened. Speak! Is anything wrong with the child?"

"Oh, sir, he is gone—he is lost! I don't know where he is. Oh, I know you'll never forgive me. I could scarcely bring myself to come home to tell you."

"That was folly. Speak now. Tell the whole story at once."

Durham's manner had changed. Now that the blow had really fallen, he was himself once again—a man of keen action, resolute, resolved.

The woman stared at him, then she staggered to her feet, a good deal of her own self-control restored by his manner.

"It was this way, sir," she began. "Baby and I went out as usual early this afternoon. You know how fond baby has always been of Lady Faulkner?"

"Lady Faulkner has nothing to do with this matter," interrupted Durham. "Proceed with your story."

"Her ladyship is in Scotland; at least, it is supposed so, sir," continued the woman. "She came here late last night, and bade us all good-bye. I was undressing baby when she entered the nursery. She took him in her arms and kissed him many times. Baby loves her very much. He always called her 'Pitty lady.' He began to cry when she left the room."

"Go on! go on!" said Durham.

"Well, sir, baby and I went into the park. You know how active the child is, as merry as a lark, and always anxious to be down on his legs. It was a beautiful day, and I sat on one of the seats and baby ran about. He was very fond of playing hide-and-seek round the shrubs, and I used to humour him. He asked for his usual game. Suddenly I heard him cry out 'Pitty lady! Pitty lady,' and run as fast as ever he could round to the other side of a big clump of rhododendrons. He was within a few feet of me, and I was just about to follow him—for half the game, sir, was for me to peep round the opposite side of the trees and try to catch him—when a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made during the last two days came up and began to speak to me. He was a Mr. Ivanhoe, and a very gentlemanly person, sir. We talked for a minute or two, and I'll own I forgot baby. The moment I remembered him I ran round the rhododendrons to look for him, but from that hour to now, sir, I have seen nothing of the child. I don't know where he is—I don't know what has happened to him. Someone must have stolen him, but who, the Lord only knows. He must have fancied that he saw a likeness to Lady Faulkner in somebody else in the park, for he did cry out 'Pitty lady,' just as if his

whole heart was going out to someone, and away he trotted as fast as his feet could carry him. That is the whole story, sir. I'd have come back sooner, but I have been searching the place, like one distracted."

"He was a dark, handsome man," she said; then, slowly, "but with something peculiar about him, and he spoke like a foreigner."

I glanced at Durham. His eyes met mine

"WE TALKED FOR A MINUTE OR TWO."

"You did very wrong not to return at once. Did you by any chance happen to see the person the child ran to?"

"I saw no one, sir; only the cry of the child still rings in my ears and the delight in his voice. 'Pitty lady,' he said, and off he went like a flash."

"You should have followed him."

"I know it, sir, and I'm fit to kill myself; but the gentleman was that nice and civil, and I'll own I forgot everything else in the pleasure of having a chat with him."

"The man who spoke to you called himself Ivanhoe?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should like you to give me some particulars with regard to this man's appearance," I said, interrupting the conversation for the first time.

The woman stared at me. I doubt if she had ever seen me before.

in the most hopeless perplexity. I looked away. A thousand wild fears were rushing through my brain.

"There is no good in wasting time over unimportant matters," said the poor father, impatiently. "The thing to do is to find baby at once. Control yourself, please, Jane; you do not make matters any better by giving way to undue emotion. Did you mention the child's loss to the police?"

"Yes, sir, two hours back."

"Durham," I said, suddenly, "you and I had better go at once to Dufrayer. He will advise us exactly what is to be done."

Durham glanced at me, then without a word went into the hall and put on his hat. We both left the house.

"What do you think of it, Head?" he said, presently, as we were bowling away in a hansom to Dufrayer's flat.

"I cannot help telling you that I fear

there is grave danger ahead," I replied; "but do not ask me any more until we have consulted Dufrayer."

The lawyer was in, and the whole story of the child's disappearance was told to him. He listened gravely. When Durham had finished speaking, Dufrayer said, slowly:—

"There is little doubt what has happened."

"What do you mean?" cried Durham. "Is it possible that you have got a solution already?"

"I have, my poor fellow, and a grave one. I fear that you are one of the many victims of the greatest criminal in London. I allude to Mme. Koluchy."

"Mme. Koluchy!" said Durham, glancing from one of us to the other. "What can you mean? Are you dreaming? Mme. Koluchy! What can she have to do with my little boy? Is it possible that you allude to the great lady doctor?"

"The same," cried Dufrayer. "The fact is, Durham, Head and I have been watching this woman for months past. We have learned some grave things about her. I will not take up your time now relating them, but you must take our word for it that she is not to be trusted—that to know her is to be in danger—to be her friend is to be in touch with some monstrous and terrible crime. For some reason she has made a friend of Lady Faulkner. Head saw them standing together under your picture. Head, will you tell Durham the exact words you overheard Lady Faulkner say?"

I repeated them.

Durham, who had been listening attentively, now shook his head.

"We are only wasting time following a clue of that sort," he said. "Nothing would induce me to doubt Lady Faulkner. What object could she possibly have in stealing my child? She has a child of her own exactly like Robin. Head, you are on a wrong track—you waste time by these conjectures. Someone has stolen the child hoping to reap a large reward. We must go to the police immediately, and have wires sent to every station round London."

"I will accompany you, Durham, if you like, to Scotland Yard," said Dufrayer.

"And I will go back to Regent's Park to find out if the keepers have learned anything," I said.

We went our separate ways.

The next few days were spent in fruitless endeavours to recover the missing child. No stone was left unturned; the police were active in the search—large rewards were freely offered. Durham, accompanied by a private detective, spent his entire time rushing from place to place. His face grew drawn and anxious, his work was altogether neglected. He slept badly, and morning after morning awoke feeling so ill that his friends became alarmed about him.

"If this fearful strain continues much longer I shall fear for his life," said Dufrayer, one evening, to me. This was at the end of the first week.

On the next morning there was a fresh development in the unaccountable mystery. The nurse, Jane Cleaver, who had been unfeignedly grieving for the child ever since his disappearance, had gone out and had not returned. Inquiries were immediately set on foot with regard to what had become of her, but not a clue could be obtained as to her whereabouts.

On the evening of that day I called to see Durham, and found the poor fellow absolutely distracted.

"If this suspense continues much longer, I believe I shall lose my reason," he said. "I cannot think what has come to me. It is not only the absence of the child. I feel as if I were under the weight of some terrible illness. I cannot explain to you what my nights are. I have horrible nightmares. I suffer from a sensation as if I were being scorched by fire. In the morning I awake more dead than alive. During the day I get a little better, but the following night the same thing is repeated. The image of the child is always before my eyes. I see him everywhere. I hear his voice crying to me to come and rescue him."

He turned aside, so overcome by emotion that he could scarcely speak.

"Durham," I said, suddenly, "I have come here this evening to tell you that I have made up my mind."

"To do what?" he asked.

"I am going to Scotland to-morrow. I mean to visit Lady Faulkner at Bram Castle. It is quite possible that she knows something of the fate of the child. One thing, at least, is certain, that a person who had a strong likeness to her beguiled the little fellow round the rhododendron clump."

Durham smiled faintly.

"I cannot agree with you," he said. "I would stake my life on the honour of Lady Faulkner."

"At least you must allow me to make inquiries," I replied. "I shall be away for a few days. I may return with tidings. Keep up your heart until you see me again."

On the following evening I found myself in Inverness-shire. I put up at a small village just outside the estate of Bram. The castle towering on its beetling cliffs hung over the rushing waters of the River Bramley. I slept at the little inn, and early on the following morning made my way to the castle. Lady Faulkner was at home, and showed considerable surprise at seeing me. I noticed that her colour changed, and a look of consternation visited her large, beautiful eyes.

"You startled me, Mr. Head," she said; "is anything wrong?"

"Wrong? Yes," I answered. "Is it possible you have not heard the news?"

"What news?" she inquired. She immediately regained her self-control, sat down on the nearest chair, and looked me full in the face.

"I have news which will cause you sorrow, Lady Faulkner. You were fond of Durham's boy, were you not?"

"Mr. Durham's boy—sweet little Robin?" she cried. "Of course. Has anything happened to him?"

"Is it possible that you have not heard? The child is lost."

I then related all that had occurred. Lady Faulkner looked at me gravely, with just the right expression of distress coming and going on her face. When I had finished my narrative there were tears in her eyes.

"This will almost send Mr. Durham to his grave," she cried; "but surely—surely the child will be found?"

"The child *must* be found," I said. As I spoke I looked at her steadily. Immediately my suspicions were strengthened. She gazed at me with that wonderful calm which I do not believe any man could adopt. It occurred to me that she was overdoing it. The slight hardening which I had noticed before round her lovely lips became again perceptible. In spite of all her efforts, an expression the reverse of beautiful filled her eyes.

"Oh, this is terrible!" she said, suddenly springing to her feet. "I can feel for Mr. Durham from my very heart. My own little Keith is so like Robin. You would like to see my boy, would you not, Mr. Head?"

"I shall be glad to see him," I answered. "You have spoken before of the extraordinary likeness between the children."

"It is marvellous," she cried; "you would scarcely know one from the other."

She rang the bell. A servant appeared.

"Tell nurse to bring baby here," said Lady Faulkner.

A moment later the door was opened — the nurse herself did not appear, but a little boy, dressed in white, rushed into the room. He ran up to Lady Faulkner, clasping his arms ecstatically round her knees.

"Mother's own little boy," she said. She lifted him into her arms. Her fingers were loaded with rings, and I noticed as she held the child against her heart that they were trembling. Was all this excessive emotion for Durham's miserable fate?

"Lady Faulkner," I said, jumping to my feet, and speaking sternly, "I will tell you the truth. I have come here in a vain hope. The loss of the child is killing the poor father—can you do anything for his relief?"

"I HAVE NEWS WHICH WILL CAUSE YOU SORROW."

"I?" she said. "What do you mean?"

My words were unexpected, and they startled her.

"Can you do anything for his relief?" I repeated. "Let me look at that boy. He is exactly like the child who is lost."

"I always told you there was an extraordinary likeness," she answered. "Look round, baby, look at that gentleman — tell him you are mother's own, own little boy."

"Mummy's boy," lisped the baby. He looked full up into my face. The blue eyes, the mass of golden hair, the slow, lovely smile—surely I had seen them before.

Lady Faulkner unfastened her locket, opened it and gave it to me.

"Feature for feature," she said. "Feature for feature the same. Mr. Head, this is my child. Is it possible——" she let the child drop from her arms and stood up confronting me. Her attitude reminded me of Ellen Douglas. "Is it possible that you suspect me?" she cried.

"I will be frank with you, Lady Faulkner," I answered. "I do suspect you."

She seated herself with a perceptible effort.

"This is too grave a matter to be merely angry about," she said; "but do you realize what you are saying? You suspect me—me of having stolen Robin Durham from his father?"

"God help me, I do," I answered.

"Your reasons?"

She took the child again on her knee. He turned towards her and caught hold of her heavy gold chain. As he did so I remembered that I had seen Durham's boy playing with that chain in the studio at Lanchester Gardens.

I briefly repeated the reasons for my fears. I told Lady Faulkner what I had overheard at the Academy. I said a few strong words with regard to Mme. Koluchy.

"To be the friend of that woman is to condemn you," I said, at last. "Do you know what she really is?"

Lady Faulkner made no answer. During the entire narrative, she had not uttered a syllable.

"When my husband returns home," she said at last, faintly, "he will protect me from this cruel charge."

"Are you prepared to swear that the boy sitting on your knee is your own boy?" I asked.

She hesitated, then said, boldly, "I am."

"Will you take an oath on the Bible that he is your child?"

Her face grew white.

"Surely that is not necessary," she said.

"But will you do it?" I repeated.

She looked down again at the boy. The boy looked up at her.

"Pitty lady," he said, all of a sudden.

The moment he uttered the words I noticed a queer change on her face. She got up and rang the bell. A grave-looking, middle-aged woman entered the room.

"Take baby, nurse," said Lady Faulkner.

The woman lifted the boy in her arms and conveyed him from the room.

"I will swear, Mr. Head," said Lady Faulkner. "There is a Bible on that table—I will swear on the Bible."

She took the Book in her hands, repeated the usual words of the oath, and kissed the Book.

"I declare that that boy is my own son, born of my body," she said, slowly and distinctly.

"Thank you," I answered. I laid the Bible down on the table.

"What else do you want me to do?" she said.

"There is one test," I replied, "which, in my opinion, will settle the matter finally. The test is this. If the boy I have just seen is indeed your son, he will not recognise Durham, for he has never seen him. If, on the other hand, he is Durham's boy, he cannot fail to know his father, and to show that he knows him when he is taken into his presence. Will you return with me to town to-morrow, bringing the child with you? If little Robin's father appears as a stranger to the boy, I will believe that you have spoken the truth."

Before Lady Faulkner could reply, a servant entered the room bearing a letter on a salver. She took it eagerly and tore it open, glanced at the contents, and a look of relief crossed her face as her eyes met mine. They were bright now and full of a curious defiance.

"I am willing to stand the test," she said. "I will come with you to-morrow."

"With the boy?"

"Yes, I will bring the boy."

"You must allow him to enter Durham's presence without you."

"He shall do so."

"Good," I answered. "We can leave here by the earliest train in the morning."

I left the castle a few minutes later, and wired to Dufrayer, telling him that Lady Faulkner and I would come up to town early on the following day, bringing Lady Faulkner's

"'I DECLARE THAT THAT BOY IS MY OWN SON,' SHE SAID."

supposed boy with us. I asked Dufrayer not to prepare Durham in any way.

Late in the evening I received a reply to my telegram.

"Come by first possible train," were its contents. "Durham is seriously ill."

I thought it best to say nothing of the illness to Lady Faulkner, and at an early hour on the following day we started on our journey. No nurse accompanied the child. He slept a good part of the day—Lady Faulkner herself was almost silent. She scarcely addressed me. Now and then I saw her eyes light upon the child with a curious expression. Once, as I was attending to her comfort, she looked me full in the face.

"You doubt me, Mr. Head," she said. "It is impossible for me to feel friendly towards you until your doubts are removed."

"I am more grieved than I can say," I answered; "but I must, God helping me, at any cost see justice done."

She shivered.

At 7 p.m. we steamed into King's Cross. Dufrayer was on the platform, and at the carriage door in a second. From the grave expression on his face I saw that there was bad news. Was it possible that the worst had happened to Durham, and that now there would never be any means of proving whether the child were Lady Faulkner's child or not?

"Be quick," he exclaimed, when he saw me. "Durham is sinking fast; I am afraid we shall be too late as it is."

"What is the matter with him?" I asked.

"That is what no one can make out. Langley Chaston, the great nerve specialist, has been to see him this afternoon. Chaston is completely nonplussed, but he attributes the illness to the shock and strain caused by the loss of the child."

Dufrayer said these words eagerly, and as he imagined into my ear alone. A hand touched me on the shoulder. I turned and confronted Lady Faulkner.

"What are you saying?" she exclaimed. "Is it possible that Mr. Durham is in danger, in danger of his life?"

"He is dying," said Dufrayer, brusquely.

Lady Faulkner stepped back as though someone had shot her. She quivered all over.

"Take the child," she said to me, in a faint voice.

I lifted the boy in my arms. A brougham awaited us, we got in. The child, weary with the journey, lay fast asleep.

In another moment we were rattling along the Marylebone Road towards Lanchester Gardens.

As we entered the house, Dr. Curzon, Durham's own physician, received us in the hall.

"You are too late," he said, "the poor fellow is unconscious. It is the beginning of the end. I doubt if he will live through the night."

The doctor's words were interrupted by a low cry. Looking round, I saw that Lady Faulkner had flung off her cloak, had lifted her veil, and was staring at Dr. Curzon as though she were about to take leave of her senses.

"Say those words again," she cried.

"My dear madam, I am sorry to startle you. Durham is very ill; quite unconscious; sinking fast."

"I must see him," she said, eagerly; "which is his room?"

"The bedroom facing you on the first landing," was the doctor's reply.

She rushed upstairs, not waiting for anyone. We followed her slowly. As we were about to enter the room, the child being still in my arms, Lady Faulkner came out, and confronted me.

"I have seen him," she said. "One glance at his face was sufficient. Mr. Head, I must speak to you, and alone, at once—at once! Take me where I can see you all alone."

I opened the door of another room on the same landing, and switched on the electric light.

"Put the child down," she said, "or take him away. This is too horrible; it is past bearing. I never meant things to go as far as this."

"Lady Faulkner, do you quite realize what you are saying?"

"I realize everything. Oh, Mr. Head, you were right. Madame is the most terrible woman in all the world. She told me that I might bring the boy to London in safety—that she had arranged matters so that his father should not recognise him—so that he would not recognise his father. I was to bring him straight here, and trust to her to put things right. I never knew she meant this. I have just looked at his face, and he is changed; he is horrible to look at now. Oh, my God! this will kill me."

"You must tell me all, Lady Faulkner," I said. "You have committed yourself now—you have as good as confessed the truth. Then the child—this child—is indeed Durham's son?"

"That child is Loftus Durham's son. Yes, I am the most miserable woman in the universe. Do what you will with me. Oh, yes, I could bring myself to steal the boy, but not, not to go to this last extreme step. This is murder, Mr. Head. If Mr. Durham dies, I am guilty of murder. Is there no chance of his life?"

"The only chance is for you to tell me everything as quickly as you can," I answered.

"I will," she replied. She pulled herself together, and began to speak hurriedly.

"I will tell you all in as few words as possible; but in order that you should understand why I committed the awful crime which I have committed, you must know something of my early history. My father and mother died from shock after the death of three baby brothers in succession. Each of these children lived to be a year old, and then each succumbed to the same dreadful malady, and sank into an early grave. I was brought up by an aunt, who treated me sternly, suppressing all affection for me, and doing her utmost to get me married off her hands as quickly as possible. Sir John Faulkner fell in love with me when I was eighteen, and asked me to be his wife. I loved him, and eagerly consented. On the day when I gave my consent I met our family doctor. I told him of my engagement and of the unlooked-for happiness which had suddenly dawned on my path. To my astonishment old Dr. Macpherson told me that I did wrong to marry.

"'There is a terrible disease in your family,' he said; 'you have no right to marry.'

"He then told me an extraordinary and terrible thing. He said that in my family on the mother's side was a disease which is called pseudo-hypertrophic muscular paralysis. This strange disease is hereditary, but only attacks the male members of a house, all the females absolutely escaping. You have doubtless heard of it?"

I bowed. "It is one of the most terrible hereditary diseases known," I replied.

Her eyes began to dilate.

"Dr. Macpherson told me about it that dreadful day," she continued. "He said that my three brothers had died of it, that they had inherited it on the mother's side—that my mother's brothers had also died of it, and that she, although escaping herself, had communicated it to her male children. He told me that if I married, any boys who were born to me would in all probability die of this disease.

"I listened to him shocked. I went back and told my aunt. She laughed at my fears, told me that the doctor was deceiving me, assured me that I should do very wrong to refuse such an excellent husband as Sir John, and warned me never to repeat a word of what I had heard with regard to my own family to him. In short, she forced on the marriage.

"I cannot altogether blame her, for I also was only too anxious to escape from my miserable life, and but half-believed the doctor's story.

"I married to find, alas, that I had not entered into Paradise. My husband, although he loved me, told me frankly, a week after our marriage, that his chief reason for

marrying me was to have a healthy heir to his house. He said that I looked strong, and he believed my children would be healthy. He was quite morbid on this subject. We were married nearly three years before our child was born. My husband was almost beside himself with rejoicing when this took place. It was not until the baby lay in my arms that I suddenly remembered what I had almost forgotten—old Dr. Macpherson's warning. The child, however, looked perfectly strong, and I trusted that the dreadful disease would not appear in him.

"When the baby was four months old my husband was suddenly obliged to leave home in order to visit India. He was to be absent about a year. Until little Keith was a year old he remained perfectly healthy, then strange symptoms began. The disease commenced in the muscles of the calves of the legs, which became much enlarged. The child suffered from great weakness—he could only walk by throwing his body from side to side at each step.

"In terror I watched his symptoms. I took him then to see Dr. Macpherson. He told me that I had neglected his warning, and that my punishment had begun. He said there was not the slightest hope for the child—that he might live for a few months, but would in the end die.

"I returned home, mad with misery. I dared not let my husband know the truth. I knew that if I did he would render my life a hell, for the fate which had overtaken my first child would be the fate of every other boy born to me. My misery was beyond any words. Last winter, when baby's illness had just begun, I came up to town. I brought the child with me—he grew worse daily. When in town, I heard of the great fame of Mme. Koluchy and her wonderful cures. I went to see her, and told her my pitiful story. She shook her head when I described the features of the case, said that no medicine had ever yet been discovered for this form of muscular paralysis, but said she would think over the case, and asked me to call upon her again.

"The next day, when in Regent's Park, I saw Loftus Durham's little boy. I was startled at the likeness, and ran forward with a cry, thinking that I was about to embrace my own little Keith. The child had the same eyes, the same build. The child *was* Keith to all intents and purposes, only he was healthy—a splendid little lad. I made friends with him on the spot. I went straight then to Mme. Koluchy, and told her that I had seen a child the very same as my own child. She then thought out the scheme which has ended so disastrously. She assured me it only needed courage on my part to carry it through. We discovered that the child was the only son of a widower, a rising artist of the name of Durham. Mr. Head, you know the rest. I determined to get acquainted with Mr. Durham, and in order to do so gave him a commission to paint the picture called 'Soldiers, Attend!'

"You can scarcely understand how I lived through the past winter. Madame had

"HE WAS LYING QUITE STILL."

persuaded me to send my dying child to her. A month ago I saw my boy breathe his last. I smothered my agony and devoted every energy to the kidnapping of little Robin. I took him away as planned, the nurse's attention being completely engrossed by a confederate of Mme. Koluchy's. It was arranged that in a week's time the nurse was also to be kidnapped, and removed from the country. She is now, I believe, on her way to New Zealand. Having removed the nurse, the one person we had to dread in the recognising of the child was the father himself. With great pains I taught the boy to call me 'Mummy,' and I believed he had learned the name and had forgotten his old title of 'Pitty lady.' But he said the words yesterday in your presence, and I have not the slightest doubt by so doing confirmed your suspicions. When I had taken the dreadful oath that the child was my own, and so perjured my soul, a letter from Mme. Koluchy arrived. She had discovered that you had gone to Scotland, and guessed that your suspicions were aroused. She said that you were her most terrible enemy, that more than once you had circumvented her in the moment of victory, but she believed that on this occasion we should win, and she further suggested that the very test which you demanded should be acceded to by me. She said that she had arranged matters in such a way that the father would *not* recognise the child, nor would the child know him; that I was to trust to her, and boldly go up to London, and bring the boy into his father's presence. The butler, Collier, who of course also knew the child, had, owing to Madame's secret intervention, been sent on a fruitless errand into the country, and so got out of the way. I now see what Madame really meant. She would kill Mr. Durham and so insure his silence for ever; but, oh! Mr. Head, bad as I am, I cannot commit murder. Mr. Head, you must save Mr. Durham's life."

"I will do what I can," I answered. "There is no doubt, from your confession, that Durham is being subjected to some slow poison. What, we have to discover. I must leave you now, Lady Faulkner."

I went into the next room, where Dufrayer and Dr. Curzon were waiting for me. It was darkened. At the further end, in a bed against the wall, lay Durham. Bidding the nurse bring the lamp, I went across, and bent over him. I started back at his strange appearance. I scarcely recognised him. He was lying quite still, breathing so lightly that at first I thought he must be already dead. The skin of the face and neck had a very strange appearance. It was inflamed and much reddened. I called the poor fellow by name very gently. He made no sign of recognition.

"What is all this curious inflammation due to?" I asked of Dr. Curzon, who was standing by my side.

"That is the mystery," he replied; "it is unlike anything I have seen before."

I took up my lens and examined it closely. It was certainly curious. Whatever the cause, the inflammation seemed to have started from many different centres of disturbance. I was at once struck by the curious shape of the markings. They were star-shaped, and radiated as if from various centres. As I still examined them, I could not help thinking that I had seen similar markings somewhere else not long ago, but when and connected with what I could not recall. This was, however, a detail of no importance. The terrible truth which confronted me absorbed every other consideration. Durham was dying before my eyes, and from Lady Faulkner's confession, Mme. Koluchy was doubtless killing him by means unknown. It was, indeed, a weird situation.

I beckoned to the doctor, and went out with him on to the landing.

"I have no time to tell you all," I said. "You noticed Lady Faulkner's agitation? She has made a strange and terrible confession. The child who has just been brought back to the house is Durham's own son. He was stolen by Lady Faulkner for reasons of her own. The woman who helped her to kidnap the child was the quack doctor, Mme. Koluchy."

"Mme. Koluchy?" said Dr. Curzon.

"The same," I answered; "the cleverest and the most wicked woman in London—a past-master in every shade of crime. Beyond doubt, Madame is at the bottom of Durham's illness. She is poisoning him—we have got to discover how. I thought it necessary to tell you as much, Dr. Curzon. Now, will you come back with me again to the sick room?"

The doctor followed me without a word.

Once more I bent over Durham, and as I did so the memory of where I had seen similar markings returned to me. I had seen them on photographic plates which had been exposed to the induction action of a brush discharge of high electro-motive force from the positive terminal of a Plante Rheostatic machine. An eminent electrician had drawn my attention to these markings at the time,

had shown me the plates, and remarked upon the strange effects. Could there be any relationship of cause and effect here?

"Has any kind of electrical treatment been tried?" I asked, turning to Dr. Curzon.

"None," he answered. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," I said, "I have seen similar effects produced on the skin by prolonged exposure to powerful X-rays, and the appearance of Durham's face suggests that the skin might have been subjected to a powerful discharge from a focus tube."

"There has been no electricity employed, nor has any stranger been near the patient."

He was about to proceed, when I suddenly raised my hand.

"Hush!" I cried, "stay quiet a moment."

There was immediately a dead silence in the room.

The dying man breathed more and more feebly. His face beneath the dreadful star-like markings looked as if he were already dead. Was I a victim to my own fancies, or did I hear muffled, distant, and faint the sound I somehow expected to hear—the sound of a low hum a long way off? An ungovernable excitement seized me.

"DUFRAYER AND I WENT INTO THE STREET AND LOOKED AT THE WINDOWS."

"Do you hear? Do you hear?" I asked, grasping Curzon's arm.

"I hear nothing. What do you expect to hear?" he said, fear dawning in his eyes.

"Who is in the next room through there?" I asked, bending over the sick man and touching the wall behind his head.

"That room belongs to the next house, sir," said the nurse.

"Then, if that is so, we may have got the solution," I said. "Curzon, Dufrayer, come with me at once."

We hurried out of the room.

"We must get into the next house without a moment's delay," I said.

"Into the next house? You must be mad," said the doctor.

"I am not. I have already told you that there is foul play in this extraordinary case, and a fearful explanation of Durham's illness has suddenly occurred to me. I have given a great deal of time lately to the study of the effect of powerful cathode and X-rays. The appearance of the markings on Durham's face are suspicious. Will you send a messenger at once to my house for my fluorescent screen?"

"I will fetch it," said Dufrayer. He hurried off.

"The next thing to be done is to move the bed on which the sick man lies to the opposite side of the room," I said.

Curzon watched me as I spoke, with a queer expression on his face.

"It shall be done," he said, briefly. We returned to the sick room.

In less than an hour my fluorescent screen was in my hand. I held it up to the wall just where Durham's bed had been. It immediately became fluorescent, but we could make nothing out. This fact, however, converted my suspicions into certainties.

"I thought so," I said. "Who owns the next house?"

I rushed downstairs to question the servants. They could only tell me that it had been unoccupied for some time, but that the board "To let" had a month ago been removed. They did not believe that the new occupants had yet taken possession.

Dufrayer and I went into the street and looked at the windows. The house was to all appearance the counterpart of the one in which Durham lived. Dufrayer, who was now as much excited as I was, rushed off to the nearest fire-engine station, and quickly returned with an escape ladder. This was put up to one of the upper windows, and we managed to get in. The next instant we were inside the house, and the low hum of a "make and break" fell on our ears. We entered a room answering to the one where Durham's bedroom was situated, and there immediately discovered the key to the diabolical mystery.

Close against the wall, within a few feet of where the sick man's bed had been, was an enormous focus tube, the platinum electrode turned so as to direct the rays through the wall. The machine was clamped in a holder, and stood on a square deal table, upon which also stood the most enormous induction coil I had ever seen. This was supplied from the main through wires coming from the electric light supplied to the house. This induction coil gave a spark of at least twenty-four inches. Insulated wires from it ran across the room, to a hole in the further wall into the next room, where the "make and break" was whirring. This had evidently been done in order that the noise of the hum should be as far away as possible.

"Constant powerful discharges of cathode and X-rays, such as must have been playing upon Durham for days and nights continuously, are now proved to be so injurious to life, that he would in all probability have been dead before the morning," I cried. "As it is, we may save him." Then I turned and grasped Dufrayer by the arm.

"I believe that at last we have evidence to convict Mme. Koluchy," I exclaimed. "What with Lady Faulkner's confession, and——"

"Let us go back at once and speak to Lady Faulkner," said Dufrayer.

We returned at once to the next house, but the woman whom we sought had already vanished. How she had gone, and when, no one knew.

The next day we learned that Mme. Koluchy had also left London, and that it was not certain when she would return. Doubtless, Lady Faulkner, having confessed, in a moment of terrible agitation, had then flown to Mme. Koluchy for protection. From that hour to now we have heard nothing more of the unfortunate young woman. Her husband is moving Heaven and earth to find her, but in vain.

Removed from the fatal influence of the rays, Durham has recovered, and the joy of having his little son restored to him has doubtless been his best medicine.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

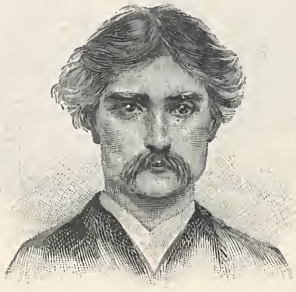
MR. C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A.

BORN 1841.

NEWCASTLE had reason to be proud when not long ago one of her sons, in the person of Mr. Napier Hemy, attained the distinguished position of A.R.A. Mr. Hemy's first master was the late W. Bell Scott, but after a short time he gave up drawing and studied hard for the priesthood. At twenty-five, however, he went to Antwerp to renew his art studies, spending eighteen months drawing from the cast. After that he painted under Baron Leys — Mr. Alma-Tadema's master — and was twenty-eight before he painted his first picture. Mr. Hemy is, of course, well known for his splendid marine pictures, and his love for the sea began at an early age, when he made several long voyages. At Falmouth Mr. Hemy has built himself a delightful home, crammed with art treasures, and much of his painting is done aboard his yacht, which he has often been known to call his "sea-going studio."

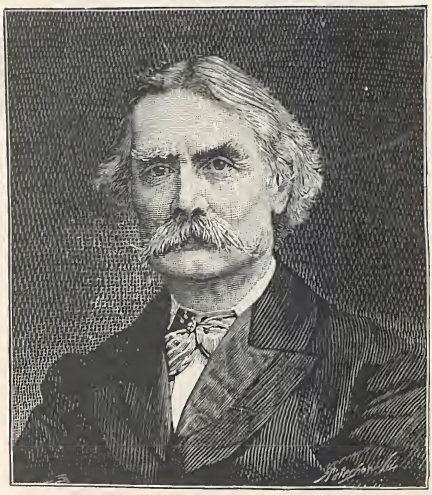
AGE 12 MONTHS.
From a Painting by J. Henzell.

AGE 16.
From a Daguerreotype by W. Gourlay.



From a Painting] AGE 46. *[by Himself.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 31. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.

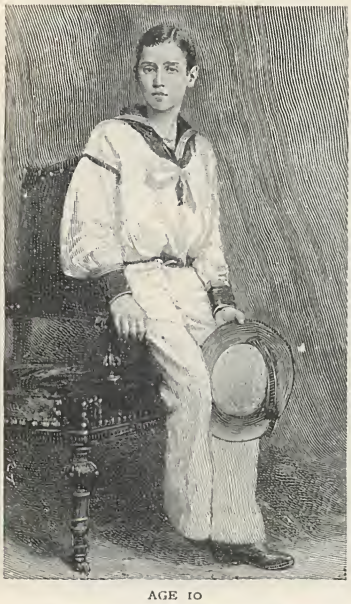
BORN 1870.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN is the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, and stands, therefore, in direct line of succession to the Throne. The very close ties of relationship which exist between England and Denmark in the persons of some of the most popular members of our Royal Family tend to add considerable interest to the two sets of portraits which we have pleasure in reproducing here. The Prince is a young man of careful mental training and powerful physique, and the wedding, we are glad to add, is the result of an unmistakable love match.

AGE 3.
From a Photograph.

From a] AGE 6. *[Photograph.*

From a] AGE 18. *[Photograph.*



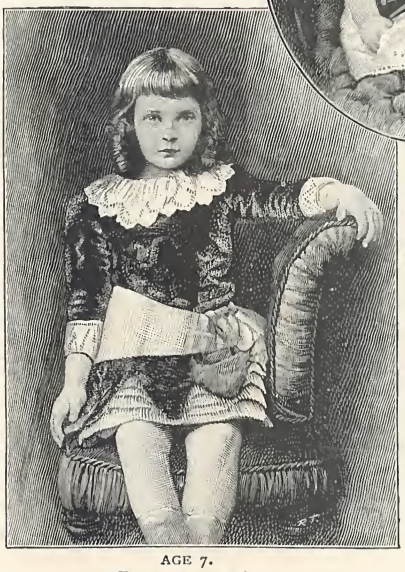
AGE 10
From a Photo. by Hansen & Weller, Copenhagen.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Carl Sonne, Copenhagen.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRINA OF MECKLENBOURG-SCHWERIN, now Princess Christian of Denmark, was wedded to the Prince at Cannes last April, and a most interesting function it proved to be; the very brilliant assembly comprised all the Royal personages present at the time in the Riviera, with the exception of the Queen. The Princess is an exceedingly attractive young lady, somewhat resembling our own Princess of Wales in features; should the resemblance go yet further as a "womanly woman," then the Prince may indeed be proud.

AGE 3.
From a Photograph.



AGE 7.
From a Photograph.

AGE 16.
From a Photo. by Carl Sonne, Copenhagen.

AGE 11.
From a Photograph.

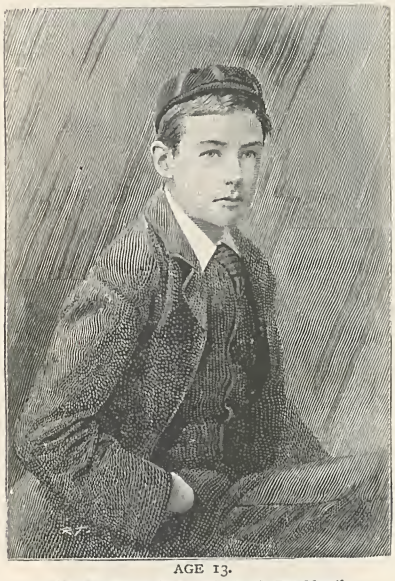
PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Carl Sonne, Copenhagen.

AGE 5.
From a Photo. by J. Berryman, Deal.

MR. J. R. MASON.

BORN 1874.

MR. J. R. MASON was educated at the Abbey School, Beckenham, where he showed early promise of exceptional ability as a cricketer. In 1892 his batting for the Winchester College was one of the principal events of the year's public school cricket. To him belongs the honour of compiling the record score of 147 against Eton, and for many a day will the Winchester boys point with pride to the captain of 1893 who so ably



AGE 13.
From a Photo. by H. Wayland, Blackheath.

gave battle for the honour and reputation of the college. To come direct from school to county cricket was sufficiently trying to make even the most sanguine anxious. Mr. Mason fully justified the confidence placed in him. His best performances in 1893 were the two fine innings of 49 and 50 against Notts, the latter made upon a wet and treacherous wicket. In 1896 he did much good work, his average

AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Salmon, Winchester.

at the close of that brilliant season being 37·7 for 18 matches, with the total of 1,117 runs. Mr. Mason was a member of Mr. Stoddart's last Australian team, his highest score being 128 (not out) *v.* Victoria. The Kent Committee have recognised Mr. Mason's excellent performances by electing him captain of their team.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by E. Hawkins and Co., Brighton.

Illustrated Interviews.

LVIII.—JAN VAN BEERS.

By Marie A. Belloc.

EVEN Paris, the most sceptical and *blasé* of cities, freely yields a thrill of wonder and admiration at the latest addition to her many marvels. M. Jan Van Beers has spent years of his life in designing and filling with countless artistic treasures the exquisite dwelling where he has at last betaken himself and his household gods. The whole universe, especially the mediæval and the Eastern world of art, has been laid under contribution, and yet the result achieved is singularly harmonious, and already, not only the owner's fellow-craftsmen of the brush, but architects, sculptors, and all those who delight in beauty, have made only partially successful efforts to penetrate into this House Beautiful.

The painter who has chosen to make himself delineator-in-chief of the Eternal Feminine as seen through *fin-de-siècle* opera-glasses has not indulged himself in any of the architectural prettinesses in which the modern Frenchman delights. There is nothing about the outside of the severely plain building giving the slightest indication of the luxury and wealth of detail within, and the visitor who ascends the stone steps passes without transition from the busy, sunlit Passy street into a dreamland of mystic Eastern beauty. As he walks with muffled footsteps across the ante-chamber into the octagon hall beyond, he little by little becomes aware that he moves, as it were, in a maze of beauty, cunningly contrived by one master hand, which, whether it takes the form of carving, painting, or drapery, seems to form a perfect whole.

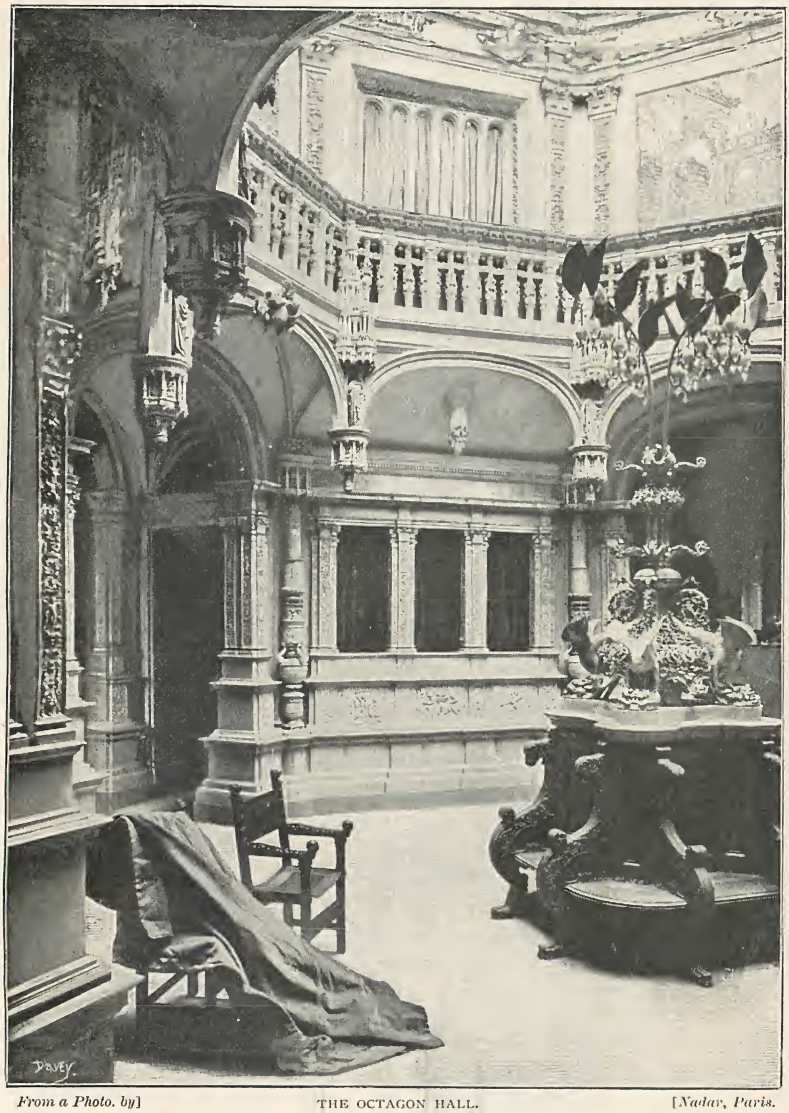
A demure, quick-footed Brittany *bonne*, whose picturesque white cap recalls the provincial France which M. Van Beers has ransacked for old stained-glass and tapestries, bids you wait while her master comes down from his studio to welcome you to his new home.

As your host, with his tall, well-knit figure, comes forward, it is easy to divine that some far-off strain of Spanish or Italian blood is responsible for the delicate, clear-cut profile, married so strangely to the dark blue, speculative eyes of a fairer race. "Well, you see, here I am at last!" he exclaimed, smiling. "I have said good-bye to Montmartre for ever; and instead of the cemetery where Heine lies, I have as next-door neighbour the Bois de Boulogne. Of course, I do not consider my house nearly finished; still, I confess it has nearly earned its title of 'Van Beers' Folly.' Tell you something of what suggested all that you see around you? Certainly; but I warn you that the enumeration may be too long for your taste. No, I cannot tell you to what period this building can claim to belong. I have tried to incorporate something of every period within its walls.

JAN VAN BEERS.
From a Sketch by himself.

"Perhaps the most fantastic corner of my home," he added, drawing aside one of the yellow velvet curtains which draped the archways of the octagon, "is this little ante-chamber, and I need hardly tell you that all my child friends especially delight in it."

The reason why was instantly apparent. Between and round the slender columns, each exquisitely carved from designs taken from the Infante's Palace at Saragossa, play thirty tiny kittens, sculptured by the well-known animal sculptor, Courtier. Each little creature is a faithful portrait of some live kitten, and they all stand out in startling relief against a white background, as if only awaiting the wave of a magician's wand to



From a Photo. by] THE OCTAGON HALL. *[Nadar, Paris.*

bring them all to life. Below this curious cattery a high dado forms the background to some fine engravings, drawings, and photographs, each signed, with the addition of a few words of friendly greeting, by M. Van Beers's French, English, American, and Belgian friends, including Bouguereau, Millais, Alma-Tadema, Wauters, Caran d'Ache, and so on. The ceiling, which belongs to the German Renaissance period, is studded with red electric globes.

"I confess to having taken more pains over the hall than I did anywhere else," observed my host, leading the way back there. "Each story—there are only two to this house—is brought, as it were, here into harmony. The balcony is supported by Gothic figures taken from Flemish, Dutch, and French sources. As for those six cathedral stalls occupying the middle of the hall, they were exactly copied by one of my sculptor friends from the church at Dordrecht."

And then M. Van Beers explained to me at some length the history of what is certainly one of the most extraordinary candelabra in the world. Springing from the centre of the carved stalls seems to be a huge flowering fern, a kind of magnified lily-of-the-valley, with hanging red and white blossoms. The design was adapted from the famous candelabrum in Milan Cathedral, but here each flower conceals an electric globe.

"You see, I have in every sense utilized the extraordinary power of electric light. Till quite lately it was practically impossible to produce certain effects of light and shade without running great risks of fire. Thanks to Edison and his disciples, the lighting of the world has been completely altered, and every day new mechanical improvements are taking place."

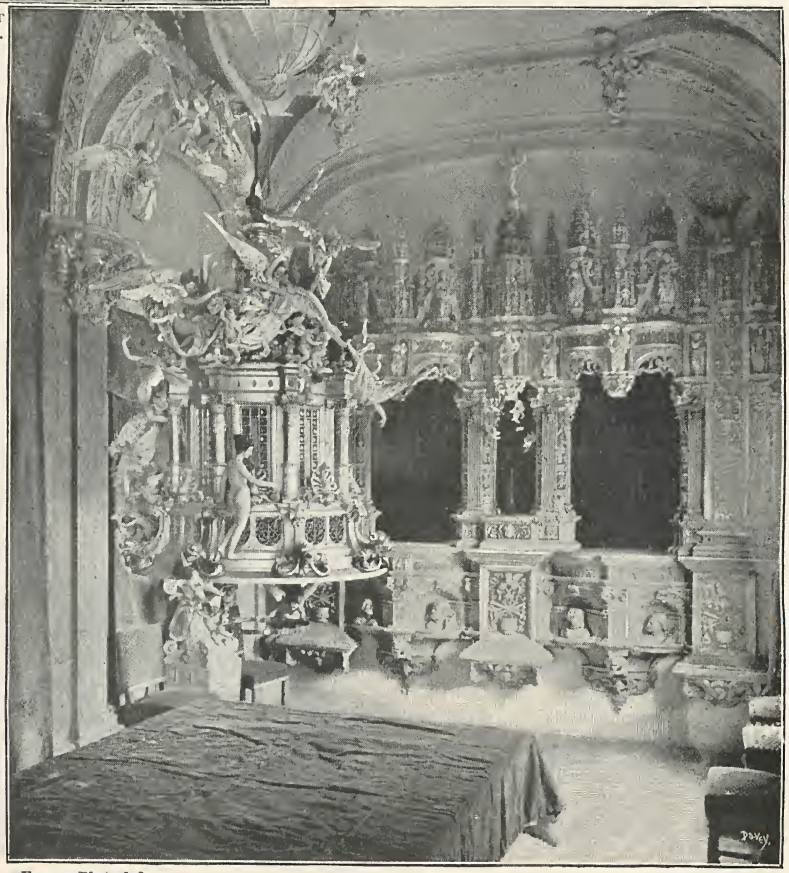
"I have heard a very extraordinary description of your dining-room!"

"Well, here again the electric light has enabled me to produce certain effects which are, I think, quite original. To begin with,"

THE TRRRESTRIAL GLOBE AT ENTRANCE TO DINING-ROOM.
Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

drawing aside another of the gorgeous yellow curtains, "there are very few actual doors in my house. The dining-room, as you see, is separated from the hall by a carved gateway copied from a Norwegian church. The gateway is five yards in height, and painted canary-colour and gold, while at night a stream of bright rose-pink light plays upon it. Here is a statue, every portion of which is a plaster of Paris cast, taken from a living model of our first mother, Eve, standing under the apple-tree holding in her left hand the fatal fruit, while she leans against the branch round which is twined the wicked serpent, who is whispering evil counsels in her ear. In more or less relation to this, shall we say allegorical group, is a terrestrial globe upheld on the heaving shoulders of Atlas. You will probably recognise that the first conception of this was taken from a German sculpture of the seventeenth century, now in the South Kensington Museum."

The scheme of colour in the dining-room is violet and silver, every shade from deepest purple to palest mauve being represented; even the windows, filled in with deep violet glass, are studded with round discs simulating amethysts. The dining-table was made after the artist's own carefully-thought-out design, of the finest plate glass and copper. From the interior come shafts of light, and the table-cloth used at night is transparent. M. Van Beers produced a considerable sensation some years ago in London, by giving



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM, *[Nadar, Paris.*

THE DINING-ROOM LAMP.
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

a dinner on a table of the same kind, but he has now much improved the lighting apparatus.

When every one of the twelve guests is served with the first course, the centre of the table sinks down out of sight, the void being filled in the twinkling of an eye with two flaps made of the finest ivory, embossed with metals and gems; and then, at an electric signal from the host, back slide the ivory leaves, and the table is once more seen to be complete, the centre laden with whatever may be the next course.

Over the centre of the table is a silver bell studded with mauve and white discs, each containing an electric lamp. The bell is suspended from a terrestrial globe, which is itself hung from a gold sun, fastened to the ceiling amid clouds carved in high relief. Bell, globe, and clouds together form a Jacob's ladder for a flock of angels and Cupids. The blue, mauve, and white wings of the angels carry out the general scheme of colour in this fantastic chamber.

Close to the dining-room is the smoking-room, crimson in its general tone, draped with satin curtains, held up at the four corners by rabbits with golden heads, garlanded with red roses. The room is lighted by a luminous comet, fixed in the ceiling, which is in itself one of the marvels of the house, for it exactly reproduces the interior of the splendid Renaissance tomb containing the heart of Catherine de Medicis.

"Now, I think it is time we came upstairs," observed M. Van Beers. "You see, I have hidden away my staircase in a corner. Still, were all the curtains of the hall drawn back you would see it quite clearly, even from the ante-chamber. One of my friends declares that my house is like one of those elaborately carved Chinese puzzles, in which all the parts fit one into another. To my

From a Photo. by] THE STAIRCASE. *[Nadar, Paris.*

thinking, there is no reason why the staircase, even if hidden away, should not be as beautiful as the rest of a house. Here, you see, are statues of Astronomy and of Grammar, replicas of those in the Cluny Museum. This frieze is very original, and is copied from a little-known Renaissance design of dancing angels. You see, our broad-minded forefathers believed that every

From a Photo. by] THE STUDIO. *[Nadar, Paris.*

style of amusement would be permitted in Heaven! For a long time it was rather a puzzle to me how I should light my staircase. At last I solved the problem by placing a number of conventional blossoms, each of which held an electric globe, and these two Greek vases copied from some which took my fancy at South Kensington."

The studio is a lofty, plain room—plain, that is, in comparison with the rest of the house; the large window filling up one side of the octagon is copied from one in the refectory of an old Breton convent. The walls of the studio itself are draped with green velvet, and the door leading through to the painter's little study is exquisitely carved. Fine shields, on which are embossed the labours of Hercules, the Judgment of Paris, and other mythological subjects, the cuirass of the Duke of Alba, and the casque of Francis I., are the only decoration.

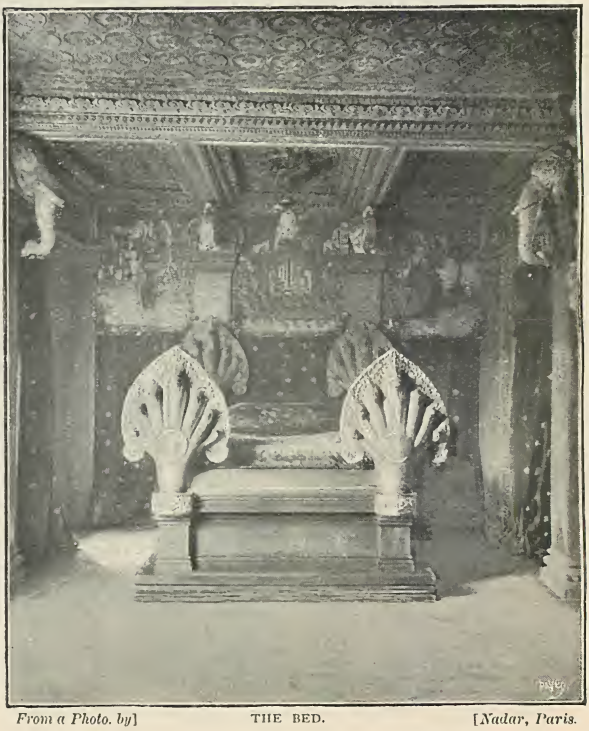
From the top of the low, broad staircase stretches out what is certainly the most important apartment in the house, namely, the picture-gallery. Here are collected a number of those exquisite miniature paintings which have caused your host to be known among

From a Photo. by] THE PICTURE-GALLERY. *[Nadar, Paris.*

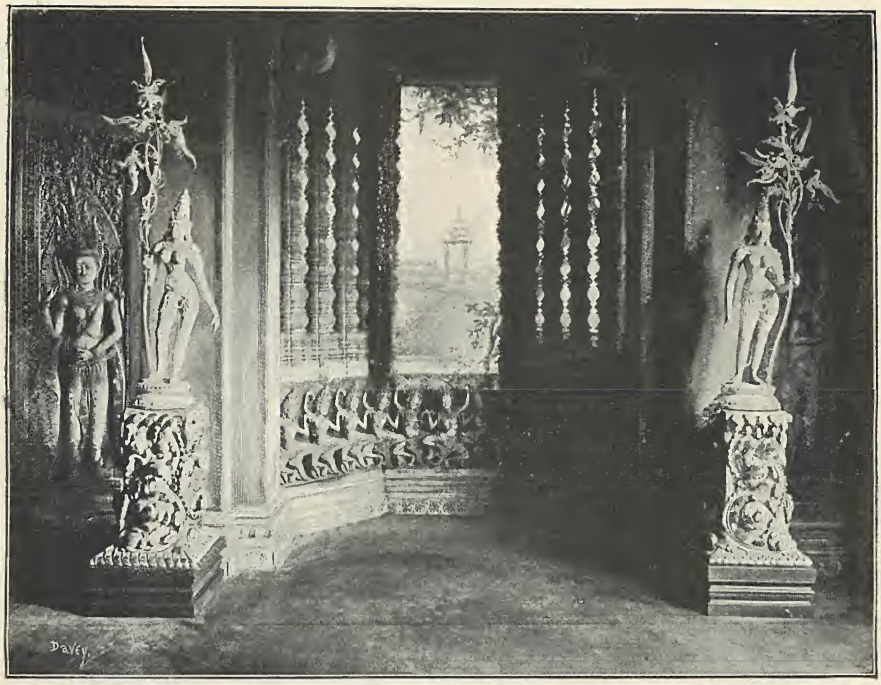
his adopted countrymen as "Le Meissonier des Dames." Here again M. Van Beers has chosen to be nothing if not original. His picture-gallery is only lighted by artificial light. Draped entirely with dark purple velvet, the carpet being of the same colour, each painting has its own hooded lamp, and the mind of the visitor is not distracted by anything.

"Yes, both here and in my studio," said my host, meditatively, "I have had to curb my fancy. I wish, however, you could see my state bedroom, where the workmen are putting in finishing touches. It is the reproduction of a room in the Palace of Ang-Kor-Wat, and I really think it would gladden the heart of a Babylonian. The general scheme of colouring is orange, green, and gold. The bed, which is almost as large as the one at Ware, is composed of four gigantic carved leaves copied from a Hindu temple. Behind and above this couch are coloured bas-reliefs. The room is lighted by a golden flower attached by arabesques to the looking-glass which forms the ceiling, and if more light were needed it could be obtained from two other blossoms held by Hindu gods standing on each side of the Indian panoramic landscape which fills in one side of the apartment. The walls are lined with apple-green velvet, embroidered with metal flowers and emerald crystals. Above the velvet runs a narrow dado, on which dancing Dervishes are sculptured in relief. The lattice windows are filled in with orange stained-glass, and both the bed-spread and carpet are of the same vivid tint.

"Then I have a Moorish room, which you have not yet seen. The floor of this room is of glass, and it is lighted from below. But I will not allow anyone to see any portion of this house which is not yet in perfect order. Already, notwithstanding the unceasing labours of my friend and architect, M. Lestrille, I have found that house-building is a very absorbing occu-



From a Photo. by] THE BED. *[Nadar, Paris.*



From a Photo. by] AN ALCOVE IN THE BEDROOM. *[Nadar, Paris.*

pation, the more so that I am naturally a lazy individual, though no one can paint harder than I can when I am in the mood for it.

"No, I cannot claim to be in any sense a Parisian save by adoption," he continued, in answer to a question. "On the contrary, my father was what I suppose you would style the Poet Laureate of Belgium, and I spent my early youth in dear, quaint old Antwerp. I was destined for the Bar, and I think my friends and relations were extremely surprised when I announced my intention of adopting Art as my profession. One of my earliest recollections is of the terrible scrapes I used to get into for covering my books with caricatures of my masters and schoolfellows. And so, in spite of the fact that a poor painter is still considered in Flanders something of a vagabond, I remained faithful to my intention, and when I was seventeen entered the Antwerp Art School as pupil of the famous Van Leivis. In those days my great ambition was to be an historical painter. You know we Flemish are intensely patriotic, and I wished to emulate on canvas some of my father's fine work in poetry. I studied very hard, and there is now in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam the picture which won me the gold medal. It is a reconstitution of the funeral of Charles the Good. I introduced into the procession hundreds of figures, including my own. Heavens! how I worked in those days. This picture cost me in actual studio and model expenses nearly 15,000 francs, which was about the sum I received for it. Ah, at that time I should have been astonished if I had been told what much of my later work was to be."

And yet, in the brilliant and fantastic painter of womankind is still to be seen something of the original Van Beers, and in many of his later portraits—notably in those remarkable studies of some of his well-known masculine contemporaries—it is easy to perceive the influence exercised on him and on his art by the immortal portrait-painters of Holland and of Flanders.

"And what first made you turn to your present form of art, and style of painting?"

"Chance brought me to Paris. Can I say more? By way of recreation rather than anything else, I painted 'La Sirène,' a yachtsman helping a pretty girl into a boat. It was, though I say it, a charming picture, and on being exhibited in the Brussels Salon attracted considerable attention; indeed, far too much, for soon painters and critics were after me in full cry, declaring that the fineness of the work could not have been produced by natural means, and that I had painted over a photo-

graph. I at once took up the challenge, and offered to scratch out the dainty little head of my yachtswoman, or, for the matter of that, any other portion of the picture. If any trace of photography were discovered I should, of course, be ruined in every sense. If the evidence were in my favour, my traducers were to pay £1,000 to any charity selected by me. The offer was not accepted, but one fine morning the head of the principal figure was found to have been cut out. That is why," concluded M. Van Beers, smiling, "I always cover my pictures with glass.

"However, perhaps I should add that I reconstituted my poor 'Sirène,' and that the picture now belongs to a wealthy South American lady. These experiences," added M. Van Beers, seriously, "painful and odious as they were, had their bright side. They made me understand who were my true friends. I have received not only kindness but generous friendship from many French and foreign artists, who were indignant at the way in which I was treated."

"And now, *cher maître*, will you tell me something of your methods of work? I suppose you have painted in your time every type of feminine loveliness. Is it true that each of these dainty little ladies has a counterpart in real life, or do you evolve your subjects out of your imagination?"

"Unlike my friend Caran d'Ache, I am a great believer in the possibilities of the living model. In fact," he observed, with a smile, "I am always on the look-out for pretty and striking-looking sitters. If an artist is fortunate enough to have secured a really beautiful

From the Picture by] "L'ÉVENTAIL." [*Jan Van Beers.*

woman as the foundation of his picture, the accessories matter little, though I admit that I take considerable pains not only with the gowns, hats, and so on of my sitters, but also with the chairs or sofas on which they may be sitting, and the screen or landscape serving as the background. I always design the gowns of my models, whether I am engaged on a portrait or on a fancy subject.

"Few people realize how great a part clothes play in portrait-painting. It should surely be the aim of every painter, especially when dealing with the fairer half of creation, to produce a portrait which will look as well in five years as on the day it was painted. It is far more difficult to do this than might be imagined. Too close attention to the prevailing fashion of the day, for instance, will make an otherwise splendid bit of work look almost absurd after the lapse of a short number of years. No, the true portrait-painter must arrange, with the help of his sitter's dressmaker, a costume as dateless as it is beautiful and becoming."

"And what are your views as to the vexed question of masculine habiliments? At one time, I fancy, you made a special study of the Paris *gommeux*, or dandy."

"It is not easy," he answered, laughing, "to evolve anything very artistic out of a chimney-pot hat or a shooting-suit. As for dress clothes, they must surely be the despair of every painter. Still, like most people, I find a certain fascination in the conquest of difficulty; and between ourselves, I am far prouder of my achievements in the way of masculine portraiture than I am of much of my other work. A pretty woman paints herself, as it were; but in the 'portrait of a gentleman' should be seen individuality and intellect—to say nothing whatever of genius, should your sitter be happy enough to possess this gift of the gods. It is almost impossible to give more than a glimpse of a woman's true nature in her portrait, for even the most futile and frivolous of modern dames wears a mask which effectually conceals her inner self from the world. That is not so with a man, and it is, after all, always easier to paint the artificial than the real."

From the Picture by] A PORTRAIT. *[Jan Van Beers.*

"You are somewhat severe on your fair sitters, M. Van Beers."

"No, indeed! I am devoted to every form of *l'éternel feminin*. But you must admit that there is a great charm in mystery

and in the unknown. I always feel that the lightest-hearted little grisette, hurrying to her work in the morning, is far more than a match for me."

"And do you really pick up your models here, there, and everywhere?"

"Yes, indeed! I always have a considerable number of fancy compositions floating about in my mind, and when I see a suitable model, the scheme, as it were, takes definite shape. I do not by any means confine myself to pretty Parisiennes! Some of my most successful studies have been done during my short visits to London, and I am a devoted admirer of the American girl. By the way, I have painted a good number of notable ladies from the other side, including Miss Ada Rehan, Mrs. Brown Potter, and a host of society women. Americans have, in common with their French sisters, an extraordinary power of adapting themselves to the fashion of the moment, and giving every fold of their costume an individual and artistic touch. They make delightful sitters, and they are always pleased with the final result. You cannot wonder, therefore, that I hope to welcome a great many *belles Américaines* to my new home."

From a Sketch by] "THE KING'S JESTER." *[Jan Van Beers.*

"Do you ever paint groups, or do you confine yourself mainly to single portraits?"

"I am fond of painting a group in which only two people figure; but I am still searching for a pair of ideal lovers—a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. All I ask is that they should both be young and beautiful, and truly in love the one with the other. Is it not strange that so conventional a pair should be so difficult to find in our modern life? As it is, when wishing to paint a love scene, I have to bring together two people who, though they may be Venus and Apollo, are absolutely indifferent the one to the other, and do what I may, I cannot coax Cupid to come to my assistance.

"I remember some years ago I had as a model an exceptionally beautiful girl. Very early in our acquaintance she confided to me the fact that she had a sweetheart, a fellow so extraordinarily handsome and distinguished-looking that all the leading artists in Paris were anxious to secure him as a model. Without losing any time, I suggested to her how charming it would be for us all if her lover would consent to pose with her in a pretty *genre* picture. She was quite delighted, and promised to induce him to do me this valuable service for love of her. Imagine my feelings when, a day or two after, in tripped my lovely little model, accompanied by an uncouth monster whose only claim to notice was his extreme and repellent plainness! You see, love is blind. Romeo too often wastes his love on a plain and uninteresting young woman; and Juliet, filled with the divine charity which is so feminine an attribute, accepts as her counterpart a lover who has not a good feature in his face.

"As to the technical side of my work," he continued, in answer to a question, "I must at once admit my indebtedness to my friend Jacques Blokx, a distinguished Flemish chemist, whose colour factory is famed all over the world. He has made a lifelong

study of the intricate subject of colour, and I am firmly convinced that he has discovered much of the science which is supposed to have died with the Old Masters. You see, there is no doubt that Michael Angelo, Rubens, and Velasquez made their own Blokx, who, in addition to preparing the most perfect and stable colours, has written a most valuable little work dealing with the question, in which he warns beginners against certain colours."

"And may I ask what these are?"

From the Picture by] "ABANDON." *[Jan Van Beers.*

colours, mixing and creating various tints on the palette itself. Nowadays, every shade can be found ready mixed, and too often the the most deleterious and fast-fading ingredients are used. Consequently, many a priceless picture becomes comparatively worthless after it has been painted twenty or thirty years.

"Of course, this problem has often occupied the minds of modern artists. I myself gave a good deal of thought to it at one time of my life, and I early made up my mind that it was on the whole far better to paint without a medium. Still, even that precaution would not have saved my work had it not been for

"Well, carmine extracted from cochineal should be avoided; also what are generally called Indian yellow, Prussian blue, and ivory brown. Certain colours affect one another. Cobalt blue must never be allowed to go near iron in any shape; vermilion—my favourite colour, by the way—must not approach white lead. But I myself work with a very few colours, and, as I said before, I always paint without a medium. During the last few years all my work has been done on mahogany panels; I think the effect produced, especially for my kind of painting, is preferable, when carefully seasoned wood is used, to that obtained on

canvas. By the way, I always varnish my pictures myself, and here, again, I am indebted to my friend Blokx, who has, I believe, rediscovered the amber varnish which has preserved mediæval paintings through centuries."

"You probably have very little time for ordinary recreations and amusements?"

"Well, like most people, I have fallen more or less a victim to the cycling craze. At one time I used to ride a great deal, and, following the example of those round me, I always spend the summer in the country. It is there that I make studies for my backgrounds. I am very fond of landscape painting, and if I had more time I would devote myself more to it. Some of my pleasantest holidays of late years have been spent in England, where I have many kind friends. I shall never forget a delightful visit which I paid to Blenheim. As you probably know, the late Duke of Marlborough was a great connoisseur and an art critic of rare capacity. Some day I hope to visit America. A considerable number of my pictures find their way to the States, and I confess to a special fondness for American sitters. One of the most successful portraits I ever did was that of a millionaire of Chicago tramway fame."

"One word more: Have you ever painted children?"

"Yes; one of my most charming sitters is the little daughter of my friend Jean Worth; but children are mysterious little creatures. Who can tell what there is in the heart of a child? I think, on the whole, I prefer the mamma as model."

From the Picture by] "LES PETITS CHATS." *[Jan Van Beers.*

By Robert Barr.*

THE young naval officer came into this world with two eyes and two arms; he left it with but one of each — but the remaining eye was ever quick to see, and the remaining arm ever strong to seize. Even his blind eye became useful on one historical occasion. But the loss of eye or arm was as nothing to the continual loss of his heart, which often led him far afield in the finding of it. Vanquished when he met the women; invincible when he met the men; in truth, a most human hero, and so we all love Jack — the we, in this instance, as the old joke has it, embracing the women.

In the year 1780 Britain ordered Colonel Polson to invade Nicaragua. The task imposed on the gallant Colonel was not an onerous one, for the Nicaraguans never cared to secure for themselves the military reputation of Sparta. In fact, some years after this, a single American, Walker, with a few Californian rifles under his command, conquered the whole nation and made himself President of it, and perhaps would have been Dictator of Nicaragua to-day if his own country had not laid him by the heels. It is no violation of history to state that the entire British fleet was not engaged in subduing Nicaragua, and that Colonel Polson felt himself amply provided for the necessities of the crisis by sailing into the harbour of San Juan del Norte with one small ship. There were numerous fortifications at the mouth of the river, and in about an hour after landing the Colonel was in possession of them all.

The flight of time, brief as it was, could not be compared in celerity with the flight of the Nicaraguans, who betook themselves to the backwoods with an impetuosity seldom seen outside of a race-course. There was no loss of life so far as the British were concerned, and the only casualties resulting to the Nicaraguans were colds caught through the overheating of themselves in their feverish desire to explore immediately the interior of their beloved country. "He who bolts and runs away will live to bolt another day," was the motto of the Nicaraguans. So far, so good, or so bad, as the case may be.

The victorious Colonel now got together a flotilla of some half a score of boats or more, and the flotilla was placed under the

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command of the young naval officer, the hero of this story. The expedition proceeded cautiously up the River San Juan, which runs for eighty miles, or thereabouts, from Lake Nicaragua to the salt water. The voyage was a sort of marine picnic. Luxurious vegetation on either side, and no opposition to speak of, even from the current of the river; for Lake Nicaragua itself is but a hundred and twenty feet above the sea level, and a hundred and twenty feet gives little rapidity to a river eighty miles long.

As the flotilla approached the entrance to the lake caution increased, for it was not known how strong Fort San Carlos might prove. This fort, perhaps the only one in the country strongly built, stood at once on the shore of the lake and bank of the stream. There was one chance in a thousand that the speedy retreat of the Nicaraguans had been merely a device to lure the British into the centre of the country, where the little expedition of two hundred sailors and marines might be annihilated. In these circumstances Colonel Polson thought it well, before coming in sight of the fort, to draw up his boats along the northern bank of the San Juan River, sending out scouts to bring in necessary information regarding the stronghold.

The young naval officer all through his life was noted for his energetic and reckless courage, so it was not to be wondered at that the age of twenty-two found him impatient with the delay, loth to lie inactive in his boat until the scouts returned; so he resolved upon an action that would have justly brought a court-martial upon his head had a knowledge of it come to his superior officer. He plunged alone into the tropical thicket, armed only with two pistols and a cutlass, determined to force his way through the rank vegetation along the bank of the river, and reconnoitre Fort San Carlos for himself. If he had given any thought to the matter, which it is more than likely he did not, he must have known that he ran every risk of capture and death, for the native of South America, then as now, has rarely shown any hesitation about shooting prisoners of war. Our young friend, therefore, had slight chance for his life if cut off from his comrades, and, in the circumstances, even a civilized nation would have been perfectly within its right in executing him as a spy.

After leaving the lake the River San Juan bends south, and then north again. The scouts had taken the direct route to the fort across the land, but the young officer's theory was that, if the Nicaraguans meant to fight, they would place an ambush in the dense jungle along the river, and from this place of concealment harass the flotilla before it got within gunshot of the fort. This ambuscade could easily fall back upon the fort if directly attacked and defeated. This, the young man argued, was what he himself would have done had he been in command of the Nicaraguan forces, so it naturally occurred to him to discover whether the same idea had suggested itself to the commandant at San Carlos.

Expecting every moment to come upon this ambuscade, the boy proceeded, pistol in hand, with the utmost care, crouching under the luxuriant tropical foliage, tunnelling his way, as one might say, along the dark alleys of vegetation, roofed in by the broad leaves overhead. Through cross-alleys he caught glimpses now and then of the broad river, of which he was desirous to keep within touch. Stealthily crossing one of these riverward alleys the young fellow came upon his ambuscade, and was struck motionless with amazement at the form it took. Silhouetted against the shining water beyond was a young girl. She knelt at the very verge of the low, crumbling cliff above the water; her left hand, outspread, was on the ground, her right rested against the rough trunk of a palm-tree, and counterbalanced the weight of her body, which leaned far forward over the brink. Her face was turned sideways towards him, and her lustrous eyes peered intently down the river at the British flotilla stranded along the river's bank. So intent was her gaze, so confident was she that she was alone, that the leopard-like approach of her enemy gave her no hint of attack. Her perfect profile being towards him, he saw her cherry-red lips move silently as if she were counting the boats and impressing their number upon her memory.

A woman in appearance, she was at this date but sixteen years old, and the breathless young man who stood like a statue regarding her thought he had never seen a vision of such entrancing beauty, and, as I have before intimated, he was a judge of feminine loveliness. Pulling himself together, and drawing a deep but silent breath, he went forward with soft tread, and the next instant there was a grip of steel on the wrist of the young girl that rested on the earth. With a cry of dismay she sprang to her feet and confronted her assailant, nearly toppling over the brink as she did so; but he grasped her firmly, and drew her a step or two up the arcade. As he held her left wrist there was in the air

"THERE WAS THE FLASH OF A STILETTO."

the flash of a stiletto, and the naval officer's distinguished career would have ended on that spot had he not been a little quicker than his fair opponent. His disengaged hand gripped the descending wrist and held her powerless.

"Ruffian!" she hissed, in Spanish.

The young man had a workable knowledge of the language, and he thanked his stars now that it was so. He smiled at her futile struggles to free herself, then said:—

"When they gave me my commission, I had no hope that I should meet so charming an enemy. Drop the knife, signorina, and I will release your hand."

The girl did not comply at first. She tried to wrench herself free, pulling this way and that with more strength than one would have expected from one so slight. But finding herself helpless in those rigid bonds, she slowly relaxed the fingers of her right hand, and let the dagger drop point downward into the loose soil, where it stood and quivered.

"Now let me go," she said, panting. "You promised."

The young man relinquished his hold, and the girl, with the quick movement of a humming-bird, dived into the foliage, and would have disappeared, had he not with equal celerity intercepted her, again imprisoning her wrist.

"You liar!" she cried, her magnificent eyes ablaze with anger. "Faithless minion of a faithless race, you promised to let me go."

"And I kept my promise," said the young man, still with a smile. "I said I would release your hand, and I did so; but as for yourself, that is a different matter. You see, signorina, to speak plainly, you are a spy. I have caught you almost within our lines, counting our boats, and, perhaps, our men. There is war between our countries, and I arrest you as a spy."

"A brave country, yours," she cried, "to war upon women!"

"Well," said the young man, with a laugh, "what are we to do? The men won't stay and fight us."

She gave him a dark, indignant glance at this, which but heightened her swarthy beauty.

"And what are you," she said, "but a spy?"

"Not yet," he replied. "If you had found me peering at the fort, then, perhaps, I should be compelled to plead guilty. But as it is, you are the only spy here at present, signorina. Do you know what the fate of a spy is?"

The girl stood there for a few moments, her face downcast, the living gyves still encircling her wrists. When she looked up it was with a smile so radiant that the young man gasped for breath, and his heart beat faster than ever it had done in warfare.

"But you will not give me up?" she murmured, softly.

"Then indeed would I be a faithless minion," cried the young man, fervently; "not, indeed, to my country, but to your fascinating sex, which I never adored so much as now."

"You mean that you would be faithless to your country, but not to me?"

"Well," said the young man, with some natural hesitation, "I shouldn't care to have to choose between my allegiance to one or the other. England can survive without warring upon women, as you have said; so I hope that if we talk the matter amicably over, we may find that my duty need not clash with my inclination."

"I am afraid that is impossible," she answered, quickly. "I hate your country."

"But not the individual members of it, I hope."

"I know nothing of its individual members, nor do I wish to, as you shall soon see, if you will but let go my wrist."

"Ah, signorina," exclaimed the young man, "you are using an argument now that will make me hold you for ever."

"In that case," said the girl, "I shall change my argument, and give instead a promise. If you release me I shall not endeavour to escape—I may even be so bold as to expect your escort to the fort, where, if I understand you aright, you were but just now going."

"I accept your promise, and shall be delighted if you will accept my escort. Meanwhile, in the interest of our better acquaintance, can I persuade you to sit down, and allow me to cast myself at your feet?"

The girl, with a clear, mellow laugh, sat down, and the young man reclined in the position he had indicated, gazing up at her with intense admiration in his eyes.

"If this be war," he said to himself, "long may I remain a soldier." Infatuated as he certainly was, his natural alertness could not but notice that her glance wandered to the stiletto, the perpendicular shining blade of which looked like the crest of a glittering, dangerous serpent, whose body was hidden in the leaves. She had seated herself as close to the weapon as possible, and now, on one pretext or another, edged nearer and nearer to it. At last the young man laughed aloud, and, sweeping his foot round, knocked down the weapon, then indolently stretching out his arm, he took it.

"Signorina," he said, examining its keen edge, "will you give me this dagger as a memento of our meeting?"

"It is unlucky," she murmured, "to make presents of stilettos."

"I think," said the young man, glancing up at her with a smile on his lips, "it will be more lucky for me if I place it here in my belt than if I allow it to reach the possession of another."

"Do you intend to steal it, signor?"

"Oh, no. If you refuse to let me have it, I will give it back to you when our interview ends; but I should be glad to possess it, if you allow me to keep it."

"It is unlucky, as I have said, to make a present of it, but I will exchange. If you will give me one of your loaded pistols, you may have the stiletto."

"IF THIS BE WAR, LONG MAY I REMAIN A SOLDIER."

"A fair exchange," he laughed, but he made no motion to fulfil his part to the barter. "May I have the happiness of knowing your name, signorina?" he asked.

"I am called Donna Rafaela Mora," answered the girl, simply. "I am daughter of the Commandant of Fort San Carlos. I am no Nicaraguan, but a Spaniard. And, signor, what is your name?"

"Horatio Nelson, an humble captain in His Majesty's naval forces, to be heard from later, I hope, unless Donna Rafaela cuts short my thread of life with her stiletto."

"And does a captain in His Majesty's forces condescend to play the part of spy?" asked the girl, proudly.

"He is delighted to do so when it brings

him the acquaintance of another spy so charming as Donna Rafaela. My spying, and I imagine yours also, is but amateurish, and will probably be of little value to our respective forces. Our real spies are now gathered round your fort, and will bring to us all the information we need. Thus, I can recline at your feet, Donna Rafaela, with an easy conscience, well aware that my failure as a spy will in no way retard our expedition."

"How many men do you command, Signor Captain?" asked the girl, with ill-concealed eagerness.

"Oh, sometimes twenty-five, sometimes fifty, or a hundred or two hundred, or more, as the case may be," answered the young man, carelessly.

"But how many are there in your expedition now?"

"Didn't you count them, Donna? To answer truly, I must not; to answer falsely, I will not, Donna."

"Why?" asked the girl, impetuously. "There is no such secrecy about our forces; we do not care who knows the number in our garrison."

"No? Then how many are there, Donna?"

"Three hundred and forty," answered the girl.

"Men, or young ladies like yourself, Donna? Be careful how you answer, for if the latter, I warn you that nothing will keep the British out of Fort San Carlos. We shall be with you, even if we have to go as prisoners. In saying this, I feel that I am speaking for our entire company."

The girl tossed her head scornfully.

"There are three hundred and forty men," she said, "as you shall find to your cost, if you dare attack the fort."

"In that case," replied Nelson, "you are nearly two to one, and I venture to think that we have not come up the river for nothing."

"What braggarts you English are!"

"Is it bragging to welcome a stirring fight? Are you well provided with cannon?"

"You will learn that for yourself when you come within sight of the fort. Have you any more questions to ask, Signor Sailor?"

"Yes; one. The number in the fort, which you give, corresponds with what I have already heard. I have heard also that you were well supplied with cannon, but I have been told that you have no cannon-balls in Fort San Carlos."

"That is not true; we have plenty."

"Incredible as it may seem, I was told that the cannon-balls were made of clay. When I said you had none, I meant that you had none of iron."

"That also is quite true," answered the girl.

"Do you mean to say that you are going to shoot baked clay at us? It will be like heaving bricks," and the young man threw back his head and laughed.

"Oh, you may laugh," cried the girl, "but I doubt if you will be so merry when you come to attack the fort. The clay cannon-balls were made under the superintendence of my father, and they are filled with links of chain, spikes, and other scraps of iron."

"By Jove!" cried young Nelson, "that's an original idea. I wonder how it will work?"

"You will have every opportunity of finding out, if you are foolish enough to attack the fort."

"You advise us then to retreat?"

"I most certainly do."

"And why, Donna, if you hate our country, are you so anxious that we shall not be cut to pieces by your scrap-iron?"

The girl shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"It doesn't matter in the least to me what you do," she said, rising to her feet. "Am I your prisoner, Signor Nelson?"

"No," cried the young man, also springing up; "I am yours, and have been ever since you looked at me."

Again the girl shrugged her shoulders. She seemed to be in no humour for light compliments, and betrayed an eagerness to be gone.

"I have your permission, then, to depart? Do you intend to keep your word?"

"If you will keep yours, Donna."

"I gave you no promise, except that I would not run away, and I have not done so. I now ask your permission to depart."

"You said that I might accompany you to the fort."

"Oh, if you have the courage, yes," replied the girl, carelessly.

They walked on together through the dense alleys of vegetation, and finally came to an opening which showed them a sandy plain, and across it the strong white stone walls of the fort, facing the wide river, and behind it the blue background of Lake Nicaragua.

Not a human form was visible either on the walls or on the plain. Fort San Carlos, in spite of the fact that it bristled with cannon, seemed like an abandoned castle. The two stood silent for a moment at the margin of the jungle, the young officer

running his eye rapidly over the landscape, always bringing back his gaze to the seemingly deserted stronghold.

"Your three hundred and forty men keep themselves well hidden," he said, at last.

"Yes," replied the girl, nonchalantly, "they fear that if they show themselves you may hesitate to attack a fortress that is impregnable."

"Well, you may disabuse their minds of that error when you return."

"Are you going to keep my stiletto?" asked the girl, suddenly changing the subject.

"Yes, with your permission."

"Then keep your word, and give me your pistol in return."

"Did I actually promise it?"

"You promised, signor."

"Then, in that case, the pistol is yours."

"Please hand it to me."

Her eagerness to obtain the weapon was but partially hidden, and the young man laughed as he weighed the fire-arm in his hand, holding it by the muzzle.

"It is too heavy for a slim girl like you to handle," he said, at last. "It can hardly be called a lady's toy."

"You intend, then, to break your word," said the girl, with quick intuition, guessing with unerring instinct his vulnerable point.

"Oh, no," he cried, "but I am going to send the pistol half-way home for you," and with that, holding it still by the barrel, he flung it far out on the sandy plain, where it fell, raising a little cloud of dust. The girl was about to speed to the fort, when, for the third time, the young man grasped her wrist. She looked at him with indignant surprise.

"Pardon me," he said, "but in case you should wish to fire the weapon, you must have some priming. Let me pour a quantity of this gunpowder into your hand."

"Thank you," she said, veiling her eyes, to hide their hatred.

He raised the tiny hand to his lips, without opposition, and then into her satin palm, from his powder-horn, he poured a little heap of the black grains.

"Good-bye, signor," she said, hurrying away. She went directly to where the pistol had fallen, stooped and picked it up. He saw her pour the powder from her hand on its broad, unshapely pan. She knelt on the sand, studied the clumsy implement, resting her elbow on her knee. The young man stood there motionless, bareheaded, his cap in his hand. There was a flash and a loud report; and the bullet cut the foliage behind him, a little nearer than he expected. He bowed low to her, and she, rising with an angry gesture, flung the weapon from her.

"HE FLUNG IT FAR OUT ON THE SANDY PLAIN."

"Donna Rafaela," he shouted, "thank you for firing the pistol. Its report brings no one to the walls of San Carlos. Your fortress is deserted, Donna. To-morrow may I have the pleasure of showing you how to shoot?"

The girl made no answer, but turning, ran as fast as she could towards the fort.

The young man walked toward the fort, picked up his despised weapon, thrust it in his belt, and returned to the camp. The scouts were returning, and reported that, as far as they could learn, the three hundred and forty Nicaraguans had, in a body, abandoned Fort San Carlos.

"It is some trick," said the Colonel. "We must approach the fortress cautiously, as if the three hundred and forty were there."

The flotilla neared the fort in a long line. Each boat was filled with men, and in each prow was levelled a small cannon—a man with a lighted match beside it—ready to fire the moment word was given. Nelson himself stood up in his boat, and watched the silent fort. Suddenly the silence was broken by a crash of thunder, and Nelson's boat (and the one nearest to it) was wrecked, many of the men being killed, and himself severely wounded.

"Back, back!" cried the commander. "Row out of range, for your lives!" The second cannon spoke, and the whole line of boats was thrown into inextricable confusion. Cannon after cannon rang out, and of the two hundred men who sailed up the River San Juan only ten reached the ship alive.

The Commandant of the fort lay ill in his bed, unable to move, but his brave daughter fired the cannon that destroyed the flotilla. Here Nelson lost his eye, and thus on a celebrated occasion was unable to see the signals. Thus victory ultimately rose out of disaster.

The King of Spain decorated Donna Rafaela Mora, made her a colonel, and gave her a pension for life. So recently as 1857, her grandson, General Martinez, was appointed President of Nicaragua solely because he was a descendant of the girl who defeated Horatio Nelson.

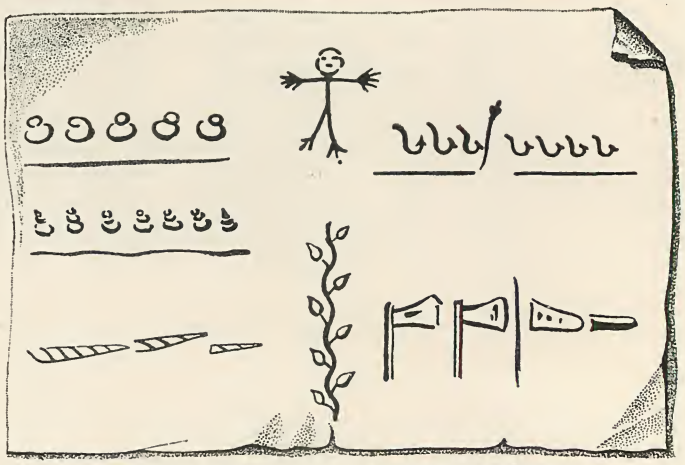
"CANNON AFTER CANNON RANG OUT."

Picture-Writing.

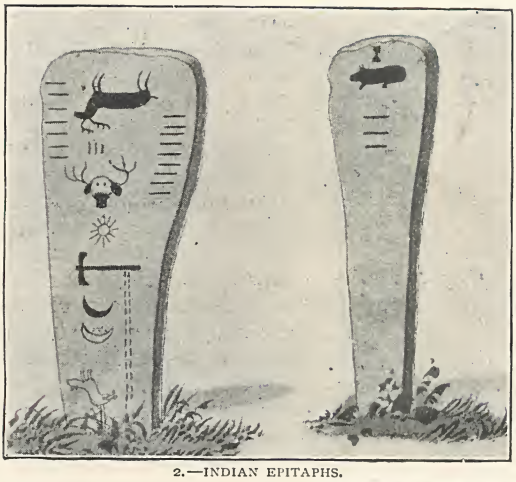
IN the beginning of all writing men exchanged ideas by means of rough pictures, and picture-writing was the first writing of all. Our own alphabet is derived, through many changes, from the picture-writing of the Egyptians. The process was this. First, the early Egyptians cut or drew, in wood or stone, pictorial representations of the elementary facts which formed the subjects of the writing for which need was first felt. Next they found the need of representing *abstractions*, and adapted their drawings to that end. "Joy," for instance, was represented by a man dancing. Thus *hieroglyphic* writing came into being. But this was found slow by the priests and scribes who, when papyrus was invented, began writing long treatises and records. So the forms were simplified, and what had been a fully drawn figure became a line of a similar contour, and so arose the *hieratic script* form of Egyptian writing. Here the Phœnicians took up the running, and made a great revolution. Until this time the signs represented ideas or words simply, or, at most, syllables. The Phœnicians went farther, and separated their speech into single sounds, each represented by a *letter*, of which they made twenty-two, derived from the Egyptian hieratic script. This was the first alphabet. Then the Greeks got their alphabet from the Phœnicians, variously modifying it, and the Romans adopted the Greek letters, with more modifications; and so our alphabet took shape. Our letter A is now traced back through these various stages to the original Egyptian drawing of an eagle, and our letter L to that of a lion. The Chinese have retained their own ideographs to the present time, with many signs of hieroglyphic and picture-writing origin about them. And other nations of less civilization have used, and still use, picture-writing in our own day. Notably, the North American Indians, of whose picture-writing we shall give a number of examples in course of this article.

But first, we begin with an exceedingly primitive pictorial inscription, by way of introduction to some others less simple. Our first illustration is a facsimile of a letter from a native of the Caroline Islands, sent by the captain of a trading vessel to a trader at Rotta, with certain sea-shells. These shells the native had agreed to collect and give in exchange for a few axes and other useful articles. The captain who conveyed the shells gave the native a piece of paper, on which the message was drawn. The human figure at the top, like unto that of a turnip-headed ghost, is to represent the captain; and his arms are outstretched at each side, to denote his office as go-between, or messenger, from one of the parties to the other. The vine beneath him denotes friendship, and it separates the paper into two parts, one for each side of the transaction, just on the principle of the debtor and creditor sides in an account-book. On the left the number and sorts of shells sent are shown; on the right it is made plain that in exchange the Caroline Islander expected to receive seven fish-hooks, three large and four small, two axes, and two pieces of iron. The whole barter was faithfully and accurately carried out to everybody's satisfaction.

To come now to the North American Indians. Perhaps the simplest form of their picture-writing is that on the grave-head memorials of their chiefs. These are boards,



1.—LETTER FROM A NATIVE OF THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.



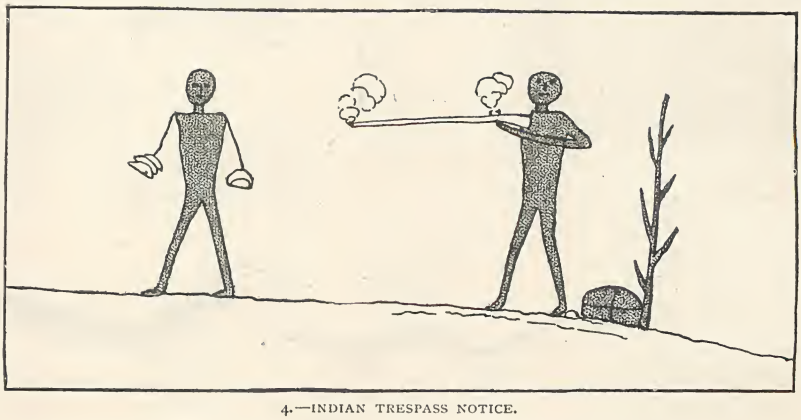
2.—INDIAN EPITAPHS.

or posts, set up and inscribed, as the illustration shows. The two posts shown in No. 2 are memorials of members of the Chippeway tribe, the first being that of a distinguished chief, the second that of a hunter. In the first the drawing is made upside down — a symbol of death and return to earth. This is the usual way, but in the second we see another, in which the drawing is right side up, and death is indicated by a cross with two spaces filled in, leaving a figure somewhat of the hour-glass shape. The reindeer at the top of the first post is the totem mark of the deceased and his family—upside down, for the reason explained. To the left of this figure are seven transverse marks, meaning that the dead chief had led seven war parties. Three vertical marks below mean three wounds received in battle. The moose's head tells of a desperate struggle with an infuriated animal of that sort, and the hatchet and pipe indicate great influence in peace and war. This post was set up rather more than a hundred years ago. The second post shows simply that the departed hunter was of the Bear clan or family, and that he had attended three war parties.

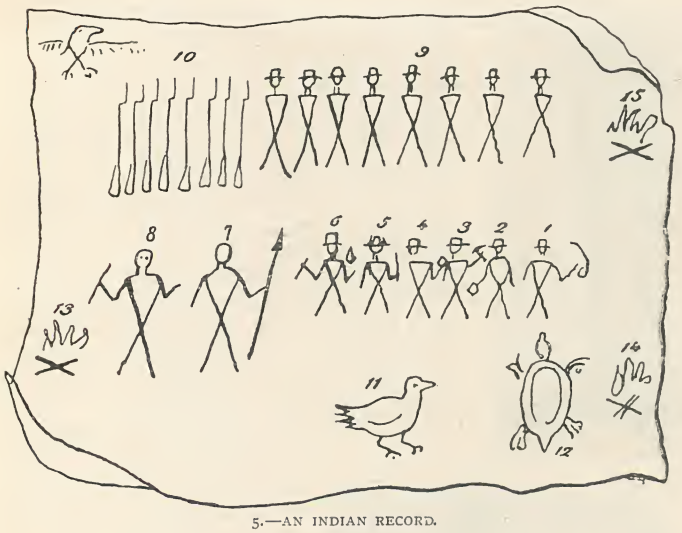
The next example (No. 3) is an inscription on a buffalo's shoulder-blade. This, though still very simple, carries us a little farther in the progress of picture-writing. It is an old inscription, dating back to the times when Spain made American conquest, and the bone, with drawing complete, was found on the plains in the Comanche country in Texas. It tells of the competition between the white and red races for the hunting of the buffalo. A mounted Indian kills with a spear a Spaniard armed with a gun, in presence of the disputed buffalo itself, who, in a piebald or semi-skinned condition, "sees fair" from a lower part of the picture. An elegant curl or shaving by the side of the doomed Spaniard expresses the circuitous route by which the Indian followed his enemy. There is a deal of distance between the ends of the horse, which would seem to have a strain of dachshund blood, and the buffalo is elegantly adorned with moths' antennæ by way of horns.

3.—INDIAN INSCRIPTION ON BONE.

Our next example (No. 4) is legible beyond all possibility of misconstruction. It



4.—INDIAN TRESPASS NOTICE.

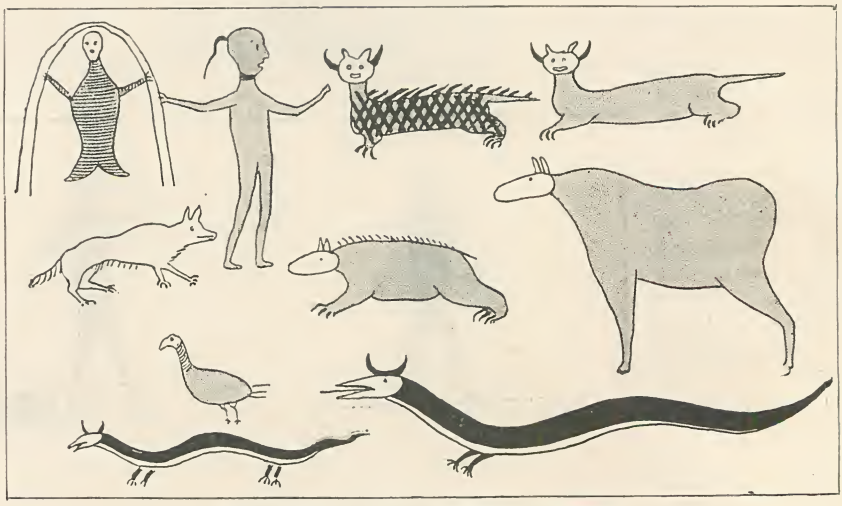


5.—AN INDIAN RECORD.

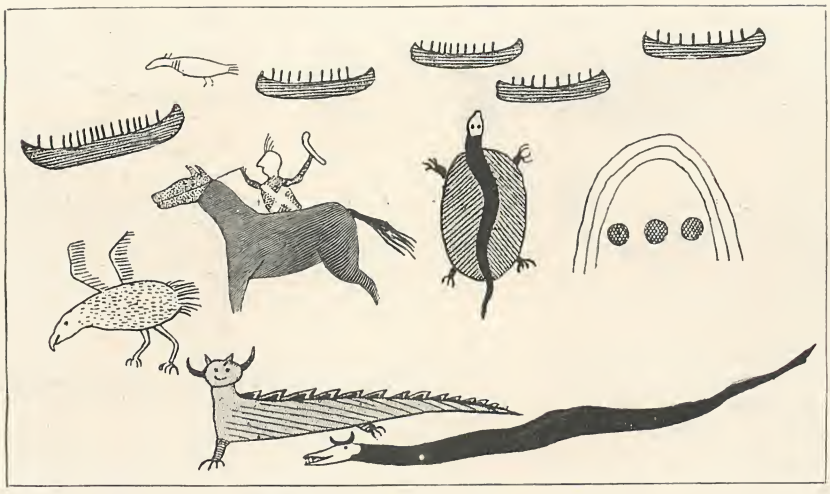
is an Indian "Trespassers beware" notice-board. On the right is the owner with his property and his gun, and on the left is the unlucky trespasser, with hands full of some indefinite articles which do not rightfully belong to him. The whole thing is a very strong hint to the passer-by.

We proceed to something a trifle more intricate. We give a copy of a sketch (No. 5) recording an incident in exploration. Schoolcraft, the great historiographer of the Indians, accompanied by a party and guided by two Indians, made a journey in 1820. The party lost its way in a forest, and after camping for the night were about to start again, when it was perceived that the Indian guides had made this sketch on a piece of birch-bark and had fixed it at the top of a pole, which they had stuck in the ground with an inclination toward the direction the explorers were taking. It was a message for anybody who might pass that way, telling of the encampment and the nature of the party. The figures have been numbered for convenience in explanation. Fig. 1, at the right-hand end of the second row, represents the subaltern officer in charge of the guard of United States troops. The curly thing by his hand, like a 6 the wrong way round, is his sword, expressive of his rank. Fig. 2 is the secretary of the expedition, as shown by the thing in his hand, which is a book. Next, Fig. 3, is the geologist, and the weapon with which he appears to be attacking the secretary's head is his geological hammer. Figs. 4 and 5 are assistants, and 6 is the interpreter. Just above is a row of infantry soldiers, marked 9, and each is shown to be provided with a gun and bayonet, 10. Figs. 13 and 15 are fires, and they are placed to show that the soldiers had a separate fire and mess. Figs. 11 and 12 are a prairie hen and a green tortoise, the result of the preceding day's chase, cooked (as indicated by another fire, 14) and eaten. So far, it will be observed that all the human figures are provided with hats. That denotes them to be white men. But the figures 7 and 8 have none, which makes it plain that they are Indians—the guides, in fact, who have drawn themselves of an imposing magnitude corresponding with their importance.

Two photographs follow, which form a pair



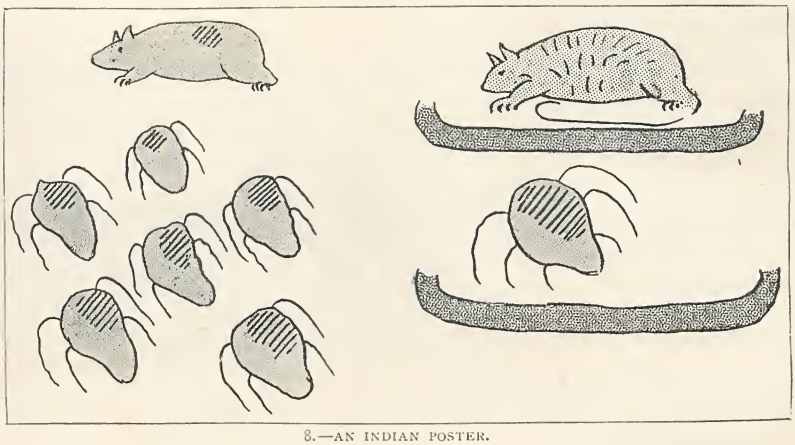
6.—RECORD OF AN INDIAN VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.



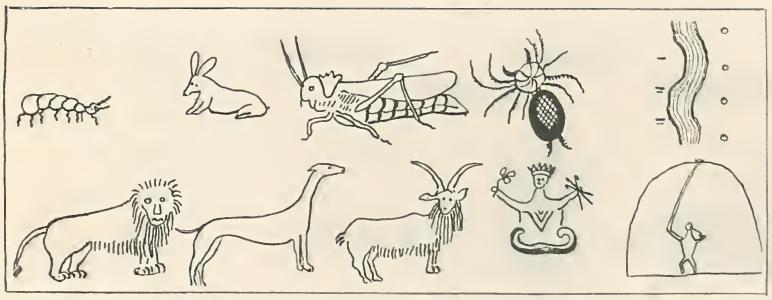
7.—RECORD OF AN INDIAN VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

of great interest. They are records of the first crossing of Lake Superior by a very famous chief of long ago. He was reported greatly skilled in magic, and was of large influence in the tribes. In commemoration of his exploit, he set up these two inscriptions, the first on the south shore of the lake, whence he started, and the other on the north, where he landed. Take the first (No. 6). Here the sole human figure represents the chief himself —one hopes without flattery. The arch at the left at top represents his lodge, or household, and the odd creature it contains is his totem. It is made to fill the whole space, to denote that the whole of the household bears the same mark. Just below is a wolf—the personal name of the chief. The horned thing in a violent check pattern is a fabulous horned panther, symbolizing power. The cross-lines mean night, and the similar creature without network denotes power by day. Then there are the lion, the black bear, and the moose, meaning foresight, strength and sagacity, and wariness. The two horned snakes, with certain legs, symbolize swiftness and power to kill, and the whole menagerie represents the various powers the chief invokes to aid him in his enterprise. The other picture (No. 7), inscribed on a rock on the north shore, shows that he crossed with five canoes of different sizes, carrying altogether fifty-one men, the first canoe being commanded by a chief called after the kingfisher — the bird drawn just above its prow. The crossing occupied three days, as shown by the three suns under a shaky sort of rainbow, representing the sky. By this is drawn a land-tortoise, indicating triumph in the matter of reaching land at last. To the left of this is a portrait (unflattering again) of the chief on horseback —another symbol of triumphant progress on *terra firma*. The eagle means courage, and below, the comic horned panther and the snake are duly acknowledged to have extended their patronage.

But picture-writing was also employed for the passing on of casual news of an unimportant character. Our next specimen exemplifies this (No. 8). It was inscribed on the side of a blazed tree. At the top right-hand side is the figure of a fabled animal, the copper-tailed bear. This is the totem of a



8.—AN INDIAN POSTER.



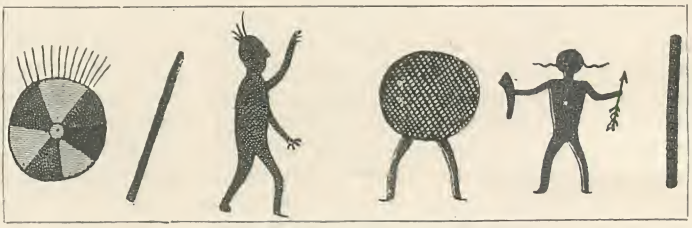
9.—AN INDIAN WAR-SONG.

hunter, and the thing beneath it, curved up at each end, denotes the canoe he travelled in. Under this again is the totem (cat-fish) of a companion hunter, with *his* canoe. At the top, to the left, is a common black bear, and below it six cat-fish. The whole thing means simply that the two hunters in question, while encamped at that particular spot, killed a bear and caught six cat-fish in the river. It was a piece of small personal news left for the information of anybody passing.

The next example (No. 9) is very interesting. It is nothing more nor less than a war-song, written pictorially. Such songs are often expressed by symbols of a most intricate and abstract kind, but this has been selected for its simplicity and clearness. First, we have a multi-coloured target sort of thing with radiating lines at the top. This is the sun, though many who have seen the original may fail to recognise the portrait. The warrior sings, "I am rising." Then, after an oblique line — a sort of rest — we have the figure of the warrior himself, one hand extended to sky and one to earth, by which is declared his vast and world-wide power and prowess—"I take both earth and sky," is what he sings. Next he appears (or at least his legs do) under the symbol of the moon, as denoting night, the time of secrecy and warlike enterprise. Last, there is a figure symbolizing Venus, the evening star, which the Indians call the Eastern Woman, who is made witness to his valour and warlike cunning. He sings, "The Eastern Woman calls." It is possible to read the whole something in these terms:—

I am rising to seek the war-path,
Earth and sky are before me and they shall be mine.
I walk both by day and by night,
And the evening star is my guide.

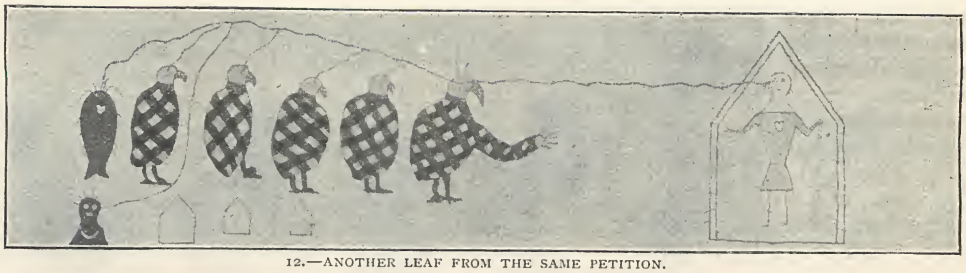
We follow this by a transcript in picture-writing of the 25th to the 32nd verses (inclusive) of the 30th chapter of Proverbs (No. 10). In the first four of these verses the principal object mentioned is drawn, somewhat in the manner of a mnemonic, by which the rest may be remembered. The other verses are more fully indicated.



10.—A QUOTATION FROM PROVERBS.

About fifty years ago a delegation of the Chippeway tribe arrived at Washington with a petition drawn on birch bark, of which we reproduce a part (No. 11). The petition asked for the retrocession of a part of certain lands, which the Indians had handed over to

11.—PETITION OF CHIPPEWAY CHIEFS.



12.—ANOTHER LEAF FROM THE SAME PETITION.

the United States seven years before. The curious figures connected by lines represent the various totems of leading Indians among the delegation. In front one recognises (or, perhaps, fails to recognise) the crane, totem of the chief who headed the party. The lines drawn from its eye to the eyes of all the other totems signify *unity of view* among the deputation. Other lines connect the crane's heart with the hearts of the rest, denoting *unity of feeling and purpose.* As well as these lines, the crane chief has a line drawn from his eye *forward*, to indicate the course of his journey; and another *backward*, to a sort of small map of a collection of rice-lakes, the grant of which is the desire of the mission. The long object, upon which the totems appear to be standing, represents Lake Superior, with a path leading from its southern shore to the vicinity of the lakes, a place where the Indians propose settling down to peaceful pursuits. Of the rest of the petition we reproduce one leaf (No. 12), wherein a chief of the eagle totem, with others of his clan, are represented as joining in the request to the President, represented standing in his official residence at Washington, a place, apparently, of severe and primitive architecture. Some more puissant chief stayed at home, and he (or his head and shoulders, at least) is represented to the left at the bottom, with rays to denote his rank, and an eye-line to prove his concurrence in the petition. The eagles wear "dittoes" of an uncommonly loud pattern, and are associated with an unknown fish, of elderly and bearded aspect. Three little figures, like the outlines of hayricks, mean houses, and express the desire of the Indians to become civilized, and live in them.

The Iroquois were the tribe whose pictures showed the greatest finish, and frequently distinctly resembled the object intended. We

13.—IROQUOIS PICTURE-WRITING.

give four specimens of their work. In the first (No. 13), the seated figure, elegantly dressed in a collection of snakes, is the first over-chief of the Iroquois confederacy, a man of great traditional fame, equally for military prowess and powers of magic. By his charms he was proof against the attacks of all animals, and in token of this he is drawn festooned with rattlesnakes, which defend him on all sides, while he smokes his pipe with casual indifference. The two standing figures are Mohawk war-chiefs, handing the great chief the spear symbolizing authority over all the

Iroquois. The document records the confederacy of the clans.

Next we have an Iroquois dancing-party (No. 14). The man on a stool sings and drums, and the remaining four dance with the vigour and elegance the picture suggests. It is a war-dance, as is evidenced by the feathers decorating heads and elbows, and the clubs prominently brandished. The drawing, grotesque as it is, really shows some primitive idea of pictorial grouping.

14.—DESCRIPTION OF AN IROQUOIS DANCE.

The drawing following this (No. 15) records a story of the traditional myth of the fairy flying head. There seems to be no doubt that the stories told of this creature arose from attempts to account for meteors. In the picture we see the flying head itself, prowling about the earth. The shaggy hair and the claws symbolize rays and tearing flashes of fire. But the flying head is astonished, and no wonder. For he has suddenly come upon a woman roasting chestnuts at a fire, and eating them. Unacquainted with the mysteries of cookery, the flying head naturally supposes the woman to be a fire-eater, a creature as powerful to handle fire as himself; whereat he is naturally astonished, not to say jealous. The dog's opinion of the proceedings is not made plain, though the tip of his tail is in serious danger of conflagration.

15.—IROQUOIS FAIRY STORY OF THE FLYING HEAD.

Last of the Iroquois drawings (No. 16) is a record of another legend of that nation—that of the Stonish Giants. It is not known from what precise circumstances the story arose, but it tells of great men the Indians once encountered in some remote period of history: giants

16.—IROQUOIS LEGEND OF THE STONISH GIANTS.

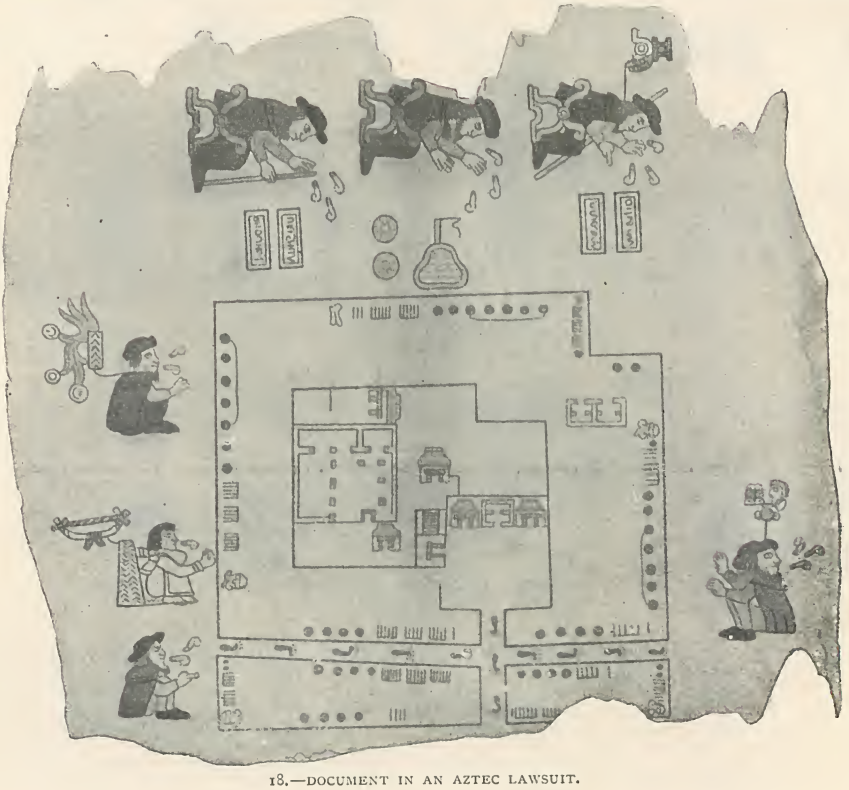
17.—SIGNS USED IN HUNTING.

whose clothing was impenetrable to spears and arrows. The picture shows with a good deal of vigour certain Indians executing a hurried rearward movement, pursued by two of the giants, regardless of a shower of arrows. Could these mailed men have been the Vikings, who are said to have discovered America many centuries before Columbus?

We print next a collection of the signs used by Indians in inscriptions relating to hunting (No. 17). It is, indeed, a sort of ideographic alphabet. Magic was supposed to be a most

useful accomplishment for a hunter, and several of the signs relate to its practise. Others are more practical in their intent. A wavy line, denoting air in motion, drawn from the ear, means listening or attention, and two such lines, one from each ear, as is shown in 1, means perfect attention and devotion. A circle drawn at the stomach signifies opulence, abundant means of subsistence, as the well-fed 42 testifies. A sitting position means rest, as in 9. Such a line about the shoulders, as is shown in 18, is a pack or burden, and signifies the possession of goods. The three sides of a square which include the legs denote a good provision of clothing. In 13 a dish of water is drawn over the figure's head, to symbolize the waters of the clouds and power over them. A circle surrounding the head, as in 37, denotes miraculous influence. In 45, a lodge and a kettle tell of preparations for a feast. A man's hand lifted to his mouth (40) speaks of eating. The human face crossed over (14) means the power of killing; the serpent is an emblem of power and subtlety, and so on through the list, the deciphering of the rest of which may afford a pleasant mental exercise to our readers.

To finish, we give an example of a sort of picture-writing far more advanced and far more workmanlike than any of that of the Red Indians (No. 18). It is a document used in a lawsuit among the Aztecs of Mexico. It had always been the practice for the litigants on each side to leave such documents with the king, after stating their cases, for his consideration. When the Spaniards conquered the country, the practice was continued—was, indeed, doubly necessary, because of the differing languages of conquerors and conquered. The drawing here reproduced tells of a suit between natives and Spaniards. A certain farm is in dispute, and a plan of this farm, admirably laid out, forms the chief part of the picture. Near the bottom of the plan a footway is indicated by marks of feet. Three Spanish judges sit in chairs at the top of the picture, with the laws before them. The middle figure on the left-hand side is a native litigant, whose name is indicated by the bow behind him. All the human figures are accompanied by representations of tongues, to signify speech, and the inferior state of the unhappy native is plain to see, he being allowed only one tongue as against the many liberally scattered among the Spaniards.



18.—DOCUMENT IN AN AZTEC LAWSUIT.

Smoked Skipper.

By W. W. Jacobs.

"WAPPING Old Stairs?" said the rough individual, shouldering the bran-new sea-chest, and starting off at a trot with it; "yus, I know the place, captin. Fust v'y'ge, sir?"

"Ay, ay, my hearty," replied the owner of the chest, a small, ill-looking lad of fourteen. "Not so fast with those timbers of yours. D'ye hear?"

"All right, sir," said the man, and, slackening his pace, twisted his head round to take stock of his companion.

"This ain't your fust v'y'ge, captin," he said, admiringly; "don't tell me. I could twig that directly I see you. Ho, what's the use o' trying to come it over a poor 'ard-working man like that?"

"I don't think there's much about the sea I don't know," said the boy in a satisfied voice. "Starboard, starboard your hellum a bit."

The man obeying promptly, they went the remainder of the distance in this fashion, to the great inconvenience of people coming from the other direction.

"And a cheap 'arf-crown's worth, too, captin," said the man, as he thoughtfully put the chest down at the head of the stairs and sat on it pending payment.

"I want to go off to the *Susan Jane*," said the boy, turning to a waterman who was sitting in his boat, holding on to the side of the steps with his hand.

"All right," said the man, "give us a hold o' your box."

"Put it aboard," said the boy to the other man.

"A' right, captin," said the man, with a cheerful smile, "but I'll 'ave my 'arf-crown fust if you don't mind."

"But you said sixpence at the station," said the boy.

"*Two* an' sixpence, captin," said the man, still smiling, "but I'm a bit 'usky, an' p'raps you didn't 'ear the two—'arf a crown's the regler price. We ain't allowed to do it under."

"Well, I won't tell anybody," said the boy.

"Give the man 'is 'arf-crown," said the waterman, with sudden heat; "that's 'is price, an' my fare's eigh-teen pence."

"All right," said the boy, readily; "cheap, too. I didn't know the price, that's all. But I can't pay either of you till I get aboard. I've only got sixpence. I'll tell the captain to give you the rest."

"Tell 'oo?" demanded the light porter, with some violence.

"The captain," said the boy.

"Look 'ere, you give me that 'arf-crown," said the other, "else I'll chuck your box overboard, an' you after it."

"Wait a minute, then," said the boy, darting away up the narrow alley which led to the stairs, "I'll go and get change."

"'Es goin' to change 'arf a suvren, or p'raps a suvren," said the waterman; "you'd better make it five bob, matey."

"Ah, an' you make yours more," said the light porter, cordially. "Well I'm——. Well, of all the——"

"Get off that box," said the big policeman who had come back with the boy. "Take your sixpence an' go. If I catch you down this way again——"

He finished the sentence by taking the fellow by the scruff of the neck and giving him a violent push as he passed him.

"Waterman's fare is threepence," he said to the boy, as the man in the boat, with an utterly expressionless face, took the chest from him. "I'll stay here till he has put you aboard."

The boy took his seat, and the waterman, breathing hard, pulled out towards the vessels in the tier. He looked at the boy and then at the figure on the steps, and, apparently suppressing a strong inclination to speak, spat violently over the side.

"Fine big chap, ain't he?" said the boy.

The waterman, affecting not to hear, looked over his shoulder, and pulled strongly with his left towards a small schooner, from the deck of which a couple of men were watching the small figure in the boat.

"That's the boy I was going to tell you about," said the skipper, "and remember this 'ere ship's a pirate."

"It's got a lot o' pirates aboard of it," said the mate, fiercely, as he turned and regarded the crew, "a set o' lazy, loafing, idle, worthless——"

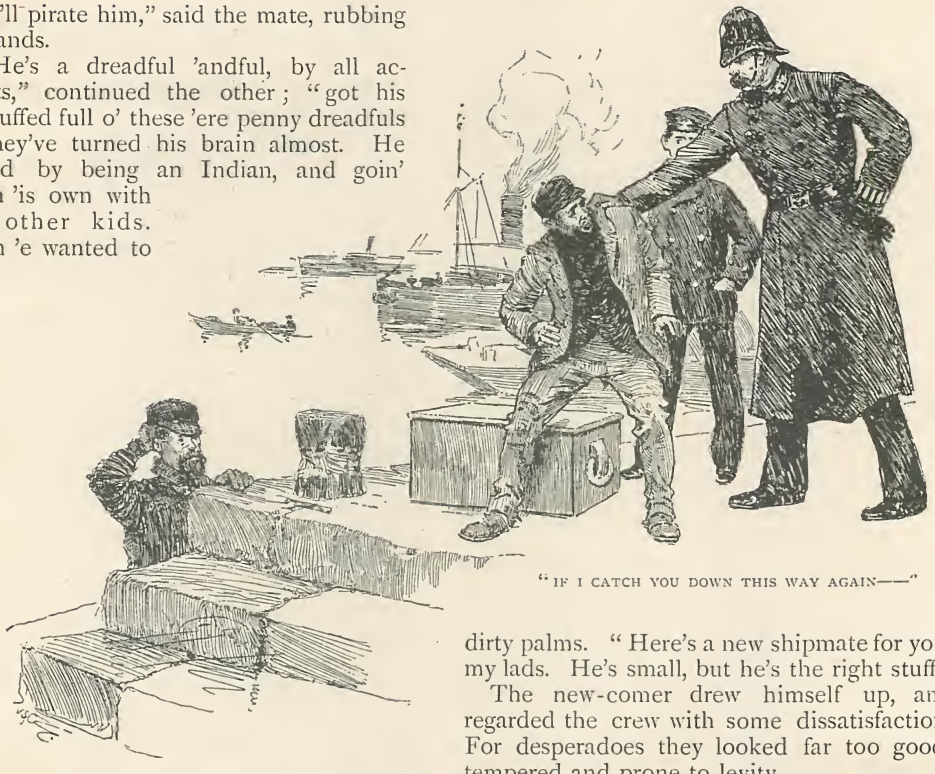
"It's for the boy's sake," interrupted the skipper.

"Where'd you pick him up?" inquired the other.

"He's the son of a friend o' mine what I've brought aboard to oblige," replied the skipper. "He's got a fancy for being a pirate, so just to oblige his father I told him we was a pirate. He wouldn't have come if I hadn't."

"I'll pirate him," said the mate, rubbing his hands.

"He's a dreadful 'andful, by all accounts," continued the other; "got his 'ed stuffed full o' these 'ere penny dreadfuls till they've turned his brain almost. He started by being an Indian, and goin' off on 'is own with two other kids. When 'e wanted to turn cannibal the other two objected, and gave 'im in charge. After that 'e did a bit o' burgling, and it cost 'is old man no end o' money to hush it up."



"IF I CATCH YOU DOWN THIS WAY AGAIN——"

"Well, what did *you* want him for?" grumbled the mate.

"I'm goin' to knock the nonsense out of him," said the skipper, softly, as the boat grazed the side. "Just step for'ard and let the hands know what's expected of 'em. When we get to sea it won't matter."

The mate moved off grumbling, as the small fare stood on the thwarts and scrambled up over the side. The waterman passed up the chest and, dropping the coppers into his pocket, pushed off again without a word.

"Well, you've got here all right, Ralph?" said the skipper. "What do you think of her?"

"She's a rakish-looking craft," said the boy, looking round the dingy old tub with much satisfaction; "but where's your arms?"

"Hush!" said the skipper, and laid his finger on his nose.

"Oh, all right," said the youth, testily, "but you might tell *me*."

"You shall know all in good time," said the skipper, patiently, turning to the crew, who came shuffling up, masking broad grins with dirty palms. "Here's a new shipmate for you, my lads. He's small, but he's the right stuff."

The new-comer drew himself up, and regarded the crew with some dissatisfaction. For desperadoes they looked far too good-tempered and prone to levity.

"What's the matter with you, Jem Smithers?" inquired the skipper, scowling at a huge fair-haired man, who was laughing discordantly.

"I was thinkin' o' the last party I killed, sir," said Jem, with sudden gravity. "I allers laugh when I think 'ow he squealed."

"You laugh too much," said the other, sternly, as he laid a hand on Ralph's shoulder. "Take a lesson from this fine feller; he don't laugh. He acts. Take 'im down below an' show him 'is bunk."

"Will you please to follow me, sir?" said Smithers, leading the way below. "I dessay you'll find it a bit stuffy, but that's owing to Bill Dobbs. A regler old sea-dog is Bill, always sleeps in 'is clothes and never washes."

"I don't think the worse of him for that," said Ralph, regarding the fermenting Dobbs kindly.

"You'd best keep a civil tongue in your 'ed, my lad," said Dobbs, shortly.

"Never mind 'im," said Smithers, cheerfully; "nobody takes any notice o' old Dobbs. You can 'it 'im if you like. I won't let him hurt you."

"I don't want to start by quarrelling," said Ralph, seriously.

"You're afraid," said Jem, tauntingly;

"I ALLERS LAUGH WHEN I THINK HOW HE SQUEALED."

"you'll never make one of us. 'It 'im; I won't let him hurt you."

Thus aroused, the boy, first directing Dobbs's attention to his stomach by a curious duck of his head, much admired as a feint in his neighbourhood, struck him in the face. The next moment the forecastle was in an uproar and Ralph prostrate on Dobbs's knees, frantically reminding Jem of his promise.

"All right, I won't let him 'urt you," said Jem, consolingly.

"But he *is* hurting me," yelled the boy. "He's hurting me *now*."

"Well, wait till I get 'im ashore," said Jem, "his old woman won't know him when I've done with him."

The boy's reply to this was a torrent of shrill abuse, principally directed to Jem's facial shortcomings.

"Now don't get rude," said the seaman, grinning.

"Squint eyes," cried Ralph, fiercely.

"When you've done with that 'ere young gentleman, Dobbs," said Jem, with exquisite politeness, "I should like to 'ave 'im for a little bit to teach 'im manners."

"'E don't want to go," said Dobbs, grinning, as Ralph clung to him. "He knows who's kind to him."

"Wait till I get a chance at you," sobbed Ralph, as Jem took him away from Dobbs.

"Lord lumme," said Jem, regarding him in astonishment. "Why, he's actooaly cryin'. I've seen a good many pirates in my time, Bill, but this is a new sort"

"Leave the boy alone," said the cook, a fat, good-natured man. "Here, come 'ere, old man. They don't mean no 'arm."

Glad to escape, Ralph made his way over to the cook, grinding his teeth with shame as that worthy took him between his knees and mopped his eyes with something which he called a handkerchief.

"You'll be all right," he said, kindly. "You'll be as good a pirate as any of us before you've finished."

"Wait till the first engagement, that's all," sobbed the boy. "If somebody don't get shot in the back it won't be my fault."

The two seamen looked at each other. "That's wot hurt my 'and then," said Dobbs, slowly. "I thought it was a jack-knife."

He reached over, and unceremoniously grabbing the boy by the collar, pulled him towards him, and drew a small, cheap revolver from his pocket. "Look at that, Jem."

"Take your fingers orf the blessed trigger and then I will," said the other, somewhat sourly.

"I'll pitch it overboard," said Dobbs.

"Don't be a fool, Bill," said Smithers, pocketing it, "that's worth a few pints o' anybody's money. Stand out o' the way, Bill, the Pirit King wants to go on deck."

"LOOK AT THAT, JEM."

Bill moved aside as the boy went to the ladder, and allowing him to get up four or five steps, did the rest for him with his shoulder. The boy reached the deck on all fours, and, regaining a more dignified position as soon as possible, went and leaned over the side, regarding with lofty contempt the busy drudges on wharf and river.

They sailed at midnight and brought up in the early dawn in Longreach, where a lighter loaded with barrels came alongside, and the boy smelt romance and mystery when he learnt that they contained powder. They took in ten tons, the lighter drifted away, the hatches were put on, and they started once more.

It was his first voyage, and he regarded with eager interest the craft passing up and down. He had made his peace with the seamen, and they regaled him with blood-curdling stories of their adventures in the vain hope of horrifying him.

"'E's a beastly little rascal, that's wot 'e is," said the indignant Bill, who had surprised himself by his powers of narration; "fancy larfin' when I told 'im of pitchin' the baby to the sharks."

"'E's all right, Bill," said the cook, softly. "Wait till you've got seven of 'em."

"What are you doing here, boy?" demanded the skipper, as Ralph, finding the seaman's yarns somewhat lacking in interest, strolled aft with his hands in his pockets.

"Nothing," said the boy, staring.

"Keep the other end o' the ship," said the skipper, sharply, "an' go an' 'elp the cook with the taters."

Ralph hesitated, but a grin on the mate's face decided him.

"I didn't come here to peel potatoes," he said, loftily.

"Oh, indeed," said the skipper, politely; "an' wot might you 'ave come for, if it ain't being too inquisitive?"

"To fight the enemy," said Ralph, shortly.

"Come 'ere," said the skipper.

The boy came slowly towards him.

"Now look 'ere," said the skipper, "I'm going to try and knock a little sense into that stupid 'ed o' yours. I've 'eard all about your silly little games ashore. Your father said he couldn't manage you, so I'm goin' to have a try, and you'll find I'm a very different sort o' man to deal with to wot 'e is. The idea o' thinking this ship was a pirate. Why, a boy your age ought to know there ain't such things nowadays."

"You told me you was," said the boy, hotly, "else I wouldn't have come."

"That's just why I told you," said the skipper. "But I didn't think you'd be such a fool as to believe it. Pirates, indeed! Do we look like pirates?"

"You don't," said the boy, with a sneer; "you look more like——"

"Like wot?" asked the skipper, edging closer to him. "Eh, like wot?"

"I forget the word," said Ralph, with strong good sense.

"Don't tell any lies now," said the skipper, flushing, as he heard a chuckle from the mate.

"Go on, out with it. I'll give you just two minutes."

"I forget it," persisted Ralph.

"Dustman?" suggested the mate, coming to his assistance. "Coster, chimbley-sweep, mudlark, pick-pocket, convict, washer-wom——"

"If you'll look after your dooty, George, instead o' interferin' in matters that don't concern you," said the skipper, in a choking voice, "I shall be obliged. Now, then, you boy, what were you going to say I was like?"

"Like the mate," said Ralph, slowly.

"Don't tell lies," said the skipper, furiously; "you couldn't 'ave forgot that word."

"I didn't forget it," said Ralph, "but I didn't know how you'd like it."

The skipper looked at him dubiously, and pushing his cap from his brow scratched his head.

"And I didn't know how the mate 'ud like it, either," continued the boy.

He relieved the skipper from an awkward dilemma by walking off to the galley and starting on a bowl of potatoes. The master of the *Susan Jane* watched him blankly for some time and then looked round at the mate.

"You won't get much change out of 'im," said the latter, with a nod; "insultin' little devil."

The other made no reply, but as soon as the potatoes were finished set his young friend to clean brass work, and after that to tidy the cabin up and help the cook clean his pots and pans. Meantime the mate went below and overhauled his chest.

"This is where he gets all them ideas from," he said, coming aft with a big bundle of penny papers. "Look at the titles of 'em—'The Lion of the Pacific,' 'The One-armed Buccaneer,' 'Captain Kidd's Last Voyage.'"

He sat down on the cabin skylight and began turning them over, and, picking out certain gems of phraseology, read them aloud to the skipper. The latter listened at first with scorn and then with impatience.

"I can't make head or tail out of what you're reading, George," he said, snappishly. "Who was Rudolph? Read straight ahead."

Thus urged, the mate, leaning forward so that his listener might hear better, read steadily through a serial in the first three numbers. The third instalment left Rudolph swimming in a race with three sharks and a boat-load of cannibals, and the joint efforts of both men failed to discover the other numbers.

"COSTER, CHIMBLEY-SWEEP, MUDLARK."

"Just wot I should 'ave expected of 'im," said the skipper, as the mate returned from a fruitless search in the boy's chest. "I'll make him a bit more orderly on this ship. Go an' lock them other things up in your drawer, George. He's not to 'ave 'em again."

The schooner was getting into open water now, and began to feel it. In front of them was the blue sea, dotted with white sails and funnels belching smoke, speeding from England to worlds of romance and adventure. Something of the kind the cook said to Ralph, and urged him to get up and look for himself. He also, with the best intentions, discussed the restorative properties of fat pork from a medical point of view.

The next few days the boy divided between sea-sickness and work, the latter being the skipper's great remedy for piratical yearnings. Three or four times he received a mild drubbing, and, what was worse than the drubbing, had to give an answer in the affirmative to the skipper's inquiry as to whether he felt in a more wholesome frame of mind. On the fifth morning they stood in towards Fairhaven, and to his great joy he saw trees and houses again.

They stayed at Fairhaven just long enough to put out a small portion of their cargo, Ralph, stripped to his shirt and trousers, having to work in the hold with the rest, and proceeded to Lowport, a little place some thirty miles distant, to put out their powder. It was evening before they arrived, and, the tide being out, anchored in the mouth of the river on which the town stands.

"Git in about four o'clock," said the skipper to the mate, as he looked over the side towards the little cluster of houses on the shore. "Do you feel better now I've knocked some o' that nonsense out o' you, boy?"

"Much better, sir," said Ralph, respectfully.

"Be a good boy," said the skipper, pausing on the companion-ladder, "and you can stay with us if you like. Better turn in now, as you'll have to make yourself useful again in the morning working out the cargo."

He went below, leaving the boy on deck. The crew were in the forecastle smoking, with the exception of the cook, who was in the galley over a little private business of his own.

An hour later the cook went below to prepare for sleep. The other two men were already in bed, and he was about to get into his when he noticed that Ralph's bunk, which was under his own, was empty. He went up on deck and looked round, and, returning below, scratched his nose in thought.

"Where's the boy?" he demanded, taking Jem by the arm and shaking him.

"Eh?" said Jem, rousing. "Whose boy?"

"Our boy, Ralph," said the cook. "I can't see 'im nowhere. I 'ope 'e ain't gone overboard, poor little chap."

Jem refusing to discuss the matter, the cook awoke Dobbs. Dobbs swore at him peacefully, and resumed his slumbers. The cook went up again and prowled round the deck, looking in all sorts of unlikely places for the boy. He even climbed a little way into the rigging, and, finding no traces of him, was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that he had gone overboard.

"Pore little chap," he said, solemnly, looking over the ship's side at the still water.

He walked slowly aft, shaking his head, and looking over the stern, brought up suddenly with a cry of dismay and rubbed his eyes. The ship's boat had also disappeared.

"Wot?" said the two seamen as he ran below and communicated the news. "Well, if it's gorn, it's gorn."

"Hadn't I better go an' tell the skipper?" said the cook.

"Let 'im find it out 'isself," said Jem, purring contentedly in the blankets. "It's 'is boat. Go' night."

"Time we 'ad a noo 'un, too," said Dobbs, yawning. "Don't you worry your 'ed, cook, about what don't consarn you."

The cook took the advice, and, having made his few simple preparations for the night, blew out the lamp and sprang into his bunk. Then he uttered a sharp exclamation, and getting out again fumbled for the matches and relit the lamp. A minute later he awoke his exasperated friends for the third time.

"S'elp me, cook," began Jem, fiercely.

"If you don't I will," said Dobbs, sitting up and trying to reach the cook with his clenched fist.

"It's a letter pinned to my pillow," said the cook, in trembling tones, as he held it to the lamp.

"Well, we don't want to 'ear it," said Jem. "Shut up, d'ye hear?"

But there was that in the cook's manner which awed him.

"Dear cook," he read, feverishly, "I have made an infernal machine with clock-work, and hid it in the hold near the gunpowder when we were at Fairhaven. I think it will go off between ten and eleven to-night, but I am not quite sure about the time. Don't tell those other beasts, but jump overboard and swim ashore. I have taken the boat. I would have taken you too, but you told me you swam seven miles once, so you can easy——"

The reading came to an abrupt termination as his listeners sprang out of their bunks, and, bolting on deck, burst wildly into the cabin, and breathlessly reeled off the heads of the letter to its astonished occupants.

"Stuck a wot in the hold?" gasped the skipper.

"Infernal machine," said the mate; "one of them things wot you blow up the 'Ouses of Parliament with."

"Wot's the time now?" interrogated Jem, anxiously.

"'Bout ha'-past ten," said the cook, trembling. "Let's give 'em a hail ashore."

They leaned over the side, and sent a mighty shout across the water. Most of Lowport had gone to bed, but the windows in the inn were bright, and lights showed in the upper windows of two or three of the cottages.

"THEY BURST WILDLY INTO THE CABIN."

Again they shouted in deafening chorus, casting fearful looks behind them, and in the silence a faint answering hail came from the shore. They shouted again like madmen, and then listening intently heard a boat's keel grate on the beach, and then the welcome click of oars in the rowlocks.

"Make haste," bawled Dobbs, vociferously, as the boat came creeping out of the darkness. "W'y don't you make 'aste?"

"Wot's the row?" cried a voice from the boat.

"Gunpowder!" yelled the cook, frantically; "there's ten tons of it aboard just going to explode. Hurry up."

The sound of the oars ceased and a startled murmur was heard from the boat; then an oar was pulled jerkily.

"They're putting back," said Jem, suddenly. "I'm going to swim for it. Stand by to pick me up, mates," he shouted, and lowering himself with a splash into the water struck out strongly towards them. Dobbs, a poor swimmer, after a moment's hesitation, followed his example.

"I can't swim a stroke," cried the cook, his teeth chattering.

The others, who were in the same predicament, leaned over the side, listening. The swimmers were invisible in the darkness, but their progress was easily followed by the noise they made. Jem was the first to be hauled on board, and a minute or two later the listeners on the schooner heard him assisting Dobbs. Then the sounds of strife, of thumps, and wicked words broke on their delighted ears.

"They're coming back for us," said the mate, taking a deep breath. "Well done, Jem."

The boat came towards them, impelled by powerful strokes, and was soon alongside. The three men tumbled in hurriedly, their fall being modified by the original crew, who were lying crouched up in the bottom of the boat. Jem and Dobbs gave way with hearty goodwill, and the doomed ship receded into the darkness. A little knot of people had gathered on the shore, and, receiving the tidings, became anxious for the safety of their town. It was felt that the windows, at least, were in imminent peril, and messengers were hastily sent round to have them opened.

Still the deserted *Susan Jane* made no sign. Twelve o'clock struck from the little church at the back of the town, and she was still intact.

"Something's gone wrong," said an old fisherman with a bad way of putting things. "Now's the time for somebody to go and tow her out to sea."

There was no response.

"To save Lowport," said the speaker, feelingly. "If I was only twenty years younger——"

"It's old men's work," said a voice.

The skipper, straining his eyes through the gloom in the direction of his craft, said nothing. He began to think that she had escaped after all.

Two o'clock struck and the crowd began to disperse. Some of the bolder inhabitants who were fidgety about draughts closed their windows, and children who had been routed out of their beds to take a nocturnal walk inland were led slowly back. By three o'clock the danger was felt to be over, and day broke and revealed the forlorn *Susan Jane* still riding at anchor.

"I'm going aboard," said the skipper, suddenly; "who's coming with me?"

Jem and the mate and the town-policeman volunteered, and, borrowing the boat which had served them before, pulled swiftly out to their vessel, and, taking the hatches off with unusual gentleness, commenced their search. It was nervous work at first, but they became inured to it, and, moreover, a certain suspicion, slight at first, but increasing in intensity as the search proceeded, gave them some sense of security. Later still, they began to eye each other shamefacedly.

"I don't believe there's anything there," said the policeman, sitting down and laughing boisterously; "that boy's been making a fool of you."

"That's about the size of it," groaned the mate. "We'll be the laughing-stock o' the town."

The skipper, who was standing with his back towards him, said nothing; but, peering about, stooped suddenly, and, with a sharp exclamation, picked up something from behind a damaged case.

"I've got it," he yelled, suddenly; "stand clear!"

He scrambled hastily on deck, and, holding his find at arm's length, with his head averted flung it far into the water. A loud cheer from a couple of boats which were watching greeted his action, and a distant response came from the shore.

"Was that a infernal machine?" whispered the bewildered Jem to the mate. "Why, it looked to me just like one o' them tins o' corned beef."

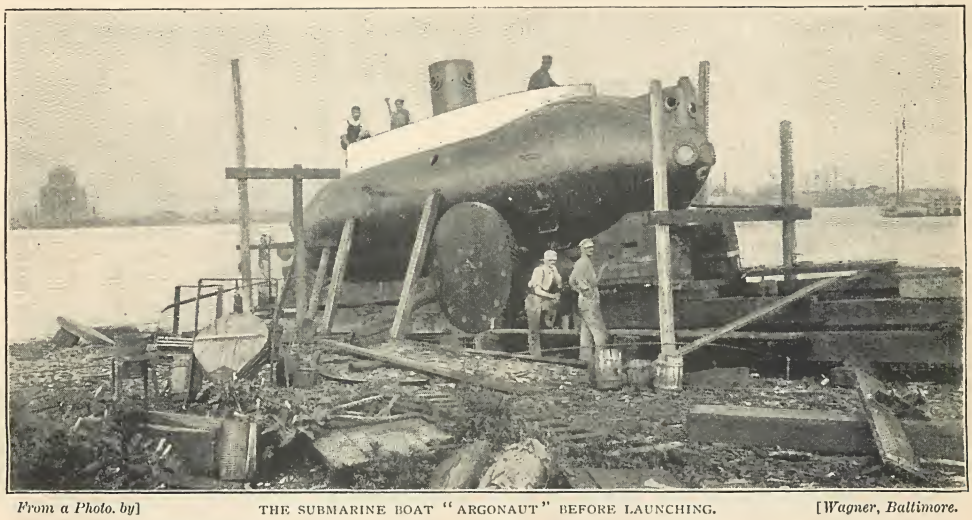
The mate shook his head at him and glanced at the constable, who was gazing longingly over the side. "Well, I've 'eard of people being killed by *them* sometimes," he said with a grin.

A Submarine Boat.

By Henry Hale.

WHEN Jules Verne wrote his celebrated story, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," the submarine boat was but the invention of a fertile imagination. To-day, the submarine boat is an actual fact.

Two such boats have been proved successful within the past six months, one called the *Argonaut*, built by a Baltimore inventor named Simon Lake; and the other called the *Holland*, constructed by a New York inventor of the same name. The *Argonaut* is the result of fourteen years' labour on the part of Mr. Lake, and on December 18th of last year her capabilities were practically demonstrated in the harbour of Baltimore.



From a Photo. by] THE SUBMARINE BOAT "ARGONAUT" BEFORE LAUNCHING. *[Wagner, Baltimore.*

The appearance of the *Argonaut*, as she rested on the ways in the yard of the Columbian Iron Works, just before launching, is admirably shown in the accompanying illustration. She was not an imposing-looking craft. Her length gave her an extremely insignificant appearance, and she was dubbed "a cigar with a knob on top," just as, during the Civil War, the little *Monitor* was dubbed a "cheese-box on a raft." And, if truth must be told, the people who saw her while she was being built were not at all hopeful of her success. It seemed against reason that a boat, with men living and working in her, could run along the bottom of the sea.

The launching, therefore, took place in the presence of a cynical crowd. But, as soon as the machinery and equipment were installed, and the trials were held, there was another tale to tell. These trials showed conclusively that the boat could be propelled as well under water as above water, that it can be submerged to the bottom of the harbour and readily raised in a few moments; and, in short, that a new era in the history of warfare and navigation had begun.

The "knob on top" of this strange-looking craft is the so-called "conning-tower" through which the inmates enter and emerge. The *Argonaut* is 36ft. in length and 9ft. in diameter. Constructed of steel plates 3/8in. thick, her cylindrical shape adds to her power of resisting hydraulic pressure. Her construction outside skin is reinforced by knees and transverse work of steel, while the compartment partitions of the same metal, which extend from side to side, give additional strength. The interior is divided into the engine-room, the living-room, the divers'-room (with an intermediate air-lock compartment), and the forward look-out and operating compartment. A

small steam plant, consisting of a 30 horse-power engine and boiler, is used to operate the boat, when on the surface of the water, in the same manner as an ordinary steamboat; and when the boat is submerged, electricity is substituted. A dynamo, operated by powerful storage battery-cells, furnishes power for working the propeller when the craft is submerged, for turning the driving-wheels (shown in our first illustration) when the boat is and at each end of the deck is a slender mast, the mast near the stern being hollow. The wheel, which may be controlled either from the outside or inside, is placed well aft.

There are a few words yet to say about that rear-mast. This hollow rod of steel contains a valve, which closes automatically when the vessel has reached a certain depth in the water, and the engine is supplied with compressed air — another noteworthy thing

From a] THE "ARGONAUT" AFLOAT. *[Photograph.*

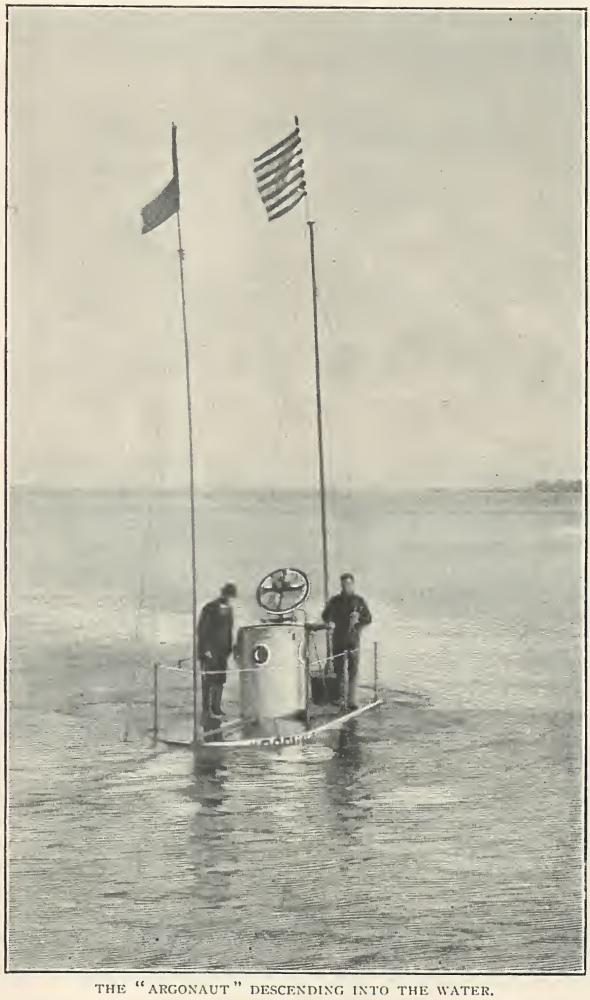
moved or rolled along the bottom, and for illuminating the compartment by incandescent lamps. The cells contain enough electricity to supply the current for these purposes for a period ranging from sixty to seventy-two hours, allowing the boat to be submerged and its connection with the surface entirely cut off during that time.

The appearance of the *Argonaut* after she had been launched and equipped is shown in our second illustration. We may now note the construction of the "conning-tower," which is painted white, and contains four eyes. A rail surrounds the small, flat deck, about the *Argonaut*. The air-compressors and reservoirs are located in the engine room for replenishing the air vitiated by the crew, and to supply the divers when they are operating outside the vessel. The reservoirs contain air compressed to about one-seventieth of its bulk, and carry a supply for two or three days when under water.

Forward from the engine-room and separated from it by an air-lock compartment is the divers'-room. This room contains another of the remarkable features of the boat. It has a door opening outward in the bottom of the hull, large enough to enable

the diver to pass in and out without assistance. By means of the compressed air reservoir the atmosphere in this compartment can be maintained at a density equal to the pressure of water on the exterior, and the proper density is indicated by a series of delicate gauges. When the pressures are equal, the door can be opened and no water will enter.

When under water, the boat is controlled from the look-out compartment in the bow, the exterior of which we may see in our opening illustration. Here the atmosphere is normal, and one man can not only steer the boat and supply air to the divers on the outside, but can govern its entire mechanism. In this room there is a window of thick bull's eye glass, through which are thrown rays from a 200 candle-power electric lamp. It illuminates the water for a distance of 350ft., and is utilized for discovering wrecks or other obstructions. The advantages of such a light are, of course, obvious; and experienced swimmers know the feeling of fear and oppression which comes to them when they are swimming at a distance of 10ft. or 12ft. below the surface of the water. This sensation comes over one who goes to the bottom for the first time in the *Argonaut*. The entrance to the boat through the conning-tower is closed by an air-tight lid, securely screwed down, a valve is turned, and you feel a scarcely-perceptible trembling, which shows you that the trip has begun. The light through the thick glass bull's-eye window in the conning-tower becomes fainter and fainter, and electric light takes the place of the daylight which is being gradually shut out. You feel, indeed, as if cut off from all the world, and the sensation of loneliness is not diminished when you go into the forward compartment. When the boat reaches the bottom, an air-valve is opened which fills this compartment with compressed air. At first there is difficulty in breathing, but this gradually passes away and at times is replaced by earache, caused by the atmospheric pressure on the drum of that organ. Those who have gone under several times sometimes place cotton in their ears, thus preventing the unpleasant feeling.



THE "ARGONAUT" DESCENDING INTO THE WATER.
From a Photograph.

On the boat there is a fixed keel extending over two-thirds of the length, and a set of water-tanks in the floor. The boat is sunk by filling the tanks, and rises when this water is blown out of the tanks. To assist in keeping the boat stationary at any desired level, a pair of weighted anchors is provided. Under normal conditions, these are drawn up into pockets in the keel by electric motors, and when the boat is ready to be anchored at a desired level, the anchors are let down to the bottom. The exact level of flotation is then attained by winding or unwinding the winches to which the anchors are attached.

It is well known that the limited time during which diving operations can be carried on in open water is one of the most potent drawbacks in that branch of business; and this difficulty is most prominent in work on sunken ships, and in building submarine foundations of lighthouses, piers, and work of that class. The long distance between the diver at work and the scows or boats with which he is connected is the reason for this drawback. Consequently, the need of a submarine boat which may be placed at the bottom of the sea in proximity to the wreck or lighthouse foundation has been generally felt, and the advent of the *Argonaut* is an event of no small importance.

From a] THE "ARGONAUT" SUBMERGED. [*Photograph.*

The divers' apartment is, as has been said, close to the keel, and is air-tight. When the diver is ready for his work, he enters this compartment, and the door is closed. When sufficient air has been forced in, the diver opens the outer door, and goes out upon the bed of the sea. The air-supply is always under his own control, and he is always near the *Argonaut*, with whose occupants he is able to carry on conversation, and with the tools of his trade near at hand. The door through which he goes out may be left open for an hour or more; yet the compartment remains dry, except when the diver returns from his work and shakes the water from his armour. The door is then shut carefully, the air allowed to escape from the compartment, the water ballast expelled from the vessel, and in a few moments the boat is on the surface of the water, at rest in the light of day.

The fact that the craft can remain under water such a length of time, and can be propelled under water or partially submerged, as shown in the illustration, has attracted the interest of several foreign Governments, who have sent their naval *attachés* at Washington to examine its plan of construction. The destruction which such a boat could accomplish is realized especially by Great Britain and Japan, whose representatives have obtained plans and estimates of its cost. By the use of a compass and distance indicator or log, the *Argonaut* could proceed under water fifteen or twenty miles in any direction without the captain finding it necessary to go to the top. Consequently she could approach a war vessel or fortification undetected within a few feet, or near enough to launch a torpedo or locate a mine. The fearful disaster to the *Maine* in Havana harbour could be readily duplicated by the use of such a craft.

Another point is worth considering. It is said that the world's annual loss of vessels and cargoes is about one hundred millions of dollars. Much of this is still lying at the bottom of the sea, and the submarine boat is destined to recover these riches. The bed of Old Ocean is dotted with jewels and gold, and the Jasons of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will be the divers and wreckers who go out in modern *Argonauts* in search of this golden fleece.

A North Sea Rescue.

By Walter Wood.

THROUGHOUT that last Sunday in November a strong breeze had been blowing over the Dogger Bank from the south-west. All that day, against the unrelenting wind, the *Heart of Oak* had fought her way towards the Yorkshire coast. When her lights were taken in at daybreak she was alone on that dreary waste of tumbling waters; and until eventide she had struggled on with streaming decks without another sail of any sort appearing. The lamps were lit again, and the smack thrashed on her course, and still no port or starboard or masthead light showed above the angry sea.

Scores of times the *Heart of Oak* had plunged headlong into the waves. As often the water had roared down her deck and smothered her helmsman in a yeasty foam. Once or twice a big sea had dropped hissing into the cabin, and had soused the smacksmen who were sleeping on the floor. But a little more liquid made no difference to them; for they had been long wet to the skin, and they slumbered on, growling as they slept. On a locker right astern, kept from being thrown off by the cabin table, was stretched a great, groaning figure, a landsman who was prostrated by sickness, and who prayed for nothing better than that death would come and end his suffering.

From dawn till sunset there had been an incessant battle with the wind and sea, but not until he had carefully watched the moon and sky, and consulted his barometer, did Skipper Sharman give as his opinion that far worse weather was awaiting them.

"The glass was low this mornin'," he said to the third hand, who was at the tiller; "it run down a bit till tea-time, but, by George, it seems like to run out altogether now. I never see it drop like this afore."

"I suspected it this mornin'," said the helmsman. "It's a long time since I saw such a high dawn."

"Or such a clear atmosphere as we 'ad a w'ile ago," rejoined the skipper. "There didn't seem to be any air; there act'ly didn't. You remember 'ow 'ard the 'orizon was? It was as sharp as a razor edge."

"You're right, old skipper. We've 'ad a bucketin' already, but it's nought to what we'll get afore the mornin' comes."

"My own opinion is that the wind'll veer to the nor'ard," said the skipper. "If it does, we shall be all right. Wi' a breeze like this from the proper quarter, we could spank into 'arbour just at 'igh water."

"Never," answered the third hand, emphatically. "It 'ud fetch up too big a sea, an' we couldn't get in—except bottom up. You know, the long an' short of it is, skipper, the '*Eart of Oak's* a bit too fine built for such rough work as fishin' on the Dogger. I've allus said so. She should ha' bin a yacht. Just see, now, 'ow she shoves 'er nose into it—an' it isn't much of a sea, neither. When the wind's got more nor'ard in it we shall pretty nigh get the sticks knocked out of her."

"Pooh," laughed the skipper. "Just notice the feel of 'er. Don't you call 'er 'andy?"

"'Andy enough; but too wet an' too fond o' nosin' into it. I'll allow she's got good points——"

"Bristles with 'em," interposed the skipper, refusing to hear a word to the disparagement of the *Heart of Oak*. "Watch 'er rise to it. Just see 'ow scornful she shakes the water off. Man, there isn't a 'andier or tighter craft on the North Sea at this minute. There isn't a gale for twenty year past that she 'asn't rode out easy; an' she isn't goin' to begin pranks in any breeze now, even if the glass 'as pretty nigh gone to bed once for all."

He laughed at his little pleasantry, and his companion looked admiringly at his stalwart form in its shining oilskins and heavy sea-boots.

"'Ow's the gent bloke?" asked the helmsman, lounging against the tiller.

"He was alive when I was below," said the skipper.

"Sayin' much?" inquired the third hand.

"Nothing fresh; only groanin' and prayin' for the ship to sink."

"Ah! I thought we should give 'im a bucketin'. 'E spoke a lot o' what 'e'd seen an' done in deep-water boats, without ever bein' bowled over; but I told 'im I thought we'd make 'im sit up afore the trip was finished. An' we've done it!"

"Whatever 'appened," said the skipper, I should think it my duty to see 'im safe back. But no fear; we'll all get in 'ome by 'igh water in the mornin'. The wind's gettin' round fast, an' we'll just walk now. Get the lads up, an' snug 'er down. We can't carry all this cloth. You just see 'ow we'll bowl along w'en we're close-reefed."

The mate stamped with his heavy boots on the deck, and bawled with his rough, hoarse voice down the companion; and in obedience to the order the sleepy crew appeared and got the *Heart of Oak* close-reefed. By the time they had shortened sail and made all snug the wind was coming from the north-north-west with quickly growing force, and Skipper Sharman was battling with the kicking tiller with all his strength.

"SKIPPER SHARMAN."

For an hour or two the *Heart of Oak* ran down the roaring North Sea. As yet she was going pretty snugly, and the skill and strength of her skipper kept her well before the wind. But as the gale increased he became more anxious, and at last gave the order to snug her down still more and set the storm-jib.

With infinite labour, and at the peril of their lives, the crew got the canvas shortened, and the smack ran on with her sails bellying out like curved sheets of iron.

"Now go below, lads," said the skipper; "there's no need for you to stop here. You'll be safer there; I'll call you w'en I want you."

"But let me take the tiller with you," said the mate.

"I can keep 'er to it," rejoined the master. "Do as I tell you. You can come up by-an'-by. Make some tea, an' tell the gent bloke 'e needn't fear."

They tumbled cautiously into the cabin, and the skipper was left alone on the gleaming deck.

The wind screamed about him, and the spray it whipped up from the sea pattered furiously upon his oilskins. Sometimes a fierce gust would strike upward, and the spray would then beat upon his neck, in spite of the sou'-wester, and hurt him as if he had been physically struck.

He was thankful that in spite of the fury of the gale the night was clear. It appalled him even to glance to port or starboard and notice the sea that was running. Once or twice he glanced astern, but so terrific was the following sea that he involuntarily closed his eyes and shuddered. It needed all his strong nerve and experience of the North Sea to give him steadiness enough to keep the smack before the gale and so in present safety. Once let her broach to, or get out of her course at all, and she and every soul on board would become the victims of the seething waters.

At one time, on his starboard, there passed him a steamer which he judged to be a collier tramp. He saw her from afar, and by the tremendous pitching of her mast-head light guessed how badly she was labouring, and from the speed with which she passed him knew that her skipper was driving her through the gale, not daring even to try to heave her to. A little time afterwards he passed, this time on his port, a great steamer whose outline he could clearly see. She was hove to, and riding out the gale with tolerable

comfort. He knew from the build of her and the lights which showed that she carried passengers, and wondered whether they were all prostrate with fear and sickness. For his own part, aboard of a big, fine, well-found steamer such as she was, hove to on a clear night like that, he would have laughed at even such a furious gale as this.

"Comfortable lighted-up chapel look about her, eh?" said the mate, clambering cautiously up the hatchway with a mug of steaming tea. He spoke in a loud roar, although the skipper's feet were almost touching his face. "My God! What a sight astern! It's enough to paralyze you to look at it."

"Then don't look," shouted the skipper, in reply. "What's the good o' it? We're as well off—an' better, to my thinkin'—as that old collier tramp w'ich is nosin' it to the nor'ard, slap in the teeth of it, because 'er skipper daren't try an' 'eave 'er to."

"Sup this," said the mate, holding with one hand to the hatch and extending the other towards the skipper, in it the mug of tea.

It was a clever acrobatic and muscular feat to seize the mug and drink the tea, but the skipper managed it. He dropped the enamelled iron vessel as the easiest way of getting rid of it, and clutched the tiller with both hands again. The mate caught it as it was beginning a voyage along the deck, and threw it into the cabin. Then he got altogether out of the hatchway, closed the door and drew on the lid, and clambered to his captain's side. "Now, with the tiller between us," he shouted, "surely we can 'old 'er up."

They did hold her up. Their strong arms made the *Heart of Oak* keep truly on her course, and so steadily did they hold her to it that the iron-like sails never altered in their shape.

"Goin' like this, we should be somewhere-like by mornin'," said the mate.

"Aye, it should fetch us not far to the nor'ard o' the 'Ead," replied the skipper. "Lord, what a length the nights 'ave! What wouldn't I give for daylight!"

But daylight was yet far distant, and they had to go on with their work, panting and struggling at the tiller of the *Heart of Oak* as she tore on before the gale.

"'SUP THIS,' SAID THE MATE."

When the dawn came up in the east the gale rose to its height. Even for North Sea weather it was bad, and it was all the skipper and the mate could do to keep the smack before the wind and prevent her broaching-to. It was a perilous and anxious time, and Sharman and his mate, in the haggard light of the morning, showed to each other their feelings by their looks.

"One o' them chaps plump on top o' us, an' we're done," said the mate.

"Keep 'er to it, Jack, keep 'er to it; don't on no account let 'er fall away," said the skipper, refusing to give utterance to his own fear, which was, that one of these deadly following seas would swing the smack round and smash and sink her.

When they were on the crests of the waves they were almost borne off their feet by the force of the wind; when they were down in the hollows they were for the moment in calmness, sheltered by the wall of water in their rear.

"I thought I saw a yawl just then," said Jack, when the *Heart of Oak* was scending with sickening velocity down a huge wave which had hurried underneath her.

"Where?" demanded the skipper. "There's such a smother o' spray, it's like a snowstorm. There's no proper seein' through it."

"There!" shouted Jack, and he pointed over the port-bow, and the skipper saw a yawl whose sails were torn into strips.

"He's in a bad way—looks like the *Mary*," said the skipper, as they were poised for a moment on the crest of an enormous wave.

"It's 'er, an' no other," said Jack. "It's only last trip she lost a man."

When the *Heart of Oak* rose again they saw that the *Mary* had been struck by a heavy sea, and that she was lying a crippled, helpless wreck. Near her was a clumsy-looking, grimy steamer, hove to. Up to the moment they had not seen the steamer, which had been hidden in a bank of fog. Now they noticed that the crew of the *Mary* were signalling to her for assistance. A man on the flying bridge, on whose head was a Tam-o'-Shanter, was making signs which showed that he could not offer any assistance.

"STRUCK BY A HEAVY SEA."

"God 'elp 'em, their time's come," said the mate, compassionately.

"Rouse 'em up," roared the skipper; and the mate called the crew again. With them appeared the passenger, pale and dishevelled, aroused from his stupor by the excitement of the discovery of the *Mary*.

He was a stalwart young man, who had knocked about most of the seas on earth, and in most kinds of craft, and whose boast it had been that he had never been made sea-sick. But the *Heart of Oak* and the North Sea between them had spoiled his record, and since the gale had sprung up he had been prostrate and helpless.

"You keep below, sir," said the skipper. "It's the only safe place. You'll be swept overboard."

"I'll run my chance," said the passenger, by name Stanton, by occupation a briefless barrister, with means. "I can't bear that fearful hole. If I'm to die, it shall be in the open." He clambered to the mainsheet-horse, and hung fiercely to it. "That yawl's in a bad way, isn't she?"

"Very," replied the skipper, casting a fearful glance at her. The gale was rapidly sweeping them towards the wreck.

"Can't we do anything?" asked Stanton.

"No, I wish we could," said the skipper.

"But you're not going to run past her?"

"We can't do anything else," said Sharman; "no boat could live in this sea, an' I couldn't get the *'Eart o' Oak* alongside or near 'er. I could only run down an' let the wind take the boat to the *Mary*, an' it 'ud be as good as death to do that."

Stanton looked at the wallowing tramp, and then at the pitiful spectacle of the sinking yawl. Those of her crew who were left—two had been carried overboard with the masts—were making wild signs for help to the *Heart of Oak*.

"See," he said, "they know they can't hope from the steamer there, and must turn to us—smacksmen like themselves. Are we going to leave her?"

"No!" roared the skipper, with amazing energy. He threw himself against the tiller, and the *Heart of Oak* shuddered as she headed for the *Mary*.

"Now," said Skipper Sharman, "these poor chaps want rescuin', an' we've got to rescue 'em. It's a matter o' life an' death for anyone who goes. I'll make one, an' leave old Jack in charge."

"We can't spare you," said the mate. "Can't the steamer do anything? She's a lot nearer." His spirit was willing, but he could not help quailing a little at the awful task before any boat that ventured into that ungovernable fury of sea. And he thought, too, of his wife and child at home who were dependent solely on him for their support.

"Lads," said Skipper Sharman, "she's only a poor tramp, 'ove-to, an' she can't at the peril of her life offer to do anything. 'Er skipper knows that if 'e could get a boat over she'd be smashed to bits against that side o' wollerin' ireon. If that smack's crew's got to be saved, we've got to do it. What's it to be?"

"Shove the boat over!" roared the mate. "I'll go, if I've to make the trip alone."

"I'll go with you," shouted the fourth hand.

"Make room for me, for I'm going," rang out a clear voice, and they saw the great form of Stanton clambering crabwise over the deck to where the boat lay.

"This is no lake or river work—it's life or death!" cried Sharman, warningly.

"That's why I'm going to be in at it," returned Stanton. "Tell me how to bear a hand."

"God bless you, sir," exclaimed the skipper, hoarsely, forgetful for the moment of his own smack's peril in his admiration of the landsman's courage. "You're worth a steam-injun, with a pluck like that. Out boat, lads!"

The *Heart of Oak* gave a fearful roll to port as he spoke, and the crew were tumbled bodily into the swimming scuppers. They scrambled, bruised and wet, to their feet, and seized the tackle to get the boat upon the bulwarks. They hoisted it up at last, and watching until the smack's port bulwarks were again level with the water, they shot it overboard, the mate tumbling heavily in as the broad, squat craft sank deep down alongside the *Heart of Oak*. The boat was tossed up again like a cork, and a huge white curling wave roared on and raised it as if to smash it to matchwood against the smack's side. The mate fendered the boat off with his arms, and at his signal Stanton tumbled in as it fell away, as if sinking into a chasm. All this time it was being towed alongside the *Heart of Oak*, and in peril of capsizing every instant.

"THE BOAT WAS TOSSED UP LIKE A CORK."

Stanton seized an oar and kept the boat off as it rose again in the hissing, roaring swirl. This time it was sent broadside on by a wave and struck the side of the smack, as if its planks would be stove in; but its ribs were stout and seasoned, and they were not damaged beyond their rusty outer coat of paint. As the boat fell away again the fourth hand dropped in, and before another sea could reach them he and the mate had got the oars and let the painter go, and were running dangerously before the gale, although Sharman gave them, as well as he could, the sheltering lee of the smack.

The following seas threatened to engulf the boat, and in spite of all precautions water broke swampingly on board and kept Stanton, who had been provided with a bucket, baling ceaselessly.

Standing, North Sea fashion, to their work, the mate and fourth hand facing each other, the mate looking ahead, they flew on Silently, with clenched teeth, they staggered over great, green, angry hills of water that were racing after them with amazing swift-

ness. The bluff bow of the boat was kept unswervingly before the sea and wind. The seas smote the little craft with a thunderous sound, and a cataract of yeasty water tumbled into it.

Stanton, panting and perspiring, in spite of the cold and wet, worked with a savageness that he had never felt before. He was as fine of courage as he was of frame, and a war like this was in keeping with the battle spirit that was now aroused within him. Sternly, unyieldingly, unwearyingly, he raised and bent his back as he scooped the water from the bottom and threw it into the sea from which it came. His example filled even these North Sea heroes with zeal and hope, and, with a blind belief that Providence would favour such a trip as theirs, they kept their course.

They swiftly drew towards the sinking smack. It was wonderful, in such a waste of furious water, the boat kept up at all. But she floated and she progressed, and the captain of the steamer jammed his Tam-o'-Shanter harder down upon his head as he peered over the weather-cloth of his flying-bridge, and watched the boat as he might have watched some race or match ashore.

"Go it, lads, and God help and bless you!" he roared, as the boat was swirled past the tramp's stern and lost the shelter of the smack. When it had passed he shouted: "It's all I can do, but I'll go ahead and give you my lee till you're in line with the smack."

He telegraphed to the engine-room, and the tramp, with a protest from every plate, forged half-speed ahead. She pitched fearfully, and the seas broke over her in immense volumes, and filled her well-deck with a weight of solid water that promised fair to burst the bulwarks or sink her bodily.

The skipper rang again, and the engines went dead-slow, just keeping the tramp's bows to it. But the boat had benefited by the shelter of her lee, and for two or three minutes the men within it had found their work a little easier. A few more guiding strokes of the oars, and a few scends along huge waves, and they were under the *Mary's* lee.

"Quick, for God's sake! She's settlin' fast," said the skipper of the *Mary*, throwing a rope one end of which he had fastened to the stump of the mizzen.

Stanton, who had risen for an instant to straighten his aching back, caught the rope as it whizzed snake-like past the boat, and in an instant had fastened the end to a thwart.

"Fender 'er off, sir; never mind balin'!" bellowed the mate, and Stanton, thankful for the change, obeyed the order, and helped to keep the boat from being stove in against the sinking vessel's side.

"Little 'un first," said the mate, catching sight of the shivering cabin-boy.

"Jump, I'll catch you!" shouted Stanton, and the boy, seeing him and believing in the outstretched sinewy arms, waited for his chance, and jumped. The boy was caught by Stanton as he fell, and was soused into the water at the bottom of the boat. "Stick,

"'JUMP, I'LL CATCH YOU,' SHOUTED STANTON."

boy," said Stanton, and the boy grasped a thwart and clung grimly on.

"Now, as quick as you like," shouted the mate, and the remaining hands of the *Mary* tumbled heavily into the boat as chance allowed.

"Get 'er away," sang out the mate. "Cast off that line an' shove her clear as hard as you can. The *Mary's* going by the head. All clear?"

He took his oar and set to work desperately to get the boat away from the suction of the sinking vessel. The fourth hand did the same, and Stanton, unbidden, resumed his baling. The rescued crew were looking yearningly at their foundering home.

"She's gone," said the skipper, solemnly, and for just a second the mate turned his eyes to see the last of her.

"Make for the lee of the tramp," he ordered, and they got under the shelter of the rusty iron wall, more easily now, for they had the wind and sea astern of them.

"I'll take you on board," shouted the tramp's skipper. "Say the word, and it's done."

"We'll shelter 'ere a bit, an' then run for the *'Eart of Oak*. We shall soon be blown to 'er," rejoined the mate. "Thank yer kindly, all the same."

"But you'll be safer here," said the captain.

"We can tackle the smack," rejoined the mate. "Would you, sir," he asked, turning to Stanton, "like to go on board that steamboat?"

"Thanks, no—I'll see it out," rejoined the passenger, and went on with his baling.

"An' a proper choice, sir," roared the mate, admiringly. "You bet, the *'Eart of Oak's* a sight better nor a old ireon pan like that. Now, lads, let's get back. It'll be a dashed sight easier nor comin'."

They left their shelter, the captain giving them a parting cheer, and at last, as much by luck as skill, got back to the *Heart of Oak*. They fought round to her lee, and one by one got on board, the mate being the last to leave. As he sprang on to the streaming deck a wave twisted the boat at her painter and capsized her. The painter snapped, and the boat floated away bottom up.

"Let her go," shouted the skipper. "She'd ha' had to go adrift in any case. We were bound to lose her. Hooray, sir," he added, as Stanton, red and exhausted, clung to the capstan. "Give 'im a cheer, lads; never saw a finer thing done on the North Sea."

They gave him a cheer, the rescued boy joining in with a trembling treble.

"Oh," said Stanton, flushing a deep red. "Cheer yourselves; I've done nothing." But that tribute to a brave man from brave men was dear, and he felt that it was reward enough.

The gale went down more swiftly than it had risen, and the sea subsided with extraordinary quickness. By the afternoon the wind was as gentle as a summer breeze, and the sea was setting into a swell on which, the skipper declared, a "kid in a tub" could travel safely.

"We promised you a bucketin', sir," said Skipper Sharman, proudly, "an' we've given you one. You'll sleep better to-night ashore nor you slept last night below. Come another trip, w'enever you're disposed."

"Thanks," replied Stanton. "Once in a lifetime's enough for me. I reckon you'll be made a hero ashore for the rescue of the *Mary's* crew."

"Lord bless you, sir, nothing o' the sort. W'y should they? We only did our duty."

"But the peril of it!" said Stanton.

"All in a day's work out 'ere—especially in winter. It's a sort o' mutual aid—I 'elp you, some day you'll 'elp me. That's the pay we get. Surely that's enough!"

"They wouldn't think so if they did the work ashore," said Stanton, remembering how a man is glorified who wades into a pond and rescues someone who could hardly be drowned, except wilfully. "And you'll get no recognition or reward?" he asked, incredulously.

"Not unless the sky falls—whatever put that into your head, sir?" He laughed, for the mere notion of it amused him greatly.

"I'll see you do," rejoined Stanton, sternly.

And he did. The day after, being a man of prompt and zealous action and possessing influence, he moved the Royal Humane Society, and they awarded medals to Skipper Sharman and the crew of the *Heart of Oak*. Stanton also sent the skipper a fifty-pound note, to be divided amongst the crew as he thought fit; and to this day considers that the exhibition of North Sea smacksman's skill and courage was cheap at the price.

"Jack and Jill."

By William G. FitzGerald.

WE are all more or less familiar with that series of pictures which are known as "Stories Without Words," but we believe that the idea of telling nursery rhymes by means of photographs is as novel as it is pretty. The credit of the idea belongs entirely to Mr. John H. Coath, a real artist in photography, who lives at Liskeard, in Cornwall. It would take pages of The Strand Magazine to convey anything like an adequate notion of the expenditure of time, patience, and photographic plates necessary to obtain the results which Mr. Coath has achieved.

The very first set of this interesting man's photographs which the writer saw was entitled "A Visit to the Dentist's." The first photo. showed a dear little girl just entering the surgery of an equally juvenile dentist. The latter wore spectacles, and an expression of benevolent sapiency. He was apparently asking the cause of his little visitor's bandaged jaw.

The second photo. showed the sufferer sitting in a little wicker-chair whilst her mouth was being examined by the dentist. Then came the extraction, the exhibition of the offending molar to the relieved patient, and, lastly, the mutual congratulations of patient and dentist. The varying expressions were rendered in a most extraordinary manner. There is real pain shown in the little girl's face as she leans back in the chair and opens her mouth. Determination is shown in the young dentist's face during the actual operation of extraction, whilst the sunny smiles of both parties in the last picture reflect the very greatest credit upon Mr. Coath and his juvenile sitters.

These latter, it should be mentioned here, are the artist's own children, and they have been trained to act and pose intelligently ever since they were the tiniest mites. Merely to give a list of the nursery rhymes and general stories which Mr. Coath has illustrated in this way would occupy at least a column of the Magazine. We have, therefore, selected one representative set as typical of all.

"Jack and Jill went up the hill"—

Our set tells the story of "Jack and Jill" in a very dramatic and realistic manner. The photograph reproduced on the preceding page shows the pair going up the hill together to fetch the traditional pail of water. Both are daintily clad, and are evidently resolved to share the labour of the water-carrying. Each one of these photographs, by the way, should be carefully studied in order the better to appreciate the minute pains which "Jack and Jill's" father has bestowed, not merely on this set, but on all the other stories illustrated in a similar way.

"TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER."

"For many years," writes Mr. Coath, "I have made a special study of this class of work, and also of animal photography. I have been fortunate in securing many awards at the leading photographic exhibitions. Ever since I took up photography it has been my aim to let every picture of children tell its own story, even if that story be told in only one print."

It seems that Mr. Coath's method of working is as follows. He first of all selects a story suitable for his purpose, such as "Little Red Riding Hood," "Boy Blue," "When the Cat's Away," "Little Miss Muffitt," and many others. Having decided upon the story, he calls his little son and daughter into his studio, and tells it to them with a surprising abundance of detail. When he has got the children thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, Mr. Coath poses them for the tableau, such as the second of the "Jack and Jill" series which is here reproduced. In this photo. we see the traditional pair on top of the hill, but not exactly paying that attention to the water-drawing which is consistent with a strict sense of duty. Possibly it is to this that the subsequent catastrophe is due.

So intelligent are Mr. Coath's little ones, that, after they have heard the story, they themselves frequently suggest poses, attitudes, and facial expressions. Naturally they pose

best in a story they have a particular fancy for. And this was the case, by the way, in the "Jack and Jill" series reproduced in this little article.

When doing a new story, Mr. Coath will often develop a negative immediately after the photograph is taken. Then, if the resulting picture does not possess the dainty prettiness, pathos, or dramatic power required of it, the artist commences *de novo*, and perhaps entirely alters the design. In the next photograph reproduced we see that the well-known disaster has actually happened to "Jack and Jill." Jack has fallen down and sustained serious injuries, whilst Jill, his inseparable companion, has also come to grief! It will be agreed that this picture is very well done indeed.

"JACK FELL DOWN AND BROKE HIS CROWN, AND JILL CAME TUMBLING AFTER."

"My children," says Mr. Coath, "have actually posed for me in this way—or been posed—ever since they were two or three months old."

The first series that told a story, however, was entitled "A Fishing Adventure." This set was taken when the little girl was two and a half years old, and the boy one year older. The first picture in the fishing adventure shows the two preparing for mischief. The girl is the instigator of the whole business. She suggests to her little brother that he shall get his father's rod and creel and do his best to haul in gold-fish out of an ornamental globe in the drawing-room. The second picture shows them jointing the rod and putting on flies, after having placed the big globe full of water on the carpet. The third photograph shows the fun in full progress. And so the story goes on. Trouble comes all too swiftly. Mamma is heard coming, and the anglers get excited. The globe is upset and broken all over the carpet. The fish are flopping about in that helpless way peculiar to fish very much out of their element, and the two little disciples of the immortal Izaak are weeping bitterly over the fragments. The last photo. of the set shows mamma seeking the culprits with upraised cane, the little anglers themselves taking shelter beneath a chair and a table respectively.

Mr. Coath's little children enter into the spirit of the story so intelligently that the merest outline of the story is sufficient to give them the cue in the matter of attitude and expression.

The little girl is now about eight years old and the boy nine. A capital example of their intelligence is afforded by the next "Jack and Jill" illustration, which shows Jack, with a suitably woful expression, being ministered to by his resourceful and motherly little companion. Jack's expression is, undoubtedly, that of one who has "broken his crown," and come to grief generally. Little Jill seems to take unto herself some blame for the misfortune, and she is doing her very best to bind up Jack's injuries and hush up the matter as much as possible.

I asked Mr. Coath what was the subject of the latest set he took. "It represents," he said, "a young amateur juggler, who, having seen his real prototype at a place of amusement, is anxious to emulate the magician's achievements for the benefit of

THE IGNOMINIOUS RETURN.

his own admiring brothers and sisters. To this end he takes a walking-stick, and one of his mother's best plates. Of course, the performance ends disastrously, but there can be no doubt whatever that as an ingenious and novel exercise in photographic art, the set compares favourably with any that even Mr. Coath himself has yet turned out.

In the last photo. we see that Jack and Jill are returning home—waterless, it is true, but still, not so deplorably circumstanced as they might be, thanks to the prompt and resolute action of Jill, who has in reality been the leader of the whole adventure. Observe she is taking him home with that delightful air of proprietorship which all little maidens seem to assume instinctively over their male companions. Jill seems to be saying to herself, "Well, never mind. I *would* insist on coming with you, and perhaps I was the cause of all that has happened. Still, things might have been very much worse if I hadn't been with you. I've looked after you, and now am bringing you home."

For the most part, Mr. Coath does not publish these photographs direct. I believe his practice is to make over his rights in them—or some of them, at any rate, as in the present case—to the great photographic firm of Messrs. F. Frith and Sons, of Reigate.

"I'LL SEE YOU HOME ALL RIGHT."

By W. A. Fraser.

AS you walk up the many score of steps leading to the Golden Pagoda in Rangoon, and come out upon the cemented flat in front of the tapering spire itself, you will see a Burmese temple a little to the right. Among other gods rested there once a small alabaster figure of Buddha, stained yellow, and with a hideous dragon-head; but it is not there now. And because of that alabaster god, these things happened.

Sir Lemuel Jones, C.I.E., was Chief Commissioner of Burma. Lawrence Jones, captain of the "tramp" steamer, *Newcastle Maid*, was his brother. More than that, they were twins, as like as two drops of water. It was *kismet* that Sir Lemuel should rise to be Chief Commissioner, while it was Larry's own fault that he was only captain of a freighter. But they both enjoyed themselves, each after his kind.

One morning in November the *Newcastle Maid* glided up the Irawaddy and swung to moorings just off the main wharf at Rangoon. Larry had not seen his brother for years; and, for the matter of that, did not care if many more years passed before he saw him. Their paths ran at right angles. He was there for a cargo of rice, not to renew family ties.

It was because the chief engineer of the *Newcastle Maid* was a man after his own heart that he said, before going ashore: "I don't want to get into a gale here, for I've had a letter from the owners over that last break I made in Calcutta; if I come off seas over, just lock me in the cabin, and don't let me out. No matter what I say, keep me there until I'm braced up."

Then the captain went ashore. "I want to see the Golden Pagoda," said he, as he chartered a gharry.

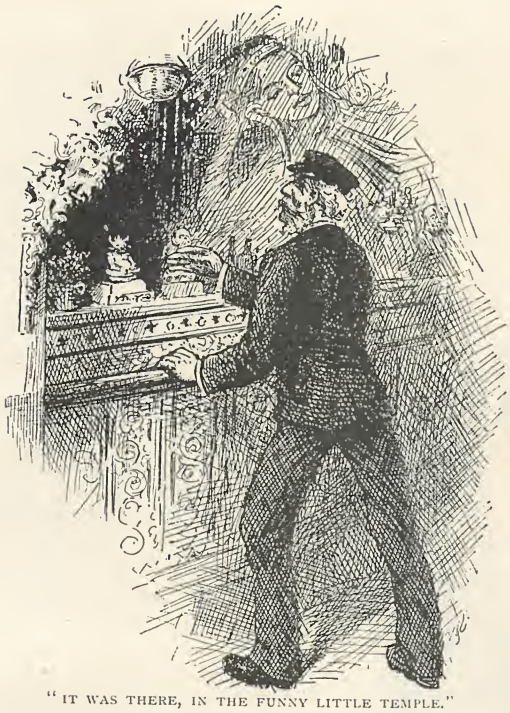
"Come quickly, I'm waiting," whispered the yellow image of Buddha, the alabaster god, in his ear. It was there, in the funny little temple all decked out with Chinese lanterns, and tinsel, and grotesque gods. Straight the influence led him to it—to the dragon-headed god.

Stealing was not one of Larry's vices, but what matters man's ways when the gods are running his life for him? It scorched his fingers when he touched it; and when it was in his pocket it scorched his mind. The demon of impulse took possession of the captain. "I must do something," and he thought of the usual routine—whisky. It held out no pleasing prospect. "Something else, something else; something worthy of Captain Jones," whispered the little god.

He took a drive out through the cantonments. As he bowled along in the old gharry a new experience came to him. Gentlemen lifted their hats; and ladies driving in their carriages smiled and bowed in the most gracious manner.

"I wonder if there's anything sticking to my face," thought Larry, and he passed his hand carefully over its surface; it seemed all right.

But still they kept it up—everybody he met; and one officer, galloping by on his pony, took a pull at the animal's head and



"IT WAS THERE, IN THE FUNNY LITTLE TEMPLE."

shouted, "Are you coming to the club to-night, sir?"

"No!" roared the captain; for he hadn't the faintest idea of going to a club without an invitation.

"They'll be awfully disappointed," came the echo of the officer's voice as the gharry opened up a gap between them.

"Very kind," muttered Larry; "but I fancy they'll get over it. Must have taken me for somebody else."

And the dragon grin on the face of the alabaster god in his pocket spread out until it was hideous to look upon. Larry didn't see this; he was busy staring open-mouthed at the image of himself sitting in a carriage just in front. The carriage was turning out of a compound, and blocked the road, so that his own driver was forced to stop. He recognised the other man. It was Sir Lemuel, his twin brother.

The recognition was mutual. The Commissioner bowed quite coldly as the captain called out, "How are you, Lemuel?"

Then the big Waler horses whipped the carriage down the road at a slashing gait, and Larry was left alone with The Thing in his pocket.

"So that's why they've been taking off their hats to me," he mused. "They take me for Sir Lemuel. Great time he must have ruling these yellow niggers out here. I'd like to be in his shoes just for a day, to see how it feels to be King of Burma."

All the way back to the hotel he was thinking about it. Arrived there, he wrote a note addressed to the Chief Commissioner, and sent it off by a native. "That will bring him," he muttered; "he always was a bit afraid of me."

It was six o'clock when Sir Lemuel arrived in his carriage. There was a great scurrying about of servants, and no end of salaaming the "Lat" Sahib; for it was not often the Chief Commissioner honoured the hotel with his presence. He was shown to Captain Jones's room.

"Take a seat, Lem," said Captain Larry, cheerfully. "I wanted to see you, and thought you'd rather come here than receive me at Government House."

"Please be brief, then," said Sir Lemuel, in his most dignified manner; "I have to attend a dinner at the club to-night in honour of the return of our Judicial Commissioner."

"Oh, Sir Lemuel will be there in time for that," chuckled the captain. "But first, Lem, for the sake of old times, I want you to drink a glass of wine with me. You know we took a drink together pretty often the first year of our existence." Then he broke into a loud sailor laugh that irritated the Commissioner.

"While I don't approve of drinking to the extent you have carried it," said Sir Lemuel, with judicial severity, "still, I can't refuse a glass proffered by my brother."

"Your twin brother," broke in Larry; "of whom you've always been so fond, you know."

"I really must be going, so please tell me why you've sent for me." But when he had drunk the glass of wine, he gave up all idea of going anywhere but to sleep—for it was drugged.

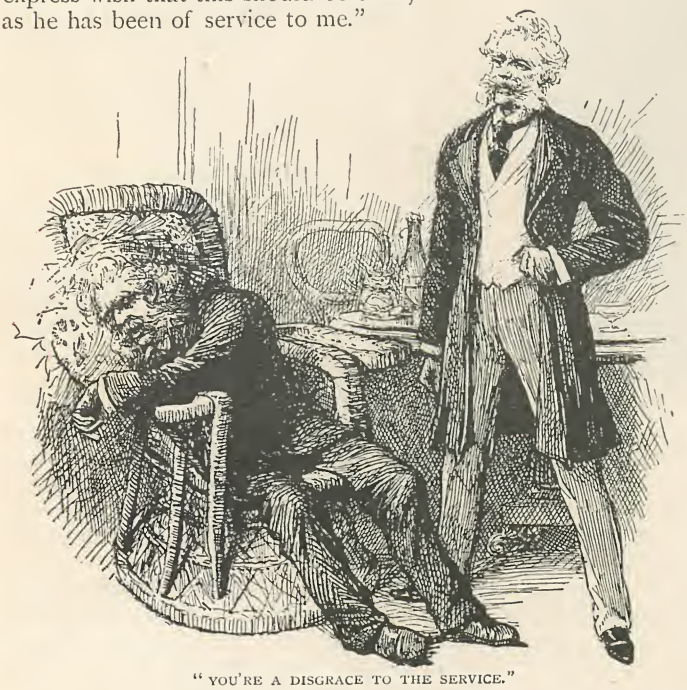
Then Captain Larry stripped his brother, peeled the august body of the Commissioner as one would strip a willow, and draped him in his own sailor outfit. "You're a groggy-looking captain," he said, as he tried to brace the figure up in a big chair; "you're a disgrace to the service. You'll have your papers taken away, first thing you know."

He had put the alabaster god on the table while he was making the transfer.

"This is all your doing," he said, addressing the figure.

When he had arrayed himself in the purple and fine linen of the Commissioner,

he emptied the contents of the bottle of wine through the window. Then he went below and spoke to the proprietor. "The captain up-stairs, who had an important communication to make to me, has become suddenly most completely intoxicated. Never saw a man get drunk so quick in my life. Can you have him sent off to his ship, so that he won't get in disgrace? It's my express wish that this should be done, as he has been of service to me."



"YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE SERVICE."

"All right, sir," exclaimed the hotel-keeper, touching his forehead with his forefinger in salute, "I will get Captain Davin, who is a great friend of his, to take him off right away."

"Most considerate man, the Chief Commissioner," remarked the Boniface, as the carriage rolled away.

The carriage swung in under a shed-like portico at the front of a big, straggling bungalow. The driver pulled up his horses; the two yaktail-bearing footmen, who had jumped down from their places behind as the carriage turned in off the road, ran hastily up, opening the door and lowering the steps for The Presence, the Lat Sahib, the Father of all Burmans. Only, Father and all as he was, none of his children served in the house, the captain noticed. All the servants were from India.

"Halloa! there's the ship's log," exclaimed the captain, looking at the big visitors' book in the entrance. "Wonder where I've got to sign that. The ship musters a big crew," as he ran his eye down the long list of names.

"When does The Presence want the carriage?" asked a ponderous, much-liveried native servant, making a deep salaam.

The captain pulled out his watch—Sir Lemuel's watch. "It's a beauty," he mused, as his eyes fell on its rich yellow sides. "Right away, mate — I mean bos'n — that is, tell him not to go away. Wonder what that fellow's proper title is on the muster?"

"Ah, you're to dine at the club to-night, Sir Lemuel," a cheery English voice said, as a young man came out of a room on the right.

"I know that," angrily answered Larry. "I don't have to be told my business."

"Certainly, Sir Lemuel; but you asked me to jog your memory, as you are so apt to forget these things, you know."

"Quite right, quite right," answered the captain. "If you catch me forgetting anything else, just hold out a signal—that is, tip me the wink, will you?"

"We've had a telegram from Lady Jones, Sir Lemuel——"

The cold perspiration stood out on the captain's forehead. This was something he had forgotten all about. A bachelor himself, it had never occurred to him that Sir Lemuel was probably married and that he would have to face the wife.

"Where is she? When is she coming back?" he gasped.

"Oh, Sir Lemuel, it was only to say that she had arrived safely in Prome."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the captain, with a rare burst of reverence.

The private secretary looked rather astonished. Sir Lemuel had always been a very devoted husband, but not the sort of man to give way to an expression of strong feeling simply because his wife had arrived at the end of her journey.

"Do you happen to remember what she said about coming back?" he asked of the wondering secretary.

"No, Sir Lemuel; but she'll probably remain till her sister is out of danger—a couple of weeks, perhaps."

"Of course, of course," said the captain. "Thank the Lord!—I mean I'm so glad that she's had a safe voyage," he corrected himself, heaving a great sigh of relief. "That's one rock out of the channel," he muttered.

A bearer was waiting patiently for him to go and change his dress. The captain whistled softly to himself when he saw the dress suit all laid out and everything in perfect order for a "quick change," as he called it. As he finished dressing, the "bos'n," he of the gorgeous livery, appeared, announcing, "Johnson Sahib, sir."

"Who?" queried Captain Larry.

"Sec'tary Sahib, sir."

"Oh, that's my private secretary," he thought.

"I've brought the speech, Sir Lemuel," said the young man, as he entered. "You'll hardly have time to go through it before we start."

The captain slipped the speech and the little alabaster god in his pocket, and they were soon bowling along to the official dinner. "Look here, Johnson," he said, "I think fever or something's working on me. I can't remember men's faces, and get their names all mixed up. I wouldn't go to this dinner to-night if I hadn't promised to. I ought to stay aboard the ship—I mean, I ought to stay at home. Now, I want you to help me through, and if it goes off all right, I'll double your salary next month. Safe to promise that," he muttered to himself. "Let Lem attend to it."

At the club, as the captain entered, the band struck up "God Save the Queen."

"By jingo, we're late!" he said; "the show's over."

"He *has* got fever or sun, sure," thought his companion. "Oh, no, Sir Lemuel; they're waiting for you to sit down to dinner. There's Mr. Barnes, the Judicial Commissioner, talking to Colonel Short, sir," added the secretary, pointing to a tall, clerical-looking gentleman. "He's looking very much cut up over the loss of his wife."

"Wife dead, must remember that," thought Larry.

Just then the Judicial Commissioner caught sight of the captain, and hastened forward to greet him.

"How do you do, dear Sir Lemuel? I called this afternoon. So sorry to find that Lady Jones was away. You must find it very lonely, Sir Lemuel; I understand this is the first time you have been separated during the many years of your married life."

"Yes, I shall miss the little woman. That great barracks is not the same without her sweet little face about."

"That's a pretty tall order," ejaculated a young officer to a friend. And it was, considering that Lady Jones was an Amazonian type of woman, 5ft. 10in., much given to running the whole State, and known as the "Ironclad." But Larry didn't know that, and had to say something.

"Dear Lady Jones," sighed the Judicial Commissioner, pathetically. "I suppose she returns almost immediately?"

"The Lord forbid—at least, not for a few days. I want her to enjoy herself while she's away. You will feel the loss of your wife, Mr. Barnes, even more than I; for, of course, she will *never* come back to you."

To say that general consternation followed this venture of the captain's is drawing it very mild indeed, for the J. C.'s wife was not dead at all, but had wandered far away with a lieutenant in a Madras regiment.

"It's the Ironclad put him up to that. She was always down on the J. C. for marrying a girl half his age," said an assistant Deputy Commissioner to a man standing beside him.

The secretary was tugging energetically at the captain's coat-tails. "What is it, Johnson?" he asked, suddenly realizing the tug.

"Dinner is on, sir."

"Rare streak of humour the chief is developing," said Captain Lushton, with a laugh. "Fancy he's rubbing it into Barnes on account of that appeal case."

Owing to the indisposition of the Chief Commissioner, by special arrangement the secretary sat at his left, which was rather fortunate; for, by the time dinner was over, the captain had looked upon the wine and seen that it was good—had looked several times. What with the worry of keeping his glass empty, and answering, with more or less relevance, respectful questions addressed to him from different parts of the table, he pretty well forgot all about the speech lying in his lap. Once or twice he looked at it, but the approaches to the facts were so ambiguous, and veiled so carefully under such expressions as, "It is deemed expedient under existing circumstances," etc., that he got very little good from it. One or two facts he gleaned, however; that, owing to the extraordinary exertion of the Judicial Commis-

"THE SECRETARY WAS TUGGING AT THE CAPTAIN'S COAT-TAILS."

sioner, all the dacoits had either been hung, transported to the Andamans, or turned from their evil course and made into peaceable tillers of the soil; their two-handed *dah* had been dubbed up, more or less, into a ploughshare.

"Glad of that," thought the captain. "Hate those beastly dacoits. They're like mutineers on shipboard. The padre-like lawyer must be a good one."

Another point that loomed up on his sailor vision like the gleam of a lighthouse was a reference to a petition calling attention to the prevalence of crime connected with sailors during the shipping season, and asking for the establishment of a separate police-court, with a special magistrate, to try these cases.

"Shall we have the honour of your presence at the races to-morrow?" pleasantly asked a small, withy man, four seats down the table.

The captain was caught unawares, and blurted out, "Where are they?"

"On the race-course, sir."

The answer was a simple, straightforward one, but, nevertheless, it made everybody laugh.

"I thought they were on the moon," said the captain, in a nettled tone.

A man doesn't laugh at a Chief Commissioner's joke, as a rule, because it's funny, but the mirth that followed this was genuine enough.

"Sir Lemuel is coming out," said Captain Lushton. "Pity the Ironclad wouldn't go away every week."

In the natural order of things, Sir Lemuel had to respond to the toast of "The Queen." Now, the secretary had very carefully and elaborately prepared the Chief Commissioner's speech for this occasion. Sir Lemuel had conscientiously "mugged" it up, and if he had not at that moment been a prisoner on board the *Newcastle Maid*, would have delivered it with a pompous sincerity which would have added to his laurels as a deep thinker and brilliant speaker. But the captain of a tramp steamer, with a mixed cargo of sherry, hock, and dry Monopole in his stomach, and a mischief-working alabaster god in his pocket, is not exactly the proper person to deliver a statistical, semi-official after-dinner speech.

When the captain rose to his feet, the secretary whispered in his ear: "For Heaven's sake, don't say anything about the Judicial's wife. Talk about dacoits"; but the speech, so beautifully written, so lucid in its meaning, and so complicated in its detail, became a waving sea of foam. From out the billowy waste of this indefinite mass there loomed only the tall figure of the cadaverous J. C.; and attached to it, as a tangible something, the fact that he had lost his wife and settled the dacoits.

It was glorious, this getting up before two strings of more or less bald-headed officials to tell them how the State ought to be run—the ship steered, as it were. "Gentlemen," he began, starting off bravely enough, "we are pleased to have among us once more our fellow-skipper, the Judicial Commissioner."

"The old buck's got a rare streak of humour on to-night," whispered Lushton.

"His jovial face adds to the harmony of the occasion. I will not allude to his late loss, as we all know how deeply he feels it."

"Gad! but he's rubbing it in," said Lushton.

"I repeat, we are glad to have him among

"A RARE STREAK OF HUMOUR."

us once again. My secretary assures me that there's not a single dacoit left alive in the province. There's nothing like putting these rebellious chaps down. I had a mutiny myself once, on board *The Kangaroo*. I shot the ringleaders, and made every mother's son of the rest of them walk the plank. So I'm proud of the good work the Judicial has done in this respect."

Now, it had been a source of irritating regret to every Deputy Commissioner in the service, that when he had caught a dacoit red-handed, convicted and sentenced him to be hanged, and sent the ruling up to the Judicial for confirmation, he had been promptly sat on officially, and the prisoner either pardoned or let off with a light sentence. Consequently these little pleasantries of the captain were looked upon as satire.

"There is one other little matter I wish to speak about," continued the captain, in the most natural manner possible, "and that is, the prevalence of what we might call 'sailor crimes' in Rangoon." He told in the most graphic manner of the importance of the shipping interests, for he was right at home on that subject, and wound up by saying: "I've been presented with a largely signed petition, praying for the establishment of another assistant magistrate's court to try these cases, presided over by a man more or less familiar with the shipping interests. Now, that's the only sensible thing I ever heard talked of in this heathen land. Set a thief to catch a thief, I say. Put the ship in charge of a sailor himself — of a captain. None of your landlubbers."

His theme was carrying him away; he was on deck again. But the others thought it was only his humour; the strange, unaccountable humour that had taken possession of him since the Ironclad had let go her hold.

"Now, I know of a most worthy captain," he continued, "who would fill this billet with honour to himself and profit to the Judicial. His name is Captain Jones — a namesake of my own, I may say — of the *Newcastle Maid*, 2,000 tons register. I've known him ever since he was a babe, and the sailors won't fool him, I can tell you. I'd a talk with him this evening down at the hotel, and he's just the man for the job. I'd sign the papers appointing him to-morrow if they were put before me. He ought to have a good salary, though," he said, as he sat down, rather abruptly, some of them thought.

The secretary sighed as he shoved in his pocket the written speech, which the captain had allowed to slip to the floor. "It'll do for another time, I suppose," he said, wearily, "when he gets over this infernal touch of sun or Burma head."

People in India get used to that sort of thing happening — of their older officials saying startling things sometimes. That's what the fifty-five years' service is for — to prevent it. The other speeches did not appeal to Captain Larry much, nor, for the matter of that, to the others either. He had certainly made the hit of the evening.

"It's great, this," he said, bucolically, to the secretary, as they drove home.

"What, sir?"

"Why, making speeches, and driving home in your own carriage. I hate going aboard ship in a jiggledy sampan at night. I'll have a

string of wharves put all along the front there, so that ships won't have to load at their moorings. Just put me in mind of that to-morrow."

Next day there was considerable diversion on the *Newcastle Maid*. "The old man's got the D. T.'s," the chief engineer told the first officer. "I locked him in his cabin last night when they brought him off, and he's banging things about there in great shape. Swears he's the ruler of Burma and Sir Gimnel Somebody. I won't let him out till he gets all right again, for he'd go up to the agents with this cock-and-bull story. They'd cable home to the owners, and he'd be taken out of the ship sure."

That's why Sir Lemuel tarried for a day on the *Newcastle Maid*. Nobody would go near him but the chief engineer, who handed him meat and drink through a port-hole and laughed soothingly at his fancy tales.

"BANGING THINGS ABOUT."

After *chota hazre* next morning, the secretary brought to Captain Larry a large basket of official papers for his perusal and signature. That was Sir Lemuel's time for work. His motto was, business first, and afterwards more business. Each paper was carefully contained in a cardboard holder secured by red tape.

"The log, eh, mate?" said Larry, when the secretary brought them into his room. "It looks ship-shape, too."

"This file, sir, is the case of Deputy Commissioner Grant, 1st Grade, of Bungaloo. He has memorialized the Government that Coatsworth, 2nd Grade, has been appointed over his head to the Commissionership of Bhang. He's senior to Coatsworth, you know, sir, in the service."

"Well, why has Coatsworth been made first mate then?"

"Grant's afraid it's because he offended you, sir, went you went to Bungaloo. He received you in a *jahran* coat, you remember, and you were awfully angry about it."

"Oh, I was, was I? Just shows what an ass Sir Lemuel can be sometimes. Make Grant a Commissioner at once, and I'll sign the papers."

"But there's no Commissionership open, sir, unless you set back Coatsworth."

"Well, I'll set him back. I'll discharge him from the service. What else have you got there? What's that bundle on the deck?"

"They're native petitions, sir."

Larry took up one. It began with an Oriental profusion of gracious titles bestowed upon the Commissioner, and went into business by stating that the writer, Baboo Sen's wife, had got two children, "by the grace of God and the kind favour of Sir Lemuel, the Father of all Burmans." And the long petition was all to the end that Baboo Sen might have a month's leave of absence.

Larry chuckled, for he did not understand the complex nature of a Baboo's English. The next petition gave him much food for thought; it made his head ache. The English was like logarithms. "Here," he said to the secretary, "you fix these petitions up later; I'm not used to them."

He straightened out the rest of the official business in short order. Judgments that would have taken the wind out of Solomon's sails, he delivered with a rapidity that made the secretary's head swim. They were not all according to the code, and would probably not stand if sent up to the Privy Council. At any rate, they would give Sir Lemuel much patient undoing when he came

into his own again. The secretary unlocked the official seal, and worked it, while the captain limited his signature to "L. Jones."

"That's not forgery,' he mused; "it means 'Larry Jones.'"

"The Chief's hand is pretty shaky this morning," thought the secretary; for the signature was not much like the careful, clerkly hand that he was accustomed to see.

Sir Lemuel's wine had been a standing reproach to Government House. A dinner that either turned a man into a teetotaler or a dyspeptic; and at *tiffin*, when the captain broached a bottle of it, he set his glass down with a roar.

"He's brought me the vinegar," he exclaimed, "or the coal oil. Is there no better wine in the house than this?" he asked the butler; and when told there wasn't, he insisted upon the secretary writing out an order at once for fifty dozen Pommery. "Have it back in time for dinner, sure! I'll leave some for Lem, too; this stuff isn't good for his blood," he said to himself, grimly.

"I'm glad this race meet is on while I'm king," he thought, as he drove down after *tiffin*, taking his secretary with him. "They say the Prince of Wales always gets the straight tip, and I'll be sure to be put on to something good."

And he was. Captain Lushton told him that his mare Nettie was sure to win the Rangoon Plate, forgetting to mention that he himself had backed Tomboy for the same race.

"Must have wrenched a leg," Lushton assured Larry when Nettie came in absolutely last.

It was really wonderful how many "good things" he got on to that did run last, or thereabouts. It may have been the little alabaster Buddha in his pocket that brought him the bad luck; but as the secretary wrote "I O U's" for all the bets he made, and as Sir Lemuel would be into his own again before settling day, and would have to pay up, it did not really matter to the captain.

The regiment was so pleased with Sir Lemuel's contributions that the best they had in their marquee was none too good for him. The ladies found him an equally ready mark. Mrs. Leyburn was pretty, and had fish to fry. "I must do a little missionary work while the Ironclad's away," she thought.

Her mission was to instal her husband in the position of port officer. That came out later—came out at the ball that night. The captain assured her that he would attend.

There is always a sort of Donnybrook Derby at the end of a race day in Rangoon. Ponies are gently sequestered from their more or less willing owners, and handed over minus their saddles, to sailors, who pilot them erratically around the course for a contributed prize. When the captain saw the hat going around for the prize money, he ordered the secretary to write out a "chit" for 200 rupees. "Give them something worth while, poor chaps," he said.

"And to think that the Ironclad has kept this bottled up so long," muttered Lushton.

"I always said you had a good heart," Mrs. Leyburn whispered to the captain. "If people would only let you show it," she added, maliciously; meaning, of course, Lady Jones.

The Chief Commissioner was easily the most popular man in Burma that night. It was with difficulty the blue-jackets could be kept from carrying him home on their shoulders. "I hope Lem is looking after the cargo all right," murmured the captain, as he drove home to dinner. "I seem to be getting along nicely. Lucky the old cat's away."

The captain danced the opening quadrille at the ball with the wife of the Financial Commissioner, and bar a little enthusiastic rolling engendered of his sea life, and a couple of torn trails as they swept a little too close, he managed it pretty well. The secretary had piloted him that far. Then Mrs. Leyburn swooped down upon him.

There is an adornment indigenous to every ball-room in the East, known as the *kala jagah*; it may be a conservatory or a bay window. A quiet seat among the crotons, with the drowsy drone of the waltz flitting in and out among the leaves, is just the place to work a man.

I'm telling you this now; but Mrs. Leyburn knew it long ago: moons before Captain Larry opened the ball with the Financial Commissioner's wife. Not that Mrs. Leyburn was the only woman with a mission. Official life in India is full of them; only, she had the start—that was all.

"It's scandalous," another missionary said to Captain Lushton. "They've been in there an hour—they've sat out three dances. I'm sorry for poor dear Lady Jones."

Among the crotons the missionary-in-the-field was saying: "I'm sure Jack ordered the launch to meet you at the steamer that time, Sir Lemuel. He knows you were frightfully angry about it, and has felt it terribly. He's simply afraid to ask you for the billet of port officer; and that horrible man who is acting

officer now will get it, and poor Jack won't be able to send me up to Darjeeling next hot weather. And you'll be going for a month again next season, Sir Lemuel, won't you?"

Now, as it happened, the captain had had a row with the acting port officer coming up the river; so it was just in his mitt, as he expressed it. "I'll arrange it for Jack to-morrow," he said; "never fear, little woman."

"'I'LL ARRANGE IT FOR JACK TO-MORROW,' HE SAID."

("He spoke of you as Jack," she told Leyburn later on, "and it's all right, love. Lucky the Ironclad was away.")

A lady approaching from the ball-room heard a little rustle among the plants, pushed eagerly forward, and stood before them. Another missionary had entered the field. "I beg pardon, Sir Lemuel," and she disappeared.

"Perfectly scandalous!" she said, as she met Lushton. "Someone ought to advise dear Lady Jones of that designing creature's behaviour."

"For Cupid's sake, don't," ejaculated Lushton, fervently. "Let the old boy have his fling. He doesn't get out often."

"I've no intention of doing so myself," said his companion, with asperity.

But all the same a telegram went that night to Lady Jones at Prome, which bore good fruit next day, and much of it.

When they emerged from the crotons, Mrs. Leyburn was triumphant. The captain was more or less pleased with things as they were. "Jack will probably crack Lem's head when he doesn't get his appointment," he thought.

The band was playing a waltz, and he and Mrs. Leyburn mingled with the swinging figures. As they rounded a couple that steered across the captain's course, his coat-tails flew out a little too horizontally, and the yellow-faced alabaster god rolled on the floor. It spun around like a top for a few times, and then sat bolt upright, grinning with hideous familiarity at the astonished dancers. Not that many were dancing now, for a wondering crowd commenced to collect about the captain and the grotesque little Buddha. The lady-who-had-seen took in the situation in an instant; for jealousy acts like new wine on the intellect. She darted forward, picked up the obese little god, and, with a sweet smile on her gentle face, proffered it to the captain's companion, with the remark, "I think you've dropped one of your children's toys."

Captain Larry was speechless; he was like a hamstrung elephant, and as helpless.

A private secretary is a most useful adjunct to a Chief Commissioner, but a private secretary with brains is a jewel. So when Johnson stepped quickly forward and said, "Excuse me, madam, but that figure belongs to me; I dropped it," the captain felt as though a life-line had been thrown to him.

The secretary put the Buddha in his pocket; and it really appeared as though from that moment the captain's luck departed. He slipped away early from the ball; it seemed, somehow, as though the fun had gone out of the thing. He began to have misgivings as to the likelihood of the chief engineer keeping his brother shut up much longer. "I'll get out of this in the morning," he said, as he turned into bed. "I've had enough of it. I'll scuttle the ship and clear out."

This virtuous intention would have been easy of accomplishment, comparatively, if he had not slept until ten o'clock. When he arose, the secretary came to him with a troubled face. "There's a telegram from Lady Jones, Sir Lemuel, asking for the carriage to meet her at the station, and I've sent it. She's chartered a special train, and we expect her any moment."

"Great Scot! I'm lost!" moaned the captain. "I must get out of this. Help me dress quickly, that's a good fellow."

An official accosted him as he came out of his room. "I want to see you, Sir Lemuel."

"Is that your tom-tom at the door?" answered the captain, quite irrelevantly.

"Yes, Sir Lemuel."

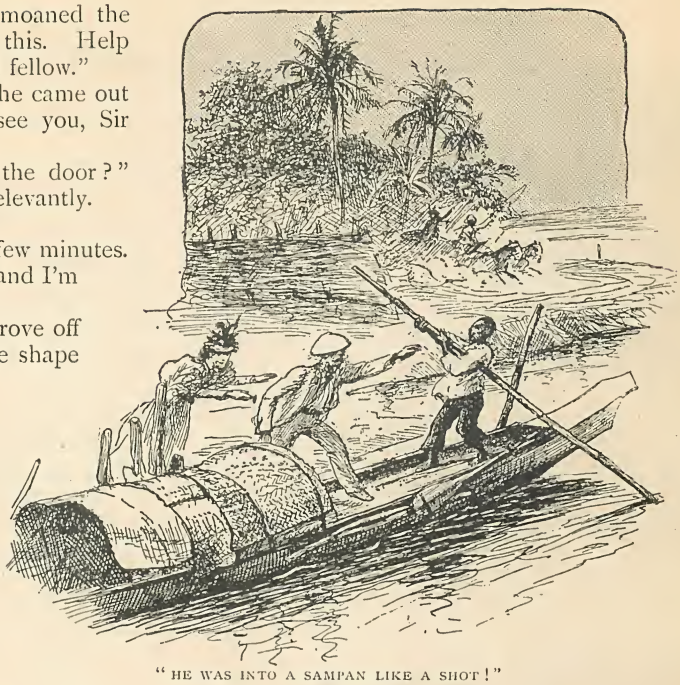
"Well, just wait here for a few minutes. I've got to meet Lady Jones, and I'm late."

Jumping into the cart, he drove off at a furious clip. Fate, in the shape of the Ironclad, swooped down upon him at the very gate. He met Lady Jones face to face.

"Stop!" she cried, excitedly. "Where are you going, Sir Lemuel?"

"I'm not Sir Lemuel," roared back the disappointed captain.

"Nice exhibition you're making of yourself—Chief Commissioner of Burma."



"HE WAS INTO A SAMPAN LIKE A SHOT!"

"I'm not the Commissioner of Burma. I'm not your Sir Lemuel," he answered, anxious to get away at any cost.

"The man is mad. The next thing you'll deny that I'm your wife."

"Neither are you!" roared the enraged captain, and away he sped.

Lady Jones followed. It was a procession; the red spokes of the tom-tom twinkling in and out the bright patches of sunlight as it whirled along between the big banyan trees; and behind, the carriage, Lady Jones sitting bolt upright with set lips. The captain reached the wharf first. He was down the steps and into a sampan like a shot.

It was the only sampan there. The carriage dashed up at that instant. There was no other boat; there was nothing for it but to wait.

"Come, Lem, get into these duds and clear out," cried the captain, as he burst into his cabin.

"You villain! I'll have you sent to the Andamans for this," exclaimed the prisoner.

"Quick! Your wife's waiting on the dock," said Larry.

That had the desired effect; Sir Lemuel became as a child that had played truant.

"What have you done, Larry?" he cried, pathetically. "You've ruined me."

"No, I've done you good. And I've left you some decent wine at the house. Get ashore before she comes off."

"There's no help for it," said Sir Lemuel. "There are your orders to proceed to Calcutta to load; your beastly chief engineer insisted on shoving them in to me."

"Don't 'my love' me!" said the Ironclad, when Sir Lemuel climbed penitently into the carriage. "An hour ago you denied that I was your wife."

And so they drove off, the *syce* taking the tom-tom back to its owner. It took Sir Lemuel days and days to straighten out the empire after the rule of the man who had been "King for a day."

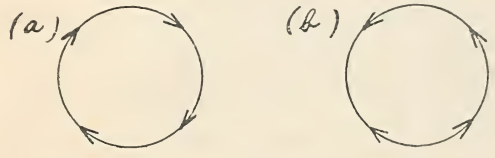
What Makes a Cricket Ball Curl in the Air?

By F. M. Gilbert, B.A.

"Whether any bowlers can impart this curl in the air to the ball at will is a moot point. . . . I have not been able to discover, any more than the bowlers themselves, why or how curl in the air takes place."—Ranjit Sinhji.

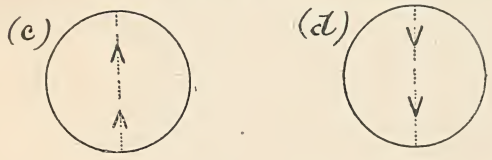
AS a contemporary with Ranjit Sinhji at Cambridge, the writer has read "The Jubilee Book of Cricket" with intense interest. Hoping to add something worth saying to the Prince's remarks about bowling, he is making an attempt to explain, in terms intelligible to a non-mathematical man, the effect of various spins on the flight of a cricket ball from the bowler's hand to the ground. Nearly all bowlers can make the ball "break" or "turn" as it pitches; and this result is well known to be caused by the friction between the spinning ball and the ground. But the effects of the friction between a spinning ball and the air surrounding it are not so well understood. Occasionally one meets a bowler able to make the ball curl by letting it go from his hand in a peculiar way, but he is *always* unable to understand the phenomenon or communicate his gift to others.

Let us imagine we are looking at the spinning ball from the point of view of the bowler's umpire. The first two spins we take are the ordinary breaking balls, (*a*) from the off, (*b*) from the leg.



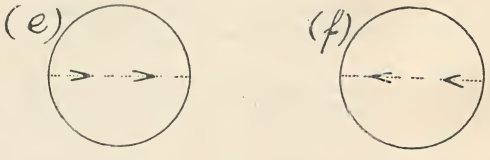
A mere mention of these will suffice for the present. If there be no wind, the atmospheric flight is practically the same as that of a ball without spin. In cases (*a*) and (*b*) the ball is turning, in the direction shown by the arrows, like a rifle bullet, round a horizontal axis pointing in the direct line of flight.

Now to consider the effects of the two spins in Figs. (*c*) and (*d*), where the ball is turning round a horizontal axis pointing at right angles to the line of the wicket.



Following Ranjit Sinhji's book, we will call these spins by the billiard terms, (*c*) TOP and (*d*) DRAG. In order to understand their effect upon the ball's flight, we must notice that the ball, in its course, is pushing away the highly compressible air from the front of it and is escaping from that behind. There is, therefore, more air-pressure in front of the ball than behind, so that the friction in front is stronger than that behind, and the latter will be overcome. This is the gist of the whole matter. The ball in Fig. (*c*) rolls up or CLIMBS, and in Fig. (*d*) rolls down or DIVES on the denser air in front, just as a cyclist's wheel propels him by turning on the road. So that a ball with "TOP" tends to CLIMB and pitch further from the bowler than it would have done had it been without spin. If anybody doubts this, let him watch the flight of a well-driven golf ball swept off the tee by the club-head just on the rise. Of course, DRAG has the reverse effect, making the ball dive and pitch shorter. The iron shot in golf illustrates this very well. It is hardly necessary to say that TOP makes the ball come more quickly from the pitch, while DRAG retards it.

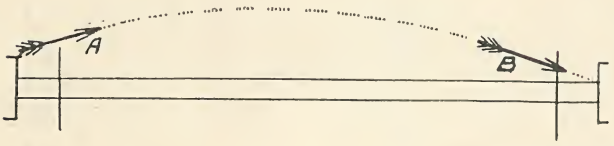
The next two spins are not mentioned by Ranjit Sinhji. They take place round a vertical axis and produce that sideways "curl" in the air for which Mr. King, the American, is noted.



The explanation is of the same nature as before. Take the spin represented in Fig. (*e*). Every small portion of the surface of the ball is moving horizontally, so the ball has no tendency either to climb or dive. The air-friction on the front of the ball makes it roll from "off" to "leg." We will call this spin OFF-CURL. Of course, the smaller friction on the back of

the ball has the opposite tendency, thus lessening the effect, but not destroying it. Naturally, the reverse spin, Fig. (*f*), produces a curl in the other direction, from the leg side to the off. We will call it "LEG-CURL." A right-hand bowler with a low delivery often has this spin.

The OFF-CURL, Fig. (*e*), ought to be one of the easiest spins for a right-hand bowler with a high delivery. It is just possible that what Ranjit Sinhji calls the "action break" of a



fast bowler may really be this curl from the off to leg; for it may be noticed that a curling ball may pitch out of the direct line between the bowler and the stumps, and yet hit the wicket, even when the ground is too smooth and hard to take a slow bowler's finger break. Perhaps a bird's-eye view will make the matter plain.

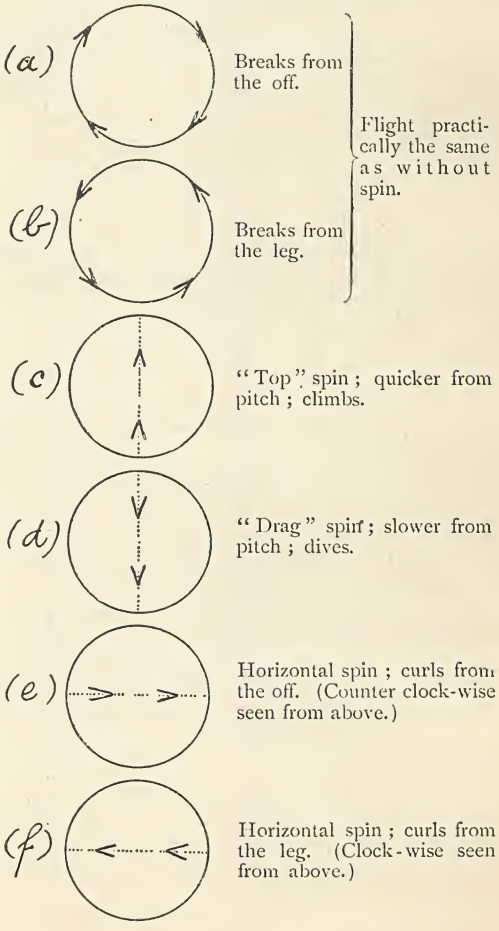
The ball leaves the bowler's hand at A, in a direction which would take it well away to the off were it not curling. After pitching at B, the ball may go straight for the stumps, without "breaking" a hair's breadth. This effect is evidently independent of ground-friction. It is more easily produced by a fast bowler than by a slow one, owing to the air resistance being approximately proportional to the SQUARE of the ball's velocity. For example, supposing that Richardson bowls three times as fast as Briggs, he has about nine times as much air-friction to help him in making the ball curl. If this is at first sight not quite clear, it becomes evident by remembering that his ball not only impinges on three times as many air particles in the same time, but pushes each one away with three times the force. And as his ball goes from wicket to wicket in one-third of the time, it will curl three times as much, provided that it has the same spin.

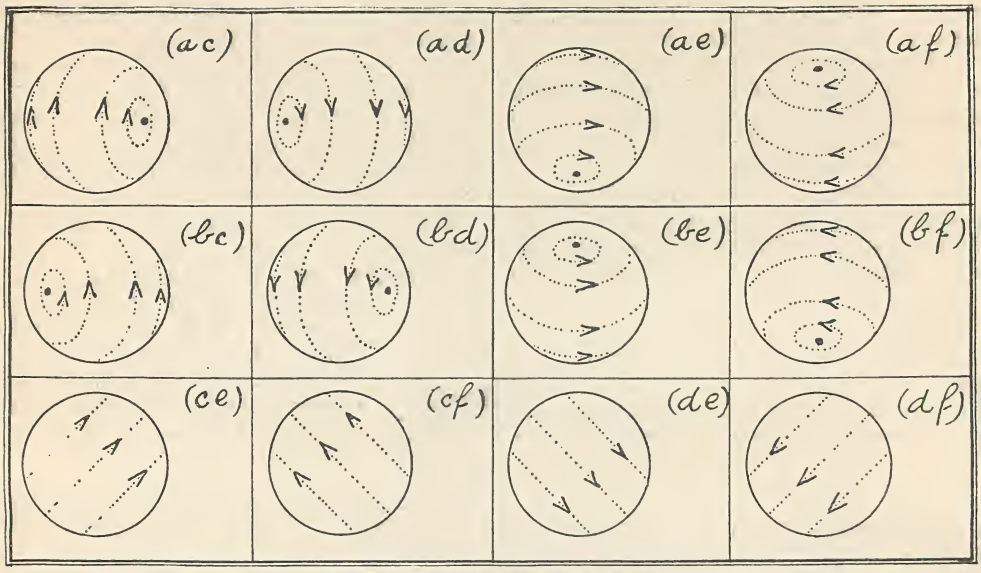
Up to this point we have been considering a windless atmosphere; but a thoughtful bowler must not forget the wind. A ball curling from the off, Fig. (*e*), has both curl and pace increased by a cross wind from off to leg, because the wind-pressure is applied to the off side of the ball, so that the spin helps it on in the line of flight. And it will not be out of place to mention that a ball travelling against the wind will curl, dive, or climb more than if the wind be with it. This is once more due to the increased air-pressure and friction on the front part of the ball, without any corresponding increase behind it. So a bowler who can curl ought to be helped rather than hindered by having the wind against him.

As every ball bowled combines in more or less degree each of the three simple spins and their separate effects, the following tables may be of interest. Look at the spin, Fig. (*af*), for example. It causes a curl from leg to off, and a break back from off to leg—a terrible ball to play!

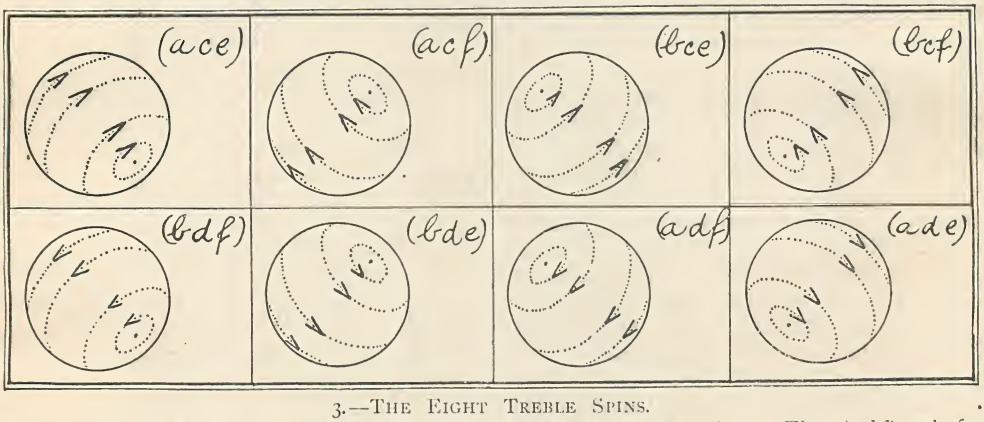
THE DIFFERENT SPINS SEEN BY THE BOWLER'S UMPIRE, AT THE LEVEL OF HIS EYE.

I.—THE SIX SIMPLE SPINS.


(a)
Breaks from the off.
Flight practically the same as without spin.
(b)
Breaks from the leg.
(c)
"Top" spin; quicker from pitch; climbs.
(d)
"Drag" spin; slower from pitch; dives.
(e)
Horizontal spin; curls from the off. (Counter clock-wise seen from above.)
(f)
Horizontal spin; curls from the leg. (Clock-wise seen from above.)



2.—THE TWELVE DOUBLE SPINS.
Each is compounded of two simple spins and combines the effect of both. Thus (*af*) on referring to the simple spins, curls from leg and breaks from the off.



3.—THE EIGHT TREBLE SPINS.
Each is compounded of three simple spins, and combines the effect of all three. Thus (*adf*) curls from leg, dives and breaks from the off.

These remarks may be summarized in the following simple statement: The ground-bias, or break, is in the direction in which the spin is carrying the *top* of the ball. The air-bias, or curl, is in the direction in which the spin is carrying the *back* of the ball.

One point more may be mentioned, lest it should be thought that too much has been proved. It would be natural to ask why every ball bowled does not swerve in the air and break if the spin on it is treble. The answer is simple—it does. But these effects are purely matters of degree. If the flight be slow and the spin weak the curl is probably microscopic, though the break may be perceptible. But even an inexperienced eye will detect the curl on a ball hit round with a horizontal bat to square-leg, or driven with a slicing stroke over cover-point's head. So the bowler's spin must be strong and his pace good, otherwise the soft, gentle, velvety friction of the air, though acting constantly throughout the whole flight of the ball, will not cause a noticeable curl.

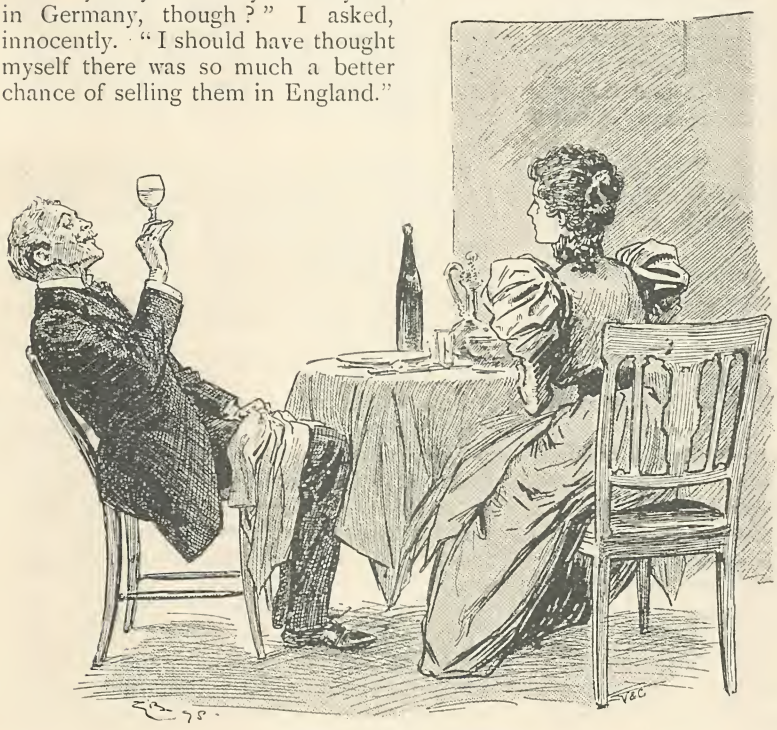
Miss Cayley's Adventures.

By Grant Allen.

IV.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE AMATEUR COMMISSION AGENT.

MY eccentric American had assured me that if I won the great race for him I need not be "skeert" lest he should fail to treat me well; and to do him justice, I must admit that he kept his word magnanimously. While we sat at lunch in the cosy hotel at Limburg he counted out and paid me in hand the fifty good gold pieces he had promised me. "Whether these Deutschers fork out my twenty thousand marks or not," he said, in his brisk way, "it don't much matter. I shall get the contract, and I shall hev gotten the adver*tize*ment!"

"Why do you start your bicycles in Germany, though?" I asked, innocently. "I should have thought myself there was so much a better chance of selling them in England."



"LET THEM BOOM OR BUST ON IT."

He closed one eye, and looked abstractedly at the light through his glass of pale yellow Brauneberger with the other. "England? Yes, England! Well, see, miss, you hev not been raised in business. Business is business. The way to do it in Germany is—to manufacture for yourself—and I've got my works started right here in Frankfort. The way to do it in England—where capital's dirt cheap—is, to sell your patent for every cent it's worth to an English company, and let them boom or bust on it."

"I see," I said, catching at it. "The principle's as clear as mud, the moment you point it out to one. An English company will pay you well for the concession, and work for a smaller return on its investment than you Americans are content to receive on your capital!"

"That's so! You hit it in one, miss! Which will you take, a cigar or a cocoa-nut?"

I smiled. "And what do you think you will call the machine in Europe?"

He gazed hard at me, and stroked his straw-coloured moustache. "Well, what do *you* think of the *Lois Cayley?*"

"For Heaven's sake, no!" I cried, fervently. "Mr. Hitchcock, I implore you!"

He smiled pity for my weakness. "Ah, high-toned again?" he repeated, as if it were some natural malformation under which I laboured. "Oh, ef you don't like it, miss, we'll say no more about it. I am a gentleman, I am. What's the matter with the *Excelsior?*"

"Nothing, except that it's very bad Latin," I objected.

"That may be so; but it's very good business."

He paused and mused, then he murmured low to himself, "'When through an Alpine village passed.' That's where the idea of the *Excelsior* comes in; see? 'It goes up Mont Blanc,' you said yourself. 'Through snow and ice, A cycle with the strange device, Excelsior!'"

"If I were you," I said, "I would stick to the name *Manitou*. It's original, and it's distinctive."

"Think so? Then chalk it up; the thing's done. You may not be aware of it, miss, but you are a lady for whose opinion in such matters I hev a high regard. *And* you understand Europe. I do not. I admit it. Everything seems to me to be *verboten* in Germany; and everything else to be *bad form* in England."

We walked down the steps together. "What a picturesque old town!" I said, looking round me, well pleased. Its beauty appealed to me, for I had fifty pounds in pocket, and I had lunched sumptuously.

"*Old* town?" he repeated, gazing with a blank stare. "You call this town *old*, do you?"

"Why, of course! Just look at the cathedral! Eight hundred years old, at least!"

He ran his eye down the streets, dissatisfied. "Well, ef this town is old," he said at last, with a snap of his fingers, "it's precious little for its age." And he strode away towards the railway station.

"What about the bicycle?" I asked; for it lay, a silent victor, against the railing of the steps, surrounded by a crowd of inquiring Teutons.

He glanced at it carelessly. "Oh, the wheel?" he said. "You may keep it."

He said it so exactly in the tone in which one tells a waiter he may keep the change, that I resented the impertinence. "No, thank you," I answered. "I do not require it."

He gazed at me, open-mouthed. "What? Put my foot in it again?" he interposed. "Not high-toned enough? Eh? Now, I do regret it. No offence meant, miss, nor none need be taken. What I meant to in-sinuate was this: you hev won the big race for me. Folks will notice you and talk about you at Frankfort. Ef you ride a Manitou, that'll make 'em talk the more. A mutual advantage. Benefits you; benefits me. You get the wheel; I get the adver*tize*ment."

I saw that reciprocity was the lodestar of his life. "Very well, Mr. Hitchcock," I said, pocketing my pride, "I'll accept the machine, and I'll ride it."

Then a light dawned upon me. I saw eventualities. "Look here," I went on, innocently—recollect, I was a girl just fresh from Girton—"I am thinking of going on very soon to Switzerland. Now, why shouldn't I do this—try to sell your machines, or, rather, take orders for them, from anybody that admires them? A mutual advantage. Benefits you; benefits me. You sell your wheels; I get——"

He stared at me. "The commission?"

"I don't know what commission means," I answered, somewhat at sea as to the name; "but I thought it might be worth your while, till the Manitou becomes better known, to pay me, say, 10 per cent. on all orders I brought you."

His face was one broad smile. "I do admire at you, miss," he cried, standing still to inspect me. "You may not know the meaning of the *word* commission; but durned ef you haven't got a hang of the *thing* itself that would do honour to a Wall Street operator, anyway."

"Then that's business?" I asked, eagerly; for I beheld vistas.

"Business?" he repeated. "Yes, that's jest about the size of it—business. Adver*tize*ment, miss, may be the soul of commerce, but Commission's its body. You go in and win. Ten per cent. on every order you send me!"

He insisted on taking my ticket back to Frankfort. "My affair, miss; my affair!" There was no gainsaying him. He was immensely elated. "The biggest thing in cycles since Dunlop tyres," he repeated. "And to-morrow, they'll give me adver*tize*ments gratis in every newspaper!"

Next morning, he came round to call on me at the Abode of Unclaimed Domestic Angels. He was explicit and generous. "Look here, miss," he began; "I didn't do fair by you when you interviewed me about your agency last evening. I took advantage, *at* the time, *of* your youth and inexperience. You suggested 10 per cent. *as* the amount of your commission on sales you might effect; and I jumped at it. That was conduct unworthy *of* a gentleman. Now, I will not deceive you. The ordinary commission on transactions in wheels is 25 per cent. I am going to sell the Manitou retail at twenty English pounds apiece. You shall hev your 25 per cent. on all orders."

"Five pounds for every machine I sell?" I exclaimed, overjoyed.

He nodded. "That's so."

I was simply amazed at this magnificent prospect. "The cycle trade must be honeycombed with middlemen's profits!" I cried; for I had my misgivings.

"That's so," he replied again. "Then jest you take and be a middlewoman."

"But, as a consistent socialist——"

"It is your duty to fleece the capitalist and the con-sumer. A mutual benefit—triangular this time. I get the order, the public gets the machine, and you get the commission. I am richer, you are richer, and the public is mounted on much the best wheel ever yet invented."

"That sounds plausible," I admitted. "I shall try it on in Switzerland. I shall run up steep hills whenever I see any likely customers looking on; then I shall stop and ask them the time, as if quite accidentally."

He rubbed his hands. "You take to business like a young duck to the water," he exclaimed, admiringly. "That's the way to rake 'em in! You go up and say to them, 'Why not investigate? We defy competition. Leave the drudgery of walking up-hill beside your cycle! Progress is the order of the day. Use modern methods! This is the age of the telegraph, the telephone, *and* the type-writer. You kin no longer afford to go on with an antiquated, antediluvian, armour-plated wheel. Invest in a Hill-Climber, the last and lightest product of evvolootion. *Is* it common-sense to buy an old-style, unauto-matic, single-geared, inconvertible ten-ton machine, when for the same money or less you can purchase the self-acting Manitou, a priceless gem, as light as a feather, with all the most recent additions and improvements? Be reasonable! Get the best!' That's the style to fetch 'em!"

I laughed, in spite of myself. "Oh, Mr. Hitchcock," I burst out, "that's not *my* style at all. I shall say, simply, 'This is a lovely new bicycle. You can see for yourself how it climbs hills. Try it, if you wish. It skims like a swallow. And I get what they call five pounds commission on every one I can sell of them!' I think that way of dealing is much more likely to bring you in orders."

His admiration was undisguised. "Well, I *do* call you a woman of business, miss," he cried. "You see it at a glance. That's so. That's the right kind of thing to rope in the Europeans. Some originality about you. You take 'em on their own ground. You've got the draw on them, you hev. I like your system. You'll jest haul in the dollars!"

"I hope so," I said, fervently; for I had evolved in my own mind, oh, such a *lovely* scheme for Elsie Petheridge's holidays!

He gazed at me once more. "Ef only I could get hold of a woman of business like you to soar through life with me," he mur-mured.

I grew interested in my shoes. His open admiration was getting quite embarrassing.

"HIS OPEN ADMIRATION WAS GETTING QUITE EMBARRASSING."

He paused a minute. Then he went on: "Well, what do you say to it?"

"To what?" I asked, amazed.

"To my proposition—my offer."

"I—I don't understand," I stammered out, bewildered. "The 25 per cent., you mean?"

"No, the de-votion of a lifetime," he answered, looking sideways at me. "Miss Cayley, when a business man advances a proposition, commercial or otherwise, he

advances it because he means it. He asks a prompt reply. Your time is valuable. So is mine. *Are* you prepared to con-sider it?"

"Mr. Hitchcock," I said, drawing back, "I think you misunderstand. I think you do not realize——"

"All right, miss," he answered, promptly, though with a disappointed air. "Ef it kin not be managed, it kin not be managed. I understand your European ex-clusiveness. I know your prejudices. But this little episode need not antagonize with the normal course of ordinary business. I respect you, Miss Cayley. You are a lady *of* intelligence, *of* initiative, and *of* high-toned culture. I will wish you good day for the present, without further words; and I shall be happy at any time to receive your orders on the usual commission."

He backed out and was gone. He was so honestly blunt that I really quite liked him.

Next day, I bade a tearless farewell to the Blighted Fraus. When I told those eight phlegmatic souls I was going, they all said "So!" much as they had said "So!" to every previous remark I had been moved to make to them. "So" is capital garnishing: but viewed as a staple of conversation, I find it a trifle vapid, not to say monotonous.

I set out on my wanderings, therefore, to go round the world on my own account and my own Manitou, which last I grew to love in time with a love passing the love of Mr. Cyrus Hitchcock. I carried the strict necessary before me in a small waterproof bicycling valise; but I sent on the portmanteau containing my whole estate, real or personal, to some point in advance which I hoped to reach from time to time in a day or two. My first day's journey was along a pleasant road from Frankfort to Heidelberg, some fifty-four miles in all, skirting the mountains the greater part of the way; the Manitou took the ups and downs so easily that I diverged at intervals, to choose side-paths over the wooded hills. I arrived at Heidelberg as fresh as a daisy, my mount not having turned a hair meanwhile—a favourite expression of cyclists which carries all the more conviction to an impartial mind because of the machine being obviously hairless. Thence I journeyed on by easy stages to Karlsruhe, Baden, Appenweier, and Offenburg; where I set my front wheel resolutely for the Black Forest. It is the prettiest and most picturesque route to Switzerland; and, being also the hilliest, it would afford me, I thought, the best opportunity for showing off the Manitou's paces, and trying my prentice hand as an amateur cycle-agent.

From the quaint little Black Eagle at Offenburg, however, before I dashed into the Forest, I sent off a letter to Elsie Petheridge, setting forth my lovely scheme for her summer holidays. She was delicate, poor child, and the London winters sorely tried her; I was now a millionaire, with the better part of fifty pounds in pocket, so I felt I could afford to be royal in my hospitality. As I was leaving Frankfort, I had called at a tourist agency and bought a second-class circular ticket from London to Lucerne and back—I made it second-class because I am opposed on principle to excessive luxury, and also because it was three guineas cheaper. Even fifty pounds will not last for ever, though I could scarce believe it. (You see, I am not wholly free, after all, from the besetting British vice of prudence.) It was a mighty joy to me to be able to send this ticket to Elsie, at her lodgings in Bayswater, pointing out to her that now the whole mischief was done, and that if she would not come out as soon as her summer vacation began—'twas a point of honour with Elsie to say *vacation*, instead of *holidays*—to join me at Lucerne, and stop with me as my guest at a mountain *pension*, the ticket would be wasted. I love burning my boats; 'tis the only safe way for securing prompt action.

Then I turned my flying wheels up into the Black Forest, growing weary of my loneliness—for it is not all jam to ride by oneself in Germany—and longing for Elsie to come out and join me. I loved to think how her dear pale cheeks would gain colour and tone on the hills about the Brünig, where, for business reasons (so I said to myself with the conscious pride of the commission agent), I proposed to pass the greater part of the summer.

From Offenburg to Hornberg the road makes a good stiff climb of twenty-seven miles, and some 1,200 English feet in altitude, with a fair number of minor undulations on the way to diversify it. I will not describe the route, though it is one of the most beautiful I have ever travelled—rocky hills, ruined castles, huge, straight-stemmed pines that clamber up green slopes, or halt in sombre line against steeps of broken crag; the reality surpasses my poor powers of description. And the people I passed on the road were almost as quaint and picturesque in their way as the hills and the villages—the men in red-lined jackets; the women in

black petticoats, short-waisted green bodices, and broad-brimmed straw hats with black-and-crimson pompons. But on the steepest gradient, just before reaching Hornberg, I got my first nibble—strange to say, from two German students; they wore Heidelberg caps, and were toiling up the incline with short, broken wind; I put on a spurt with the Manitou, and passed them easily. I did it just at first in pure wantonness of health and strength; but the moment I was clear of them, it occurred to the business half of me that here was a good chance of taking an order. Filled with this bright idea, I dismounted near the summit, and pretended to be engaged in lubricating my bearings; though as a matter of fact the Manitou runs in a bath of oil, self-feeding, and needs no looking after. Presently, my two Heidelbergers straggled up—hot, dusty, panting. Woman-like, I pretended to take no notice. One of them drew near and cast an eye on the Manitou.

"That's a new machine, Fräulein," he said, at last, with more politeness than I expected.

"It is," I answered, casually; "the latest model. Climbs hills like no other." And I feigned to mount and glide off towards Hornberg.

"Stop a moment, pray, Fräulein," my prospective buyer called out. "Here, Heinrich, I wish you this new so excellent mountain-climbing machine, without chain propelled, more fully to investigate."

"I am going on to Hornberg," I said, with mixed feminine guile and commercial strategy; "still, if your friend wishes to look——"

They both jostled round it, with *achs* innumerable, and, after minute inspection, pronounced its principle *wunderschön*. "Might I essay it?" Heinrich asked.

"Oh, by all means," I answered. He paced it down hill a few yards; then skimmed up again.

"MINUTE INSPECTION."

"It is a bird!" he cried to his friend, with many guttural interjections. "Like the eagle's flight, so soars it. Come, try the thing, Ludwig!"

"You permit, Fräulein?"

I nodded. They both mounted it several times. It behaved like a beauty. Then one of them asked, "And where can man of this new so remarkable machine nearest by purchase himself make possessor?"

"I am the Sole Agent," I burst out, with swelling dignity. "If you will give me your orders, with cash in hand for the amount, I will send the cycle, carriage paid, to any address you desire in Germany."

"You!" they exclaimed, incredulously. "The Fräulein is pleased to be humorous!"

"Oh, very well," I answered, vaulting into the saddle; "if you choose to doubt my word——" I waved one careless hand and coasted off. "Good morning, meine Herren."

They lumbered after me on their ram-shackled traction-engines. "Pardon, Fräulein! Do not thus go away! Oblige us at least with the name and address of the maker."

I perpended—like the Herr Over-Superintendent at Frankfort. "Look here," I said at last, telling the truth with frankness, "I get 25 per cent. on all bicycles I sell. I am, as I say, the maker's Sole Agent. If you order through me, I touch my profit; if otherwise, I do not. Still, since you seem to be gentlemen," they bowed and swelled visibly, "I will give you the address of the firm, trusting to your honour to mention my name"—I handed them a card—"if you decide on ordering. The price of the palfrey is 400 marks. It is worth every pfennig of it." And before they could say more, I had spurred my steed and swept off at full speed round a curve of the highway.

I pencilled a note to my American that night from Hornberg, detailing the circumstance; but I am sorry to say, for the discredit of humanity, that when those two students wrote the same evening from their inn in the village to order Manitous, they did *not* mention my name, doubtless under the misconception that by suppressing it they would save my commission. However, it gives me pleasure to add *per contra* (as we say in business) that when I arirved at Lucerne a week or so later I found a letter, *poste restante*, from Mr. Cyrus Hitchcock, inclosing an English ten-pound note. He wrote that he had received two orders for Manitous from Hornberg; and "feeling considerable confidence that these must necessarily originate" from my German students, he had the pleasure of forwarding me what he hoped would be the first of many similar commissions.

I will not describe my further adventures on the still steeper mountain road from Hornberg to Triberg and St. Georgen—how I got bites on the way from an English curate, an Austrian hussar, and two unprotected American ladies; nor how I angled for them all by riding my machine up impossible hills, and then reclining gracefully to eat my lunch (three times in one day) on mossy banks at the summit. I felt a perfect little hypocrite. But Mr. Hitchcock had remarked that business is business; and I will only add (in confirmation of his view) that by the time I reached Lucerne, I had sown the good seed in fifteen separate human souls, no less than four of which brought

"I FELT A PERFECT LITTLE HYPOCRITE."

forth fruit in orders for Manitous before the end of the season.

I had now so little fear what the morrow might bring forth that I settled down in a comfortable hotel at Lucerne till Elsie's holidays began; and amused myself meanwhile by picking out the hilliest roads I could find in the neighbourhood, in order to display my steel steed's possibilities to the best advantage.

By the end of July, little Elsie joined me. She was half-angry at first that I should have forced the ticket and my hospitality upon her. "Nonsense, dear," I said, smoothing her hair, for her pale face quite frightened me. "What is the good of a friend if she will not allow you to do her little favours?"

"But, Brownie, you said you wouldn't stop and be dependent upon *me* one day longer than was necessary in London."

"That was different," I cried. "That was Me! This is You! I am a great, strong, healthy thing, fit to fight the battle of life and take care of myself; you, Elsie, are one of those fragile little flowers which 'tis everybody's duty to protect and to care for."

She would have protested more; but I stifled her mouth with kisses. Indeed, for nothing did I rejoice in my prosperity so much as for the chance it gave me of helping poor dear overworked, overwrought Elsie.

We took up our quarters thenceforth at a high-perched little guest-house near the top of the Brünig. It was bracing for Elsie; and it lay close to a tourist track where I could spread my snares and exhibit the Manitou in its true colours to many passing visitors. Elsie tried it, and found she could ride on it with ease. She wished she had one of her own. A bright idea struck me. In fear and trembling, I wrote, suggesting to Mr. Hitchcock that I had a girl friend from England stopping with me in Switzerland, and that two Manitous would surely be better than one as an adver*tize*ment. I confess I stood aghast at my own cheek; but my hand, I fear, was rapidly growing "subdued to that it worked in." Anyhow, I sent the letter off, and waited developments.

By return of post came an answer from my American.

"DEAR MISS,—By rail herewith please receive one lady's No. 4 automatic quadruple-geared self-feeding Manitou, as per your esteemed favour of July 27th, for which I desire to thank you. The more I see of your way of doing business, the more I do admire at you. This is an elegant poster! Two high-toned English ladies, mounted on Manitous, careering up the Alps, represent to both of us quite a mint of money. The mutual benefit, to me, to you, and to the other lady, ought to be simply incalculable. I shall be pleased at any time to hear of any further developments of your very remarkable advertising skill, and I am obliged to you for this brilliant suggestion you have been good enough to make to me.—Respectfully,

"CYRUS W. HITCHCOCK."

"What? Am I to have it for nothing, Brownie?" Elsie exclaimed, bewildered, when I read the letter to her.

I assumed the airs of a woman of the world. "Why, certainly, my dear," I answered, as if I always expected to find bicycles showered upon me. "It's a mutual arrangement. Benefits him; benefits you. Reciprocity is the groundwork of business. *He* gets the advertisement; *you* get the amusement. It's a form of handbill. Like the ladies who exhibit their back hair, don't you know, in that window in Regent Street."

Thus inexpensively mounted, we scoured the country together, up the steepest hills between Stanzstadt and Meiringen. We had lots of nibbles. One lady in particular often stopped to look on and admire the Manitou. She was a nice-looking widow of forty-five, very fresh and round-faced; a Mrs. Evelegh, we soon found out, who owned a charming *chalet* on the hills above Lungern. She spoke to us more than once: "What a perfect dear of a machine!" she cried. "I wonder if I dare try it!"

"Can you cycle?" I asked.

"I could once," she answered. "I was awfully fond of it. But Dr. Fortescue-Langley won't let me any longer."

"Try it!" I said, dismounting. She got up and rode. "Oh, isn't it just lovely!" she cried, ecstatically.

"Buy one!" I put in. "They're as smooth as silk; they cost only twenty pounds; and, on every machine I sell, I get five pounds commission."

"I should love to," she answered; "but Dr. Fortescue-Langley——"

"Who is he?" I asked. "I don't believe in drug-drenchers."

She looked quite shocked. "Oh, he's not that kind, you know," she put in, breathlessly. "He's the celebrated esoteric faith-healer. He won't let me move far away from Lungern, though I'm longing to be off to England again for the summer. My boy's at Portsmouth."

"Then, why don't you disobey him?"

Her face was a study. "I daren't," she answered, in an awe-struck voice. "He comes here every summer; and he does me *so* much good, you know. He diagnoses my inner self. He treats me psychically. When my inner self goes wrong, my bangle turns dusky." She held up her right hand with an Indian silver bangle on it; and sure enough, it was tarnished with a very thin black deposit. "My soul is ailing now," she said, in a comically serious voice. "But it is

"SHE INVITED ELSIE AND MYSELF TO STOP WITH HER."

seldom so in Switzerland. The moment I land in England the bangle turns black, and remains black till I get back to Lucerne again."

When she had gone, I said to Elsie, "That *is* odd about the bangle. State of health might affect it, I suppose. Though it looks to me like a surface deposit of sulphide." I knew nothing of chemistry, I admit; but I had sometimes messed about in the laboratory at college with some of the other girls; and I remembered now that sulphide of silver was a blackish-looking body, like the film on the bangle.

However, at the time I thought no more about it.

By dint of stopping and talking, we soon got quite intimate with Mrs. Evelegh. As always happens, I found out I had known some of her cousins in Edinburgh, where I always spent my holidays while I was at Girton. She took an interest in what she was kind enough to call my originality; and before a fortnight was out, our hotel being uncomfortably crowded, she had invited Elsie and myself to stop with her at the *chalet*. We went, and found it a delightful little home. Mrs. Evelegh was charming; but we could see at every turn that Dr. Fortescue-Langley had acquired a firm hold over her. "He's so clever, you know," she said; "and *so* spiritual! He exercises such strong odylic force. He binds my being together. If he misses a visit, I feel my inner self goes all to pieces."

"Does he come often?" I asked, growing interested.

"Oh, dear, no," she answered. "I wish he did: it would be ever so good for me. But he's so much run after; I am but one among many. He lives at Château d'Oex, and comes across to see patients in this district once a fortnight. It is a privilege to be attended by an intuitive seer like Dr. Fortescue-Langley."

Mrs. Evelegh was rich—"left comfortably," as the phrase goes, but with a clause which prevented her marrying again without losing her fortune; and I could gather from various hints that Dr. Fortescue-Langley, whoever he might be, was bleeding her to some tune, using her soul and her inner self as his financial lancet. I also noticed that what she said about the bangle was strictly true; generally bright as a new pin, on certain mornings

it was completely blackened. I had been at the *chalet* ten days, however, before I began to suspect the real reason. Then it dawned upon me one morning in a flash of inspiration. The evening before had been cold, for at the height where we were perched, even in August, we often found the temperature chilly in the night; and I heard Mrs. Evelegh tell Cécile, her maid, to fill the hot-water-bottle. It was a small point, but it somehow went home to me. Next day, the bangle was black, and Mrs. Evelegh lamented that her inner self must be suffering from an attack of evil vapours.

I held my peace at the time, but I asked Cécile a little later to bring me that hot-water-bottle. As I more than half suspected, it was made of india-rubber, wrapped carefully up in the usual red flannel bag. "Lend me your brooch, Elsie," I said. "I want to try a little experiment."

"Won't a franc do as well?" Elsie asked, tendering one. "That's equally silver."

"I think not," I answered. "A franc is most likely too hard; it has base metal to alloy it. But I will vary the experiment by trying both together. Your brooch is Indian, and therefore soft silver. The native jewellers never use alloy. Hand it over; it will clean with a little plate-powder, if necessary. I'm going to see what blackens Mrs. Evelegh's bangle."

I laid the franc and the brooch on the bottle, filled with hot water, and placed them for warmth in the fold of a blanket. After *déjeûner*, we inspected them. As I anticipated, the brooch had grown black on the surface with a thin iridescent layer of silver sulphide, while the franc had hardly suffered at all from the exposure.

I called in Mrs. Evelegh and explained what I had done. She was astonished and half incredulous. "How could you ever think of it?" she cried, admiringly.

"Why, I was reading an article yesterday about india-rubber in one of your magazines," I answered; "and the person who wrote it said the raw gum was hardened for vulcanizing by mixing it with sulphur. When I heard you ask Cécile for the hot-water-bottle, I thought at once: 'The sulphur and the heat account for the tarnishing of Mrs. Evelegh's bangle.'"

"And the franc doesn't tarnish! Then that must be why my other silver bracelet, which is English make, and harder, never changes colour! And Dr. Fortescue-Langley assured me it was because the soft one was of Indian metal, and had mystic symbols on it—symbols that answered to the cardinal moods of my sub-conscious self, and that darkened in sympathy."

I jumped at a clue. "He talked about your sub-conscious self?" I broke in.

"Yes," she answered. "He always does. It's the key-note of his system. He heals by that alone. But, my dear, after this, how can I ever believe in him?"

"Does he know about the hot-water-bottle?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; he ordered me to use it on certain nights; and when I go to England he says I must never be without one. I see now that was why my inner self invariably went wrong in England. It was all just the sulphur blackening the bangles."

I reflected. "A middle-aged man?" I asked. "Stout, diplomatic-looking, with wrinkles round his eyes, and a distinguished grey moustache, twirled up oddly at the corners?"

"That's the man, my dear! His very picture. Where on earth have you seen him?"

"And he talks of sub-conscious selves?" I went on.

"He practises on that basis. He says it's no use prescribing for the outer man; to do that is to treat mere symptoms: the sub-conscious self is the inner seat of diseases."

"How long has he been in Switzerland?"

"Oh, he comes here every year. He arrived this season late in May, I fancy."

"When will he visit you again, Mrs. Evelegh?"

"To-morrow morning."

I made up my mind at once. "Then I must see him, without being seen," I said. "I think I know him. He is our Count, I believe." For I had told Mrs. Evelegh and Elsie the queer story of my journey from London.

"Impossible, my dear! Im-possible! I have implicit faith in him!"

"Wait and see, Mrs. Evelegh. You acknowledge he duped you over the affair of the bangle."

There are two kinds of dupe: one kind, the commonest, goes on believing in its deceiver, no matter what happens; the other, far rarer, has the sense to know it has been deceived if you make the deception as clear as day to it. Mrs. Evelegh was, fortunately, of the rarer class. Next morning, Dr. Fortescue-Langley arrived, by appointment. As he walked up the path, I glanced at him

from my window. It was the Count, not a doubt of it. On his way to gull his dupes in Switzerland, he had tried to throw in an incidental trifle of a diamond robbery.

I telegraphed the facts at once to Lady Georgina, at Schlangenbad. She answered, "I am coming. Ask the man to meet his friend on Wednesday."

Mrs. Evelegh, now almost convinced, invited him. On Wednesday morning, with a bounce, Lady Georgina burst in upon us. "My dear, such a journey!—alone, at my age—but there, I haven't known a happy day since you left me! Oh, yes, I got my Gretchen—unsophisticated?—well—h'm—that's not the word for it: I declare to you, Lois, there isn't a trick of the trade, in Paris or London—not a perquisite or a tip that that girl isn't up to. Comes straight from the remotest recesses of the Black Forest, and hadn't been with me a week, I assure you, honour bright, before she was bandolining her yellow hair, and rouging her cheeks, and wearing my brooches, and wagering gloves with the hotel waiters upon the Baden races. *And* her language! *and* her manners! Why weren't you born in that station of life, I wonder, child, so that I might offer you five hundred a year, and all found, to come and live with me for ever? But this Gretchen—her fringe, her shoes, her ribbons—upon my soul, my dear, I don't know what girls are coming to nowadays."

"THE COUNT."

"Ask Mrs. Lynn-Linton," I suggested, as she paused. "She is a recognised authority on the subject."

The Cantankerous Old Lady stared at me. "And this Count?" she went on. "So you have really tracked him? You're a wonderful girl, my dear. I wish you were a lady's maid. You'd be worth me any money."

I explained how I had come to hear of Dr. Fortescue-Langley.

Lady Georgina waxed warm. "Dr. Fortescue-Langley!" she exclaimed. "The wicked wretch! But he didn't get my diamonds! I've carried them here in my hands, all the way from Wiesbaden: I wasn't going to leave them for a single day to the tender mercies of that unspeakable Gretchen. The fool would lose them. Well, we'll catch him this time, Lois: and we'll give him ten years for it!"

"Ten years!" Mrs. Evelegh cried, clasping her hands in horror. "Oh, Lady Georgina!"

We waited in Mrs. Evelegh's dining-room, the old lady and I, behind the folding-doors. At three precisely Dr. Fortescue-Langley walked in. I had difficulty in restraining Lady Georgina from falling upon him prematurely. He talked a lot of high-flown nonsense to Mrs. Evelegh and Elsie about the influences of the planets, and the seventy-five emanations, and the eternal wisdom of the East, and the medical efficacy of subconscious suggestion. Excellent patter, all of it—quite as good in its way as the diplomatic patter he had poured forth in the train to Lady Georgina. It was rich in spheres, in elements, in cosmic forces. At last, as he was discussing the reciprocal action of the inner self upon the exhalations of the lungs, we pushed back the door and walked calmly in upon him.

His breath came and went. The exhala-

tions of the lungs showed visible perturbation. He rose and stared at us. For a second, he lost his composure. Then, as bold as brass, he turned, with a cunning smile, to Mrs. Evelegh. "Where on earth did you pick up such acquaintances?" he inquired, in a well-simulated tone of surprise. "Yes, Lady Georgina, I have met you before, I admit; but—it can hardly be agreeable to you to reflect under what circumstances."

Lady Georgina was beside herself. "You dare?" she cried, confronting him. "You dare to brazen it out? You miserable sneak! But you can't bluff me now. I have the police outside." Which I regret to confess was a light-hearted fiction.

"The police?" he echoed, drawing back. I could see he was frightened.

I had an inspiration again. "Take off that moustache!" I said, calmly, in my most commanding voice.

He clapped his hand to it in horror. In his agitation, he managed to pull it a little bit awry. It looked so absurd, hanging there all crooked, that I thought it kinder to him to remove it altogether. The thing peeled off with difficulty; for it was a work of art, very firmly and gracefully fastened with sticking-plaster. But it peeled off at last—and with it the whole of the Count's and Dr. Fortescue-Langley's distinction. The man stood revealed, a very palpable man-servant.

Lady Georgina stared hard at him. "Where have I seen you before?" she murmured, slowly. "That face is familiar to me. Why, yes; you went once to Italy as Mr. Marmaduke Ashurst's courier! I know you now. Your name is Higginson."

It was a come-down for the Comte de Laroche-sur-Loiret, but he swallowed it like a man at a single gulp.

"Yes, my lady," he said, fingering his hat nervously, now all was up. "You are quite right, my lady. But what would you have me do? Times are hard on us couriers. Nobody wants us now. I must take to what I can." He assumed once more the tone of the Vienna diplomat. "*Que voulez-vous*, madame? These are revolutionary days. A man of intelligence must move with the zeitgeist!"

"I THOUGHT IT KINDER TO HIM TO REMOVE IT ALTOGETHER."

Lady Georgina burst into a loud laugh. "And to think," she cried, "that I talked to this lackey from London to Malines without ever suspecting him! Higginson, you're a fraud—but you're a precious clever one."

He bowed. "I am happy to have merited Lady Georgina Fawley's commendation," he answered, with his palm on his heart, in his grandiose manner.

"But I shall hand you over to the police all the same! You are a thief and a swindler!"

He assumed a comic expression. "Unhappily not a thief," he objected. "This young lady prevented me from appropriating your diamonds. *Convey*, the wise call it. I wanted to take your jewel-case—and she put me off with a sandwich-tin. I wanted to make an honest penny out of Mrs. Evelegh; and—she confronts me with your ladyship, and tears my moustache off."

Lady Georgina regarded him with a

hesitating expression. "But I shall call the police," she said, wavering visibly.

"*De grace*, my lady, *de grace!* Is it worth while, *pour si peu de chose?* Consider, I have really effected nothing. Will you charge me with having taken—in error—a small tin sandwich case—value, elevenpence? An affair of a week's imprisonment. That is positively all you can bring up against me. And," brightening up visibly, "I have the case still; I will return it to-morrow with pleasure to your ladyship!"

"But the india-rubber water-bottle?" I put in. "You have been deceiving Mrs. Evelegh. It blackens silver. And you told her lies in order to extort money under false pretences."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You are too clever for me, young lady," he broke out. "I have nothing to say to you. But Lady Georgina, Mrs. Evelegh—you are human—let me go! Reflect; I have things I could tell that would make both of you look ridiculous. That journey to Malines, Lady Georgina! Those Indian charms, Mrs. Evelegh! Besides, you have spoiled my game. Let that suffice you! I can practise in Switzerland no longer. Allow me to go in peace, and I will try once more to be indifferent honest!"

He backed slowly towards the door, with his eyes fixed on them. I stood by and waited. Inch by inch he retreated. Lady Georgina looked down abstractedly at the carpet. Mrs. Evelegh looked up abstractedly at the ceiling. Neither spoke another word. The rogue backed out by degrees. Then he sprang downstairs, and before they could decide was well out into the open.

Lady Georgina was the first to break the silence. "After all, my dear," she murmured, turning to me, "there was a deal of sound English common-sense about Dogberry!"

"INCH BY INCH HE RETREATED."

I remembered then his charge to the watch to apprehend a rogue. "How if 'a will not stand?"

"Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave." When I remembered how Lady Georgina had hob-nobbed with the Count from Ostend to Malines, I agreed to a great extent both with her and with Dogberry.

Postmen of the World.

By Thomas Lake.

OF all the world's postmen—and their name is legion — the native runner of Natal is probably the most interesting and curious. Accordingly, we give him a prominent position at the beginning of this article, where his dusky features, strong physique, and peculiar headdress may attract deserved attention, and incidentally make us realize the grandeur of the world's postal system and its magnitude. The world would be lost without its post-bag, and its debt to the men who carry the mails is enormous.

But again to the postman of Natal. About 160 or 170 of these runners are employed in the Natal Department, and they carry the mails between offices where the employment of a mail-cart would not be warranted. When they perform short journeys they run at the rate of about four miles an hour; but when the journeys are long, extending, say, to thirty or forty miles, they do not do more than three miles an hour. The native carrier is supposed to carry a load of 60lb., but in the post-office the mail carrier is not ordinarily given a load weighing more than 40lb. He does his work very well indeed, in a general way, evincing earnestness and strict honesty. His pay is £1 per month; and an allowance of 10s. per month is made additionally for his rations. If he provide these himself he receives the 10s.; but if the postmasters, or others, provide them, they receive the allowance. The native ordinarily lives on what is called in Natal "Poop," a porridge of maize meal, which is practically a paste, and this is generally the fare of the post-runner except when on his journey, when he occasionally carries a bread load with him for refreshment.

NATIVE POSTMAN OF NATAL.
From a Photo. by J. W. Coney, Pietermaritzburg.

The Postmaster-General of Natal, Mr. J. Chadwick, to whom we are indebted for this information, adds: "The Natal runner performs journeys extending to eighty or 100 miles per week, according as to whether his load may be moderately light or heavy. His clothing consists of a military great-coat and cape, which are supplied by the Department. At times he wears an improvised sandal, which is ordinarily a piece of raw hide laced to the foot. Underneath his overcoat he wears the Mncetu. I do not know that the spelling of this word will give a very clear idea of its pronunciation."

From a] BARBADOS. *[Photograph.*

The postmen of Barbados, who are shown in the reproduction at the top of this page, have two uniforms—one for the hot weather in July, August, and September, and the other for the cooler months. Our picture shows both. The light-coloured uniform is of unbleached cotton drill, with red facings, and the other is made of blue serge. Mr. E. F. S. Bowen, of the Public Works Office in Barbados, who has sent the photograph, writes: "One never hears the old, familiar postman's knock in Barbados. The letters are always taken round to the back and given to servants, with an occasional cry of 'Post here!'"

Although the postal system has attained its greatest development in this century, the actual carrying of letters dates back even beyond 1544. In the postal system of Spain and the German Empire there is a record, in that year, of permission having been granted to Government couriers to carry letters for individuals, and the probabilities are that the custom had been in existence long before this permission was granted. Private letters of the fifteenth century now exist in Great Britain, showing by indorsements that they must have been conveyed by relays of men and horses under Government control, and it is known that in several Continental States inland postal establishments had been established in connection with the Universities. Consequently, the men who are pictured in this article are the representatives of an aged institution which has been of inestimable benefit to mankind.

On the southern slopes of the Caucasus, the dweller who awaits a letter from a friend on the plains sends his dog down in charge of a tax-collector or pedlar with instructions that the message shall be placed in a little pouch in the ring of the dog's collar. Doggie is then turned loose, and trots back to his home with the mail.

The difference in postal costume is, as might be expected, very clearly marked, and one is almost prepared from a glance at the picture to name the country which the postman serves. The Calcutta postman is unmistakable, the Sydney suburban letter-carrier virtually names himself, the "Jap" simply gives himself away, and the Finlander wears a costume that almost breathes of the north. It is most interesting to look at the pictures from this standpoint, and to see the variations in clothes as caused by climate or by differences in national taste.

CALCUTTA.
From a Photo. by Bourne & Shepherd, Calcutta.

The Trinidad postman is a neatly dressed, civil, and well-spoken negro. As a rule he is not a native of the island, but comes from Barbados or Tobago. His working hours are from 7 a.m. till 4 p.m., during which he makes three deliveries and covers an average of fourteen miles daily. His pay varies from £30 to £70 per annum. In Port of Spain, the capital of the island, the postmen who carry letters to the suburbs possess bicycles, furnished by the Government, which greatly facilitate their work, and of which they are very proud. The accompanying photo., sent to us by the Government of Trinidad, represents the oldest postman on the staff—a reliable man, named George Grosvenor, who makes few mistakes.

From a] TRINIDAD. *[Photograph.*

One of the strangest methods of carrying the mails is that in use amongst the natives of Coromandel. It is said that waterproof bags are there deposited in a species of catamaran-boat, which is so small that the postman "has to sit astride it like a floating log." Sometimes these postmen are washed off into the water, where they have to battle with the sharks, but in most cases the passage is made with safety, and the letters come to their destination safe and sound.

BRITISH GUIANA.
From a Photo. by Rowe & Da Costa, Georgetown, B.G.

Most of the employés of the Post Office Department of British Guiana are negroes or of negro descent, although the administrative staff are Europeans or of European descent. Three of the British Guiana letter-carriers are shown herewith, the photograph having been sent by the Postmaster-General of that country. Mr. Collier says there are house-to-house deliveries in the towns and all the large villages; and, in addition, private "lock-box" deliveries at the two principal post-offices of the Colony. There are fourteen letter-carriers in Georgetown, the capital, and the number of post-offices in the Colony is sixty-two, besides six travelling offices. The whole charge of the Post Office in British Guiana was assumed by the Colonial Government in 1860, when slightly over 61,000 miles were then traversed by the mails. To-day they traverse a distance of 307,000 miles annually.

To Mr. V. E. Caldwell we are indebted for an excellent photograph of the San Salvador postman, who is appointed with reference to his honesty, temperance, and punc-

From a] SALVADOR. *[Photograph.*

tuality. In the capital of Salvador there are seventeen postmen, two of whom are exclusively employed in the delivery of registered letters, although for this they get no more than the ordinary pay of $40 a month. There are three monthly mails to Europe, and three to California and the United States, all of which are carried by the Pacific Steamship Company. Delays occasionally occur, however, owing to the want of punctuality of the mail steamers, which sometimes are several days behind time. It costs Salvador over £6,800 a year for a postal service, with a population officially estimated at over 800,000.

The mails of British India are intrusted to local express companies and their agents. South of Bombay and in Nepal, contractors send peasants through the jungle with the bags. They journey through places where Europeans could not go without a guide, and when mountain torrents swell to such an extent that passage is barred, ropes are slung from bank to bank, and the bags are then pulled across by this means. The post between other parts of India and Nepal is part of the regular Bengal postal service, and the runners are dressed in similar clothing, the only articles issued by the Government being a red turban, a leather belt, and a stick with bells.

A very primitive method of carrying the mails is in vogue in Corea, where an obstinate adherence to old customs is very common. One of the relics of past ages is the ox-cart mail—about the slowest means of locomotion to be found. In China, which is also fairly unprogressive, there is more of an attempt at speed. Two methods of carrying the mails are in vogue. The letters of the mandarins are delivered by special couriers, frequently accompanied by military escort. Public letters are carried by two rival companies. The first company, called the "Local," has the cities for its seat of operations; and the other, called the "General," delivers letters to all parts of the empire, maintaining communication with the far-off frontier towns.

ANTIGUA, LEEWARD ISLANDS.
From a Photo. by J. Anjo, Antigua.

The Leeward Islands are among the possessions of Great Britain in the West Indies, and the picture at the bottom of this page shows one of the men who carry letters for the people of Antigua, one of that scattered group.

In the Principality of Montenegro, which forms part of the Postal Union, there are nine post-offices, and mails are delivered at Cattaro three or four times a week, and brought to Cettinje by the Montenegrin diligence. Letters take five to seven days from London to Cettinje. The accompanying reproduction from a photograph taken by the Hon. Mrs. Kennedy, of the British

Legation, shows a Montenegrin postman, clothed in a long coat, delivering letters at Cettinje.

In New South Wales the number of letters posted throughout the Colony exceeds 62,000,000, and the number of letters delivered by carriers from the head office in Sydney is slightly less than 10,000,000. The carriers number 453, and two of these are shown on this page, in the city and the suburban uniforms worn. The first man wears a helmet and a blouse very much like those of a London policeman, and is certainly very smart in appearance. The suburban postman is quite as handsome-looking, and if all the members of the Sydney corps are up to the standard of these two, there is every reason why the people of Sydney should be proud of their postmen. It may be added that the number of miles travelled by mail

From a] MONTENEGRO. *[Photograph.*

SYDNEY (N.S.W.) POSTMAN IN CITY UNIFORM.
From a Photograph.

SYDNEY (N.S.W.) POSTMAN IN SUBURBAN UNIFORM.
From a Photograph.

conveyance in New South Wales during 1896 was 9,773,500, and that although the revenue from all sources amounted in that year to £833,940, the expenditure amounted to £872,471. Such, we believe, is the usual story in connection with a modern post-office that attends to the growing wants of a large population.

In Holland the extent of the mail service routes is over 30,000 miles, and the number of letters, which in 1850 was about 7,000,000, is now over 60,000,000. The postmen in this cleanly and enterprising country are splendid specimens of manhood, although they are generally only of medium height. Our photograph shows one of the Amsterdam letter-carriers, taken while he was on his rounds.

AMSTERDAM.
From a Photograph.

Postmen in Austria are civil servants, and the conditions under which they carry out their duties are sometimes of a very fatiguing nature, necessitating, as they do in Vienna, for example, the climbing of interminable steps when a letter has to be delivered. The postmen get fifty florins a month pension after forty years' service, while the yearly wage varies from 400 to 600 florins. The Government gives to the postmen every year one tunic, one pair of cloth trousers, one pair of linen trousers, one waistcoat, and a cap, while every second year a coat and a blouse are given. Previous military service is considered as postal service, and in time of war each year counts double.

VIENNA.
From a Photo. by S. Bloch, Vienna.

ROME.
From a Photo. by I. B. Trewhella, Rome.

The Roman postman has to work eight hours a day for about £3 a month, and, work as hard as he can, he can get no more than

CONSTANTINOPLE.
From a Photo. by Baker & Edwards, Constantinople.

eighty lire per month. Therefore his occupation is not exactly a paying one. The Roman postmen are, however, as a rule, a hard-working and punctual class, and, like the Turkish letter-carriers, they are enabled to get the good things of life from tips given to them by the citizens at Christmas, Easter, and in August. The photograph of an Italian postman, which we are allowed to print through the kindness of Miss Isabel B. Trewhella, of Rome, shows an amiable face on the carrier, but the uniform is not so smart as those which we have just noticed.

The illustration at the top of this page shows a postman who has been in the service of the Turkish Imperial Government for thirty-seven years, and is, therefore, quite an authority on postal delivery in Constantinople. Nowadays, this delivery is carried on with much more care than formerly, when it was a very frequent occurrence that letters were irrecoverably lost. The pay is very low, and most Turkish postmen make additional money by asking for "backsheesh." Consequently, those who are in the habit of receiving large mails backsheesh heavily, as that is a guarantee of quick delivery. Telegraph boys are also paid well by business men, many giving as much as five piastres, or tenpence, on the delivery of each telegram, although the customary fee is only one piastre. Even this tip is unjustified, as the envelope on each telegram distinctly reads, "Il n'y a rien à payer au porteur." Therefore, writes Mr. W. G. Middleton Edwards, "we in Constantinople pay more than the postage on a letter or parcel," and more than the tariff on a telegram.

In Turkey, it is said, sacks containing the letters of the people often lie for weeks at a distribution office until the local Cadi finds it convenient to hand them over to the lowest bidder, who will undertake to deliver them within a specified time to the local Cadi of the town for which they are destined. The man who carries the mails is in most cases a mountaineer, and the mails are usually promised to be delivered at a certain time, "if Allah wills." Allah, of course, sometimes overlooks a postman's failings, and when the carrier stops to visit his relatives for two or three days while on the way, the people simply have to wait for their letters, and that is all. In cases where the addressee is gone, leaving no address, the letter is not sent back to the writer, as in Western

From a] TURKEY—PROVINCIAL. *[Photo.*

From a Photo. by] SWEDEN. *[Rosen, Stockholm.*

countries, but is taken to a sort of circuit court, where the name is cried out. Then, if the writer is found, a fine is demanded, and the letter is at once appropriated by the official! At least, so the report goes.

Without drawing any invidious comparisons, we make bold to say that our Swedish postman is the handsomest and finest figure in the lot. They must have a splendid set of men in Sweden, for, in our article some months ago on "Policemen of the World," the Swedish "Bobby" stood out above all others for fine looks and military bearing, although the Roumanian policeman ran him hard. In the present case, the Swede turns up trumps again, and nothing we could say about him could give a better idea of the Swedish postal service than the photograph itself.

In Switzerland, candidates for the postal service are not required to pass a formal examination. The vacancies are advertised, and the man selected must be able to read and write the language of that part of the country which he is to serve, to know simple arithmetic, and, above all, to be a strong man and a good walker.

There are two categories of postmen proper in Switzerland: the ordinary letter-carriers whose business it is to deliver and collect articles of the letter post, and the other so-called "Geldbriefträger," who are intrusted with the delivery of money-orders, letters with value declared, and various other articles of the parcel post. The man whose photograph is presented herewith belongs to the latter class. He is represented in winter uniform—blue coat and light grey trousers. The summer uniform is a grey blouse with the same trousers. The photograph was kindly sent to us by Mr. G. de Muralt, Her Majesty's Consul at Berne.

From Mr. A. Stewart MacGregor, of Christiania, we have obtained a photograph showing a postman of Christiania, Norway. In an interesting letter, Mr. MacGregor says: "The short jacket has been recently introduced, many of the men still wearing a long kind of frock-coat. The colour in both cases is a dark green, but I am told the postmen are desirous to have it changed to blue. The wages are 1,000 kroner (over £55) to begin with, rising after fifteen years' service to 1,500 kroner. The uni-

From a] SWISS POSTMAN AT BERNE. *[Photograph.*

form costs 100 kroner per annum. One of the postmen told me the idea with regard to the substitution of a short jacket for the long coat is that in this way two pairs of trousers might be obtained yearly, instead of one, for the 100 kroner allowance. The braid is silvery (if not actually of silver), and there is a small cockade, in the Norwegian colours, on the band round the cap; also, as you will observe, post-horns on the cap and shoulder."

NORWAY.
From a Photo. by H. Ingebery, Curistiania.

The climate of Finland is uniformly severe, and, as we show in the accompanying photograph, the postmen dress warmly. The costume is picturesque. Long boots of thick leather and a long coat, crowned by a close-fitting skull-cap, make up the details. Many of the postmen are linguists, since they talk Finnish, Swedish, and Russian. The common people talk Finnish, the upper classes use Swedish, and the study of Russian is compulsory in all the State schools.

The people of Denmark are fortunate in their postmen, for these public servants are not only fine appearing men, but are unusually civil and punctual. Their wages vary from 800 kroner to 1,400 kroner a year, there being four classes,—each with the same number of men; and they get additional pay according to the number of years they have served—50 kroner a year for each five years, with a maximum of 200 kroner for twenty years. This system works satisfactorily, and the service is uniformly excellent. Our thanks are due to Mr. C. H. Funch, the British Vice-Consul at Copenhagen, for the photograph here reproduced.

FINLAND.
From a Photo. by D. Nyblin.

DENMARK.
From a Photo. by H. Paetz, Copenhagen

ROUMANIA.
From a Photo. by S. Korn, Bucharest.

On this page we show two officials, one an ordinary Roumanian postman with a bagful of letters and other documents, and the other a Bulgarian telegraph messenger. In 1895 there were 3,216 post-offices in Roumania, through which passed 12,169,815 letters, 7,742,215 post-cards, and 23,438,805 newspapers, samples, and parcels. These seem big figures for a population of 5,800,000; but the United States, in 1896, with a population of nearly 70,000,000, passed 11,182,759,410 pieces through the mail. An appreciation of these figures will give some idea of how deep-seated the habit of letter-writing is in the people. And it grows more noticeable every year.

From Miss Tina Elliot, the daughter of Mr. F. Elliot, of the British Agency in Sofia, we have received the photograph of the Bulgarian postman, and in an interesting letter Miss Elliot says: "The uniform of the postmen is made of dark blue cloth with gilt buttons, and green collar and cuffs. The men who carry the telegrams have yellow collars and cuffs. They wear round astrakhan caps with cloth tops. I have seen several postmen going about on bicycles."

In nearly all countries, postmen get wages which seem ridiculously small in proportion to the amount of work that they have to do, and the number of hours they labour. Many of the figures which are incidentally given in this article show how true this is. An American postman once told the writer that, on an average, he wore out twelve pairs of boots a year, whereas under ordinary circumstances he would wear out two, yet the Government took no account of these trifles, and looked upon them as the penalties of the trade. Much of the labour, however, has recently been reduced in the United States by the establishment in large business buildings of small "post-offices" on the ground floor, which do away with the necessity of a delivery by the postman from room to room.

BULGARIAN TELEGRAPH MESSENGER.
From a Photograph.

One of the most noted postmen in England was the so-called "Postman-Poet of Bideford," who died about three years ago. When Edward Capern was first appointed rural letter-carrier, he had to cover a district thirteen miles in extent, and received the munificent sum of half a guinea for seven days' work. Some of his poetical efforts attracted the attention of Lord Palmerston, who granted him a Civil List pension of £40, while the Post Office authorities increased his wages to 13s. a week, and relieved him of Sunday duty.

He made the acquaintance of many of the best-known literary men and women of the day, and his first volume of verses was subscribed to by such men as Tennyson, Landor, Dickens, Kingsley, and Froude. When he died, Capern expressed a wish that his old postman's bell should be buried with him, but, unfortunately, on the day of the funeral, the bell could not be found.

From a] JAPAN. *[Photograph.*

In Japan, burdens of moderate weight are usually carried by coolies, who bear long poles on their shoulders, one package being fastened at each end of the pole. In remote districts the Government mails are forwarded by this method, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Statistics, it may be added, show that the total number of letters, post-cards, books, parcels, etc., carried through the Japanese mails in 1895–96 exceeded 448,000,000, so that the men who carry even a part of this on poles have no easy time of it. The photograph which we reproduce was kindly lent to us by Sir Benjamin Stone.

A good many of the readers of this article will expect to find an English postman amongst the lot, but we must disappoint them. Instead, we have pleasure in showing to them the oldest post-mistress in Her Majesty's dominions, still active at the age of ninety-two. This photo. of Mrs. Brown, of Auchmithie, was sent to us by Mr. John R. McLean, of Arbroath, N.B. She was born in 1805, and after marriage with Mr. William Brown, settled down in Auchmithie, her husband then acting as school-master. Soon after the introduction of the penny post, Mrs. Brown was appointed first post-mistress in the town, which position she still holds, and, as she says, "I widna like tae want it as lang as I'm able tae toodle aboot." Her memory is still good, and besides being able to keep her house clean and tidy, she attends regularly to the post-office work, and is able to read and write without the aid of spectacles. Remarkable, too, that the postal system, which is now one of the most important things in the life of the world, and one of the wonders of modern progress, should have attained its greatest development since England's oldest post-mistress first saw the light of day.

MRS. BROWN, POST-MISTRESS, AGED 92.
From a Photo. by John R. McLean, Arbroath, N.B.

A Single-Line Railway.

By William Shortis.

From a Photo. by] LISSELTON STATION. *[W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

THE readers of The Strand Magazine, I am sure, will be pleased to read of the very novel system of railway which runs between Listowel and Ballybunion, in the County of Kerry. The system is known as the Lartigue Single Rail Elevated Railway, and is the invention of a prominent French engineer, M. Lartigue. It is the only one of its kind in the United Kingdom.

In passing, and before going into details of the system, it may be of interest to know that Listowel is the capital of North Kerry, has a population of about 4,000, and is considered to be one of the best country market towns in the South of Ireland. It is celebrated as being the centre of one of the best butter-producing districts in Ireland, the butter exported from here having a special quotation of its own on the English markets, and being known as "Listowels."

Ballybunion is a beautiful seaside and health resort on the Atlantic Ocean. It has immense stretches of sands, splendid bathing accommodation, and is remarkable for the wild grandeur of its cliffs and for the size and variety of the caves, which have been burrowed through the rugged rock by the never-ceasing toil of the great ocean which washes the western shores of the island. Though very recently brought before the public, Ballybunion is developing fast, and has more than doubled itself within the past five or six years. It is the holiday resort of the people of Kerry, North Cork, and West Limerick. There is no doubt that when the tourist business of this country is developed Ballybunion will have its share, for no finer place to spend a holiday could be selected—what with good hotels, splendid bathing and grand scenery, etc., there is nothing to be desired.

But to return to our novelty. The line runs from Listowel to Ballybunion, a distance of ten miles, and was constructed in 1888.

This single line is composed of A-shaped trestles; the top rail, which weighs about 27lb. to the yard, is placed about 3ft. 3in. from the ground, the legs of the trestles are of angle iron, about 1¾in. by 1¾in.

At about 2ft. from the top rail is a cross-bar, and at each end of this there is a check rail to control the oscillating motion. At the bottom of the trestle is fixed the sleeper of dished steel: this is about 3ft. 3in. long by 6in. wide, and ¼in. thick. The trestles are placed 3ft. 3in. apart. They are supported entirely by the metal sleepers, except in some places, where the ground proved to be soft, wooden sleepers of larger area are placed underneath.

At the stations, of which there are three, viz., Listowel, Lisselton, and Ballybunion, there are "switches," or "turn-tables," which are used for the same purpose as "points" are used on the ordinary railway—that is, for

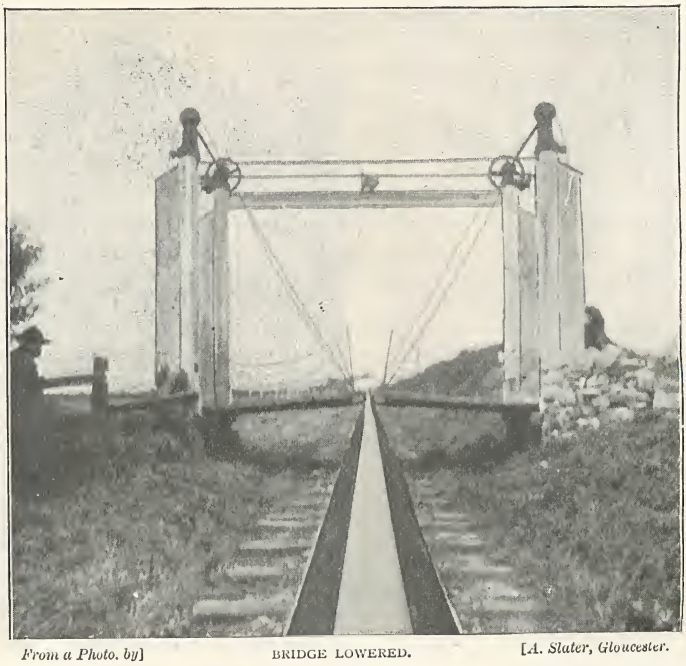
BRIDGE RAISED.
From a Photo. by A. Slater, Gloucester.

shunting trains from one line to another and on to sidings.

These switches are planned in a very ingenious manner, so as to get two "through roads." If the line were straight on the switch, one "through road" could only be obtained; and in order to pass to the other line each vehicle should be treated separately on the turn-table or switch. In this case, however, the line on the switch is curved to about 1-14th of its circumference, and thus two, and in some cases as many as four, "through roads" are obtained; so that shunting operations can be carried out with the same facility as on the ordinary line. The switches are fastened to the permanent line at each end by patent interlocking apparatus, and are connected with signals which are also interlocked, and which, of course, guide the engine-driver as to whether the line is through or not.

As the line stands some 3ft. 3in. from the ground, it cannot be crossed on the level in the same way that ordinary railways can be crossed. Proper bridges are erected at the points where the different public roads cross the line.

There are, however, several occupation crossings, and these are provided with "fly" or draw-bridges, and in the photographs will be seen the mechanism for raising and lowering them, and which is the endless chain system. A child of seven years can raise or lower the bridges, or "gates" as they are more generally called here. A small signal which rises and falls with the working of the bridge will be noticed in the centre of the top cross-stay. This indicates to the engine-driver at a distance whether the gate is open for the train or closed against him, but open for the use of the farm yard or fields. It will also be observed that the trestles of the permanent way are strengthened at the places where these bridges lap on the top rail; this is to carry the weight of the



From a Photo. by] BRIDGE LOWERED. [*A. Slater, Gloucester.*

Photo. by] THE ENGINE. *[R. A. Warren, Clonmel.*

bridge, as well as the different loads that pass in and out of the fields.

Next to the permanent way, the locomotives are perhaps the most interesting. As will be seen by the photographs, the engine has two boilers, two funnels, two fire-boxes; it also has two tenders and two tanks. The boilers are connected by equalizing steam and water-pipes, and thus work as one boiler, having an area of the two combined. There are two cylinders, 7in. diameter by 12in. stroke, the working pressure on the boilers being about 150lb. per square inch. On the tender—or, rather, on the space over the top rail between the tenders—is placed another two-cylinder engine with steam connection from the boilers, and was intended to be used to assist the main engine up steep inclines. In practice, however, this engine has not been availed of, as it is found that the main engine is well able to haul the loads required over the different gradients, some of which are very steep though short.

The engine wheels are 2ft. in diameter, and are, of course, placed in line down the centre between each boiler, etc.

At a speed of fifteen miles an hour, the engines are capable of performing the following work:—

On the level they will draw 240 tons.
Up an incline of 1 in 500, 186 tons.
Up an incline of 1 in 45, 40 tons.

The latter is the steepest incline on the railway. The engines are capable of developing a speed of from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. The general working speed is from fifteen to twenty miles an hour.

By this time it will, no doubt, have occurred to the reader that a vehicle running on a single rail, however well balanced, must have some check. This check or guide is arranged for by an ingenious piece of mechanism,

Photo. by] FRONT VIEW OF ENGINE. *[A. Slater, Gloucester.*

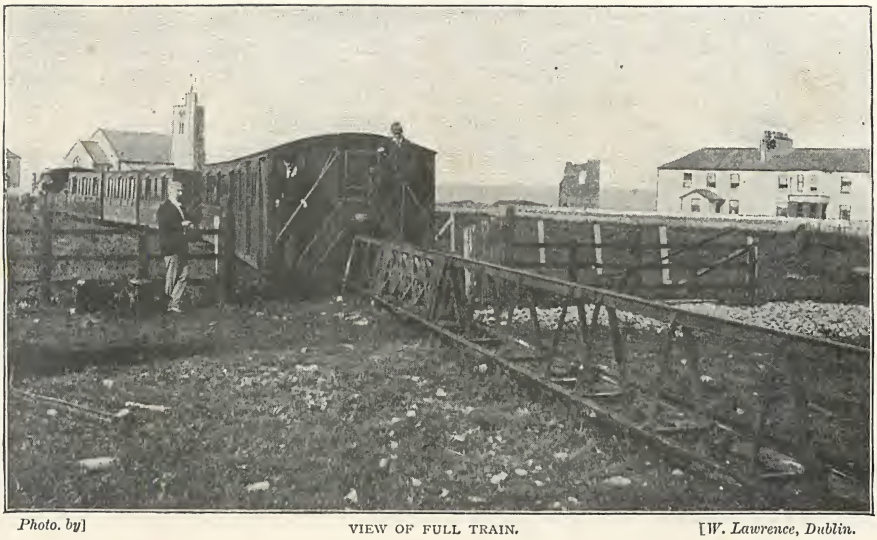


Photo. by] VIEW OF FULL TRAIN. *[W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

which consists of a broad wheel, on a vertical axle with spiral springs, being placed on each side of the engine or vehicle at about nine inches from the bottom. These wheels or rollers are known as guide wheels, and engage with the check or guide rails which are placed about two feet from the top rail on the A-shaped trestles, and which are alluded to in the description of the permanent way.

The guide wheels are not required to carry weight, being merely used to control the oscillation, and their run on the guide-rails is, so to speak, at right angles to the top or main wheels. There are four on each vehicle, two on each side.

Now, the rolling-stock of the coaching department, as on most railways, consists of 1st and 3rd class, and composite carriages, guards' vans, horse-boxes, etc. The traffic in horses and cattle may be written down as practically nil; the distance being short, the farmers do not see their way to pay the carriage for the conveyance of their stock.

The carriages, like the engines, are double; the passengers sit back to back, and except in few cases there is no internal communication between the two halves of the carriage, each of which hangs at either side of the rail, the intervening space being taken up with the wheels and the mechanism for working the Westinghouse air-brake, with which each vehicle is fitted.

The wheels (four in number) are 19in. in diameter, and are arranged in line two at each end of the vehicle, each pair forming a bogey, which can take the sharpest curve at ease.

The carriages are about 7ft. high by about 8ft. 6in. in total width, and 18ft. long. Each carriage carries about twenty-four passengers —that is, twelve at each side.

The guards' vans have internal communication from one side to another, to enable parcels and luggage to be transferred across. The vans are also roofed in one, while the carriages, as will be seen in the photographs,

Photo. by] END VIEW OF SAND WAGGON. *[A. Slater, Gloucester.*

are roofed each half separately. At the end of each van is placed a stairway, with hand-railing, to enable the guard, etc., to cross from one side to the other of the train.

Besides the carriages and vans, the coaching stock consists of a few very extraordinary vehicles. They are nothing more or less than travelling foot-bridges, or staircases, and are placed about the centre of every train to enable passengers to cross the line. They are entirely distinct vehicles, having their own wheels, buffers, draw-gear, etc., and can be shunted about and placed in any part of the train.

The rolling-stock of the goods department consists of covered and open goods waggons, coal and timber trucks, and small iron vehicles known as 'sand' waggons. The covered waggons are somewhat heavier than the passenger carriages, are the same length, but a little higher and wider. They are roofed, like the guards' vans, in one, and have

agricultural and building purposes, this traffic is, next to passengers, the principal source of revenue to the company. As many as 200 tons of sand per day for long periods have been taken over the line.

The rolling-stock of the entire system consists of from forty to fifty vehicles, including engines, carriages, vans, waggons, etc., and are repaired and maintained at the company's workshops at Listowel.

It is pointed out that the relative cost of this system and ordinary narrow-gauge lines on the same ground and for the same traffic will be as follows: —

The Lartigue system	...	£3,000 per mile.
24in. gauge	... ...	4,000 ,,
39½in. gauge	... ...	4,500 ,,

The advantages of the system are its great safety, and that the line can be quickly and cheaply laid; as earth-work is reduced to a minimum, it is only necessary to clear away sufficient material for the sleepers; the car-

From a Photo. by] BALLYBUNION STATION. *[W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

communication from side to side internally. They carry from three to four tons of goods.

The coal and timber trucks are open vehicles, with the wheels and brake mechanism hidden in wooden casing. The wheels in all those vehicles are the same in number, size, and arrangement.

The sand waggons are smaller vehicles; they measure 10ft. long, including buffers, by about 6ft. wide. They have only two wheels on top, one at each end, instead of two forming a bogey as in the other vehicles. These little waggons carry three tons of sand, and as the sand off the shore and from the vast sand-hills at Ballybunion is sold at Listowel for

riages are high enough to pass clear of a good deal of rough ground. Another advantage is that by a slight modification of the design the line can be made its own bridge, and thus cross brooks, ravines, etc., without having to build piers, viaducts, or other expensive bridge-work. In some countries this design of railway must be very advantageous, as floods, snow-drifts, or sandstorms must be severe before either of them prevented the line from being worked. It is well known that a few inches of water, snow, or sand will seriously interfere with ordinary railways; indeed, the traffic is occasionally stopped for several hours even in England.

Author of "Loo."

I.

IT was at the old grey wall that Ronald Vaughan first met Lucia Las Casas. Years and years ago this wall had been of portentous size, designed perhaps for protection, for beyond it lay the gardens and precincts of the *hacienda* where dwelt the Don Carlos Las Casas, whose ancestors had been military governors of Trinidad in the days of the Spanish sway, when Nelson was not, and Rodney but a boy. And this same Señor Las Casas was a Spaniard in whom pride of birth and lust of gold mingled in all the obstinate and unholy unity of his race. But the great possessions of his house had dwindled ever down, till the estate he now cultivated, with some inextensive tracts in Venezuela and Cuba, was all that was now left to him.

Bitterly had he inveighed against the emancipation, against the slow strangling of the sugar industry. And as little by little his crops diminished with his profits, he began to abandon field after field of canes, and to devote himself more and more assiduously to the trade of a general merchant in the neighbouring township of Port of Spain. And his success became phenomenal, a thing beyond the intelligence of his fellow-merchants. Year after year his income and his business grew, till when his only child, Lucia, was sixteen, she was at once a dream of beauty and fabulous wealth to the enamoured imaginations of the needy planters of the island.

These facts were no secret from Ronald Vaughan. But if they served to envelop his hopes with shyness and melancholy, they none the less inspired his passion with the mournful poetry of persistence, which is the only gift remoteness confers. For Ronald Vaughan was a poor man. Even the three or four hundred acres of cacao that supplied his frugal needs were a cause of the bitter rancour of Las Casas against him. For these acres enveloped the little cove at the end of the old Spanish path, and formed the only part of the valley between the Atlantic and the Gulf of Paria that did not belong to the Spaniard. And Ronald, loving his patrimony with English obstinacy, refused even double its value in cash. He had enough to live on and a comfortable bungalow. And for beauty and poetry of environment his home was as some work of enchantment. Its refuge just suited his shy and careless nature. An hour or two sufficed for his estate, and allowed him to spend the rest in dreams, lolling lazily with rod or gun, or book. The old path was a haunt that of all others he most loved.

To the young Spanish girl this casual, shy, reserved Saxon combined all the charm of freshness and romance. His graceful figure; his blue, dreamy, laughing eyes; the delicate, yet robust, chiselling of the features; the

yellow hair clustering over a face tanned a ripe brown by the tropic sun—coming as they did upon her out of the gloom and shadows of the forest into the warmth of the western light, made an impression which soon deepened into the tenderness of passion. Young as she was, she was well accustomed to the adulation and gallantry so fulsomely lavished on the divine combination of loveliness and wealth. But the shyness of this new lover evoked in her a desire of conquest whose ardent impulses she revealed with all the *naïveté* of a child in every glance and gesture. Meetings that had been accidental soon became regular, till little by little each sunset saw the two wandering up and down the old path, weaving their lives into its glamour. It was only natural that after a while they should find the old fort a goal for all these walks. There was something about its broken walls, its very air of ruin, that seemed to draw them into its breathless peace.

It was here at last that, under the spell of her loveliness, Ronald had forgotten his reserve and her wealth, and had wooed and won from eager, warm, surrendering lips the confession he desired. And who would have resisted the enthralment of his excuse? Picture her as she stood there, reclining against the old gun-carriage; her little foot, with its open-worked white stocking and slender ankle, revealed with that coquetry of measured revelation so essentially Spanish; with her little, gem-laden hands fluttering a large white fan; with her face half averted, and eyes through whose veiling lashes languor and melting love upbraided his reluctant speech; with a lace mantilla thrown round locks glossy as the raven's wing in sunlight, and falling in clinging, seducing folds round the small, snowy throat, and fluttering with her quick breath over the gentle curves of her bosom; with the pink glow of the evening deepening the rose-leaf flush along the soft pallor of her cheeks, and haunting the tremulous quiver of her lips till they seemed beneath his eyes a very flower of passion hovering on the brink of bloom.

For some days they lived in the glory of their secret, refusing to face the explosion that must inevitably follow its communication. One evening as they sat thus up at the old fort, abandoned to the languors of the moment's mood, there glided into the little bay a dainty schooner with its white sails gleaming snowily in the evening light. From the land it seemed like some phantom ship that had sailed from the bosom of the cliff. For at the ocean side of the inlet the hills over-lapped, leaving a narrow neck of water invisible till you turned the nearer bluff. Graceful and stately as a gull the boat swept into the bay, falling slowly away off her course as the cliff robbed her of the wind, the ripples plashing a fretwork of foam about her tapering bows as, tacking up the bay, she brought to, some sixty yards from the beach, her cables rattling out with a musical clatter that echoed and re-echoed from cliff to glade, and seemed to set even the forest leaves jingling in answering chorus.

"Holy Madonna!" cried the girl, as she saw the schooner, "it is the signal for our separation." And she clasped Ronald's arm beseechingly.

"Separation!" he echoed. "How so?"

"The ship! It is my father's, and he has expected it for many weeks. And he has told me, yes, that three days after it comes, I go with him to New Orleans."

Ronald drew her to him fondly, petting her as he would a child. And, indeed, for all the loveliness of her womanhood, she was half a baby still, with all a child's tragedy over trifles. But his face was none the less very gloomy as he gazed at the yacht lying so still and witch-like on the darkening waters.

"But if I see your father," he muttered, rather falteringly, for the anticipation did not thrill him with any enthusiasm.

"*Ay de mi!*" she cried; "you know him not. If you were rich—yes! But you are poor, my adored one, are you not?—poor as the little lizards here, that have only their home. He will never consent. He will enwrap himself like—like the bay in a white squall. Oh, the tempest of him! But, *pouf!* I care not! I love you! I love you! And your home, if it were no bigger than just big enough to hold you, I would come to it and creep into your arms, and be happy."

And Lucia looked up at him from that same shelter with a deliciously audacious little laugh, from lips that dimpled like a child's. Yet in the eyes, dark, melting, ardent, languorous eyes, was all the intensity of a woman's love.

"You darling," cried Ronald, "such a coward as I is not worthy of you. I will go and demand you from your father this very night. He cannot, shall not, refuse!"

"You deceive yourself, señor! My daughter, Señora Gonzales awaits your pleasure." The words were spoken in thin, harsh, incisive tones, with an unmistakable sneer in them. With a faint scream, Lucia sprang from her lover's arms to confront with

flaming cheeks the cold, inscrutable face of the old merchant, her father.

Vaughan stepped forward as if to speak, but the old man silenced him with a gesture; somehow Ronald, who had never come into personal contact with him before, felt that he was much more imposing than he had even feared.

"When Señor Vaughan," sneered the Don, "does my poor house the honour to seek its alliance, he might first have protected its children from the insolent presumption of an adventurer."

"Señor Las Casas," said Vaughan, a hot flush darkening his face, "believe me, you ascribe to me motives never mine. If you will hear me, I——"

"I want no explanation from you, señor,"

"I WANT NO EXPLANATION FROM YOU, SENOR."

snarled the old man, savagely. "My daughter is not for you, nor any other beggarly adventurer."

"Very well," retorted Vaughan, now just as savage, "I don't know to what your pretensions aspire, and I don't care. I don't want your money, but I'll win your daughter. So, by Heaven, look to it."

Las Casas vouchsafed no reply, but contenting himself with a cold sneer, tucked his daughter's hand under his arm, and stalked off down the hill. As for Lucia, her lover's defiance had thrilled her with a like spirit, and though she submitted to her father's command, it was a very saucy and cheering *almanan*, and of a meaning very different to the parental sneer, which she trilled over her shoulder to Ronald. It was but a mutinous mouth, too, that pouted all the way home at a lecture which seemed to shake a discordant protest from every leaf in the old path.

II.

In climes where courtship is not pursued on the mathematical and enthusiastic precepts of commerce, meandering by moonlight under the window where you think your mistress may be is still a source of rapture to lovers. Thus it was that, with hopes so rudely dispelled, Ronald Vaughan, having prowled about till midnight in the vain endeavour to locate Lucia's window, had sought again the old fort. The moon hung above the dark ridge of cliff. The furled sails and tall, tapering masts of the schooner gleamed spectrally in the dusk, the faint wash of the waves against her side just audible. The fireflies flickered and glowed and faded in the grass; the huge crapeaux barked; the hum of a myriad

insects made a strange, weird, yet musical sub-tone to the shiver and rustle of the woodland. Then one of those unaccountable, sudden, mournful silences fell over everything, slaying as at a breath each sound and echo. The croaking of the toads, the hum of the insects, the rustle of the leaves, the very grass grew hushed and, as if fearful, wailed under the brooding of that tomb-like stillness.

Accustomed as he was to it, Vaughan would hardly have noticed the transition had it not been that, in the very depth of the hush, the plash of oars rose on the air, and voices, faint and muffled, hailing between ship and shore. From his position on the gun-carriage, Ronald could see the schooner and the beach quite plainly, and between the two a boat being sculled rapidly to the former. The arrival of this dinghy converted the scene, as if by magic, from one of dreamy slumber to a miniature pandemonium of bustle and commotion.

Lanterns, with a flare of red smoke in their wake, gleamed hither and thither, the clanking of the donkey-engine, alternated with shouts and the sound of the heaving about of cables and cases. Soon the boat put off again, bearing in tow a hawser, which a sailor slung round a huge tree on the foreshore, where the water ran deep beneath a low shelf of outjutting rock. At the pounding persuasion of the donkey-engine the cable grew more taut, and foot by foot the ship drew in its glistening length, gliding silently through the dark waters till she lay, as if wharfed, alongside the land. Now the bustle redoubled, and soon case after case was swung out on the derrick and received on shore. So for two hours the work went on. Into the eyes of Ronald Vaughan, as he lay there and watched, there dawned a sudden light as of swift resolve and exultation, and he chuckled softly under his breath as a man might, seeing an unexpected way to success grow beneath his feet. Taking a trail through the wood, he crept down stealthily to the beach, till, under cover of the darkness and verdure, he stood within ten paces of Señor Las Casas.

"That is settled then, captain," the Spaniard was saying. "You will finish to-morrow night and be ready to stand out by dawn. My daughter will be on board by midnight."

"And then straight to Orleans?" said the man addressed as captain.

"THERE WILL BE NO NEXT CARGO."

"Exactly," replied the merchant.

"And the next cargo?" asked the captain.

"There will be no next cargo," replied Las Casas. "Yes, my friend, I am determined this shall be the last. Already I fear the

Government are a little suspicious, and if the Customs come on me now, both my wealth and my liberty would be swallowed up. No more contraband from henceforth, *amigo mio.* Get all you can out to-night, then lie out to your moorings again. *Buenas noches.*"

Early that morning a little black girl wandered round the veranda of the *hacienda*, and pausing opposite the sheltered spot where Lucia and Señora Gonzales were, offered the former a cluster of arum lilies, to be instantly driven off by the now argus-eyed duenna, whose love of a nap at sunset had afforded Lucia the opportunities she had made the best of during the last month. But though the lilies went, a tiny note remained in Lucia's hand. She unfolded it, reading it behind her fan. It was very short, and not at all satisfying. All it said was: "Go on board to-night without fuss; don't be alarmed if you see me, and don't recognise me till I tell you.—Yours, R. V."

Lucia bit her pretty lips in vexation and curiosity. The promise it implied that he would be there was comforting, certainly, and with that she had to be content. Of her lover himself, not even a particle of his shadow did she see, though she twice wheedled the tender-hearted duenna into the old Spanish path.

As for Ronald, he spent the day on board a huge East Indiaman lying off the Boras in the Gulf for ballast. With its captain he appeared to be on very friendly terms. And to judge by the way that ruddy, jovial son of Neptune slapped his thigh and punched Ronald's ribs and, with a great guffaw, and a "Well, I'm ——," chortled till he was purple in the face, he seemed to have received some communication from his friend which had hugely tickled his fancy, while Ronald's pale, eager, exultant face seemed just as pleased and only less riotously enthusiastic.

III.

At about nine o'clock that night a steam launch with a ship's long-boat in tow hove to outside the cove in which Las Casas's schooner lay. Headed by a man in the uniform of a naval officer, some nine or ten men tumbled into this gig, and plying muffled oars urged the boat cautiously through the neck of water into the cove. As soon as the nose of the boat rounded the inside bluff the oars were shipped and the boat glided noiselessly under the shelter of the great drooping llans and vines which formed a screen of verdure along the precipitous side of the bay. Pulling themselves along by means of these llans, the boat stopped at a point opposite the schooner, which lay not fifty yards away.

On the deck of the latter not a soul was to be seen, save the recumbent figure of the watch, who, from his immobility, was evidently asleep. At a gesture from the officer the nose of the boat was shoved noiselessly out from its cover. Thwart by thwart as it emerged into the open the oars were laid out, biting the water with smooth and silent grip. Not a sound disturbed the placid slumber-sense of security. Sea and land mingled in a profound hush. Nearer and nearer the boat crept up to the unconscious schooner. Thirty yards! . . . twenty! . . . ten! . . . five! . . . The officer in the stern felt his heart thumping like a racing screw and his lips fluttering feverishly as the oars were silently shipped and the boat glided alongside and hooked on to the chains. Still no sign came from the ship. One by one, the officer leading, the men crept from the gig up the side of the schooner and gained its deck. A rapid glance revealed the forms of the crew sleeping under the awning stretched above the forecastle head. To pounce on these, and lash them up before they were half awake, was no long task, and the stern command of silence at the point of a revolver secured its effective performance without any disturbance. Making his way aft, and descending into the saloon, the officer soon discovered the vicinity of the captain by the penetration of his snores. In vain did that worthy spring to his revolver as his wondering eyes awoke to the invasion of his sanctum. He was hopelessly overpowered, and in front of three levelled barrels acknowledged with a curse their irresistible persuasion. To the eloquence of his vituperation the significant word "contraband" acted like a fire-hose. He spluttered, spat, and subsided! Once more silence brooded over the vessel, and none would have guessed that in so short and tranquil a space it had so violently changed masters.

For an hour the captors waited, anxiously scanning the shore. At last a faint "coo-ee" was heard, and again, as on the previous night, from the black skirts of the forest a little dinghy put off. Don Las Casas, piloting his boat alongside, missed the usual courtesy of his skipper, for no gangway was lowered and no lantern fixed for his guidance. He ascribed it, however, to the additional hurry he had himself prescribed, and seizing the chains, swung himself on board. As he stooped his head to avoid the awning, his elbows were seized in a vigorous grasp, a

noose slipped round his waist and arms, and in a moment he found himself a helpless prisoner, glaring round in a demented way at a ring of sailors, whose dress, as far as he could see it in the smoky flare of the lanterns, was the loose, serviceable uniform of the English Navy.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?"

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE?"

he stuttered, his toes fairly dancing with rage. "Where is your officer?"

At this juncture, a man at the companion sang out, "Aye, aye, sir!" and, turning, said, "Pass the prisoner down aft."

Don Las Casas paled. "The prisoner" sounded horribly formal. For a moment he had hoped this might be some mutiny, some piracy. But his hopes sank to zero as, in the shaded light of the saloon, he recognised the uniform of a naval lieutenant.

"You want to see me?" said the officer, with freezing blandness.

"Yes," said the merchant, racking his memory at the sound of that voice. "I demand my release from this outrage. I shall appeal to my Government."

"I doubt," said the officer, drily, "if even your Government will have the effrontery to intervene on behalf of a smuggler and fraudulent trader, who for years has been robbing Her Majesty's Customs. And I don't think we shall much care if it has."

"Your proofs, sir!" demanded Las Casas, angrily.

"Your presence!" The officer bowed, smiling, and went on: "The confession of your captain; the contraband now on the ship, and its counterpart now in the caves behind your *hacienda*, and the two waggon-loads of cigars that, under the covering of grass and produce, went into your yards at Port of Spain this morning, and the dates and posts of your shipments and landings during the last seven years."

Las Casas sank on to a couch and stared. "Ruined!" he gasped at length. "Ruined, and over the last cargo. Fool! Fool I was! His face was grey, and his eyes glittering and haggard, as his lips framed the question—"Well?"

"I'm afraid the Government will insist on a full restitution and forfeits. What further penalty they will demand, I know not!"

There was a timbre of sympathy in the speaker's voice, of emotion almost, that brought a sudden gleam into the Don's eyes.

"Bid your men depart," he said.

The officer nodded and the men withdrew, grinning.

The Don leaned forward and said, in a whisper: "I will give you ten thousand pounds and land you safely in the States, if you will?"

"I WILL GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND POUNDS."

The officer smiled but shook his head.

"Fifteen thousand? . . . Twenty?"

The officer still shook his head. But he no longer smiled.

"Thirty thousand?" said the merchant, the sweat rolling down his pale, contorted face, his black eyes glowing like hot coals, his black hair in clammy wisps about his brow and ashen temples.

"Thirty thousand pounds! English — sovereigns!" he repeated, hissing out the last two words as if they scalded his lips.

The officer buried his face in his hands. The merchant craned his neck further forward, glaring at him with the lurid intensity of suspense. For his life he could not have framed his mouth to a higher bid. But the anxiety was terrible. Presently the officer looked up.

"It is impossible," he said.

"*Sapristi!*" yelled the merchant, his face turning livid as he fell back, gasping. "Do you then want *all?*"

The officer seemed to reflect for a moment. Then, leaning forward, he spoke in a solemn, impassive voice. "Señor," he said, "on one condition alone will I agree to your terms. If you accept, we will at once sign the agreement. Refuse, and I do my duty without further delay."

"The condition?" said Las Casas, hoarsely, his eyes never leaving the officer's face.

"Consider well before you answer," said the officer. "On one side safety, honour, and wealth unquestioned. On the other, ruin and a convict's prison."

"The condition?" gasped the merchant, his face livid, his hands shutting and opening like the claws of a wounded bird.

"The condition," said the officer, slowly, "is that you give with the thirty thousand pounds the hand of your daughter, Señorita Lucia."

The Spaniard fell back in his chair, limp and exhausted. The officer remained pale and rigid. Around the yellow glimmer of the smoky lamp a deep silence gathered. The minutes seemed to throb. To the old Spaniard the struggle was a bitter one. His daughter! She was at once the central note of his pride and his wealth. He hardened himself against her surrender. He cursed

his gold and his cowardice, and trampled under foot the idea of the alternative. He was on the verge of refusing, when out of the darkness a strong, nasal voice, redolent of the Hudson, high and caustic, rasped out :—

"Accept, you dern'd fool, can't you? Do you think anyone will marry your gal if you're doing time on the island? Close right down, and have a bottle up to drink with this cuss who's cornered the cutest contrabandists that ever ran the Eastern waters."

"Well, señor?" said the officer, rising. "Yes or no?"

"Señor," said the Spaniard, with bent head, "if my daughter will consent, it shall be as you demand."

"We must then go ashore and obtain her reply."

"It is needless!" said the old man; "she should now be on the beach!"

And at this juncture a sailor hailed the saloon, calling out :—

"A party of females, sir, is a-hailing the ship."

"Send the gig, and bring them aboard," ordered the officer, into whose eyes and face a warm light of excitement had sprung.

When, in a few minutes, Lucia and her duenna entered the saloon, a suppressed cry hovered on her lips, as she looked from her father to the officer. As the reason of those bonds and the position of affairs were made intelligible to her, her face by turns paled and reddened, and when at the end she flung herself with a cry into her father's arms, laughter and tears seemed to chase each other in her eyes as she expressed herself ready to marry the officer forthwith, if need be.

"In that case, then, señor," said the officer, with a rapturous look at the girl, which she shyly returned, "you will be good enough to sign those agreements for the dowry and the betrothal, and this declaration as to the cargo of the schooner."

Las Casas, like a man in a dream, listened to the recital of the documents produced by the officer, and signed them mechanically. It never occurred to him till later that they were strange documents for a Government officer to be carrying round in his pocket. But, then, so many things never occur till later to the party which loses. The documents signed, the officer committed them to an envelope, which he sealed and delivered to his chief boatman, with instructions to hand it to the captain for safe custody till the morning. Then releasing his prisoners from their bonds, he dispatched the gig to rejoin the launch, and himself descended again to the saloon.

There the captain and Las Casas were in close and heated conference, while the duenna and the girl were blushing and shivering together at the other end of the cabin. As the officer entered, Lucia sprang to meet him, and the two advanced together towards the astonished smugglers.

"Señor Las Casas," said the officer, "last night you called me adventurer and denied me your daughter. To-night, in earning the title I have fulfilled my word and won your daughter. I am Ronald Vaughan." And with a sweep of his hat Ronald saluted his late prisoners.

A few moments of profound silence succeeded this statement. The captain looked mystified, Lucia afraid, the Don on the verge of a fit. At last Las Casas, purple in the face, stammered :—

"You! You! But you are not an officer of Customs?"

"Certainly not," replied Vaughan.

"And your men, then?"

"Were lent to me by a friend of mine, a merchant captain," said Ronald.

"Then, this—this outrage was a masquerade—an imposture, a piracy!" yelled the old gentleman, in a shrill crescendo.

"Call it what you will," said Vaughan. "I call it a venture for a wife."

Here the captain, with an expletive common to quays, collapsed into a wild and hoarse guffaw on the sofa. "Waal," he ejaculated, with a glare of admiration, "ef you ain't the coolest cuss that ever handled an iron."

"But I, sir! *Sapristi!* I will kill you!" hissed the Spaniard, as the full tide of his indignities came back upon him. "You shall not trick me thus!"

"I hold all the trumps, señor, still," said Vaughan, with gentle yet significant modesty. "Your declarations and confessions will assuredly go before the Customs, unless I, with the señorita, go to claim them in the morning." Then, as Las Casas with a bitter malediction fell back, he said, "Señor, I love your daughter. Let us make new terms. I will destroy all the documents for your free consent to my espousal with your daughter."

"Ah, father, yes," cried the girl, throwing herself into his arms.

"You're a dernder fool than I took you for. You had the old man safe," said the captain, with a squint of contempt, as he twirled his quid from one side of his leathery tongue to the other.

"LET US MAKE NEW TERMS."

But Vaughan, on the generous impulse of his heart, had touched the Spaniard in his two most tender spots, his pocket and his pride, in a way that he could never have achieved by finesse. For, after a few moments of struggle, during which he looked from Lucia's fair pleading face to Ronald's frankly passionate one, he held out his hand to the Saxon, and, returning its hearty pressure, silently placed in it the warm little, trembling palm of his daughter.

"You have won her, señor," he said. "She is the jewel. All else I have is but the setting and goes with her."

"And you forgive my ruse of war?" said Ronald, with a smile.

"Nay, señor," said the Spaniard, and something like a wintry grin softened the rugged lines of his lips. "Nay, I have nothing to forgive. You have beaten me with my own weapons, and smuggled my very contraband from my own grasp. It is your prize; treasure it!"

From the lounge in the great stern windows of the schooner the two lovers, sitting there later, could see the old fort, and in imagination pierce again the mystery of the shadows of the old Spanish path. They sat there dreaming, oblivious of the time.

Once the captain looked in and growled, "There's supper going, when you've done drivelling."

But they heeded not his blasphemy. Why should they? They were looking through the silver wash of the moonlight, past the beach and darkness into the dreamland of that old, old path love's glamour is ever making new and music-haunted for the lives that wander into the depths of its shaded glades, its soft shadows, and yearning vestures of light. That old path! Who that has been in it shall ever forget it? The sweetness of its beginning, growing, flower-like, from some time-crumbled wall, wandering, it knows not whither, through gloom and sunlight, through strange darkness and strange glows, till the last step, firm and sheltered, halts for a moment in the open glade of strife's dismantled fort, with the ebbing of the tide rustling at your feet in silvery sway that floats and bids you follow out, ever out, into the far shimmer of opal lights when the sky-line melts, and Heaven quivers round the welcome of one gleaming, steadfast star.

Postage Stamp Designs.

By George Dollar.

IT may look easy, but it's really very hard to do, especially when the postage stamps are used for purely decorative purposes, such as the screen and plate shown later in this article. It takes a lot of stamps, a deal of time, and a maximum of patience. But lovers of the curious are not to be put off by such obstacles, and postage stamp designs are becoming more popular every day. France and Germany are very fond of them, and there is hardly a philatelic exhibition on the Continent which does not contain one or more of these interesting curiosities.

As a not uncommon illustration of the time and labour spent in such work, let us take the splendid map of England and Wales shown on this page. It was made by D. M. Murrow, Esq., 74, Finsbury Road, Wood Green, N., and although it took Mr. Murrow only two months to draw the outline of the map and to affix the stamps, yet the entire collection, which is valued at two hundred guineas, was begun at the age of seven years. The exact number of stamps in the map is 2,139, and no two stamps are alike. All the coast and prominent inland counties are formed of contrasting colours. Mr. Murrow has sent us an accurate list of the nineteen shades used in the map, as well as the number of stamps of each shade, and adds: "The map and frame weigh 1¾cwt., and is 6ft. by 5ft." Quite an armful—certainly a cleverly-executed idea.

From a Photo. by] MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES, MADE WITH STAMPS. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

The "Jubilee Screen," one side of which we show on the next page, is one of the most carefully thought out and delicately-executed stamp designs which we have seen. It was designed by Mrs. Willis, 35, Colveston Crescent, West Hackney, to whom we are indebted for the photograph. The amount of work in such a decorative screen may be judged from the following details. The wire stand shown on the left-hand panel is made of English penny stamps, banded with red halfpenny stamps. The pot is made of English halfpenny stamps, and contains a graceful palm made of Indian and French green stamps. Hanging from the centre of the middle panel by a triple cord of

A SCREEN ORNAMENTED ENTIRELY WITH STAMPS.
From a Photo. by John J. Avery, Kingsland, N.E.

halfpenny stamps is a pot made of English "pennies," containing flowers and ferns. Underneath is a fancy basket of French stamps, filled with flowers made of English and foreign denominations. The butterflies are also made of English and foreign stamps. In the left corner is an arum lily, the flower of English and the leaves of Colonial stamps. In the right corner is a fan made of English stamps with green and orange centres.

The Prince of Wales's plumes at the top of the right panel are made of Indian blue stamps, the crown showing old English blues and various others. The motto "Ich Dien" is written in old penny red English stamps, and the Star of India in red Indian stamps. Below this is the Union Jack of English stamps, with the staff of halfpenny wrapper stamps. The other flag is composed of old English red, cornered with Malta, Hong Kong, New Zealand, and Victoria stamps, while the centre is made of Cape of Good Hope denominations. The fancy wire stand at the bottom of the panel is made of halfpenny wrapper stamps with pots of red halfpenny stamps throwing out green ferns, etc.

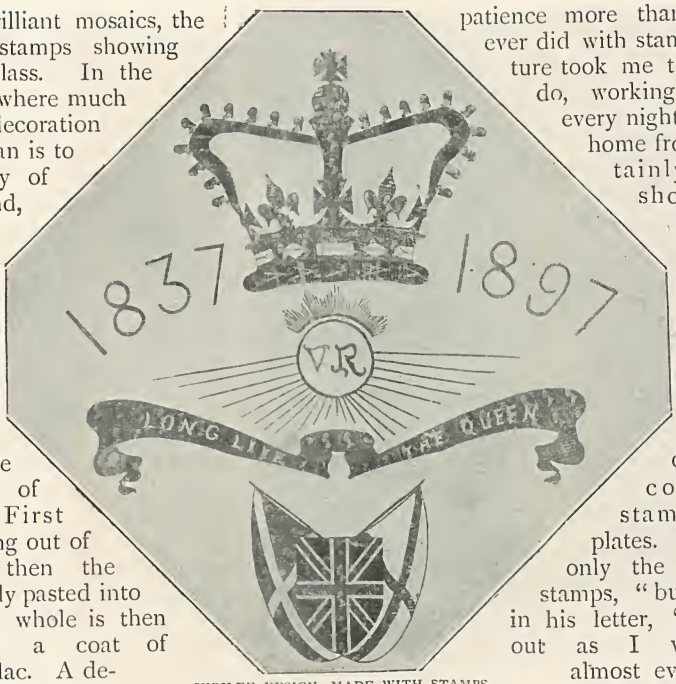
The other side of this screen, the panels of which are 5ft. 8in. long by 2ft. 3in. wide, shows a massive jar of bulrushes, a bamboo-table from which are hanging pots, and a patriotic 1837—1897 design suitable to last year's Jubilee, showing the crown, trident, rose, shamrock, and thistle, as well as the familiar monogram, "V.R.," all done in British stamps. The screen, as may be seen from our illustration, is remarkably effective, and reflects great credit on the patience and skill of the designer.

Accompanying the screen is a reproduction of a plate beautifully decorated with stamps cut into tiny pieces. The colours are true to Nature, and Mrs. Waugh, of Midsomer Norton, near Bath, to whom we are indebted for the photograph, says, in a letter, that "the trunks of the trees consist of many hundreds of pieces of brown five-cent United States stamps." The foliage is beautifully shaded in various green stamps, the flowers and birds are brilliant in colour, various stamps being employed most ingeniously. "The whole," adds Mrs. Waugh, "was designed and carried out by a poor man, an invalid—Thomas Chivers—of Midsomer Norton, who is prevented from earning his living owing to the state of his health."

The idea of decorating china in such a way is not new, but is capable of much variation, and it is a pretty work. In its earliest form, which is fairly old, stamps of various countries were selected and carefully matched on the back of glass plates, forming

PLATE DECORATED WITH POSTAGE STAMPS.
From a Photo. by Mr. Charles Shearn, Midsomer, Norton.

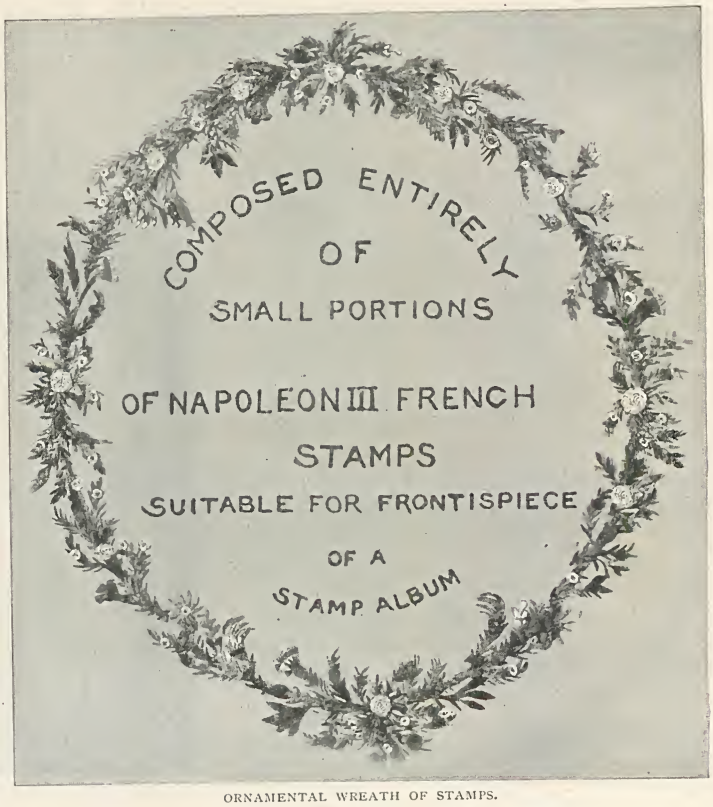
curious and brilliant mosaics, the face of the stamps showing through the glass. In the United States, where much of the modern decoration is done, the plan is to have a variety of U.S. stamps, and, after clearing the back from paper, cut out various portions of the stamps, which may be arranged effectively, according to the artistic ability of the worker. First comes the laying out of the design, then the pieces are neatly pasted into place, and the whole is then covered with a coat of colourless shellac. A demand has recently sprung up for these plates, and they are now manufactured expressly for this purpose.



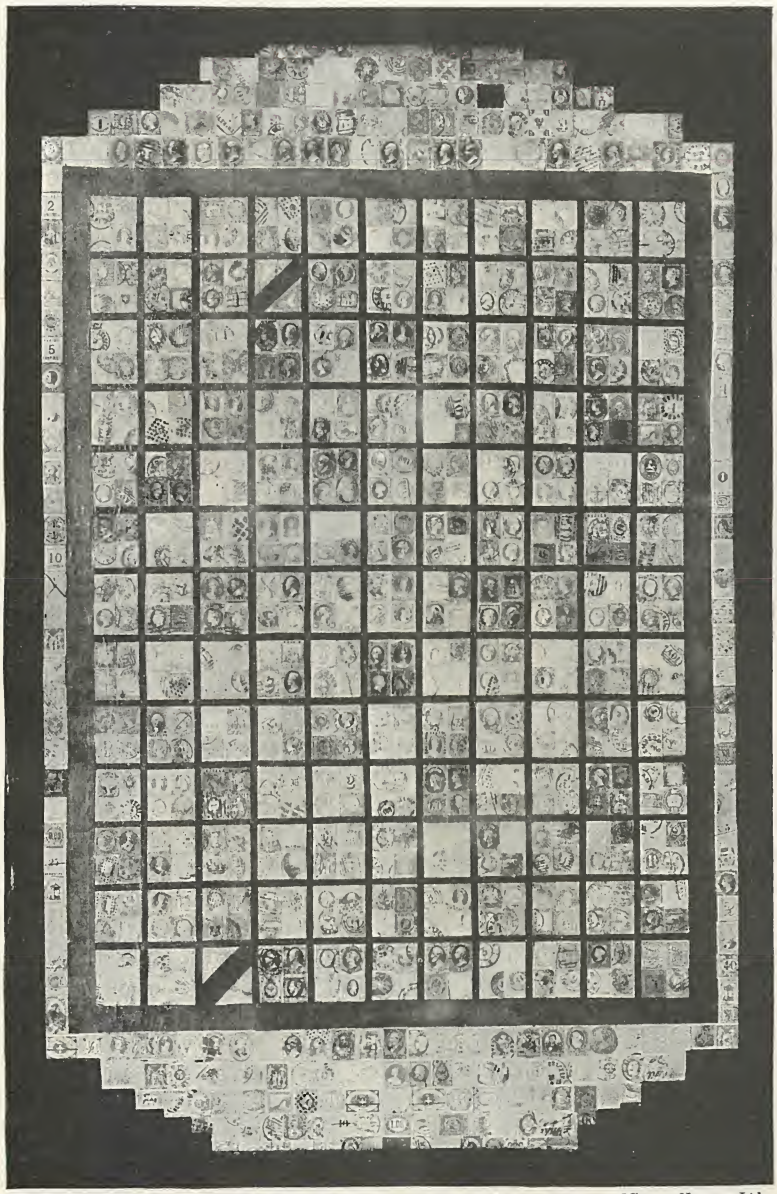
JUBILEE DESIGN, MADE WITH STAMPS.
From a Photo. by Mr. James Smith, Edinburgh.

The interesting Jubilee design reproduced at the top of this page is the work of Mr. Robert Callander, of 16, Moncrieff Terrace, Edinburgh. Every detail in the design is made with stamps, the crown being composed almost entirely with one and two cent American stamps. The bottom part is made with English 2½d. stamps. The scroll is made of two-cent stamps, in red and blue. The shields and flags are made of one and two cent red and blues. The figures "1837—1897" are made up of one-cent newspaper stamps. Mr. Callander writes: "The most trying work in the whole picture was the making of the rays round the 'V.R.' It tired my fingers and my eyes, and tired my patience more than anything I ever did with stamps. The picture took me two months to do, working three hours every night, after coming home from work." Certainly the design shows minute labour, but its effectiveness was worth the trouble.

It may be added, in passing, that Mr. Callander has a fine collection of stamp-decorated plates. He first used only the heads of the stamps, "but," as he says in his letter, "I soon found out as I went on that almost every part of the stamp could be used."



ORNAMENTAL WREATH OF STAMPS.



From a Photo. by] MOSAIC ENTABLATURE OF STAMPS. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

Nothing could show this more successfully than the remarkable postage stamp wreath that has been lent to us for reproduction by Mr. W. S. Lincoln, the well-known stamp dealer, of 2, Holles Street, W. The wreath was made in France of French Empire stamps, and, although the niceties of the design may not be seen from the reproduction, they are very patent when one is looking at the original. Mr. Lincoln keeps this design on exhibition in his rooms, and he has been offered large sums for it by philatelists with an appreciation of the beautiful. It was done more than a quarter of a century ago, probably by a French lady, but no trace now exists either of the lady or her name.

The postage stamp design on this page is merely a collection of stamps made during his school-days by Mr. Murrow, the designer of the map of England shown at the beginning of this article. It is composed of 823 different stamps, with four stamps of like colour forming a square. "As a whole it looks like a mosaic entablature," writes Mr. Murrow, and we may well believe it, although our reproduction can give no idea of the variety of colour in the design. The collection is used for a wall ornament.

One of the genuine curiosities of London is the room papered with stamps at 281, Strand, where Mr. J. W. Palmer, the well-known stamp-dealer and forgery-fighter, has been situated for years. The room is now called a "museum," and the "stamps" on the wall are all forgeries and reprints, to the number of 70,000, which, if genuine, would be worth £1,000,000. There have been numberless rooms papered with stamps, and the rooms are always very effective, but this room, with its overwhelming exposure of open-faced frauds, is certainly the most remarkable. It is interesting to know that the impending demolition

From a] ROOM COVERED WITH 70,000 STAMPS. *[Photograph.*

of the old building which contains this room will not injure or destroy this curious collection, as the "stamps" have been attached to removable canvas, and will soon decorate Mr. Palmer's new home.

Probably the strangest of all stamp collections used for ornamentation is that of Mrs. George Wilson, of 191, Vestal Avenue, Binghamton, New York. Not so much does the oddness lie in the stamps themselves as in the method of arrangement. They completely cover every portion of a bedroom set, consisting of bedstead, dresser, commode, and chairs. The stamps are secured to the set with the aid of glue, and then covered with heavy spar varnish. The stamps can be washed, in their present condition, without injury.

The beginning of this strange collection dates back many years. The first chair of the set that was decorated was owned by a coloured family in Virginia in the middle of the last century. Gradually the chair passed from hand to hand and from cabin to cabin, until at last it came into the possession of Mrs. Geo. Yancey, a coloured woman, who now lives at Ovid, New York.

Since this ancient relic of colonial days has been adorned in the unique manner shown in the picture, thirteen other articles of furniture have received similar treatment, until now the whole forms one of the most peculiar results of the curio-collector's art that is extant. There are nearly 2,000,000 stamps in the entire collection, and this set of bedroom furniture has become famous throughout the United States. Cornell University, it is said, has offered $200 for it. The set is constantly increasing in value, for Mrs. Wilson is constantly adding to the pieces.

COMPLETE SET OF BEDROOM FURNITURE DECORATED WITH 2,000,000 STAMPS.
From a Photograph.

Karistou.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN RAMEAU.

MADELEINE DES CLOISIERES was a young lady fifteen years of age, so excitable and high-spirited that she was generally called Mademoiselle Madcap. She was tall, fair-haired, and very pretty; full of life, and constantly in motion. Strong in her likes and dislikes, going to extremes in almost everything, she was yet gentle and affectionate, and in a case of distress not unfrequently carried away by her enthusiasm.

One summer Madeleine's parents, who were well-do-do people, living at Passy, sent her, accompanied by her governess, to spend a few weeks in the country. Madeleine had a rich aunt, who owned a large estate near Peyrotte, a little village with about 400 inhabitants, situated in the Landes, in the south-west of France. Here she lived all the year round, and here Mademoiselle Madcap could wander about at her own sweet will in the fields and forests, under the scented pines. Pines and oaks are almost the only trees which come to perfection in this barren district, where the soil is generally either dry and sandy or covered with marshy ponds. These ponds are peopled with leeches, the rearing and capture of which form one of the principal industries of the locality.

Madeleine's aunt, Mme. de Pomartin, was a widow, a cold, reserved woman, who was exceedingly shocked with the manners and vagaries of her niece. In fact, Madeleine had startled the whole parish by her brusque movements, her droll speeches, and redundant spirits. The very day she arrived she wanted to break in a young donkey, to tame a toad, and to take a promenade upon the stilts which are used by the peasants of the Landes, when they want to traverse their sandy or marshy plains. Of course, none of these things were to be thought of for Mme. de Pomartin's niece; and the good lady soon found that she had her hands full, for she never knew what fit of mischief would attack Madeleine next. This state of affairs became unsupportable, and Mme. de Pomartin could only feel safe about her niece when she was at church, so for every little fault she sent her off to confession.

"AN OLD PEASANT WAS SEATED ON THE BRINK."

One morning Madeleine enticed her governess into a coppice, decided to lose her there, and rushed away across the fields and willow shrubberies, until she came to a stagnant pond. An old peasant was seated motionless on the brink, his legs in the water. He was as thin as a post, and his face looked like tanned leather, rather than like human skin. "Can it be a living thing?" Madeleine thought, and, to assure herself, she said: "Good morning, old man."

The peasant slowly turned his head, seemed to hesitate for two seconds, then returned: "Good morning, mademoiselle."

"Are you taking a foot bath?"

"Why, no, mademoiselle."

"What are you doing there, then?"

"I am fishing for leeches."

"For what?"

"Leeches."

"Do you eat them?"

"Excuse me, mademoiselle, I sell them."

"Are they worth much?"

"That depends upon the season. Sometimes they are worth a halfpenny each, sometimes I sell them two for three-halfpence."

"And do these animals live in the ponds of Peyrotte?"

"Certainly they do; they are to be found in all the ponds and ditches of the locality."

"And how do you catch them? I do not see any fishing tackle."

"I catch them with my legs! Look here." The old man plunged his legs deeper into the water, and after a few moments put in his hand and took off a little animal which was stuck to his right leg.

Madeleine saw that it was a little green creature with black stripes. "Does that bite you till the blood comes?" she asked, with a shiver.

"That it does, young lady."

"And how many can you catch in the day?"

"Humph! With my legs, I am delighted if I can catch a dozen."

At these words the old peasant turned his wrinkled face upon the girl, and she saw that his eyes looked very strange, almost white.

Just before she first saw him Madeleine had plucked a branch of holly, and now she abstractedly plunged it into the water. The prickly leaves came in contact with one of the old man's legs.

"Be careful!" he called out. "One is biting me now." Cautiously he put his hand into the water, but to his astonishment there was no leech.

"I was mistaken," he said, slightly confused.

Madeleine suspected what it was; she could not understand why the old man had not seen it, unless he was blind. Intentionally this time, she passed the branch of sharp-pointed leaves close to the peasant's leg, and waited the result.

"It is come back," said the old man, his face lighting up. "*Sapristi*, he does bite hard."

Madeleine was convulsed. What fun! The peasant must be blind to take the prick of the holly for the bite of a leech; the thought was intensely amusing, and she turned her head not to burst out laughing.

For a long time Mademoiselle Madcap amused herself in mystifying the peasant. What a number of leeches came, and how hard they bit. The old man worked his bony arms up and down, altogether astonished not to be able to catch one. All at once he put his fingers in the water so quickly that he grasped the holly.

"Oh!" cried Madeleine, jumping up, startled, and leaving the branch in his hand. She longed to fly, but felt too remorseful. Taking a five-franc piece from her pocket, she held it out to him.

"Here, old man," she said, "take these five francs for all the leeches you might have caught."

The old fisherman got up, his legs trembling pitifully, his face pale, and his eyes flashing under the half-shut lids. He took off his cap, and, holding it in his hand——

"Mademoiselle, my name is Karistou," he

"MADEMOISELLE, MY NAME IS KARISTOU."

said, in an agitated voice. "I have been municipal councillor for twenty-five years, and I do not take alms."

Then, throwing the five-franc piece towards the girl, he put on his cap, and reseated himself by the side of the pond, to wait for the greedy leeches who were quite indifferent to his poor, withered legs.

Madeleine went away in tears. That night she could eat no dinner, and no sleep visited her pillow. She felt that she had done something very wicked, and early next morning, without waiting for her aunt to send her, she went to confess what she had done to the Curé of Peyrotte. The poor child exaggerated her fault immensely, and, thoroughly convinced of the truth of what she said, declared that she had almost killed a defenceless old man, and robbed him of his property. As penitence for all this, she had to recite her prayers till two o'clock in the afternoon.

When she had finished, with her eyes still red, she hurried off to the leech-pond. The old municipal councillor was there, motionless as a heron, his legs in the water. Madeleine timidly approached him.

"Good morning, Monsieur Karistou," she said, in a pleading voice, "will you forgive me?"

The old man slowly turned his head, but without answering.

"You won't forgive me," she said, entreatingly, "and I have come on purpose to ask your pardon. You don't know how distressed I am, and how sorry I have been about it. You surely would forgive me if you knew. What can I do to make you believe me?" And Madeleine dropped down beside him.

"You are not in earnest, mademoiselle," the old man said, at last; "but if it would give you any pleasure, I would willingly forgive you."

"Bravo, Monsieur Councillor," said Madeleine, springing up and gaily clapping her hands. "We shall be good friends," she added, seating herself. "Now, talk to me—tell me your history. How old are you, and how did you become councillor?"

Karistou rather distrusted her at first, but he was gradually won over by Madeleine's gentle voice and persuasive manner, and in answer to her questions recounted his history, to which she listened with the greatest attention. His age? Nearly eighty. Why had he become councillor? Because he could read, and people who can read are rare at Peyrotte. Yes, he could read the newspapers; he even knew the name of the present Minister of War. Then he went on to tell her his misfortunes. For some time now he hadn't been able to pay his taxes; he was just seventeen francs in debt; this must be paid before the end of September. If it was not paid, in all probability he would lose his position as councillor at the next election. This was why he was fishing for leeches, for on account of his bad sight he could not work in the fields. Certainly he had friends, who would hold out a helping hand, and give him a few sous; for people liked him at Peyrotte—he had been able to do a service for a good many of the neighbours. But he was proud, and would rather die of hunger; and drawing himself up with dignity, he added that his godfather was a justice of the peace.

During all this time no leeches had bitten. Karistou got up and, leaning on his stick, walked a few paces in the water.

"It is to wake the creatures, mademoiselle," he explained; "they go to sleep among the rushes." Then, returning to his seat, he plunged his legs deeper into the water, and resignedly waited.

Madeleine was deeply moved; she fixed her large, luminous eyes on his weather-beaten face, and longed to make some reparation for her naughtiness yesterday. How could she make amends? What could she do for him? It was impossible to give him the seventeen francs, for he would not receive them. Madeleine recited the Pater three times in the hope that the leeches would crowd to poor Karistou's legs.

Suddenly she asked, "How many leeches must you get for seventeen francs?"

"About three hundred, mademoiselle."

"Three hundred? You won't get them in three months."

"I'm afraid not." Then he added, "If I only had the legs I had when I was twenty!"

"Would they come to them quicker?"

"I should think so; I should catch fifty a day. Leeches are like people—they only like the best bits."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the young girl. Then a brilliant inspiration came to her which made her eyes sparkle. Stooping down, she unfastened her shoes with trembling fingers, and with a hurried glance round, boldly took off her stockings. "There is only a blind man," she thought, as she put her feet into the water. She started and gave a low cry as she felt the cold.

"What is the matter, mademoiselle?"

"Nothing—just a prick—in the neck—a wasp, I think."

"There are numbers of them about," said the old man, simply.

Gently, very gently, so that the peasant should not hear the movement of the water, Madeleine let her feet sink lower and lower. To her great delight she

"SHE STARTED AND GAVE A LOW CRY AS SHE FELT THE COLD."

managed it without giving him the least cause of suspicion.

Soon, in spite of her courage, a cry escaped her.

"That wasp again?" said Karistou.

"Yes," returned Madeleine, taking off a leech from her left leg. "It wasn't as bad as I imagined," she thought. "Look, Karistou," she continued, a minute after, "I have caught one."

"A leech?"

"Yes, a leech."

"How did you get it?"

"Oh, very easily; he was swimming near the top of the water, just within my reach."

"You are really very clever—they are not generally caught in that way."

"So much the worse," thought Madeleine. "I must invent something different next time." And almost immediately she said, "Here, Karistou, there is another which has bitten your leg."

"Mine?" said the old man, astonished.

"Yes, yours. Did not you feel anything?"

"Yes, certainly; but they might bite without my knowing; at my age the skin is not very tender."

"Look, look, there is a third which bites you just here," she said.

"Really?"

"Why not? But take care, Karistou, you lose them all that way."

"I should not be astonished, with a hard skin like mine," he said.

In that manner, Madeleine gave him about twenty in two or three hours. Old Karistou was radiant, but the girl was happier even than he.

"Two or three days like this, and my taxes will be paid," he said, gaily.

"That they shall," returned Madeleine, and she arranged to meet him next day.

The following day this miraculous fishing continued, and for a fortnight the old councillor had the same luck. The blind peasant was far from suspecting the truth. The women of the locality were dreadfully afraid of the leeches; not one among them would risk her legs in the pond. How could he suppose that a rich Parisian would? Karistou became quite lively. One evening he said to Madeleine, not without emotion:—

"Decidedly, I am not dead yet."

"You thought you were?"

"They say that when a person cannot catch the leeches he is very near his end."

Madeleine felt rewarded for all she had done, and redoubled her vigilance, that he might not discover the truth.

But one day a noise of footsteps was heard behind the pair.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed a woman's

voice, "my niece with her legs in the leech-pond!"

Mme. de Pomartin almost fainted. Poor old Karistou lost consciousness altogether. He had understood.

moved again. Madeleine insisted upon remaining with him, and with difficulty restrained her tears.

"You are going to get better, Karistou," she said, in her clear, young voice. "You

"'MERCIFUL HEAVEN!' EXCLAIMED A WOMAN'S VOICE."

"Oh, aunt, how could you?" Madeleine cried, indignantly. "I believe you have committed a great crime. It is your turn to confess now," she added, seeing the prostrate condition of the old man.

Karistou sank back on the brink of the pond. The little life which still remained in his worn-out body seemed to have flown under the shock. Madeleine's young, vigorous arms raised the unfortunate angler. He opened his poor, sightless eyes, and with the help of her shoulder managed to reach his home. Two of his neighbours helped him to bed, but he never

shall still be municipal councillor. I will build myself a house here, so that I may have my vote, and be able to make you deputy mayor. And I promise you one thing, Karistou: I will be married from here, and at my wedding you shall take the place of the Mayor of Peyrotte. Yes, indeed, Monsieur Karistou, and you shall have a smart tricolour scarf, I assure you."

But Madeleine stopped. She joined her hands, paled a little, and fell on her knees by the side of the bed.

Poor old Karistou was dead, with a smile on his lips.

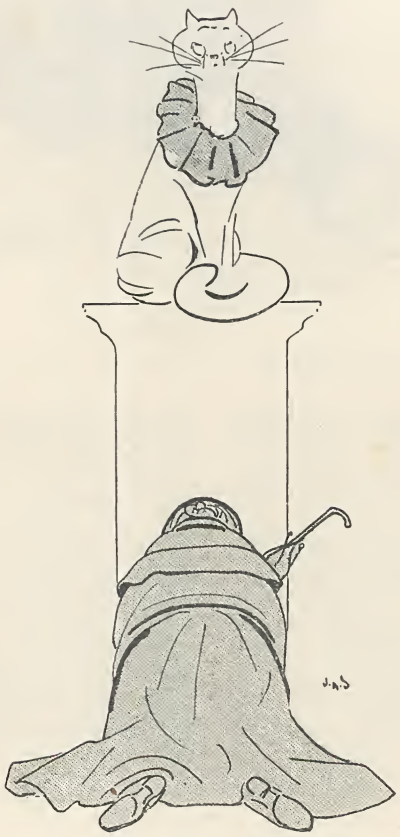
VII.

"LUMPINESS," the brown Egyptian went on, "yes, lumpiness merely. We didn't think so much of lumpiness in my old time, in Memphis. So long as they were cats——"

"Cats!" I exclaimed. "Don't you mean rabbits?"

"*So long as they were cats*," he repeated, with awful emphasis, a great glare of the eyes, and a furious bubbling of the coffee-pot on his head; "*so long as they were cats*, they were sacred and we worshipped them; and when they died we embalmed them, and very handsome mummies they made."

In any case, I could never have ventured to contradict this terrible person, and I had already witnessed too many apparent transformations and too many gymnastics of my senses to feel any real confidence in my own eyesight. But certainly I *did* think we had been talking of rabbits and pigeons, and that we were surrounded by them. I turned and looked again, and where I had fancied I saw pigeons, I saw — what? Birds, certainly, but *not* pigeons. Owls. Yes, certainly they were owls. I turned towards the quadrupeds. Surely they *had* been rabbits, but now—well, they were furry and soft and clean, certainly, but they were cats. Really, my eyes were getting very deceptive; I resolved to see an optician that very afternoon, if my dear wife Maria would allow me. *Not* rabbits and pigeons after all, there, but cats and owls; cats and owls. I turned to make quite sure about the owls, and —behold, I was wrong again! The eyes were very like, indeed, and the faces were round and grey. But these were cats too! All cats. Certainly there are points of resemblance between owls and cats—they both come out at night and they both catch mice, for instance. Probably that is why I made a mistake. For a little while I almost trembled to look at the cats again, for fear I should find them tigers. But, no!—when I did venture, they were cats still. It seemed quite plain that hitherto I had been under a series of most wonderful delusions. There had been no poultry, no dogs,



CAT-WORSHIP—MODERN.

"WE DO FETCH THE LADIES!"

no parrots, no pigeons, and no rabbits; it was a cat show, and nothing else.

"Of course," said my Egyptian friend, with that startling way of his of answering my thoughts, as though they were words—"of course it's a cat show. Anybody can see that. There is something wrong with you, and I trust it isn't drink." (He was a most insulting person.) "What interest do you suppose I should take in any show but a cat show? I'm an ancient Egyptian, and I worship cats, as all ancient Egyptians did. It's gratifying to me to find my old religion still practised — and practised increasingly, too. Look at the ladies! Worshipping all the time. And as for religious controversy, well, you *have* heard of the lady fanciers' associations, haven't you? But there, never mind. The cats know all about the worship, of course. Nothing so self-conscious as a cat. Observe the bows they wear, and the abominable side they put on."

THE BOW OF THE SHOW.

Indeed, those about me seemed the most supercilious cats I had ever seen in my life.

"All sorts of cats here, of course," the brown man went on. "Long-haired cats, short-haired cats, no-tailed cats, cat-o'-nine tails, cat-o'-nine lives, and catalogues of the show. White cats, black cats, tabby cats, grey cats, smoky cats, tortoiseshell cats, cream cats, orange cats, blue cats——"

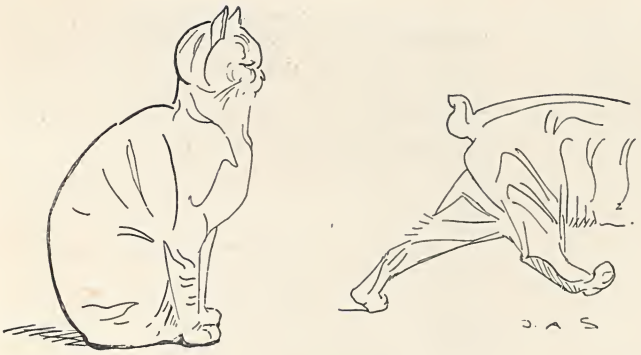
"Orange and blue?" I asked, in some doubt. "Aren't they unusual colours?"

"Not at all," the mysterious brown man replied. "Blue is much prized as a colour. See what a lot are prized here. If—ah, *if* you could only breed a *very* blue cat — ultramarine, for instance —you'd make your fortune in prizes. You could almost do without other points—though a good solid gumboil on both sides is always very valuable."

DESIRABLE GUMBOIL.

I have opinions of my own on the value of gumboils. I have had difficulty enough in getting rid of some of mine on any terms; and as for getting a *price* for them——

"Price for them?" Again the brown guide interrupted my thoughts. "I should think so, and prizes for them, too. Look at any prize cat's cheeks—big and puffy always. It's hopeless to expect to win a prize with flat cheeks. Mumps *might* do, perhaps, but gumboil brings out the real classy shape. Of course, there's always the danger of one gumboil growing bigger than the other, or of one collapsing before the show is over. But by that time the prizes have been awarded, of course. A good bump on the forehead is a very valuable disfigurement, too, and it is quite easily produced with a bludgeon. Of course, these things *can* be bred up to, but gumboils and life-preservers are a deal



THE MANX.

quicker. Stand your cat in a double draught and whack him between the eyes, and next day he will be ready for showing. In the same way any ordinary cat can be naturalized to the Isle of Man by amputating its tail."

I had been watching a row of Manx cats while the brown Egyptian was talking. I observed that they all persistently *sat*. This I at first took to be because they felt naturally ashamed of their unhappy taillessness and wished to conceal it. But presently one grew tired, and could sit no longer, but rose and took a walk round. Then I perceived that Manx cats are not altogether and hopelessly tailless, like mere human beings; there is a sort of stump, a fluffy rudiment, that really is a tail of a kind. So that I felt doubtful after all whether Manx cats were proud or ashamed of their peculiarity: whether they sat to conceal their short allowance of tail, or whether they sat to make people believe that they really had no tails whatsoever.

"Neither, neither," observed that alarmingly thought-reading guide of mine. "They like admiration, that's all. They want the people to stare at them. People who have never seen Manx cats before stare at them

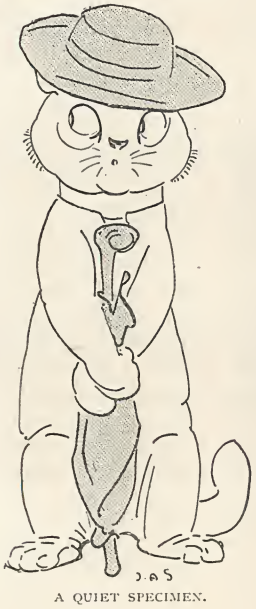
TO MAKE A SIAMESE.

A BELLE OF HIGH BIRTH.

longest when they sit, waiting for them to rise, because they want to see whether they really have no tails at all. In a few more generations, by persistent sitting, they will have worn off their tails finally, and be really and truly tailless. These and the Siamese cats make up most of the foreign varieties. To make a Siamese cat isn't difficult. You take an ordinary specimen of the common white cat of your native tiles, pick him up by the loose skin of his back, and dip him—or rather dip his tips—in a pail of black dye. He comes out a perfect Siamese—head, feet, and tail correctly marked. It's the quickest process of naturalization known to international law.

IN THE WORKING MAN'S CLASS.

Persians don't need naturalizing—they are an English variety now. They call them simply 'long-haired.' Persian cats being English, it is quite easy to understand why Manx cats are called foreign, isn't it?"



A QUIET SPECIMEN.

He looked so fierce and so very reddy-brown (to say nothing of his boiling coffee-pot hat), that it seemed best to agree with him in everything; so I said that nothing could be simpler.

"Long-haired cats, short-haired cats, foreign cats," the brown man went on, musingly, ticking off each variety on his fingers; "'chinchilla' cats, tortoiseshell cats, tabby cats, grey cats, white cats, black cats, blue cats, orange cats, tip-cats—call the Siamese tip-cats, I should think — and what else? Why, working men's cats. Know the variety? I know what you are thinking. No such variety? But there *is*. You'll find it a separate class in all the show catalogues, and when you look down at the names of the exhibitors you'll see that most of the working men are women. As for the cats, they're a good solid sort, most of them with no nonsense about them. There's none of that stand-offishness among them that you may observe in other classes. Most of the others look altogether above mice; and as for climbing over tiles, or bolting through a kitchen window with a sole—why, you can't think of any such thing in their presence. But the typical cat of the Working Man breed—mouse-hunting is his obvious trade, the tiles are his native heath, and not merely a sole, but the humblest bloater could never lie undisturbed for one minute in his presence, unless strictly guarded. I don't know, and I

SCARCELY A QUEEN.

have often wondered, what the female exhibits among the working man cats are called. In the other classes they are called 'Queens,' and the name is inappropriate enough in many cases. I think I shall suggest 'the Missuses' as a good, useful name for the females in the working man class."

At this moment a very large lady—all the visitors seemed to be ladies, except a few curates—whom I had never seen before in my life, suddenly seized my arm. "Oh, *do* come and see the darling!" she cried. "Oh, the love! the ducky!" And she hauled me away by superior force.

A CHERUB.

It was really a very terrible position. To be hauled publicly about the Crystal Palace by so very large a lady, shouting these terms of endearment in so very large a voice, was an awful calamity for a man of my retiring disposition. If there were anybody there who knew me! If by any chance Maria—but I began to faint right away when I thought of it. I looked about desperately in hope of help from the brown Egyptian. But he was far away across the transept, altogether indifferent to me, pouring out a cup of coffee for himself, from his hat. And still that terrible, large lady dragged me with her, bawling as she went: "Oh, the love, the heavenly dove! The dear ickle pittikins!" I could see no policeman to whom to appeal; no help of any sort was in sight. With a desperation born of terror I cried, in as indignant a voice as I could assume, "Unhand me, madam! I am a man of peace, but when roused my anger is terrible! I will *not* be called a heavenly dove and an ickle pittikins (a term I blush to hear you use) by a perfectly strange lady in a public place! I——"

But here we stopped before a cage containing a kitten, and the large lady immediately began her scandalous terms of endearment all over again, pouring them through the bars in a shower that made the kitten quail and blench. It was a relief to have the stream diverted to something else, even though the victim were an innocent and defenceless kitten, and I would fain have believed that the large lady had been referring to the kitten from the beginning; but that was impossible, for she kept a tight hold of my arm. "*Look* at the cherub!" she said. "Only *look* at it!" and at each alternate word she jerked my arm with painful force.

"Apart from the question of the propriety of applying the term 'cherub' to a quadruped with a tail, madam," I began, in as dignified a tone as I could manage, "I should like to remind you that the stitches of my coat-sleeve are rapidly giving way, and the forcible disruption of a gentleman's coat by a lady to whom he has not been introduced——"

HER FIRST JUVENILE PARTY.

"Introduced? Fiddlestick!" returned the lady, contemptuously, turning to me at last. "What are introductions? Mere artificial forms — earthly ceremonies. In presence of this sacred creature (it is my own, and to the eternal disgrace of the judges it has won no prize) — in presence of this hallowed pittikins, you can talk of introductions, and coat-sleeves, and such worldly

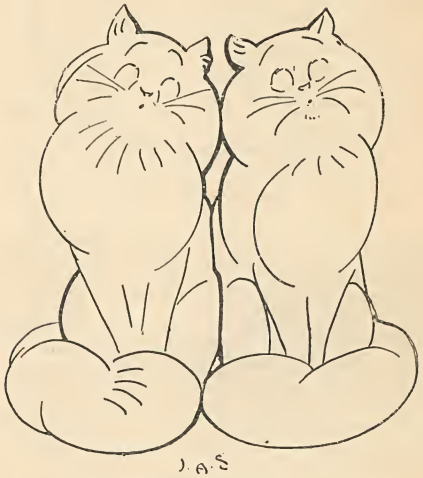
vanities! In the presence of cats, sir, we are but as worms, and must worms talk of coat-sleeves and introductions? And yet, and yet," she went on, her voice mollifying somewhat, "the world, the wicked world, is indifferent, even irreverent, to cats. There are even vulgar, sinful persons, I am told, who send them forth to risk their lives in catching mice! Terrible, isn't it? And the

HER OWN NURSEMAID.

OW! A MOUSE!

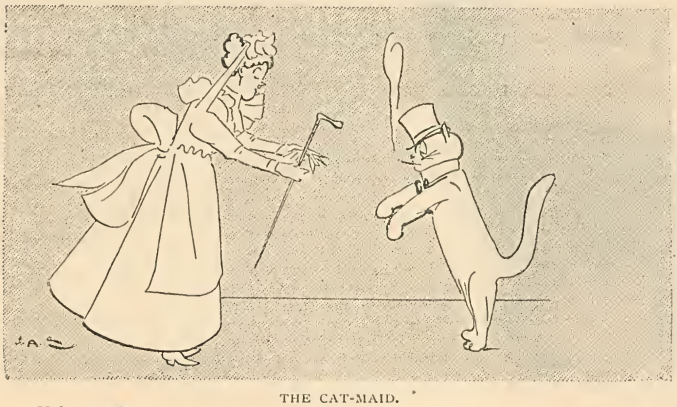
poor creatures get so inured to the danger, that I am positively assured that they show no terror!

"Now, among all these properly bred, properly treated, properly coddled, properly fed, and properly worshipped cats here, the apparition of a mouse would create the wildest possible alarm. They would climb up on



HEAVENLY TWINS.

chairs in a proper and dignified way, and wrap their tails tightly round them. Again, there are, it is said, persons of so depraved and wicked a negligence, that they allow their cats to wait on themselves, wash themselves, and feed themselves! You may not believe it—I can hardly believe it myself. Of course, the cats here are not treated like this. Every lady fancier keeps a cat-maid (there ought properly to be two at least) and a nursemaid for the kittens. Nobody with any really *reverent* feeling for cats would allow them to do their own nursing.



THE CAT-MAID.

"CALL THAT A PRIZE CAT!

There is one story about the treatment of cats that I positively *won't* believe, horrible as I know that treatment often to be. Of course, I needn't tell you about the correct and dutiful way to feed a cat. A little game when in proper season, of course. If you make a *salmi*, it mustn't be of birds left over from yesterday—that would be a *very* aggravated form of sacrilege. They *do* like cod, but that is vulgar, and much too cheap. A little turbot, with sauce hollandaise, is much more respectful. If you give oyster sauce, it should be made with Whitstable natives—at not less than 5s. a dozen. But, there!—almost anything from the Hotel Cecil will do, except, of course, the more vulgar dishes. Or you can get a few hints from Soyer's cookery-book. The fearful, the scandalous, the incredible tale I was about to tell you of—but, no! I can't; it's too horrible—too, too frightful!"

The large lady, I observed with joy, seemed about to faint, and slightly relaxed her grip of my arm. But my first attempt to escape alarmed her, and her hand closed again tightly.

"I am stronger now," she said (and, indeed, I felt a few more stitches go as she said it), "and I will whisper the disgusting story—which, mind, I don't believe for a moment. They say—they *do* say"—here she dropped her voice—"they say that there exist in remote and barbarous districts creatures with so savage and vile a contempt for

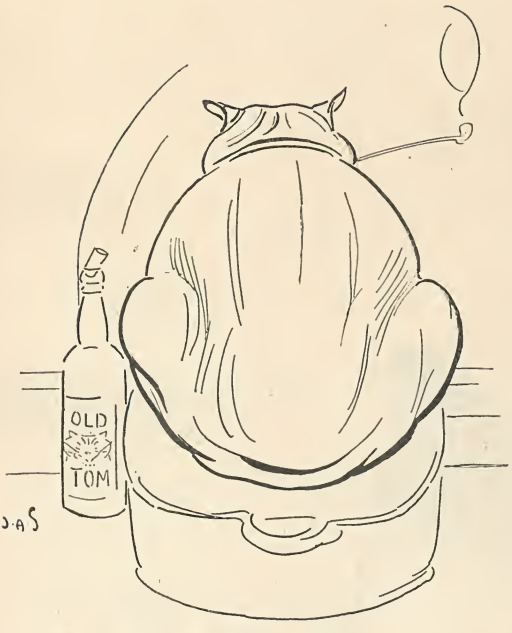
SURELY NOT AN OWL?

sacred cat-hood that they purchase small slices of horseflesh — yes, horseflesh—threaded on a common wooden skewer—not a gold skewer, mind, nor silver, nor ivory, but mere wood; and not satin-wood, nor mahogany, nor coromandel wood, but the merest and commonest and vulgarest wood such as they light fires with. That they purchase this unspeakable article and—*feed their cats with it!*"

I said it was very shocking, though, no doubt, a mere fabrication, and now that my sleeve was really coming off——

TRUE AFFECTION.

But the large lady paid no attention. "But don't let's talk of horrors," she said, and twisted my arm very painfully; "here all is heavenly among the cats. Even the working man cats are a solace, though some of them do seem a little jealous of the others, and noisy. But what affection! Wonderful, isn't it? True, staunch, undying affection. And bestowed on the commonest objects, too—such is a cat's loving nature. I've seen a cat fondle a mere milk-can—a mere common pewter milk-can—in the most devoted way, so long as it was full. But even then the wicked, low milkman drove it away. Ah, it's a sad thing to observe the cruel, unsympathetic ways of such people, milkmen and butchers and fishmongers and such—toward the cats who are simply running over with affection, and longing to find some object to lavish it on in their shops. But you—you, I'm sure," the large lady tightened her grip on my arm even more, and gazed earnestly into my face; "you, with such a noble and sympathetic countenance, must be a true devotee. Tell me, how many cats are there in your palatial cattery, and how many cat-maids wait on each?"



THE USUAL OLD TOM.

"Well," I said, "as to the cat-maids, the number, strictly speaking, is small. In a general way of speaking, there are very few; mathematically, the number is none."

"None!" cried the large lady, aghast, shaking my arm violently. "None! And are you one of those who make your cats wait on each other?"

"Well, no," I said, "their numbers won't admit of that arrangement. Speaking mathematically again, there's only one—and a humble one. Just the usual old Tom."

"What?" shrieked the lady in my ear.

"Just the usual old Tom," I repeated.

"Disgraceful!" she cried. "Old Tom, indeed! Old Tom! Not a drop more shall you touch if *I* know it! This comes of letting you have a shilling with you, in case of emergencies! I shall take you home at once, Orlando, and never, never again——"

The voice seemed strangely familiar. I looked about me helplessly. A cat close by was no longer a cat, but an owl. It gazed at me sleepily, with its hat almost toppling off its head. No, not an owl, either. It was a looking-glass on a stall, and it was *my* hat that was toppling off. At this moment the brown Egyptian came past with a bound, and, running swiftly up the wall, flattened himself against it, and became the reddy-brown painted figure again.

"Orlando!" said my dear wife Maria, shaking my arm again, "this is the most disgraceful conduct I ever heard of. No more Crystal Palace for you! Your tea's been waiting for an hour, and when I come to look for you I find you fast asleep on a seat and talking about Old Tom. To think that you should spend the shilling I trusted you with, in gin!"

I protested that I hadn't done so. But really the shilling *was* gone. I suspect that brown Egyptian of pocket-picking.

A Story for Children.

By Luigi Capuani.

THERE was once a poor baker-woman whose only daughter was as black as coal and as ugly as sin, and was therefore called by everybody "Tizzoncini," which means "blacker than burnt wood." Mother and daughter supported themselves miserably by baking bread, and Tizzoncini had to be on her legs from early morning to late night. "Halloa, Tizzoncini, get some hot water!" "Here, Tizzoncini, knead the dough." Now she had to run here and there, up and down-stairs, with the tray under her arm, and the basket on her head, to fetch from the people their dough for bread and cakes. Then she had to hurry once more with the heavy basket on her back to the same houses to deliver the newly-baked loaves and cakes. In short, poor Tizzoncini could not sit down to rest for a moment the whole day long.

Nevertheless, she was always in good spirits, and although the poor girl was covered over and over with pitch-black soot, and her tumbled hair hung down in tangles, although her feet were bare and coated with dirt and mud, and although her body was clothed in rags, yet her clear laugh could be heard ringing from one end of the street to the other.

"Tizzoncini has laid an egg!" the neighbours jeered, when they heard the girl laugh, for her unrestrained merriment reminded one forcibly of the cheerful cackle of a hen when it comes out of the nest.

As soon as the bells rang for vespers, mother and daughter locked themselves into their room, and did not even put the tips of their noses out of the window after that. That was all very well in winter; but in summer, when the whole neighbourhood was amusing itself in the open air, and going for walks in the moonlight, these two shut themselves up

in their close room, which could really be no pleasure. The neighbours could not understand what it meant, and almost racked their brains to pieces from curiosity about it.

"Oh, baker-women, come into the open air for a little, come!" they cried in at the window.

"The air in here is much fresher!" the two replied.

"Oh, baker-women, see how splendidly the moon shines!"

"We have a much more beautiful light in here!" answered mother and daughter from inside.

Then the neighbours said: "There is something wrong there!" and made every effort to get to look in at the windows, or to listen behind the door to what went on in the house. After a long search they at last found a little chink in the door, and looking through it were almost blinded by the brilliant light which met their eyes. And now, when they listened very quietly, they heard the mother say to her daughter:—

Dearest Sunbeam, dearest Sunbeam,
If it good to Heaven seem,
Some day the King will make you his Queen!

Whereupon Tizzoncini's merry laugh rang out.

And this went on every evening up to midnight. All the people were astonished at it, and one related the strange story to the other.

In this way it also reached the King's ears, who fell into a furious passion at it, and ordered the baker-women to appear before him.

"Old witch!" he cried out, when they stepped before the throne, "if you go on like this, I will have you and your black daughter thrown into the deepest dungeon!"

"Please, your Majesty!" the old woman pleaded in a trembling voice, "not a word of the story is true; the neighbours have lied!"

Tizzoncini, too, could not help laughing at the King's suspicions.

"Aha! you laugh!" gasped the King in a rage, and he had them both thrown into prison.

But during the night a wonderful light shone through the cracks of the cell door, nearly blinding the gaoler, who at the same time heard the old woman sing:—

Dearest Sunbeam, dearest Sunbeam,
If it good to Heaven seem,
Some day the King will make you his Queen!

Whereupon Tizzoncini broke out into such clear laughter that the whole prison resounded with it. The gaoler hurried to the King and reported to him what he had seen and heard, down to the smallest detail.

"So that is the way the wind blows!" cried the King, and commanded that the mother and daughter should be thrown into the dungeon deep down under the earth, which was intended for the worst criminals.

This was a pitch-dark little place, filled with damp air, in which one could scarcely breathe. On all sides muddy water had accumulated, so that not a single dry spot was left for the miserable prisoners to rest upon. But even here the wonderful brilliance shone, and the voice of the old woman sang:—

Dearest Sunbeam, dearest Sunbeam,
If it good to Heaven seem,
Some day the King will make you his Queen.

The gaoler went once again to the King, and related faithfully what he had experienced in the night. But this time the King remained dumb with astonishment, and did not know in the least what to do.

Then he assembled the great ones of the kingdom, to take counsel with them about the matter. But they were not agreed themselves. For some advised the King to behead them both, while the others asserted again and again that the baker-women were innocent, and proposed, therefore, that they should quietly be set at liberty again. "For," they said to their Sovereign, "did not the old woman say in her song, 'If it seem good to Heaven'? Now, if it is the will of Heaven, the King himself cannot prevent it."

The King let himself be persuaded by these arguments, and gave orders that the old woman and Tizzoncini should be released from prison. The baker-women were heartily glad of regaining their freedom, and began once more to carry on their miserable trade as before.

Now, as there was not a single baker in the whole town who could bake as excellently as Tizzoncini and her mother, the two latter immediately had their hands full of work again, and already on the first day after their release all their customers had come back to them. Yes, even the Queen herself had her bread baked by them, and Tizzoncini now had often to climb the palace steps with her bare mud-and-dirt-covered feet in order to deliver her goods.

"Tizzoncini, why do you not wash your face?" asked the Queen.

"Your Majesty, my skin is too tender—the water would ruin it."

"Tizzoncini, why do you not comb your hair?"

"HE ASSEMBLED THE GREAT ONES OF THE KINGDOM, TO TAKE COUNSEL WITH THEM."

"Your Majesty, my hair is too fine, and the comb would tear it out of my head!"

"Tizzoncini, why do you not buy yourself a pair of shoes?"

"My feet are too tender, the hard leather would rub them sore!"

"Tizzoncini, then why does your mother call you 'Sunbeam'?"

"Because, if it seem good to Heaven, I shall one day be Queen," the maiden answered hereupon.

The Queen was greatly pleased at these answers; but Tizzoncini sprang hurriedly down the palace steps with the heavy basket on her head. And at the same time she laughed so clearly that it could be heard from one end of the street to the other, and the people ran together and cried: "Tizzoncini has laid an egg!"

But the apparition in the night did not cease, and the neighbours were so badly tormented by curiosity that neither food nor drink had any more taste for them. Scarcely had they seen once again the wonderful brightness, and heard the old woman's song, than they set their brains to work to find out some means of getting to the bottom of the mystery.

"Hi, baker-woman!" one cried, "will you be so friendly as to lend me your flour-sieve? Mine has a hole in it."

Tizzoncini opened the door and handed out the sieve.

"What! You are in the dark? And when I knocked it was as bright as day in your room!"

"Oh, you must have imagined that it was so!"

"Baker-woman," called in another, "do not take my disturbing you amiss, but perhaps you can lend me a needle? Mine has just broken, and my sewing must be done by this evening!"

Tizzoncini opened the door and held out the needle.

"What! You are quite in the dark? And when I knocked there was a light in your room!"

"Ah! You must have imagined it," Tizzoncini answered.

Now it was not long before the story reached the ears of the young King too. He was sixteen years old, and of surpassing beauty. Now, when he one day met on the palace steps the ugly Tizzoncini, with the tray under her arm and the basket on her head, he conceived such a great dislike to the poor girl that he turned away so as not to have to look at her. Indeed, he detested her so much that one day, when he met her again, he spat straight in her face. Then Tizzoncini returned home with her heart full of grief, and wept bitterly.

"What has happened to you?" asked the mother.

"The King's son spat in my face!"

"That may be the will of Heaven," the mother comforted her; "the Prince is our master."

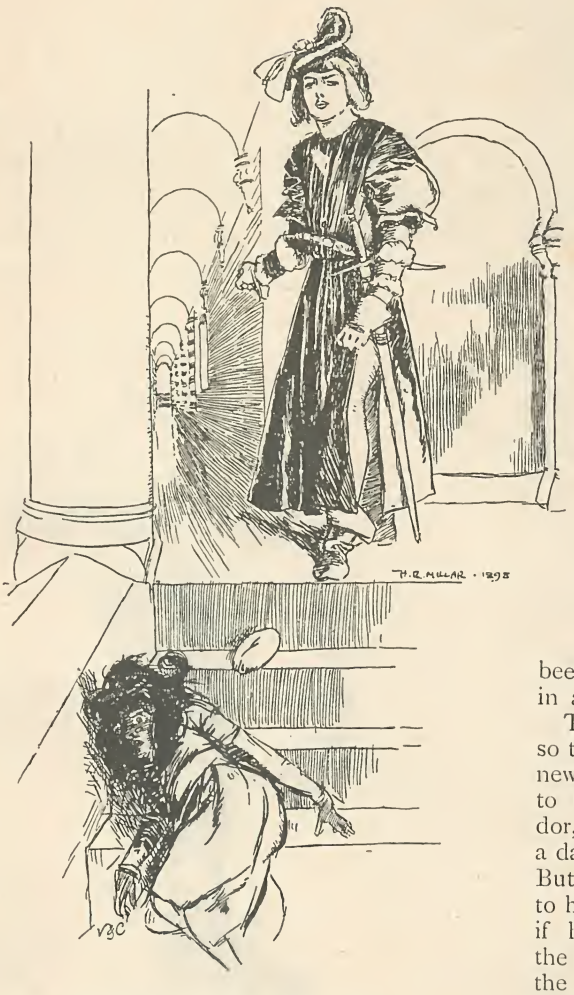
But the neighbours were beside themselves with joy, and mocked poor Tizzoncini still more. "The King's son spat in her face," they jeered; "that must have suited Sunbeam's face well."

Another time it happened that the young King met Tizzoncini on the landing in the palace, and it seemed to him that she just touched him with her basket. Thereupon he became so angry that he pushed her violently away with his heel, so that the poor girl rolled right down to the bottom of the steps. The dough for the bread and cakes was now covered with dirt, and was, besides, all out of shape. Who would have had the courage to take it back into the King's palace?

Now, when Tizzoncini reached home, she lamented and wept so terribly that the neighbours heard her.

"Why do you weep so bitterly, my child?" asked the mother.

"The King's son kicked me and threw me down the palace steps, so that all the dough was scattered!"



"THE POOR GIRL ROLLED RIGHT DOWN."

"The doings of Heaven are always good," the old woman consoled her; "the young Prince is our master!"

But the neighbours mocked again and jeered: "That must have been a pretty sight, Tizzoncini tumbling down the steps!"

Now some years had passed, and the King's son thought of marrying.

He sent his ambassador to the King of Spain to ask the hand of the King's daughter in marriage. But when the ambassador reached Spain, he learnt that the King's daughter had been married just the day before. The young Prince was very angry at this, for he thought that the ambassador had tarried too long on the way. But the latter proved to him clearly that he had arrived half a day sooner than the swiftest travellers. And so the King's son became reconciled with the ambassador and sent him to the King of France to sue for the hand of the King's daughter. But when he arrived in France he learnt that the King's daughter had the day before taken a holy oath never to marry. And then, in accordance with her wishes, she had been shut up as a nun in a convent.

The King's son was so terribly angry at this news that he wanted to have the ambassador, who always arrived a day too late, hanged. But the latter proved to him once more that, if he had raced with the swiftest traveller in the world, he would this time have reached his goal a whole day sooner than the traveller. The proof was satisfactory to the young Prince, and so he commissioned the ambassador to travel to the Ruler of Turkey, whose daughter he was to woo for the Prince.

But when he reached the Ruler's Court, he learnt that the day before a robber had stolen all the costly raiment, the gold ornaments,

and the jewels of the Ruler's daughter, so that she could not leave her home.

The poor ambassador had now to return once more without having accomplished anything. When the King's son heard the news he cried with vexation and rage, and the King, as well as the Queen and all the Ministers, stood round him to console him. Now, there was only one King's daughter left whom he considered worthy enough to lead to the throne as his consort. That was the daughter of the King of England. Swift as an arrow the ambassador set out on his journey. Day and night he granted himself no rest until he had England under his feet. But, alas! scarcely had he set foot in the land than he heard all the bells begin to toll. The people went about with sad faces, and when he inquired the cause of this mourning, he learnt to his horror that the King's daughter had died the day before.

One can imagine the state of grief into which the King's son fell when he heard the sad news from the mouth of his ambassador.

In order to distract his mind and drive the sad thoughts out of his head, he one day went out hunting. But before long, having separated from his companions, he lost himself in a thick, thick forest. The further in he went, the more difficulty he had in finding again the path by which he had come; and at length he knew neither which was the way in nor the way out. At last, when it was already evening, he discovered under some dense trees an old, ruinous little house. As he found the door open, he went boldly in. But what was his astonishment when he saw a very aged man, with a long, flowing, snow-white beard, standing in the cottage. The old man had just kindled a fire to cook his supper.

"Good man," said the King's son, tremblingly, "could you perhaps show me the way to get out of this forest again?"

"Ah! You have come at last!" the old man roared at him, in such a terrible voice that he could neither see nor hear for fright.

"Good man, I do not know you; I am the King's son!"

"King's son or no King's son! Take the axe there and chop me some wood!" roared the old man.

Then the young King could not utter a word more for terror, and chopped some wood.

"Now get you gone and fetch some water from the spring!" was the next order.

The King's son did in silence what he was told to do, hung the pails round his neck, and hastened to the spring.

"Now wait on me at table!"

The King's son made no reply, but served the old man at table as he had been ordered to do. After the aged man had eaten and drank he gave him what was over.

"THE YOUNG KING CHOPPED SOME WOOD."

"Now lie down here," shrieked the old man. "That shall henceforth be your place!" At these words he pointed to a little heap of straw which lay in the corner of the room, and the King's son at once cowered down upon it. But, however much he tried to go to sleep, he could not close an eye the whole night long from terror and grief.

The old man with the long white beard was a magician, and also the ruler of the forest. Whenever he left his house, he surrounded it with a magic net so that the young King could not escape, but remained his slave and also his prisoner.

Meanwhile the King and the Queen, who had waited a long, long time for the return of their son in vain, believed that he was dead and put on mourning for him. But one day the news reached them—it has never been found out how it came—that their son was still alive, but the slave and prisoner of a magician.

Then the King at once sent the cleverest people in his Court to seek his son. At last, after long wanderings to and fro, they found the magician and said to him: "The King will give you as a present the most splendid treasures of his kingdom, if you will send back to him his son!"

Then the magician laughed and said: "Oh! I am much richer than he!"

The King's consternation at this answer of the magician was great, and he sent once more his cleverest courtiers to him.

"What do you want to come here so soon again for?" he cried to them in a rough voice.

Then the ambassadors answered: "The King is ready to sacrifice his life to you, if you will give him back his only son!"

"Oh! I do not ask that!" said the magician. "Just bring me a loaf of bread and a cake, kneaded and baked by the Queen's own hand. Then the young Prince shall go hence free!"

"Is that all?" exclaimed the messengers, and they hurried home with joyful hearts.

Now the Queen passed the flour through a sieve, kneaded it, moulded a loaf and a cake out of it, and with her own hand lighted the fire in the oven to bake the dough. But as she was not accustomed to this work, she did not take the bread and cake out of the oven soon enough, and they were both burnt.

Now, when the magician set eyes on the spoilt batch he made an angry grimace, and cried: "Good for the dogs!" at the same time throwing them to his sheepdog, who greedily devoured them both at once.

However, the Queen did not lose patience, and once again set about sifting the flour, kneading and moulding the dough. Then again she lighted with her own hand the fire in the oven, so that the dough should bake. But, alas! this time she took it out of the oven too soon, with the result that the bread and cake were not nearly done.

When the magician saw this batch, he wrinkled his brow, and cried: "Good for the dogs!" and threw them once again to his sheepdog to eat.

Now, the Queen took the greatest possible pains, and stood day and night by the oven, in order to learn how to bake bread properly. But it always came out of the oven either burnt or not done enough; and the poor King's son remained a prisoner with the magician.

Then the King, in this dire extremity, called together all the cleverest people in his whole kingdom, to ask their advice.

"Your sacred Majesty," one of them said, "I have found a means. The Queen may sift the flour, knead and prepare the dough, but Tizzoncini shall heat the oven and do the baking. Perhaps the magician will not notice it."

"Excellent, excellent!" all the rest cried, as if with one voice.

And this advice was followed. But scarcely had the magician set eyes on the batch than he wrinkled his brow and cried:—

> False bread and cake is brought once more,
> Wash your face, it needs it sore!

And again he threw them to the dog. He had at once noticed that Tizzoncini, with the sooty face, had had her hands in the baking.

"Now," said the very cleverest of all the King's advisers, "there is only one way left."

"And that is?" asked the King, while drops of perspiration stood out upon his forehead, in his anxiety.

"The King's son must marry Tizzoncini. Only then can the magician have his bread and his cake as he wishes them, namely, sifted, kneaded, and baked by the Queen's own hand. Only then will the young King obtain his liberty again."

"That is just the will of Heaven!" cried the King. "For did not the old woman always sing:—

> Dearest Sunbeam, dearest Sunbeam,
> If it good to Heaven seem,
> Some day the King will make you his Queen!"

And with his own hand he drew up a Royal letter which should make known in all countries that the King's son and Tizzoncini were man and wife.

The magician now had what he wanted, and the King's son was set at liberty. But he would not have anything to do with Tizzoncini.

"What!" he cried out, indignantly, "this dirty, sooty wench, this ugly oven-sweep is to become my wife and Queen? Never, never!"

But it could not be helped. The Royal decree, signed by the King's own hand, had been published, and only the King himself could annul it.

Tizzoncini had removed to the palace, as Queen. But nothing would induce her to wash her face, comb her hair, change her dirty garments, or put on a pair of shoes.

"When the King's son comes, I will dress myself!" she said again and again.

At last the young King appeared. But how horrified he was when he saw Tizzoncini from a distance.

"I would rather die than have her for my wife!" he exclaimed, with a shudder.

When these words were repeated to Tizzoncini, she laughed aloud, and said: "He will come, he will come!"

The King's son heard this, and fell into a most terrible passion. Seizing his dagger, he ran against Tizzoncini's door in order to cut off her head. But the door was bolted on the inside, and when the King's son looked through the keyhole he let the dagger fall out of his hand from sheer astonishment. For in the room stood a girl whose face was more beautiful and whose figure was more stately than any he had ever seen before. It was the real Sunbeam who stood there before his astonished and dazzled eyes.

"Open the door, my Queen!" he cried out, joyfully. "Open the door!"

But Tizzoncini sang mockingly on the other side of the door: "Dirty, sooty wench!"

"Open the door, Queen of my Heart!"

But Tizzoncini sang mockingly on the other side of the door: "Ugly oven-sweep!"

"Open the door, my Tizzoncini!" the young King now implored.

Then the door opened, and the young King and Tizzoncini lay in one another's arms. Now all the bells in the land were rung. Splendid wedding festivities were celebrated, and the King's son and his consort lived for many years happily and contentedly together.

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

PEAR TREE THAT ENTERED A HOUSE.

Mr. R. S. Wainwright, of 7, Huntington Place, Tynemouth, writes as follows: "The parent root of the pear tree seen in this photo. is growing up the front of an old house in Yorkshire. The branch seen in the room, however, has actually forced its way through 2ft. of wall and skirting-board into the drawing-room, where it is at present thriving lustily." You would have thought that a well-trained tree would have known better. The photo. was taken by Mr. Walter Ingleder, of Tynemouth.

AN INGENIOUS MODEL ENGINE.

For this remarkable little curiosity we are much indebted to *The Model Engineer*, of 6, Farringdon Avenue, E.C. It is the work of Mr. G. Hayler, of Long Eaton, Derbyshire. The boiler is a quarter-pound coffee-tin; the wheels quarter and half pound tin lids; the chimney, an umbrella top; the steam-pipe, an india-rubber tube; and other parts consist of a knitting-needle, a bicycle-spoke, a piece of brass lamp, some gas-piping, a cartridge-end, the screw-stopper out of an oil-tin, etc. "Although," says the

editor of *The Model Engineer*, "we have not had this model under steam, our inspection gives no doubt as to its capacity for steady work."

TWO COMIC PORTRAITS.

"I am sending you a strange photo. which I took lately," writes Mr. E. G. S. Vaughan, of Orchard Cottage, South Holmwood, Surrey. "The peculiar and comic effect is consequent on my having attempted to dry the photographic plate by artificial means. This caused the film partly to melt and move on the glass. The apparent tropical plant seen at the left of the picture does not grow in the garden, but merely indicates the spot where the film is broken." The gentleman on the right is particularly droll, his expression being made up of what may be described as a one-sided yawn. This is one of the most curious and humorous photographic freaks we have seen for some time.

* Copyright, 1898, by George Newnes, Limited.

A CURIOUS CRICKET CUSTOM.

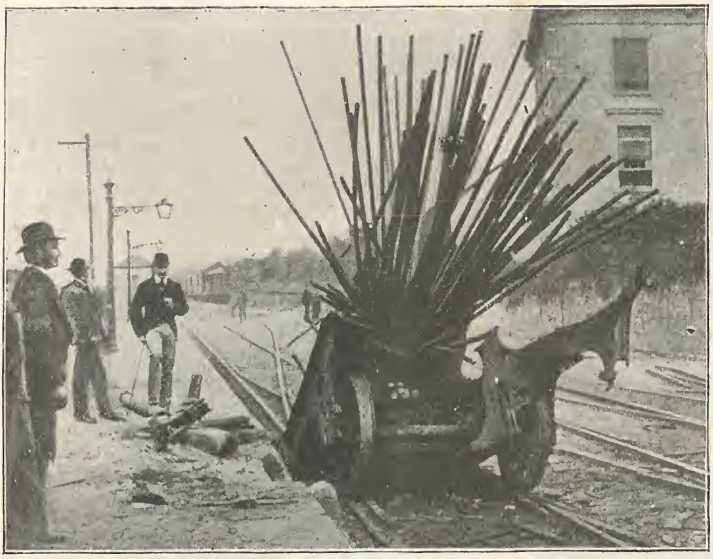
Here we see the boundary wall between the towns of Church and Accrington, whose cricket teams are members of the Lancashire Cricket League. When one team secures a victory over the other, the winning team inscribes on the wall in whitewash the respective scores of each side. This is done at midnight. We are indebted for this most interesting photograph to Mr. James Crabtree, of 25, Rutland Street, Accrington.

"WILL IT BITE?"

Here we have reproduced a charming little photograph in the form of a snap-shot, taken by the late Mr. K. Nickisson, one of the most devoted of the Church Missionary Society's missionaries in East Africa. The little snap-shot shows Mr. Nickisson's dog coming unawares upon the big, coiled-up snake, and stopping suddenly in an attitude of doubt and perplexity before the strange apparition.

THE SMALLEST RAILWAY STATION IN THE WORLD.

Travellers in remote parts of Europe are frequently amused when their train draws up at some specially insignificant wayside station. The little railway station of Endsee, in Bavaria, however, would take a lot of beating for primitiveness, it being probably the most unpretentious in all Europe. Endsee is situated on the branch line from Steinach to Rothenburg, a distance of seven miles, which the trains take actually forty minutes to cover. There is no electric light, no buffet, no waiting-rooms, no bookstalls. Moreover, there is neither booking-office clerk, station-master, nor porter at Endsee. In fact, the whole station is shown in the photo. reproduced. Indeed, so far as the average wayfarer can see, there are even no passengers; but it seems that when some benighted person does wish to go to or from the "station" he gets his ticket from the guard, who obligingly kept the train waiting whilst an amateur photographer snap-shotted the "station." It was Mr. H. T. Munro, of Lindertis, Kirriemuir, N.B., who forwarded this interesting little print.

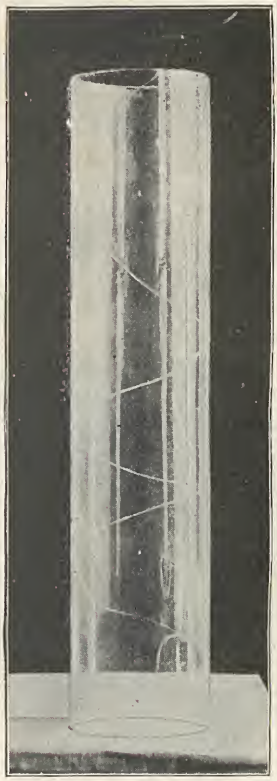


ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE ENGINE.

This photo. represents one of the most extraordinary accidents on record. We are indebted for it to Mrs. Broughton, of 4, The Embankment, Bedford. At first glance one gets the impression of a lot of walking-sticks or umbrella-ribs radiating from a common centre. This impression, however, is sharply corrected by Mrs. Broughton, who writes as follows: "The accompanying photo. represents all that remained of a locomotive engine which burst some years ago on the Dublin and Wicklow line. It is not too much to say that the explosion of this engine was one of the most remarkable ever recorded. Both the driver and stoker were killed outright, and in addition to this loss of life all the glass in the windows of the station was broken, and the adjoining hotels had numerous panes shattered—not to mention the nerves of their visitors. The roar with which the locomotive burst was heard for miles around, and the accident created consternation all over the district." The force of the explosion can be pretty well realized from the photo. of the wreckage we reproduce.

A CURIOUS BROKEN CHIMNEY.

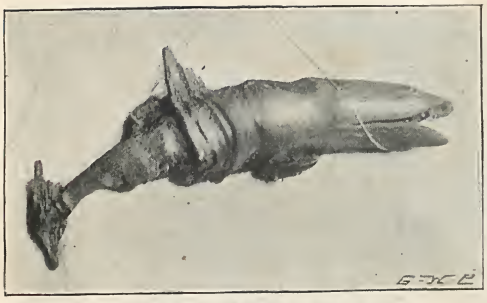
"This photo.," writes Mr. W. R. Clay, of Darley, Farnworth, "is that of a broken chimney used as an incandescent gas-burner. The chimney broke when in



the hands of one of my assistants, and it now lies on the table of my experiment room in two distinct pieces, though intact as a chimney. The crack, as you will see in the photo., forms a graceful and regular spiral from one end of the chimney to the other."

A VIOLIN MADE OUT OF A TIN KETTLE.

The performing musician seen in this illustration was photographed by Mr. W. A. Crockett, of the Market House, Taunton. The violin is made from an old tin kettle. The handle of a spade, some pieces of old wood, a cork or two—these are the other surprising components of this most wonderful instrument. The strings were stretched on a couple of wax matches. The tuning-pegs are bits of wood forced into holes burnt by a poker in the handle. The spout of the kettle is used as a shoulder support, and the whole lot guaranteed by an inscription at the bottom of the kettle "Made in England!" The bow is part of an old umbrella stocked with hairs kept tight by means of corks at either end. The instrument produced an excellent tune, and the performer played several airs in very good style.



A "SHARK" MADE OF WOOD.

This curiosity was sent in by Mr. Usborne, of Vancouver, B.C. The original is simply a knot from the rotten trunk of a Douglas fir, and it was picked up by Mr. Harvey Phillpot, M.D., on the beach of Puget Sound, in British Columbia. Everything is complete, even to fins and teeth. These latter are merely small sea barnacles. The whole model has been beautifully rounded off and smoothed by the ceaseless motion of the waters of the Pacific.

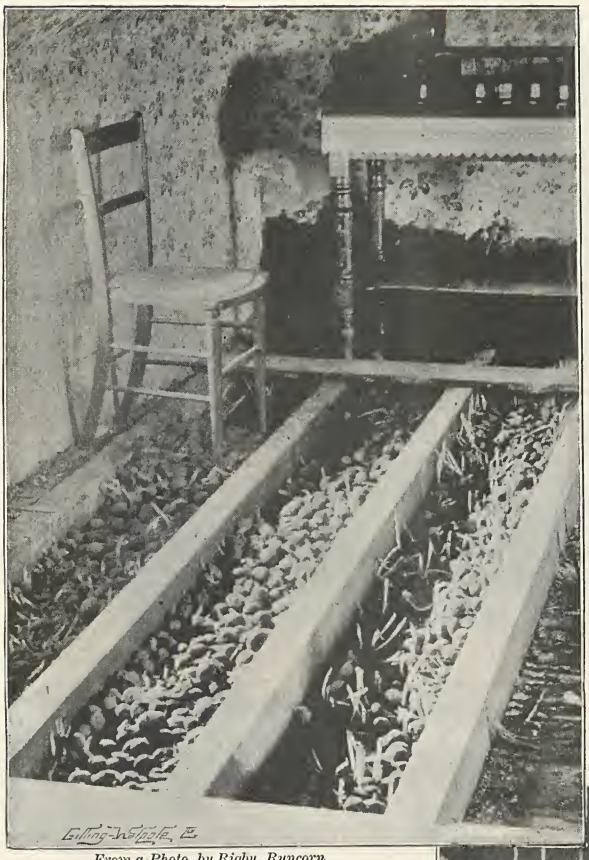
A MODEL MADE OUT OF MATCHES.

The photo. here reproduced represents a curiosity in the shape of a picturesque little model, composed entirely of match-sticks. This little dwelling, the original of which is only five and a half inches in length, contains about 380 match-sticks, the charred ends of which have been cut off, in order to add to their architectural possibilities. Models made out of match-boxes are familiar enough to STRAND readers, but match-sticks as building material is something new. Both the model and the photo. are by Mr. H. F. Flather, of 259, Brockwell Road, S.E.

A BIBLE AS A BREAST-PLATE.

The Bible seen in the next two photos. was carried by Captain Daniel Ellis, of the Confederate Navy. He took part in the American Civil War from 1860 to 1865, and joined the army of the Southern States. He was shot at in 1862, during his second commission, but at the time he was wearing this Bible in his breast-pocket; the bullet passed through the sacred book, and then through his coat-sleeve, so that it was the means of saving

his life. Partly because he was an Englishman and partly on account of joining the Southerners, his property and greenbacks were confiscated after the war, and he was exiled from the United States for thirty years. His time is now drawing to an end, as it will be up in December, 1898. Captain Ellis is now a poor man, living in a London workhouse, and is seventy-nine years of age. The Bible is at present deposited in the Horniman Museum at Forest Hill. The photographs were taken by Mr. J. Crowhurst, Forest Hill.



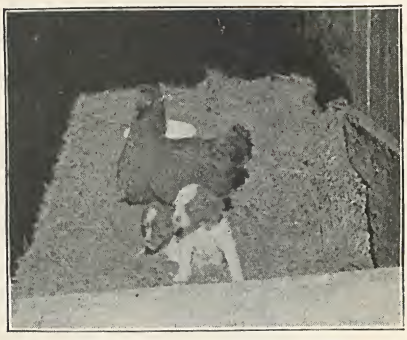
From a Photo. by Rigby, Runcorn.

POTATOES STOLEN BY RATS.

An extremely interesting photo., sent in by Mr. Robert W. Harrop, of 5, Wellington Street, Runcorn. It seems that Mr. George Acton, of the Home Farm, Runcorn, had been missing potatoes for a long time. At last, when he had lost about twelve bags, serious efforts were made to discover the thieves. Rats were suspected, and when the floor-boards of the bedroom next to the store-room were taken up, the scene shown in the photo. was revealed. The potatoes were laid regularly and methodically, and the rats' task will be appreciated when it is explained that each potato had to be carried a distance of over 15ft. One of the rats had evidently been shirking his work, and had met with summary punishment. He was found dead among the potatoes, but as decomposition had set in, it was thought advisable to remove him before the arrival of the photographer.

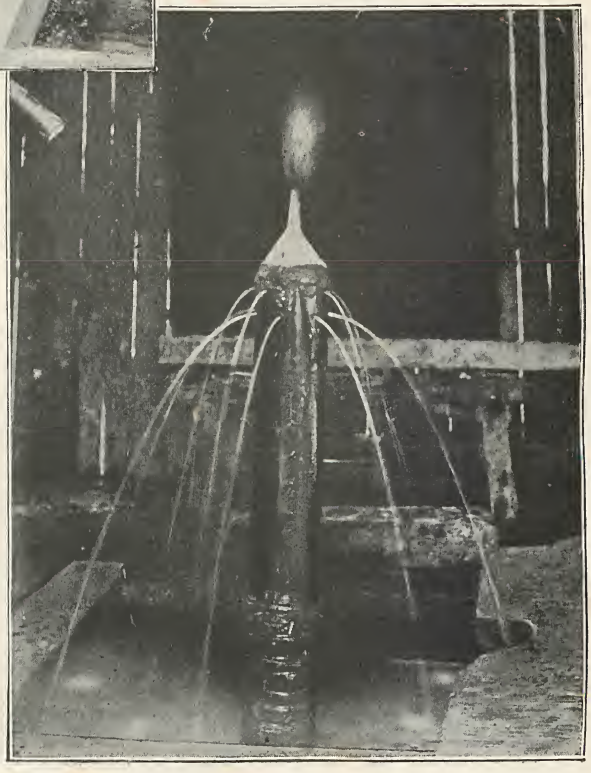
A BURNING FOUNTAIN.

This is very curious. Miss Isabel R. Trewhella, of 48, Via Firenze, Rome, writes us as follows: "We sank an artesian well in our garden, in a small village near Modena, and at 500ft. suddenly came upon some mineral water, which rushed up the tube, accompanied by a large quantity of natural gas, which lit up brilliantly on the application of a lighted match. In the photo. you see an ordinary wine-funnel turned upside down, with clay pressed around to prevent the leakage of gas, which is burning strongly at the upper end, whilst the water rushes out of the small holes round the top of the tube. I have cooked macaroni on this economical fireplace."



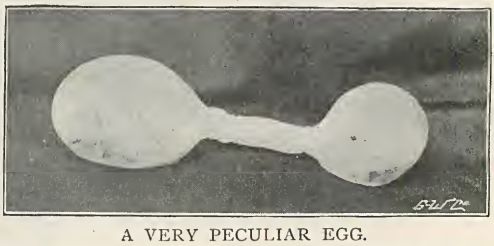
A HEN THAT REARED PUPS.

The photo. was taken at Naze Cottage, Freckleton, Lancashire, the residence of Mr. John Payley, by Mr. J. N. Branson, of 30, Bairstow Street, Preston. Formerly there were five pups with the hen, and they were nearly six weeks old; the breed is King Charles. The hen was taken away from the pups to feed some chickens, but she refused to have anything to do with her own kind. It was a curious sight to see the hen and the pups all drinking from the same bowl. The pups' own mother was not a bit jealous.



THE JONES TRIPLETS.

We reproduce here a photo. of what may perhaps be described as a set of triplets as fine as any ever brought into the world. Their names are respectively Daniel James Jones, Griffith Ellis Jones, and William Robert Jones—after which, mention of the parents' nationality is more than superfluous. Mr. and Mrs. John Pugh Jones live at 37, Kyverdale Road, Stamford Hill, N., and it is an interesting fact that Mrs. Jones had twins before these magnificent triplets. The lady has now nine children, the eldest being fourteen. The Jones triplets were born on the 22nd of October, 1895, and they are the talk of the neighbourhood round about where their parents live. The photo. was taken by Augustus W. Wilson and Co., Kingsland. By the way, we should be glad to receive other photographs of sets of triplets, with full details concerning them.



A VERY PECULIAR EGG.

The extraordinary double egg seen in this photo. was laid by a black Minorca hen, and is not provided with any shell. Mr. John B. Partington, of 17, Forest Place, Bulwell, Nottingham, who sent in the photo., says that the hen belongs to "a gentleman of this place. There are two distinct eggs, joined together by a tube about two inches in length."

LOOKING DOWN FROM BLACKPOOL TOWER.

This photograph was taken from the very summit of the great tower at Blackpool with the lens of the camera pointing straight down. You will notice how peculiar the street lamps and the backs of the horses look. The photograph was taken by Mr. H. Sutcliffe Smith, of Beechville, Harrogate.

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